

NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

# TIM TEBOW

WITH A. J. GREGORY



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PEEK**



**SAMPLE  
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**UNCORRECTED  
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# THIS IS THE DAY

Reclaim Your Dream. Ignite Your Passion.  
Live Your Purpose.

**THIS IS  
THE DAY**

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## **BOOKS BY TIM TEBOW**

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*Shaken: Young Reader's Edition*

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WATERBROOK

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## THIS IS THE DAY

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Details in some anecdotes and stories have been changed to protect the identities of the persons involved.

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To my greatest role models, who taught me that every day we can have purpose and meaning if we open our eyes to it. Thanks, Mom and Dad!

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# Introduction

Imagine waking up each day fueled by a whisper: “This is the day.” *A day for what?* you wonder. A day for change. A day that can be different, better than yesterday. A day that, even in the revolving door of responsibilities and to-dos, can be filled with more purpose and passion than you think possible.

Imagine when hearing the sound of the morning alarm, instead of groaning or slapping the snooze button, you awaken—mind, heart, and soul—to possibility. Something better. Something more.

You open your eyes, and before your feet hit the ground running, you pause. You choose not to be ruled by the tune of just getting by, not to allow what really matters to get swallowed up by the daily grind, and not to ignore what you really want out of life.

When I was a kid, my parents each had a unique way of waking up my siblings and me. The difference between Mom doing it and Dad doing it was

pretty drastic. Mom would swing my bedroom door wide open and in her sweet voice sing the song based on Psalm 118:24: “This is the day that the Lord has made. We will rejoice and be glad in it.” (If you went to church as a kid, you might remember singing this song). Dad did things a little differently. He would rush in and shout in a deep voice, “Here we go! Are you alive, alert, awake, and enthusiastic?”

Differences aside, my parents made clear that this was the day to get out of bed and make it count.

This is the day that God has made. *This day. Right now.* Whatever moment you are breathing in, God made this day. Even when times are tough, something about this day is good. There’s always a reason, however small, to find joy in this day. Sometimes we have to choose to look for it. Sometimes we have to ask God to help us find it.

God gives us today as a gift. He wants us to pursue it, not just for selfish ambition but to do something meaningful with it. To use it to grow, to love others well, to help someone, to pursue a dream He’s put on our hearts. This is the day to live without fear of the unknown, without being chained by failure or what-ifs. This is the day to be willing to change, to be open, to believe, to hope. If we don’t attack each day with this intentionality, it’s almost like telling God, “Thanks, but no thanks.”

How different would your day be if you lived out the words of Psalm 118:24? Think about it; really think about it.

Is there something you would change?

Is there someone you would reach out to?

Is there something you would need to give?

Is there something you would need to let go of?

I’m not saying putting this into practice is easy. Hard times are inevitable. Obstacles will come. Some battles are harder to fight than others. You may

## INTRODUCTION

get knocked down, but you don't have to stay there. Each day you wake up, you have a chance to get unstuck, to step out of a comfortable routine that may be limiting your potential, and to fight for something that's important.

You were made not just to survive today but to thrive in it. I want to encourage you to stop putting off your dreams, your goals, and the purpose God has for you. It's time to become the person He has created you to be.

I wrote this book to get you to start thinking about what you can do, beginning today, to make a change. It doesn't have to be a grand gesture. Something as simple as recognizing divine moments, choosing to believe God over your doubts, taking action instead of complaining, and just opening your eyes and paying attention can impact your life and others' lives in powerful ways.

It's never too late. You're not too young. You're not too old. You can have purpose not only in your life but also in this day. There is always something you can do right now to improve yourself, to make an impact on someone or something else, or to create or enjoy a meaningful moment. Challenge yourself right now to begin to think about each day as an opportunity to crush it, to pursue the right things, to gain a better perspective, to step out of your comfort zone, and to go all in.

