

STEVEN KOZAK

TRUSTING HIM WITH TUESDAY



FREE SAMPLE

TRUSTING HIM WITH TUESDAY

*The Messy Art of Radical Surrender in the Grit of
Everyday Life*

You believe God parted the Red Sea. You've declared His faithfulness from a church pew. But somewhere between Sunday morning and Tuesday afternoon, the gap between what you believe about God and what you actually trust Him with becomes impossible to ignore.

Steve Kozak thought he trusted God. Then he sold his house, packed his family into a Suburban, and drove across the country to bring the gospel to racing families. What followed was a year of job loss, financial crisis, broken-down cars, and moments when God felt dangerously absent.

WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO READ

The Introduction and Chapter One, exactly as they appear in the full book.

Trusting Him With Tuesday

**The Messy Art of Radical Surrender in the Grit of
Everyday Life**

Trusting Him With Tuesday

The Messy Art of Radical Surrender In The Grit of Everyday Life

Copyright © 2026 by Steven M. Kozak

ISBN (print) 9798249901493

(ebook)

RELIGION / Christian Education / Children & Youth

Published by Racing & Ministry

Fort Wayne, IN

racingandministry.com

All Scripture quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the Holy Bible, New International Version®, NIV®. Copyright ©1973, 1978, 1984,

2011 by Biblica, Inc.TM Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved worldwide. Zondervan.com

The “NIV” and “New International Version” are trademarks registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by Biblica, Inc.TM

To This Crazy Family of Mine

The adventure is real. The love is real. And sometimes the struggle is real. But there is no other group of people on this planet that I would want to live this life with. Every up and every down, I would do again and again, taking on the future together.

Table of contents

	Tuesday Is Coming	
1	The Suburban In The Driveway	1
2	Grace That Ignites	21
3	He's Way Ahead of You	41
4	The Backseat Offering	59
5	Shelter From The Static	81
6	Closing The Cosmic ATM	99
7	The Seven-Dollar Miracle	117
8	Holding Water Too Tight	137
9	Breaking Gravity	157
10	Obedience Over Outcomes	175
11	The Starting Line	193

Introduction

Tuesday Is Coming

GOD CREATED THE UNIVERSE OUT OF NOTHING. He spoke stars into existence and carved out the canyons with only a word. He parted the Red Sea for a group of terrified refugees, shut the mouths of hungry lions for a faithful prophet, and ultimately, did the impossible. He walked out of a sealed tomb on a Sunday morning.

Since you picked this book up, I'm guessing you probably believe those things, too (or you're curious about them). We've been trained to believe them. Because after all, they're true. We sing about them in church—grand cathedrals, rooms with high ceilings and atmospheric lighting. We study them in leather-bound books and discuss them in small groups over coffee. Most of us, if we are completely honest with ourselves, would freely admit that we have very little trouble trusting God with the "big" stuff—the eternal, the miraculous, and the historical. We can

fully appreciate Jesus' sacrifice and trust Him with our souls for the next trillion years. We hand Him our eternity without a second thought, resting in the assurance that the "End of the Story" is secure. In fact, that's what most of our Sunday mornings are focused on.

But then Tuesday morning happens.

Tuesday is not the "mountain-top experience." Tuesday doesn't usually get started with a great worship band or a polished inspirational sermon. Tuesday is the grit. It's the day the bank account is \$40 short of the utility bill. It's the day the check-engine light begins its rhythmic, mocking flicker on the dashboard. It's the day the doctor's office calls and says, "We have some follow-up questions about the bloodwork." Tuesday is the mundane, unglamorous, and often exhausting middle of the week, where the "Sunday version" of our faith often feels like it's just not enough to handle the everyday challenges we are destined to face the rest of the week.

I've spent more than twenty years in professional ministry. I have stood behind pulpits, led teams, and counseled people through their darkest nights. I could spend hours explaining the peace that surpasses understanding. I could explain the Greek root of "faith" and the theological nuances of "sovereignty." I might even dare to consider my-

self an expert on trust. But as I eventually discovered, I was a complete novice at actually practicing it.

We are living in the middle of what many call a trust recession. It's this growing drought of confidence in people, institutions, and even each other. It's sort of an invisible famine, forcing our default mode to be skeptical and hesitant. In our on-demand culture, we track pizza deliveries in real time, watch Amazon packages cross state lines, and justify our annoyance when anything is late. We've been conditioned to expect instant answers and visible outcomes.

