

the unexpected way
God wants to use you
to change the world



at a time

kyle idleman

“Kyle Idleman is rock solid. He loves the Bible, loves people, and loves to teach people the Bible. If you read this book, you can expect to be encouraged, challenged, and better because of it.”

Max Lucado, *New York Times* bestselling author

“Kyle has written yet another terrific book. He reminds us about the power of presence and taking a genuine interest in the person right in front of us rather than being distracted by the many other shiny things around us. It isn’t new math to influence a few more people that you will find in these pages but a reminder of the old math Jesus used to change the entire world.”

Bob Goff, author of *New York Times* bestsellers *Love Does*, *Everybody Always*, and *Dream Big*

“As Christians, we want our lives to matter, to count for something. We may be tempted to measure our efforts by numbers, but Jesus was clearly focused on one person at a time. If we really want to be faithful followers of Christ, we need to follow his example. In this book, Kyle Idleman will help you see yourself as a true influencer and identify how to change the world *One at a Time*.”

Craig Groeschel, pastor of Life Church and *New York Times* bestselling author

“I have been blown away by Kyle Idleman’s kindness and support. This book helped me understand the source of his kindness and support: he was just following Jesus. The truths in the chapters ahead are both revolutionary and simple. This book is going to change Christians, one at a time.”

Jonathan “JP” Pokluda, pastor of Harris Creek and bestselling author

“*One at a Time* is a deeply personal book written for the hands and feet of Jesus—his followers. We are the ones called to share, serve, and sacrifice. We are the anointed empowered to care for others. In this encouragement, Kyle Idleman is realistic: we cannot do everything for everyone, but we can be there for one another one at a time. He shows us how.”

Mark Batterson, *New York Times* bestselling author of *The Circle Maker* and lead pastor of National Community Church

“Kyle Idleman is a fresh and powerful voice for faith in our time. With clarity and insight, *One at a Time* shows how you can change the world and have a meaningful impact.”

Jud Wilhite, senior pastor of Central Church
and author of *Uncaged*

“Do you want to make a big impact with your life? Then go small! Try focusing your attention and activities on one person whom God wants you to reach for him—and watch what happens. After all, revivals start one individual at a time. In this practical and entertaining guide, my friend Kyle Idleman will inspire and equip you to take the path blazed by Jesus himself. Whatever you do, don’t miss the adventure that awaits you!”

Lee Strobel, founding director, Strobel Center for Evangelism
and Applied Apologetics at Colorado Christian University

“*One at a Time* is the way of Jesus, so it should be our practice as well. Kyle Idleman shares this compelling insight with persuasive stories from the Scriptures and modern life. Whether we are called to disciple a questioning follower, rescue an unwanted child, or care for a needy neighbor, we can only do it one by one. In the name of Jesus, read this book and minister to others one at a time.”

Roland Warren, president and CEO of Care Net and author
of *Raising Sons of Promise*

“A few years ago, I was backstage after finishing up an event in Louisville. I’d recently recovered from an illness, and I was sitting alone with my own thoughts when Kyle walked up. He asked how I was feeling and how my family was doing, and our conversation lasted twenty or thirty minutes. I was deeply encouraged and spurred on by our chat, and I’ve never forgotten it. As I was reading Kyle’s new book, I was struck that before this book ever existed, he was living this ‘one at a time’ mantra, and in that moment backstage, I was the one he was impacting and influencing. I was the one.”

Luke Smallbone, For King & Country

“*One at a Time* is a unique roadmap to influence. It is a testimony of a church transformed and a pastor molded by Jesus’s passion to see people in the crowd, not crowds of people. Do you want to be influential? *One at a Time* is your template.”