Whether you're a college grad needing the push to create and attack your five-year plan, a thirtysomething stuck in a job you hate, a single mom or dad struggling to get by and lacking joy, a career man or woman who feels a bit stuck, or an empty nester wondering what on earth you're going to do with your life, you can use the principles I offer in this book. It's time to uncover your God-given potential and start really living.

This is the day you can switch off autopilot and begin living with passion.

This is the day you can see what God sees.

## THIS IS THE DAY

This is the day you can overcome a bad habit or a character flaw.

This is the day that can bring you a step closer to your dreams and goals.

This is the day you can fight for what's right.

This is the day you can change someone's life for the better.

This is the day you can change your own life.

Life isn't just about *one* day. It's about *this* day.

1

**THIS IS THE DAY**

**Say “I Love You”**

What a grand thing it is to be loved!  
What a far grander thing it is to love!

—Victor Hugo

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Clear blue skies to my left, the same on my right. I'm comfortable, planted on my seat watching a good movie. Like me, other passengers nearby are in their own worlds. Some are taking a nap. Others are glued to their electronic devices, fingers tapping rhythmically across keyboards.

And though I'm engrossed in the dramatic fight scene unfolding on my screen, I sense something. An inexplicable heaviness weighs down my heart.

A flight attendant stops to my right. "Can I get you something to drink, sir?" she asks with a smile.

I pull my headphones off. "No thank you, ma'am." Before I can park them back on my head, I hear commotion brewing in the background. I look back. Passengers are stirring in their seats, turning their heads to get a better view of something happening behind them. Loud gasps and concerned

whispers explode. With a little over an hour of flight left before we're scheduled to land in Phoenix, Arizona, something potentially serious is unfolding.

About twenty-plus rows back, cabin crew members scurry about. As curious passengers start to stand up and lean over their rows, a flight attendant barks, "We need everyone to please stay seated. The aisles must be clear. I repeat, please remain seated."

There's too much commotion to figure out exactly what's going on. In the thick of the anxious buzz, I hear someone call out "Does anyone have an EpiPen?" as a flight attendant charges down the aisle toward the front of the plane.

A part of me feels drawn to the scene. *Maybe I can help. Maybe I can do something.* But I ignore the pull and put my headphones back on. *Someone probably had an allergic reaction or got sick or something. I don't want to be nosy. I'll let the flight attendants do their job.*

God nudges my heart. I can't escape the silent words that scream inside me. *You need to do something!*

Immediately, my mind spins with excuses for the next three seconds. *I'm really into this movie. And what can I do anyway? If I walk back there, I'll probably be more of a distraction than a help.* I think of more reasons to stay put. And do nothing.

Then a flight attendant appears in our cabin. "Is anyone here a doctor?" She looks calm, but the tone in her voice betrays alarm. When the passengers around me shake their heads, she hurries toward the back of the plane. I look at the people around me. Panic lines their faces. Concerned voices whisper back and forth.

"What's happening?"

"Why does she need a doctor?"

"Is someone hurt?"

My heart feels like lead. I'm totally unsettled now. I look back again and see a woman crying uncontrollably. There's movement in the aisle. But between flight attendants and a passenger or two doing something I can't quite make out, I still don't have a clue what's going on. The feeling of urgency is overwhelming. I can't just sit here and watch.

I stand up and walk toward the nearest flight attendant. "Excuse me, ma'am. I don't know what's going on back there. Is there anything I can do to help? Or maybe the woman back there, the one who's crying, maybe she would like me to pray with her?" Nodding, she forces a polite smile. I watch her leave. But she doesn't say a word to the woman who is obviously very upset.

I get the attention of another flight attendant and ask her the same thing. "Excuse me. I don't mean to bother you. But would you mind asking the woman back there if she'd like me to pray with her or encourage her or something?"

"Of course I will," she says.