If we can't see the result, we hesitate to move. We want roadmaps, five-year plans, and guaranteed returns. Sometimes, we even want a contract with God—a way to hold Him accountable when things don't go as we hoped. Because at the end of the day, we really don't trust.

But God doesn't offer contracts; He offers a relationship. Contracts are built on certainty, but relationships are built on trust.

The problem is that we've tried to turn faith into a transaction: *If I do A, then God must provide B*. But what happens when you do A, and God responds with a period of silence? What happens when you follow His "still, small voice" and it leads you directly into a storm instead of around it?

That's precisely where this book was born. It was forged in the eleven-month adventure that followed my

family's decision to step away from the security of two decades of ministry and jump into a whole different season of ministry in the world of youth racing—a mission field that didn't come with a salary, a benefits package, or a clear set of instructions.

Suddenly, I wasn't the guy with the answers anymore. I was a husband and a father sitting in the driver's seat, watching our house disappear in the rearview mirror, wondering if I had just made the biggest mistake of my life.

Over the next year, we logged 18,000 miles, 17 states, and 16 different tracks across the country. We lived out of suitcases and embraced the incredible community of youth motorsports.

The lessons were no longer in the comfort of a classroom or at the dinner table; they were in the front seat of a gas-guzzling, mystery-plagued Suburban that seemed to break down every time we found a rhythm. I learned more about the heart of God stranded at a gas station than I ever did in a seminary classroom.

Discipleship can't sit passively inside a classroom, church building, or even a kitchen table. It can't grow that way. It's alive, active, and built from experience. Far too many followers of Jesus stand idle, waiting for absolute clarity before we move—seeking less risk and more reward. We want God to burn away the fog, show us the destination, and give us detailed GPS instructions for every turn of the next hundred miles. But God chooses to work different-

ly. He works in the mystery. He gives us just enough to know where to set our feet next.

In the pages that follow, I'm not going to give you a "Seven-Step Plan to a Stress-Free Life." I'm not going to offer you a sales pitch for a version of Christianity that guarantees prosperity if you just "believe hard enough." That's not what Jesus teaches us or invites us into. Instead, I'm going to share the messy, raw, and often frustrating reality of what happens when you actually try to live out radical surrender.

You'll discover what happens when you open your hands and heart up to what God has planned for you. When you relentlessly chase His dreams for you instead of yours. You'll see how faith is built when we are forced to cry out to and rely on God—because there are no other options.

But mostly, you'll read about a God who is much more interested in who you are becoming than where you are going.

You see, trust isn't a feeling you wait for; it's a direction you choose. It's the act of deciding that God is good even when the circumstances are not. It's the realization that while we are obsessing over the destination, God is focused on the journey. He's not just trying to get you to Wednesday; He's trying to teach you how to be with Him on Tuesday.

If you are currently standing in your own metaphorical driveway—paralyzed by a decision, exhausted by the fog, or feeling like your life is stuck in neutral—I want you to know that you aren't alone. The uncertainty you're feeling isn't a sign that you've lost your way; it's the very environment where trust is forged and faith is matured.

It's time to stop trying to manufacture your own miracles. It's time to stop waiting for the clouds to part and the sun to shine before you're willing to move. It's time to realize that the God who holds your eternity also holds your Tuesday.

The future might be as clear as mud. The path might be foggy. Relationships may be broken, the bank account may be low, and the future unknown. But the King is already there, waiting for you, and He's asking you to take the next step.

Let's go. It's Tuesday.

Chapter 1

The Suburban in The Driveway

TRUST IS A FICKLE THING. In the 21st century, it seems harder and harder to come by. We want people to trust us. We long to trust others. But despite that desire, the ability to trust seems to be eroding with each passing generation.

Take a second and think about those whom you truly trust. Kids? Spouse? A close friend you've known for decades? Go ahead, make your mental list. How long is it? Five people? Three? One? Most of us could count our truly trusted relationships on one hand—and still have fingers left over. Not because we're surrounded by untrustworthy people, but because trust itself has become an endangered species in our modern world.

When Trust Breaks Down

When our 10-year-old son began racing, we needed a vehicle that could transport our family of six and pull a race trailer loaded with race cars, tires, tools, and supplies. That meant serious tow capacity for long trips, mountains, extreme temperatures, and the relentless winds of West Texas.

We needed to trust this car.