Mark E. Moore, PhD, author of *Core 52* and teaching pastor
at Christ’s Church of the Valley

Kyle Idleman, *One at a Time*

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one at a time

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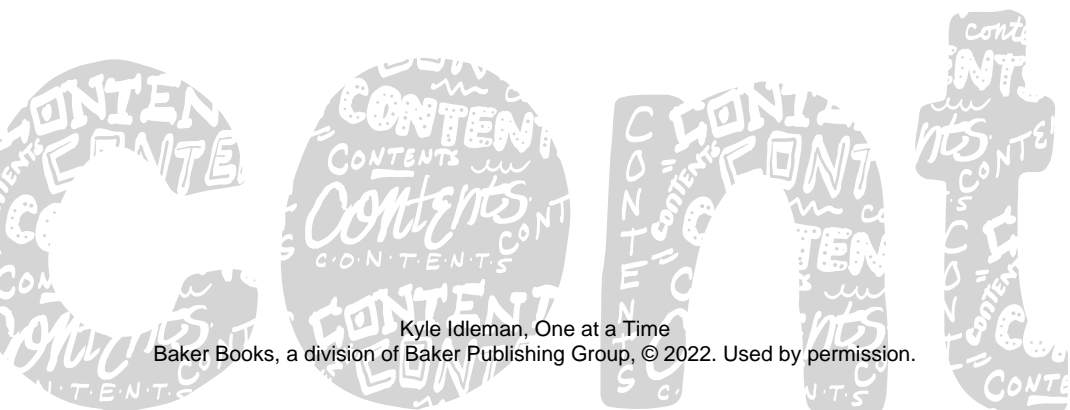
Kyle Idleman, *One at a Time*

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To Christina and Kawandah:
you didn't know me but you knew Jesus,
and you loved people one at a time—
and then one day, at just the right time,
one of the people you loved happened to be one
of the most important people in the world to me.
Thank you for loving one at a time.

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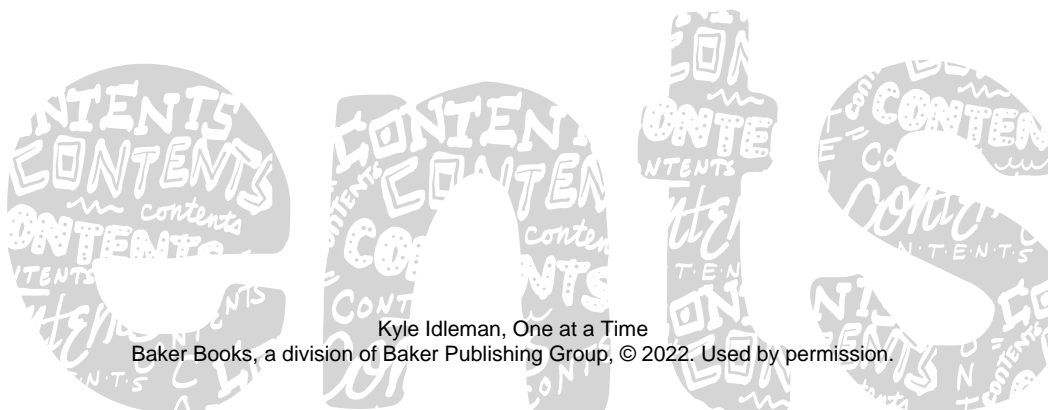
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introduction

I DON'T KNOW of any person who doesn't want to make a difference in the world.

Nobody grows up dreaming of waking up, going to work, heading home, watching Netflix, scrolling through social media, and then doing it all over again the next day until their last breath. We all want to be used to change the world.

We don't want to spend our lives being time-wasters, or space-takers, or binge-watchers, or game-players, or even book-readers. We want to be difference-makers. And my guess is the reason you picked up this book is because you want to be a part of something bigger than yourself.

But it's easy to get caught up in the everyday stuff of life until the years slowly go by, and with each passing year, the question seems to get louder: *Am I making any difference in this world?* Everyone I know wants to have an impact.

One thing I've started to notice is that the way most people measure the difference a person makes is by *how*

many and *how much*. How many friends, followers, likes, and comments someone gets on social media determines if they're an *influencer*. How much money and power someone has is how we often gauge a person's impact.

We want to make a difference, but there are so many opinions on the way to do that. We're drowning in content that tells us how to make an impact with our lives. I've read the books, researched the articles, listened to the podcasts, and attended the conferences. I've taken notes as I've studied the autobiographies of difference-makers, trying to understand how they did it. What were their routines? Their habits? Their best practices?