A minute later, that flight attendant waves me over. As I make my way near the scene, I can see the soles of a man's shoes pointing toward the ceiling of the plane. He's lying prostrate in the aisle, not moving. A handful of people awkwardly positioned in the narrow space tower above the man. One of them is grasping his hand. "Sir, can you hear me? Squeeze my hand if you can hear me."

I notice a boy not far from the scene. Nine, maybe ten years old. I remember him passing me on the plane earlier. He was so excited to see me and wanted to say hello. The kid, now with eyes wide and tinged with fear, stares at the man on the floor. His dad is trying to cover his son's eyes.

My stomach churns. *Man. This kid does not need to see this.*

The obviously ill man's eyes are half open. Then they're closed and he

looks to be unconscious. He's been stripped of some of his clothing, and blood drips down the side of his mouth. A female passenger kneels over him, pumping his chest with her bare hands. Looking for signs of life.

Just before I reach the inconsolable woman, she and a woman seated next to her lunge toward me, arms outstretched. Overcome with grief, the first woman doesn't say a word. She just slumps against my chest and cries. Teary eyed, the woman beside her whispers to me, "I've run out of words. You pray."

I wrap my arms around both women, who bury their faces in my shoulders. And as flight attendants hustle up and down the aisle and a passenger continues to perform CPR on the man on the floor, I pray. I pray for God's hand of mercy to cover him. I pray for a wall of protection over him. I pray for a miracle.

After I pray, the women tell me their names. Debbie is the wife of Boots, the sick man she thinks has gone into cardiac arrest. They've been married more than nineteen years. Karen, the woman with Debbie, is a coworker. Both hail from South Carolina. The three of us talk a bit before tears fall again.

"Boots was fine up until the last hour," Debbie says while trying to stifle a sob. "I could just tell something was wrong. I asked him if he wanted water or something, but he said no. Then he just stopped breathing." She shakes her head, unable to speak. Her shoulders tremble as she weeps. Karen and I pray while Debbie cries. It's a cycle we repeat many times over the final hour of flight. Talk. Pray. Cry. Talk. Pray. Cry.

At some point, someone suddenly yells, "Stand clear!" The paddles of a defibrillator slap down on Boot's bare chest. He bucks violently and thuds back on the ground, motionless.

"Nothing," the person holding the paddles mutters. "Again."

The defibrillator discharges and the body heaves. "I think I got a pulse!"

*Hope speaks.*

With so much crying and praying and chaos, I barely feel the wheels touch down on the tarmac. The hour I was with Debbie flew by in what felt like minutes. As we descend toward the runway, I hold Debbie and Karen tight.

Approaching sirens wail as we taxi. As the passengers disembark the plane in haste, flight attendants quickly scramble to evacuate Boots out the rear of the plane. Someone tells me I can't stay with Debbie and must go. As I leave, she tries to squeeze her way into the aisle between flight attendants so she can accompany her husband in the ambulance that's just arrived. "No," Debbie is told. "I'm sorry, but you can't go out this way. You must exit the plane out the front. It's standard procedure."

We all deplane and soon after I meet up with Debbie and Karen. I offer to take them to the car that's waiting for me and to find their checked luggage. Debbie clutches her handbag with trembling hands and can barely stand. She tries to explain what her suitcase looks like. I slide an arm around Debbie's waist to support her, while still holding on to her husband's blood-stained clothing, everyone's carry-on bags by my feet. Lost in a world that has just fallen apart, Debbie clings to the words *I think I got a pulse.*

The next hour or two are a blur. A police officer, who looks like he's seen plenty of hard years on the job, tells me which hospital they're taking Boots to. He offers to escort us there. With all our luggage finally in hand,

Debbie, Karen, and I drive off. We race down the highway, the ride filled with tears and hopeful prayers. After navigating our way to the emergency room and parking right behind the police officer's car with flashing lights, we

It's tough to witness someone's world collapse before her eyes.

are directed into a room to wait. More tears. More prayers. Finally, a doctor enters and says to Debbie, “I’m sorry for your loss.”