So we bought a used Suburban. Big V8 gas-guzzling engine, off-road tires (unnecessary but cool), and seating for everyone. What we didn't know was that this particular vehicle had one unique issue—the kind you only discover in the middle of New Mexico, several hundred miles from your destination.

Now, I want to save the full story of this moment for later. But I'll say this much: we got where we needed to go, and the problem still persists. And you're probably asking why I haven't fixed it yet.

Trust.

Or better yet, the lack of it.

It's an odd issue that I can't figure out. I consider myself an amateur repair guy—I can fix most things, or at least learn how to. This one has me stumped. And I don't have a guy. A mechanic. Someone I can trust.

So I sit on it. I wait.

You know how the story goes. You take your car to the dealer or local mechanic. They spend days trying to replicate the problem, and suddenly your car behaves perfectly—so well that you actually believe for a nanosecond that maybe it miraculously fixed itself. Some kind of divine automotive intervention. Until you leave the shop. Then it happens again. Or the mechanic replaces countless parts, charges you more than the car is worth, and the problem persists. Congratulations, you've just paid for the privilege of continued frustration.

I don't think it's always ill intent.

But it erodes trust.

And this lack of trust creates paralysis.

When we don't trust, we don't move. We don't want to face the truth, and we aren't willing to make the needed sacrifices to get the result we want. So my Suburban sits there. It runs most of the time, occasionally mocking me, with its intermittent mystery problem that may or may not strand us again. But rather than doing something about it, I simply hope and pray that when I push the magic button, she starts. Because doing something requires trust I don't have.

This kind of paralysis shows up everywhere. You get bad news from a doctor, so you get a second opinion. Then

a third. Maybe even a fourth. You're not searching for expertise—you're searching for the answer you want to hear. The lack of trust doesn't just delay action. It becomes an excuse for inaction. We tell ourselves we're being cautious. We're actually being paralyzed.

We're living through what some researchers are now calling a "trust recession." It's a pervasive, foundational, and enduring loss of public faith in institutions, brands, media, and digital platforms. And you can feel it, can't you? We question our government, everything we see on social media, and even healthcare. We even second-guess our neighbors and family members. We've trained ourselves to approach every interaction with suspicion rather than openness.

Do We Trust Him With Tuesday?

This same trust erosion that keeps my Suburban unfixed has us questioning every institution, expert, and relationship in our lives and, as a result, has decimated our relationship with Jesus and sacrificed the effectiveness of the church.

Think about it. If we can't trust our mechanic, our doctor, our government, our media, or even our carefully curated circle of friends, how on earth are we supposed to trust an invisible God? How are we supposed to surrender our lives to someone we can't see, can't Google reviews for,

and who sometimes allows things to happen that we don't understand?

The same paralysis that keeps us from fixing our cars keeps us from following Jesus. We say we believe, but we don't move. We don't want to face the truth of what full surrender might cost us. We hesitate to pay the real price of discipleship, content to settle for a faith that's easy, comfortable, and publicly acceptable. Instead of surrendering our lives, we cling to appearances—choosing convenience over commitment, and image over transformation.

We want the label, but not the cross.

And the church? The church has often made it worse. Scandals. Failed leadership. Promises of prosperity that never materialize. We create Jesus in our image and build doctrines to justify the sins we refuse to give up. The church has become really good at replicating the mechanic's shop experience. You bring your broken life to church, we tinker around with some programs and small groups, charge you (emotionally if not financially), and then you leave with the same problems you came in with. Except now you're also disillusioned.

But there is still a deeper issue lurking about. Even for those of us still in church, still saying the right things, still showing up on Sundays—how many of us actually trust Jesus? Like, really trust Him? Trust Him enough to obey when it's costly? Trust Him enough to forgive when we'd rather hold a grudge? Trust Him enough to give generously

when our bank account is already stressed? Trust Him enough to speak truth when silence would be easier?

We've become experts at trusting Jesus for eternity while refusing to trust Him for Tuesday.

I've spent the last twenty years in ministry trying to figure out where we went wrong. Books, blogs, curriculum, sermons—all aiming to discover what it means to live with Jesus at the center. And over the last year, one word has led me to write this book.

Trust.

We know what it means to trust Jesus for eternity. We trust him for what happens in the next life. We believe, we put our faith in Him, and we live with certainty that there's something far beyond and far better than this place. But once that salvation moment passes, we carry on with business as usual. We trust Him in death, but we fail to trust Him with our lives. Right here. Right now.