We've never had more access to inspiring and helpful content to help us become people with greater impact and influence, and yet it seems that more people than ever feel like that's not happening in their lives.

Maybe there's another way to make a difference, and we're just missing it.

I wrote this book because I discovered something unexpected when I studied the life of Jesus. Without a doubt, Jesus is the person who has made the biggest difference in all of history, yet his impact is surprising because he didn't follow anything like the formula society gives us. He grew up in a poor family and worked as a carpenter for most of his life. He never traveled far from his small hometown. He never went to college, never was voted into office, never held a title or position that would've stood out on a résumé.

Jesus didn't have thousands of Facebook friends or Instagram followers. He wasn't TikTok famous. He didn't have a YouTube channel. He never tweeted. I'm pretty sure he never even started a podcast.

So, how did Jesus make such a difference in this world?

If we study the story of his life as recorded in the Gospels, there are a number of answers we could highlight, but there's one particular phrase that captures how Jesus had such an impact, and I believe it's how he wants to use us to make a difference: *one at a time*.

Before we go on this one at a time journey together, I want you to think back on your life to some of the conversations that influenced you the most. Did they come from a stage or a table? Were they through a podcast or over a cup of coffee? I'm not saying one is wrong and the other is right. And I'm not saying God doesn't use both.

But I am saying that maybe we make changing the world a little more complex than it really is. Maybe we need to stop leaning into the usual ways this world tells us to measure difference-making and start leaning into the unexpected ways God wants to use us.

I don't know what your background is. Maybe you're a businessperson or a stay-at-home parent; maybe you're a pastor, a community leader, or a grandparent; maybe you're a roommate, a classmate, a teammate, a sibling, a neighbor, or a coach. Regardless, I hope as you read this you recognize that wherever God has placed you is a space in which he wants to use you.

Making a difference isn't measured by a viral post or a name on a building. It isn't determined by a following or a fan base. Making a difference isn't dependent on what's in your bank account or who's in your contacts.

Want to make a difference?

Focus on the one. That's it. That's the secret of the way of Jesus. *One at a time*.

PART 1

loving



at a time



zoom lens

YOU KNOW HOW SOME MOVIES have a pivotal moment where the whole story changes or a dramatic plot point is revealed? The camera zooms in, and everything else fades into the background because, in that moment, nothing else matters. Let me tell you about one of those moments in my life.

My wife, DesiRae, greeted me at the door when I came home from work. She told me Morgan, our two-year-old, was still napping if I wanted to go wake her up.

I loved that job. I was always excited for the sweet moment.

I walked to Morgan's room, opened the door—and saw the chest of drawers had fallen over and was lying in the middle of the room. It took me a moment before I realized in a panic . . . *my daughter is underneath that dresser!*

Time stopped. Everything else in my life—all of my concerns, my agenda, my goals—blurred out and disappeared. The *only* thing that mattered was Morgan.

In that moment I experienced something I never had before. My father-love turned to panicked terror because my daughter's life was in danger.

I frantically went over and lifted the heavy pine dresser. I threw the drawers off of her. She lay there motionless. I yelled for my wife as I dropped to my knees beside Morgan's still body and examined her. My daughter was breathing but was not conscious. Her entire body was swollen and discolored. Morgan did *not* look like Morgan.

I called 911. That was, in fact, the first time I ever dialed those numbers.

No one answered. It rang and rang and rang. Did I have the wrong number? I hung up and dialed again. No one answered. *Doesn't someone always answer 911 calls?* I yelled into the phone as it kept ringing.

DesiRae held Morgan as we ran out to the car. The two of them got in the back seat and I began to speed out of the neighborhood and head to the hospital.

I opened my phone and tried 911 one more time. It just kept ringing. Morgan needed help, but the people who were supposed to help weren't available. I was furious.

I threw my phone onto the passenger's seat and yelled what I wanted to yell at someone on the other end of the line, "Can someone please help my daughter?!"

The Way of Jesus

I recently googled "most impactful people in history," and it turns out *Time* magazine has ranked them.

Number one? Jesus.