Debbie turns white. She hadn’t realized her husband had actually died. Hearing the painful truth unsteadies her balance. Her knees buckle and she crashes into my arms. The cop shakes his head and rests his hand on her shoulder. He whispers, “I am so sorry your husband passed.” I’ll never forget his kindness. He stayed with us for hours afterward, even while I accompanied Debbie to identify her husband’s body in another cold hospital room.

It’s tough to witness someone’s world collapse before her eyes. And, telling. These moments, shocking, heart breaking, and gut wrenching, remind me that life is fragile. And it can be cut tragically short. We don’t know how much time we have on earth. We don’t know how many days we have to spend with loved ones, to say what we want to say, to show our appreciation, to make sure they know we love them.

Later, Debbie told me that a month before her husband passed away, they were watching a movie at home. She felt in her heart a strong urge to tell him something. So Debbie turned to Boots. As she looked in his face, she saw a good man. A man determined to live, to not let life just happen to him. Here was a Vietnam vet who during the war had begged God to let him return home safely. And when he touched down on American soil, mourning the loss of his buddies in uniform who did not, Boots made some choices.

Debbie remembers him saying, “The men in my family have a history of dying young, but I can’t let that stop me from living now. I want to do things. I want to see things. I want to enjoy life.” In fact, before the two got married he said, “I hope you love to travel. When I was growing up, my parents promised each other they would start traveling once they retired. When Dad finally did, he took my mom on one cruise. Soon after, my father had a stroke and died.”

Boots vowed to himself and his new wife that he wasn't going to wait to do what he'd always wanted to do. While he wasn't the kind of guy to show romantic love through bouquets of roses or whispering sweet nothings into his wife's ear, he showed Debbie his love through action. Like how he had been her rock, supportive, present, and encouraging, when she battled leukemia. The calm in her storm, no matter how bad things got, Boots would always put a smile on his face and tell his beloved wife, "Don't you worry. We're going to be just fine."

So, as Debbie sat on that couch looking into the face of a man who meant the world to her, she said, "Boots, if I haven't told you lately, thank you for everything you've done for me. I appreciate you more than you know. I love you so much."

A month later, her rock was gone.

---

Life is a gift. Each day is precious—and at times fleeting. Pain and tragedy are constants in our time on earth. When I started writing this book, a string of hurricanes unleashed incredible damage. These storms destroyed communities, cities, and even entire countries. Hurricane Harvey killed an estimated eighty people and displaced more than one million in a path of destruction stretching more than three hundred miles. Hurricane Irma barreled in on Harvey's heels ravaging many Caribbean islands, including Barbuda, which it almost completely wiped out, as well as my home state of Florida. More storms followed, like Hurricane Maria, which left the entire island of Puerto Rico without power and water for months.

Disasters don't just occur in nature. As I was writing this chapter in October 2017, a man rained gunfire on a country music concert in Las Vegas,

killing fifty-eight people and injuring five hundred others. There were other shootings in churches and schools, which claimed many lives, including children.

Things happen that we do not understand. Sometimes lives are lost, taken away from us too soon. This is sad and yet very real. We can't control the path or the magnitude of whatever storms or disasters come our way. We can't anticipate our losses. And we can't hold on to the promise of tomorrow.

So what's something we *can* do? We can this day celebrate the ones we love. We can create special moments with them. We can say "I love you."

## CHECK YOURSELF

When I met Debbie, she reminded me of something I'd been working on: creating meaningful moments with my family and my friends. I want to be intentional not only in telling them I love them but also in showing them.

A few years ago, I wrote down five life goals:

1. Show Jesus.
2. Fight for those who can't fight for themselves.
3. Take care of the people I love with resources, finances, and blessings.
4. Be a protector of people.
5. Pursue my dreams.