Trust Was Never Optional

When Jesus called His first disciples, He didn't ease them in with a “Run the Bases” church intro program to teach them how to be a Christian or to take a spiritual gift inventory

test so they could properly determine where to best serve the church. Which will more than likely be in the Kids Ministry. He didn't make it seeker-friendly, or let them learn at their own pace. He disrupted everything. He walked up to these first followers in the middle of their workday and said, "Follow me" (Matthew 4:19).

And they did. Immediately.

They left their nets, their boats, their family business, their retirement plan. Everything. Why? Because something about Jesus made the risk worth it. They trusted that the life Jesus was asking them to step into was far greater than the one they had been living.

That's not cautious belief. That's not blind agreement to doctrine. That's not dipping our toes into a new adventure to see if the water's tolerable. That's radical, life-altering, burn-the-bridges-behind-you kind of trust.

Look at what Jesus actually demanded.

Peter stepped out of the boat—fully trusting Jesus—in a storm, at night, and walked on water (Matthew 14:28-29). It may have been only for a few seconds. But to date, Peter has walked on water longer than any other human in history.

The trust worked. Even if just for a second, Peter forgot the impossibility of what he was doing. He ignored

every logical reason this couldn't happen. He just needed to know Jesus was calling him out onto the water.

Peter's entire focus was on Jesus in that moment. But then the wind and waves captured his attention. He began to trust the storm more than he trusted Jesus. Peter didn't fail here. He learned how trust works.

The rich young ruler actually learned the same lesson. When he asked Jesus how to inherit eternal life, Jesus gave him a command of total commitment. "Sell everything. Then come follow me" (Mark 10:21).

Not 10%. Not a generous offering. Everything.

And when the young man couldn't do it, Jesus let him walk away.

Jesus didn't chase him down with a more manageable plan. He didn't negotiate. He didn't say, "Okay, how about 25% and we'll work up from there?"

He demanded total trust. Got a no. And moved on.

Once again. Trust learned.

Because partial trust isn't trust at all—it's just playing it safe. Living with a backup plan.

Any remaining wealth would have competed for this man's allegiance. And you can't serve two masters—even if one is just your backup plan.

What we treasure is what we follow.

Discipleship = Trust in Action

Every single person who encountered Jesus faced the same fundamental choice. Will you trust me enough to act on what I'm saying, even when it makes no earthly sense?

But we've missed something critical in our modern version of Christianity. Discipleship isn't a program. It's not a curriculum, a Bible study, or a baptism class. Those things might be tools—and they're good tools. Great, in fact. But they're not discipleship.

Discipleship is trust in motion—a faith that moves, acts, and demands sacrifice.

Jesus never separated belief from action because He understood they're the same thing. *"Why do you call me 'Lord, Lord,' and not do what I tell you?"* (Luke 6:46). You can't actually trust Him if you're not willing to obey Him. Obedience is simply trust made visible. We are known by our fruit. Because when we trust, we obey. When we obey, we bear fruit.

Jesus' closest followers didn't grow spiritually by attending services and taking notes. They became disciples by trusting Jesus enough to leave everything and follow Him into an uncertain future. They trusted Him when He sent them out with no money, no extra clothes, and no

backup plan (Luke 10:1-4). They trusted Him when He told them to feed 5,000 people with 5 loaves and 2 fish (John 6:1-13).

Jesus hasn't changed His requirements.

But we're trying to create a version of Christianity where trust is optional. Where discipleship is about downloading facts instead of changing lives. We've reduced following Jesus to a prayer you pray, some boxes you check, and maybe showing up to church when it's convenient.

We've turned Jesus into a life coach. We've replaced "take up your cross" with "live your best life now." We've swapped "lose your life to find it" for "God wants you to prosper." We've exchanged a grace that demands everything for a grace that asks nothing at all.

The church has created a Christianity where you can be "saved" without ever really trusting Jesus with anything that matters. Where you can claim to follow Jesus while still being in complete control of your money, your time, your decisions, your relationships, and your future. Where commitment is measured in attendance rather than surrender.

But trust says, "You want me to forgive that person who deeply wounded me? Okay, I'll do it, even though everything in me wants revenge." Trust says, "You want me to give generously even when I'm anxious about my own

finances? Okay, I'll do it, even though it feels reckless." It's speaking truth even when it might cost you relationships, reputation, or your job—doing it despite the fear.