I'm not surprised. Even people who deny that Jesus is Savior or Lord can't deny his influence has swept through history and radically changed the world. You can't even write down today's date without acknowledging that all of history is divided into the time leading up to the birth of Christ and the time since.

When I looked at that list in *Time* that acknowledged no one has had a bigger impact than Jesus, I asked myself, *How did he do it?* I decided to take an afternoon and reread the Gospels with that question in mind. Here's the conclusion I came to:

One at a time.

That's it. That's the secret of the way of Jesus. We are going to see that Jesus did life with a zoom lens. When someone stood in front of him, time stopped. Everything else in his life—all his concerns, his agenda, his plans, his goals—seemed to blur and disappear. The only thing that mattered was the person standing in front of him. Jesus changed the world one person at a time.

After forty-some years of life and twenty-some years of ministry, I've come to the conclusion that Jesus's way of changing the world doesn't come very naturally for me because I'm not great with people. For a long time, I thought that was just the way I was wired, and I chalked it up to my personality. It must just be that Jesus and I didn't share the same Enneagram number.*

People who write books about connecting with people are usually superstars at connecting with people. Me?

*No, Jesus wasn't an Enneagram 1. Being perfect is not the same as being a perfectionist.

That's probably not how you would describe me. I'm not bad at it, but I'm better at sitting in a room by myself, working on my computer by myself, occasionally looking out the window by myself, and getting coffee . . . by myself.*

It's not that I'm a flaming introvert. I usually test on the more extroverted side of the scale. I really do love people and care about connecting with others. I've just never felt like I'm especially good at it. Like Michael Scott as a boss, I'm trying hard but I'm not nearly as impressive as I pretend to be.

Maybe a better analogy is basketball. I love basketball, I'm just no Michael Jordan. And when I say, "I'm no Michael Jordan," I'm not referring to the NBA Hall of Famer; I'm talking about the Michael Jordan who is an American researcher in artificial intelligence.† I feel confident even *that* Michael Jordan is a better basketball player than me.

My point is that we can care about something without necessarily being good at it, and that's how I've often felt when it comes to people. I care about them; I'm just not naturally good with them.

My struggle to connect with people has weighed on me for as long as I can remember. I developed a two-pronged strategy for dealing with my lack of people skills:

1. Avoid it.
2. Fake it.

*And wasting time watching Netflix by myself. Not as impressive, but I've read that being vulnerable might help me connect with others.

†Look him up! I wonder how many times he has said the phrase, "Not *that* Michael Jordan."

I'd do my best to avoid social settings where I knew I'd feel awkward trying to connect with people. Not to brag, but I was good at avoiding people whom I thought might make me uncomfortable. For example, if I had to walk through a crowded room, I'd pull out my phone and have an imaginary conversation. With no one else on the line I'd be intensely listening, nodding my head, and doing my best to avoid eye contact with the real people around me.

When people couldn't be avoided, I would fake it, pretending to be a character who's really good at connecting with people. I prepared for social settings by thinking of myself as a charismatic actor‡ who needed to get into character. I had close friends with incredible people skills, and sometimes I'd do my best impression of them.

Unfortunately, that approach felt insincere, mostly because it was. I was pretending to be someone I wasn't. I'm pretty sure that's not what Jesus did. Besides that, faking it is exhausting. Pretending to be a magnetic people person wasn't sustainable. It left me feeling emotionally drained and easily annoyed by people with whom I wanted to connect.

Then it happened. "Then" was 2003. "It" was a new job as a pastor at a huge church. Before working at that church, I had started a new church in Los Angeles County and knew pretty much everybody in it. But I now found myself in a new place with new faces, and I was having a hard time adjusting to *all* the people.

I felt uncomfortable with the huge crowds. *Crowds* isn't a good word for a pastor to use when describing the

‡Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson.

people who come to church. That's a red flag. But that's how I felt. It was a large group of unidentified people. And don't tell them I told you this, but I started to find them to be, well, annoying. I felt irritated by the people I was supposed to love. That's a big problem if you're a pastor.

I knew something was wrong in my heart. I knew God had called me to love and care for his sons and daughters, but I was intentionally not answering the phone. Now, not only was I feeling insecure and anxious about connecting with people, I was also struggling with guilt and shame for feeling that way.