For me, part of what it means to take care of the people I love is to make memories with my family. This really started to hit home recently, especially with my parents getting older. I began to realize that I wasn't going to have them around forever.

I've always appreciated my family, but I was awakening to how truly precious it is to spend time with Mom and Dad, as well as my siblings and my

nieces and nephews. Thing is, unless I strove to make it happen, it wouldn't. Because let's be real: life always gets in the way. They're busy. I'm busy. We're all busy, right?

Like with everything I do, I started getting aggressive with scheduling time for the family. It's tough to get together with everyone when we live in different states and even in different parts of the world. I didn't let that stand in my way. I started planning trips. I scheduled a siblings-only vacation in Mexico. The entire family reunited for both Thanksgiving and Christmas. We went to the Bahamas one summer. In December, while working on this book, I went to Dubai and several surrounding countries with my parents for ministry opportunities. And in January 2018, I arranged a trip for the entire family to Honolulu because I knew that Dad, a history buff, would enjoy visiting Pearl Harbor and others would appreciate the Hawaiian paradise.

Sometimes we  
just need a  
healthy reminder  
of what's  
important—  
*people.*

Look, you don't have to spend thousands of dollars and whisk your family or friends away to show them you care. It's about setting the right priorities. Twenty years from now, what's going to matter more: Taking your mom out to dinner or crossing off something on your to-do list? Spending an afternoon with your kids at the park or doing the laundry? Talking to your grandmother over tea or going to the movies with friends you see all the time?

I'm not saying to-do lists or housework or movies are bad things or things we should stop doing. But sometimes we just need a healthy reminder of what's important—*people*. It always comes down to people. The ones we love. The ones who won't be around forever. The ones who make us smile and laugh, as well as know how to push our buttons.

## SHOWING MY DAD THE LOVE

In the spring of 2016, my parents attended the annual Tim Tebow Foundation (TTF) gala, when a good friend of ours noticed Dad's hands were shaking. This man recommended a renowned specialist who could diagnose the illness.

I'll never forget getting the phone call from my dad and mom. I was in a hotel room in Atlanta, getting ready to start taping the TV show *Home Free*. When my parents opened the conversation by saying, "Timmy, we have something to tell you," I just knew something was wrong. When I heard the word *Dad* coupled with *Parkinson's disease*, the shock hit me so hard the room started to spin.

*Dad has Parkinson's?*

I didn't sleep at all that night. When morning came, I was covered in hives. For me, emotional stress manifests in a physical way.

I've since had time to process the news and have tried to support Dad as much as I can. He is my rock. Seeing him fight through the disease and continue to live each day with purpose and meaning is so inspiring. I have never seen him give up or quit. Even today, he is still working tirelessly as a missionary serving the people of the Philippines and surrounding countries. What an example! Ever since Dad got sick, spending time with him has been more of a priority than ever before.

Honestly, if my father weren't around, I doubt I would have had the courage to pursue my baseball dream. He encourages and believes in me so much that he makes me believe in myself so much more!

Since I was a little boy, he's always been my biggest cheerleader. I'll never forget one Little League T-ball game I played when I was four. Even as a tot, I was a fierce competitor. Win or die—that already was my motto. I remem-

ber our coach gathering the team in a huddle before the start of the game. Sweat dripped down the sides of my face as the merciless Florida sun beat down. One of my four-year-old teammates near me smashed his cleat over an anthill. Another squinted lazily at the blazing sky. I waited with bated breath for Coach's words of inspiration that were sure to lead our team into the glory of victory.

"Remember, guys," our fearless leader said with a wide smile, "it doesn't matter if you win or lose. This is about fun. So have a good time out there!"

As my teammates cheered and high-fived each other, my jaw dropped. *Fun? What is he talking about?* Having just moved back from the Philippines, this was my first time playing an American sport that actually counted. I mean, I was on a team that had a name. I was wearing a jersey with a number that I'd chosen. We were playing on an official field with a scoreboard. To me this was more than just fun. This was real. It meant something.

