

Your real worth...

I was sitting in the waiting room of a doctor's office, flipping through the magazines lying on the table next to me. I picked up a magazine called "Money". Inside was a series of stories about rich people. One story was about a man who was described as "worth one billion dollars"; another was described as "worth five billion dollars"; and another was said to be "worth ten billion dollars".

At the time, I was a backslidden Christian, not feeling good about myself, and not having attended a church for several years. I had given my life to Jesus as a small boy, and He had called me to the ministry of the gospel at age eighteen. I had graduated from Bible College and had two years as a youth pastor under my belt, but I had become totally disheartened in my service for the Lord.

Still wanting to serve God, I took university courses, then entered medical college to become a medical doctor, hoping to become a medical missionary. By my junior year of medical school (my ninth year of college education) I became totally frustrated and more and more unsuccessful in my studies. Finally, I resigned my medical studies.

I found myself working in a small business, trying to support myself and my wife, yet feeling like a failure. It was at this time I happened to be in the waiting room of the doctor's office, reading the Money magazine. I felt far from God.

Suddenly, but quietly, I heard a question inside of me somewhere. "How much are YOU worth?" came the words. I was somewhat startled, knowing it had not come from my own mind. I suspected it was the voice of the Lord, though I'm not sure I had ever heard His voice before.

"How much are YOU worth?" His voice inside me whispered.

I tried to think of a plausible answer. How much was I worth? In money, I knew I was worth less than nothing. I had debts so large from my university education that I had little hope of ever paying them.

Again the quiet voice inside me said, "How much are YOU worth?"

I wasn't sure what my response should be. I actually felt quite worthless. I felt I had failed my wife, my family, my friends, and most of all the Lord – first in turning away from my ministry calling, then in dropping out of medical school after so many years of training and so much expense. Furthermore I could see little value to anything I was now doing.

Another thought rose inside of me. "How do you determine the value of something?" Pondering this, I finally came up with an answer. The value of a thing is what someone is willing to pay for it.

A news report I had recently heard came to my mind at that moment. It was the report of a Rembrandt painting being auctioned. This painting was sold for the highest price ever paid for a work of art. Someone paid millions for a few square feet of canvas and paint! The value of that Rembrandt painting to the buyer was what he was willing to pay for it.

It was then that I connected with the Lord's question about how much I was worth. I looked back at the Money magazine, at the stories of rich men worth one billion, two billion, and ten billion dollars. I said to myself, "Oh, I'm worth much more than one billion dollars. I'm worth more than ten billion dollars! All the money in the world is just "peanuts", compared to my value!

I had realized that I was worth what God had paid for me! I was worth the blood of Christ! That blood -- which is more precious than all the money in the world, more valuable than all the gold in Fort Knox -- was my value to God.

1 Peter 1:19 came to my mind: *"He paid for you with the precious lifeblood of Christ, the sinless, spotless Lamb of God."*

This quiet experience with God in a doctor's office was the beginning of my walk out of a deep spiritual wilderness. I knew at that moment that I was worth to God more than a valuable work of art, worth more than the wealth of the richest men in the world!

Do you know how valuable you are? You are worth the most valuable commodity in the universe -
- the precious blood of Jesus Christ!