One morning I got to church early and sat in the empty sanctuary and prayed about it. I like to sit in the sanctuary by myself to talk to God and do my devotions. I told God how much I loved people, but I felt like I didn't know *how* to love people.

Crowds to the One

Then, as I sat in that empty sanctuary, I turned to my devotion for that day. It was from Luke 8.

“Now when Jesus returned, a crowd welcomed him, for they were all expecting him” (v. 40). *Ugh. Sorry, Jesus. I know that feeling. A crowd of people with expectations.*

“Then a man named Jairus, a synagogue leader, came and fell at Jesus' feet, pleading with him to come to his house because his only daughter, a girl of about twelve, was dying” (vv. 41–42).

This father desperately needed help for his daughter. I knew that feeling too. No doubt by this point that father had called everyone he could think of, asking for help, but

no one was answering his 911 calls. But he still hadn't given up. A good father never does.

As I was reading my devotion and thinking about this father, suddenly it hit me. *The crowds. What happened to the crowds?* I almost forgot about them as I read about this distraught father. The crowds were still there. Jesus was still surrounded by people, but when Jairus stepped in front of Jesus, he became the sole focus of the story, because Jesus's zoom lens was focused only on him.

Jesus agrees to go with Jairus, but then we read, "As Jesus was on his way, the crowds almost crushed him" (v. 42).

There they were again, the crowds. Reading it, I could almost feel my anxiety rising as I thought about crushing crowds. So many people with so many expectations. But then Luke tells us that in the crowd,

a woman was there who had been subject to bleeding for twelve years, but no one could heal her. She came up behind him and touched the edge of his cloak, and immediately her bleeding stopped.

"Who touched me?" Jesus asked.

When they all denied it, Peter said, "Master, the people are crowding and pressing against you." (vv. 43–45)

Mark also tells this story and lets us know the disciples asked Jesus in disbelief, "You see the people crowding against you . . . and yet you can ask, 'Who touched me?'" (Mark 5:31). With such a big crowd, how could he possibly focus in on just one person?

"But Jesus said, 'Someone touched me; I know that power has gone out from me'" (Luke 8:46).

Yes, there was a big crowd, but that's not what Jesus was focused on. The number that mattered to Jesus was the number *one*. It's like taking a picture on your phone of someone standing in a crowd. You put your camera in portrait mode and watch the screen until you spot the person you're looking for, and then zoom in and let the camera focus. In that moment everything else begins to blur and fade into the background. When Jesus was surrounded by the crowds, he had a way of zooming in and focusing on the one.

It's the next verse that changed everything for me. When I read it, I instantly knew it was the secret to Jesus's way of making a difference.

"Then the woman, seeing that she could not go unnoticed . . ." (v. 47).

There was a gigantic group of unidentified people, but she realized Jesus wouldn't let her go unnoticed—not even if she tried. Surrounded by the crushing crowd, she knew the eyes of Jesus wouldn't let her go unseen.

It was like the words came off the page and slapped me in the face. I wasn't just convicted. I was wrecked. God was speaking to me. I realized he called me—he has called each of us who follow Jesus—to make sure that no one goes *unnoticed*.

In a crowd, where is the one who must not go unnoticed? Jesus loves everyone in the crowd, but the way he loves them is one at a time.

In the days to come, I started seeing this on almost every page of the Gospels. Jesus was constantly zooming in on one person at a time.

Jesus goes into Jericho, and people pack the sides of the streets to get a glimpse of him like it's the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, but Jesus focuses on just one person: Zacchaeus (see Luke 19:1–10).

Jesus comes down from a mountain and “large crowds followed him,” but a leper shows up, Jesus zooms in, and everyone else is cropped out of the picture (see Matt. 8:1–4).

Jesus goes to a place where a “great number of disabled people used to lie”—there were *lots* of sick people, but we read of “One who was there,” and that one gets all of Jesus's attention and is the *only* recipient of a miracle (see John 5:2–9).

Why? Why doesn't Jesus heal all of them? I don't know. But here's what I *do* know: one is the way of Jesus.