I piped up, hoping to throw some mature four-year-old wisdom the man's way. "No, Coach. It's *only* about winning. Because *that's* when you have fun!"

Coach didn't say a word. His eyes just bulged out of his head. "Wait right here, son," he said just before walking away toward the stands where my father sat. Looking back, I'm pretty sure he was thinking something along the lines of *Who does this punk kid think he is?*

As I heard Coach say something like "I think we have a problem with your son" and saw him motion to my father to follow him, my heart sank. I started to regret what I'd said. Look, I didn't want to get in trouble. I just wanted to play ball. After the two conversed, Dad made his way toward me.

Sheepish, I stared at the ground as Dad squatted in front of me. "Timmy?" he said, lifting my chin up with his hand.

"Yes, Dad?"

“It’s okay, bud. The coach just doesn’t understand.”

That was Dad for you! See, my father knew me. He loved me. He believed in me. And he never let me forget it. When I made the decision to play baseball again, Dad never wavered in his support. When some questioned my motives and others told me I was too old to even consider this an option, Dad told me, “If this is something you want to do for the next few years, do it.”

I can’t tell you how many times he’s called and said, “I believe you can make it. And if not, I will still love you and support you and believe in you.” When I was playing with the Columbia Fireflies and found myself in a hitting slump, he’d text something like, “I pray that you go 5 for 5 tomorrow. And I love you whatever happens.” And if my slump continued in the next game, he’d send another message: “I pray you go 5 for 5 tomorrow, and I love you!”

Dad also knew well the spiritual battle I was going through. I wasn’t just fighting to get three hits or to hammer a home run; I was fighting against the Enemy’s whispers—his lies that I was wasting my time on a pipe dream. Dad’s spiritual support through his relentless prayers meant the world to me—it still does and always will! I’m so grateful for him, and I cherish the moments we spend together.

Now, I’m not going to pretend we have this perfect relationship. As amazing as Dad is, he’s still a human being. And so am I. When Dad is visiting me in the States or staying at my house, he’ll spend every waking moment with me. I’m not exaggerating. When I was playing for the Port St. Lucie Mets, he came to a few games. He’d hang around from the time I started signing autographs before practice until the game was over, and then we’d get something to eat before the night was over and hang out more until we said good night.

Here’s the thing: I love Dad more than words can say. But sometimes a

guy needs some space. We all do. There are times after hanging out together for sixteen hours straight, I start to feel a bit crowded. I’m not suffocating, by any means. All I need is a little breathing room.

You can probably relate, if not with a parent, then with another person who is close to you, like a spouse, a sibling, or a friend. Sometimes the ones we love can drive us nuts. We love these people. We enjoy spending time with them. We may think they are the coolest people on the planet. But sometimes they can do things or say things that get on our nerves, even just a little.

For me, when I’m tempted to let the little things in my relationships grow into big things, I force myself to back down. When I’m with sweet Dad and I start feeling a bit crowded, I just remember that one day I’m going to long for this moment to be with him. One day I’m going to wish he were with me.

So, I enjoy every minute with him, Mom, and everyone in my life—even when they keep asking when I’m going to get married.

## UNPLANNED DETOURS

I’ve also learned that sometimes showing love means doing things that may seem inconvenient or initially may not make sense.

In July 2016, I took a group of people, including a few of our TTF donors, some of our staff, my brother Robby, and others to the Philippines. I had a sense of urgency about this trip that I couldn’t fully explain or understand at the time. In fact, I had planned it at the last minute, only ten days before we flew out of the United States.