It's loving your enemy, blessing those who curse you, going the extra mile, turning the other cheek, even when it makes you look weak. It's actually believing that losing your life is how you find it. That dying to yourself is the path to life. That the last will be first. And then living like that's true, even though it contradicts everything your culture tells you.

The early church turned the world upside down, not because they had better programs, cooler buildings, or more engaging worship services. They did it because they trusted Jesus enough to live as if He were telling the truth. They shared their possessions because they trusted His teaching about provision. They loved their enemies because they trusted His way was better. They faced persecution with joy because they trusted His promises about eternity. They left everything they knew behind because they trusted that Jesus was the way, the truth, and the life. They made disciples because they were disciples—people who had learned to trust Jesus with everything.

When things got complicated and difficult, it was trust that kept the disciples' feet grounded in Jesus' teaching. When some turned away because Jesus' teaching was hard. Jesus asked, "You don't want to go away too, do

you?” Peter’s response: “Lord, to whom will we go? You have the words of eternal life” (John 6:66-68).

Where Our Journey Started

Which brings me back to trust. Because understanding trust as a concept is one thing. Learning to actually live it out is something else entirely.

I’d like to tell you we had a premonition, a God moment, that spoke to us to do something extraordinary. I wish I could say I sensed God was up to something in our family, that we were about to enter a season of boldness like never before—a conscious choice to live an unfettered life of trust. And I’d love to tell you I documented it all, so we could recall every last critical detail.

But none of that is true.

Our son started racing. Elijah was eight years old when he fell in love with racing—the way teenage boys fall in love with their first girlfriend. Weird comparison? Maybe. Love isn’t even strong enough. Obsession is better. Or since this is a Christian book, let’s go with agape love. That sacrificial love that overtakes your entire life. Yeah, that’s racing for Eli.

He discovered racing watching NASCAR on television, but our first live race changed everything. Standing

close enough to the front stretch that thirty-eight cars racing past at 150 miles per hour literally knock you off your feet—Elijah wanted that. Still does.

When he strapped into his quarter midget for the first time, he got his taste of real speed. The pressure to get to the front. The split-second decisions. Whipping around a short track at 40 mph for 40 laps, multiple times over a weekend. Eli once told me that when everything is going right—the car is set up correctly, the speed is there, and he's 100% on his game—everything slows down. He sees more clearly, thinks faster, and drives smarter. Like nothing can stop him.

So, like any good parent, we wanted to give him the best opportunity to develop his race craft. That commitment meant missing church on Sundays, constant travel, and more money than I'd like to admit. But the rest of the family quickly fell in love with the sport and the community.

As we traveled more, we noticed something unexpected. We were surrounded by families who spent every weekend together, genuinely caring for one another, yet the presence of Jesus wasn't even on their radar. It was obvious there was a deep need for Jesus in this racing community. That got us thinking. "What if we made racing into a ministry effort?"

After months of praying and probably overthinking, we came up with our plan—or what we thought was God's

plan, with our helpful improvements. We'd set up a canopy at every track, offer prayer before races, run devotionals for the kids, and make ourselves available for conversations about faith.

But what if we took it further? What if we made it full-time? What if we lived on the road, moving from track to track?

Sold on the vision, we sold our house and most of our belongings, bought a new trailer and new race cars, and hit the road. Let me be clear. This wasn't some romantic leap of faith that felt noble and heroic. This was terrifying. We had four kids, a mortgage-sized monthly racing budget, and a plan that sounded increasingly insane every time we said it out loud.

The plan was to get ourselves a really nice motorhome. We really wanted a new one, but then realized how virtuous we were being when we lowered our expectations to a modest used model. See? We were being reasonable. Sacrificial, even.

We'd land a great remote job that would cover our living expenses. The racing sponsors would start lining up to cover our monthly racing budget. The donations would pour in from people inspired by our obedience. After all, we were doing this for God. Surely He'd make a way.

Now, I'd love to report that every piece of our plan worked exactly as we envisioned, and I'm writing this from our motorhome overlooking the mountains as the sun sets.

I'd also love to tell you that we completely trusted Him and surged forward without a doubt or worry in mind.

I'm happy to report that none of that happened. Literally.

None of it.

Not on my timeline, anyway. By the time we were set to leave, the motorhome never materialized. The remote job never came through. The sponsors didn't line up. The donations didn't pour in.