I said it before, but I'll say it again, because when it finally hit me, it changed my life. It changed my philosophy of ministry. It changed the legacy I want to leave. I'm hoping it will change yours: Jesus did life with a zoom lens.

When someone stood in front of Jesus, time stopped. Everything else in his life—all his concerns, his agenda, his goals—blurred and disappeared. He was always fully present.

One at a time is the Jesus way of changing the world.

I sat in the sanctuary that morning, and for the first time I prayed a prayer that I have tried to pray every day since: *Jesus, give me your eyes for the one. Help me to see people the way you see people.*

What Do You See?

If you took a course in psychology, you've probably seen the "Spot the Gorilla" video. Six people stand in a circle. Three are in white shirts, three in black. Two hold basketballs. You're asked to watch a one-minute video and keep track of how many times the basketball is passed by the people in white shirts. The six people start moving about and passing the balls. In the middle of the video, a gorilla walks into the crowd of six people, faces the camera, thumps his chest, then steps off screen. The gorilla is in the video for nine seconds.

Would you see the gorilla?

Of course you would. How could a gorilla go unnoticed? Right? Wrong. When they did this experiment at Harvard University, *half* the people didn't see the gorilla. I've ruined the experiment for you to do on yourself, but search for "Spot the Gorilla" on YouTube and try it on someone else.

How could they have missed the gorilla? Simple. It wasn't what they were looking for. They had an agenda: to watch the people in the white shirts and count how many times they passed the basketball. That's how they missed it. They were preoccupied with the crowd and focused on what the crowd was doing.

What do *you* see? In your home? When you're driving? At work? Walking through your neighborhood? At the grocery store?

What do you see? You probably see what you're looking for, what you've trained your eyes to look for. What you've been told to look for. I bet you'd be stunned at what you *don't* see.

At least I was. I began to realize how often I was focusing on the crowds and not noticing the one.

What Did Jesus See?

Forty times in the Gospels we read, “Jesus saw.” *Jesus saw* is the launching point of most of the amazing stories of transformed lives. If we want to have the results Jesus had—those amazing stories—we need to do what Jesus did. And doing what Jesus did begins by seeing what Jesus saw.

When I showed up at my new church, I saw the crowds and was bothered by them. But the Bible says, “When [Jesus] saw the crowds, he had compassion on them, because they were harassed and helpless, like sheep without a shepherd” (Matt. 9:36).

I need to be discipled by Jesus. Not just discipled in my relationship with God; I need to be discipled by Jesus in my relationships with people.

When I encountered people, I saw them as those I needed to impress with my imitation people skills. But when Jesus encountered people, he saw God’s children.

Remember where we left off in the story? “The woman, seeing that she could not go unnoticed . . .”

Here’s what happened next: she “came trembling and fell at his feet. In the presence of all the people, she told why she had touched him and how she had been instantly healed. Then he said to her, ‘Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace’” (Luke 8:47–48).

In a society where men didn’t talk to women they didn’t know, where husbands didn’t talk to their wives in

public, Jesus spoke to her with a word of affection. But it's the way he referred to her that holds the secret to how he saw her.

He called her *daughter*.

Imagine being this woman. She's been "subject to bleeding" for twelve years. She's spent all her money on alleged cures that never helped. She has nothing. The religious laws of the time stated that her illness made her "unclean." That meant, in addition to dealing with a debilitating sickness, she wasn't allowed to worship at the temple. She was ostracized from her community. She had people tell her, "Your sickness is punishment from God for your sin," and, "If you just had faith, you would be healed."

Worse, if she was married or had kids, she couldn't touch them or touch anything they touched. She had likely been forced to leave them and her home. For twelve years, her life was a living nightmare. Imagine what that was like.

Now imagine she's your daughter.

I had a twelve-minute drive to the hospital filled with panicked terror as I looked in the rearview mirror to see if my daughter was going to make it. Thankfully Morgan went on to make a full recovery, but I'll always remember what it was like to look at my daughter and desperately hope for someone to help her.

How must God have felt watching his daughter suffer the way this woman did for twelve years?

That's what Jesus saw.

Of course he called her daughter.