After arriving in the Philippines, our team met up with some folks from Dad’s ministry organization. We visited his orphanage and my hospital and worked together to share the gospel in different places. I was looking forward

to speaking in some of the prisons in Manila, but that didn't work out. As disappointed as I was, I remember thinking, *It's okay. God has a plan. And the rest of our trip is going to be awesome.*

It was. Every person experienced powerful, life-changing moments. It was humbling and uplifting to see God work in this special place. On our last night, I had the opportunity to speak at one of our orphanages. I talked about Dad and the millions of people whose lives have been influenced through his ministry. These people are different, better, because of what he has allowed God to do through him. I can't tell you how awesome this is to see as his son. (Now I'm tearing up just thinking about it.) The kids at the orphanage put on a talent show for us, a traditional custom. It was sweet and heartwarming. It reminded me of all the talent shows my siblings and I had to do when we were kids growing up in this country.

The night before we were scheduled to fly back to the States, one of our donors offered to host us at a hotel near the airport in Manila. After hugging and saying goodbye to Dad and all the people he serves with, I got into a van for the drive to the city.

For some reason I felt unusually sad. Quiet. While the van buzzed with chatter from people recounting amazing moments on this trip, I didn't say much. I'd had a great time, and it was so special to hang with my dad, whom I don't often get to see. But something was bothering me. Something didn't feel right about leaving. I felt God tugging on my heart: *Stay. You have more to do here.*

My initial thought was definitely not enthusiastic. I started listing in my mind all the reasons this thought was crazy. The flights, my schedule—all these things and more had already been planned out. I had events back home to attend. Others were counting on me. In fact, in a few weeks I'd announce my decision to pursue baseball and put on a showcase for Major League

Baseball scouts and media. Arrangements had been made. And yet, the more excuses I had, the stronger the pull.

*You need to be with your dad. He is fighting for his life. He needs you.*

Just before we arrived for the meeting with the donors, I turned to Anne, who has worked as my assistant for several years. "I think I need to stay," I told her.

Her eyes widened. "Are you serious?"

I nodded. Others with us overheard our brief conversation and were taken back by the sudden decision. "Why?" "What's going on?" "Is everything okay?"

After a couple of deep breaths, Anne replied, "Okay, we'll make it happen." And she did!

My life moves at a very fast pace with a nonstop, hectic schedule—sometimes even travel to other countries. I'm usually hopping from an event on one side of the US to the opposite coast for an event or baseball training or any number of things. At times, Anne joins me on my travels to help coordinate the scheduling and the many details that come with the different things I do.

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not promised.  
Make time and  
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The next day our team from TTF headed to the airport to catch a flight back home. I stayed behind. I phoned a friend of Dad's, who offered to drive me to the school where my father was serving. When we got there, Dad's back was turned toward me. I crept up behind him and gave him a bear hug.

His eyes went wide. "Timmy, is everything okay?"

"Yeah, Dad, everything is great. I just felt like I had to be with you for a couple more days."

My father didn't say a word. Tears dripped from his eyes.

During the next few days, I was blessed to—get this—have the opportunity to speak at several different prisons where hundreds of inmates made the decision to trust in Jesus. That time led to our meeting wonderful people who opened doors so Dad could further his ministry serving the people in the Philippines.

Most of all, I got to enjoy special moments with my father, moments I will treasure for the rest of my life. We talked. We prayed. He encouraged me in my pursuit of baseball. I told him how much I love and appreciate him.

Tomorrow is not promised. Make time and show someone you care. Tell a loved one that you are grateful for his support. Encourage a sibling to chase after the dream she's put on the back burner. Say yes to making memories, even if it means rearranging a carefully planned morning. And whether in word or deed, always choose to say "I love you."

## MAKE THIS YOUR DAY

People matter more than schedules, more than lists, and more than tasks. We know this, but what does it really mean? How do we live this out? Showing love to others may mean a simple shift of your priorities.

Think about what matters most. Choose the more important things over the lesser ones. Balance busy calendars with meaningful moments. Call a friend and let him know you're thinking about him. Unplug the phones, gadgets, and devices, and be more present with a friend, spouse, parent, or child.

Do you find yourself taking from others or investing in them?