We departed fully believing God would provide every need—and when I say "provide," I mean show up on our schedule, in our way, according to our plan. Because we believed we were being obedient. We believed we were sacrificing for God. Obviously He would bless us, right? You make the big-faith move, God opens the floodgates, and everybody wins. We'd get our motorhome, our income, our Instagram-worthy ministry story. God would get the glory. Perfect partnership. But, the truth is, I'm not even sure we rightly understood the whole idea of sacrifice and what constituted a blessing.

While we believed we were trusting, we only trusted our plan. God was just the cosmic ATM we expected to fund it. We'd made our withdrawal slip and waited for Him to approve the transaction.

That left us completely unprepared for what God actually did over the next eleven months.

Because none of my plans came together. Not one piece. And yet somehow—SOMEHOW—God got us to 40 races in 2025. Without the motorhome. Without the job. Without the sponsors. Without any of the things I was certain we needed.

Turns out, God wasn't interested in funding our plan. He was interested in teaching us what trust actually means.

That would mean real sacrifice.

Real perseverance.

Real Discipleship.

What This Will Cost You

When you don't trust, you don't move. And when you don't move, you could miss everything God has for you. But stepping into this journey means it will cost something. Trust always does.

There was a time when I believed you could simply sit through church and figure this stuff out. That you could be told to trust, and with enough determination, you could overcome the tendency to trust in yourself. But trust cannot be learned on Sunday mornings. Trust has to be lived and taught in the moment. We need to learn to see Jesus on Tuesday more than we see Him on Sunday.

My goal in sharing our adventure is to inspire you to take that first step of your own. To truly experience the beautiful life God has called you to. It is my sincere hope that, as you step forward, you'll find trust far more quickly than I did and find the kind of freedom only Jesus can provide.

But this journey will require you to let go of control. It will cost you the thing you've been holding onto the tightest. For us, it was the house. For you, it might be the job. The relationship. The reputation. The savings account. The five-year plan. The dream you've spent decades building. God will ask you to open your hands and let it go. And you'll wonder if you've lost your mind. You'll be asked to step into situations where God either shows up or you fail. To obey when it's costly. But don't think of it as a warning. Think of it as an invitation to freedom.

But if you're looking to make your life easier, this isn't it. If you want seven simple steps to a better you, this isn't it. But if you're tired of the paralysis. If you're exhausted from trying to control everything, manage every outcome, protect every comfort. If you're ready to actually trust Jesus with Tuesday, not just Sunday, get ready to take the first step.

Because what I can promise you is this: on the other side of that surrender, on the other side of that trust, is a life you can't manufacture on your own. A life of purpose

and power and provision that only comes when you stop building your kingdom and start building for His.

This journey taught our family what trust ought to look like. Over the next eleven months, God taught us about trust—not in a classroom, but the hard way. Not from a Bible study or a sermon. Every lesson came from experience. Came from crisis. Came out of desperation, where trust was the only option left.

We want the blessings without the effort. We want the miracle, but we don't want to need one. We want all the hope of Jesus without the cost of discipleship.

For most of my professional ministry career, I worked to build a thriving ministry. But I wanted it without the struggle. I wanted the platform, the audience, the funding—all of it on autopilot. I wanted all the upside with none of the downside.

But there is no upside without the downside. There is no victory without the struggle. There is no joy of victory without the pain of defeat. And we simply cannot become the people God designed us to be without the fire to refine our souls.

That's what our whole adventure was about. Learning to trust. Being refined. Not just learning about trust on Sunday mornings. But trusting Him with everything we have and everything we are. Every detail, every life-altering decision, and every insignificant moment. No matter the trials we face, we trust His process and provision. No mat-

ter the plans we make, we lay them at His feet and let Him lead us.

It won't be easy. But it will be worth it.
Are you ready to trust Him with Tuesday?

So before we go any further, I need you to answer one question. Not out loud. Not for me. For yourself.

What are you holding onto that's keeping you paralyzed?

Whatever it is — that's your starting line.

KEEP READING.

Steve just asked you what's keeping you paralyzed – and called it your starting line. Chapter Two picks up with a couch, a house on the market, and a promise he was sure he'd never make. Get the full story.

GET YOUR COPY — \$14.99

Available in paperback and ebook

**RACING &
MINISTRY**
1 CORINTHIANS 10:31

racingandministry.com