Seeing with Jesus's Eyes

That morning I read Luke 8, I knew what I had to do.

When I saw the crowds, I had to have “compassion on them” like Jesus did. I began to understand that compassion comes when we see the crowd one person at a time. One daughter, one son at a time.

In the years since, that morning has changed the way I do life. I'll share some of the stories as we journey together through this book. As you read them, remember that this isn't written by someone with an incredibly winsome personality and impressive people skills. But a commitment to one at a time living has changed the way I care for and connect with people.

At the church where I'm a pastor, one at a time has become the way we measure ministry impact. Instead of focusing on how many thousands of people might be in the crowd on a certain Sunday, we're learning to zoom in on one person at a time.

There was a family in our church who had a beautiful five-year-old girl with stage 4 cancer. I prayed for her as she battled her way through round after round of treatments. One day I received a text from her dad: “She's cancer-free! We're having a party to celebrate! You're invited!”

I was thrilled but noticed the party was being held at a church—a *different* church.

I called the dad and said, “Hey, this is so exciting! But why aren't you having the party at our church, at *your* church?”

He explained to me that they'd asked. In fact, they'd tried to reserve a room, but there was a lot of red tape

and it seemed like the answer was no. He was incredibly gracious, telling me he understood that we had a large church, that they were just one family among thousands, and we probably had to say no because of all the requests. He was gracious. I, however, was ~~upset~~ furious.

I know our staff in charge of the facilities are awesome servants who love Jesus and love people. They aren't against little girls being healed of cancer, so I tried to understand how this had happened.

One of the staff members explained how much they hated to say no but at some point, in an effort to be fair and equitable, someone had come up with this value: "If we can't do it for everyone, we won't do it for anyone."

The situation started to make more sense to me. We were making decisions based on the crowd rather than the one. And while the value "If we can't do it for everyone, we won't do it for anyone" might work for the government, it doesn't reflect the gospel.

I asked our staff to come up with a value that better reflects the one at a time way of Jesus. Here's what they landed on: "We will do for the one what we wish we could do for everyone."

One More Lesson

For years, trying to connect with people left me feeling frustrated and fatigued, but I started to realize seeing people one at a time was the tool that I'd been missing.

It reminds me of the time I had a belt come off my lawn mower. Well, I think it's called a belt. It's the big, black rubber-band thingy. I could see where it needed to

go—around the circular thingy on the mower. I assumed, since the belt was rubbery, I could pull it and stretch it around the circular place it needed to go. I tried. It did not stretch. I tried harder. Nothing. It was time for some Christian cuss words.*

My wife was enjoying watching all of this from the window. She could see my frustration. I was on the edge of a breakdown. I felt like quitting, and she wanted her lawn mowed. I knew what I needed to do, but I just couldn't do it.

My wife came out and said, "Honey, why don't you call the neighbor and ask for help?" But what I heard was, "Since you're not a real man and lack physical strength, why don't you call the neighbor?"

I became more determined to fix the mower myself. I tried and tried—and it sat, broken, in my driveway, for days. It mocked me every time I pulled in. The grass just kept getting taller.

Finally, our kids were getting lost in our jungle, and I knew I had to do something. I called the neighbor. Well, okay, I texted him. It felt less humiliating.

He came over, looked at the mower, and told me what was wrong. *Yeah, I know what's wrong.* He asked, "Do you have a half-inch socket?"

I told him I would be right back. I went into the house and asked my wife, "Um, do you have a half-inch socket? If you do, can I borrow it?"

She went and got it out of her toolbox. She gave it to me, I gave it to my neighbor, and in twenty seconds he had the rubber-band thingy around the circular thingy.

*"Son of a biscuit!"

Wow. I was struggling, but what I really needed was something pretty simple and someone to show me how to use it.

I wanted to love people and make a difference in this world, but I needed help. Jesus gave me a new tool and showed me how to use it.

God had to change me from the inside out, and the essential ingredient he used was praying for others.

We will keep coming back to that in this book, but let's start with a challenge to pray one specific and simple prayer. Praying this prayer every day is where we begin our one at a time adventure.

Jesus, give me your eyes for the one. Help me to see people the way you see people.