

Unless you've been living under a rock, you are aware of the martyrdom of Charlie Kirk this past Wednesday, having been shot in cold blood by a young man who didn't like the things Charlie said. Just writing that line, it all seems impossible to comprehend. We can no longer agree to disagree, or live and let live. God forgive us.

Even though I agreed and respected most of what Charlie said, I can see how his words were provocative and challenging to some. But I think that's what was so impressive about him. He challenged others to think for themselves, and he presented opposing ideas so others could try to open their minds to a greater understanding of the world around us.

As a person who likes to think I'm open-minded and striving to learn more. I was so impressed, no, in awe of Charlie's ability to recall in an instant certain facts, statistics, bible verses and just general knowledge on any given subject. I say kudos to those young people courageous enough to stand toe to toe with him in debates, because for me, it would have been like trying to reason with a walking encyclopedia. I wouldn't stand a chance.

When my son sent me a text Wednesday afternoon and told me Charlie Kirk had been shot, I was in disbelief. I stopped everything to find out what I could. As I searched for live news on my phone, I was praying that he was okay, that Jesus would let him live for his wife and two small babies. The answer came quickly, with the news that he didn't make it.

Disbelief is probably the first feeling I had. Then I went through a quick period of denial, thinking this was crazy, impossible. After I dared to watch an unedited clip of the shooting itself, I knew at once that Charlie left this world within seconds of his being hit. He was already gone when I was praying for God to spare his life. I felt angry, trying to imagine what he had done that was so bad that someone decided he didn't have a right to live. Finally, I went into a full-fledged period of grief. One of my Christian brothers had just been killed just for speaking truth, and then I remembered Jesus.

No matter what Charlie Kirk said, he always brought it back around to his faith, and his love for Jesus Christ. Clip after clip, and I've watched many over these past few days, he always made sure that people knew that faith in Jesus was the key to everything in this life. Jesus died so we could live. Jesus promises us a blessed life when we place him first. He never promised a life without pain, but he promises he will never leave us alone.

Charlie Kirk died while telling the world the truth. But like Charlie, I serve a great, great God, and we shouldn't be surprised when these things come. Scripture tells us to be ready. Jesus himself told us we will be hated for his namesake. Charlie Kirk, and his lovely wife, knew that. They knew the risk, but the reward outweighs that risk.

In one clip of Charlie that I love, he's discussing how we, who are part of the body of Christ, all have been given special gifts by God that we are supposed to use for the Kingdom. I know I'm not quoting him word for word, but his point was that some are meant to be preachers, some are serving in the jungles of the amazon, but he believed his gift was to be placed in a position to share the truth of the Gospel, and to lead others, with a heart for the generations to come.

Having seen this clip after his death, and then to witness the outpouring from so many all over the world, I was left to wonder what my gift is. When I was a young mother, my focus was on raising my children to love God and treat others with respect. As my children grew, my job was to teach children in church and encourage them to live for God. It seemed to be much clearer for me back then. What could I possibly offer to share Jesus with others?

My friends, it didn't take me long to figure this one out. For whatever reason, my grandsons are under my care, under my watch. First and foremost, they are my mission field right where I am. My simple prayer is that I do not lose sight of this when the days become mundane and repetitive. I have a tendency to feel sorry for myself when all

isn't going according to plan, so I pray earnestly that God will help me stay focused on the task at hand, for his glory.

And I'm a writer. It is my wish that those who have read my books or have blessed me by visiting LisaJo.org, will know how much I love Jesus. God has allowed me to share my heart through writing, and I pray that I will bring him honor and glory with each word.

So with that, I challenge you, like Charlie did, to find your gift and use it for God. No matter how small or insignificant it may seem to you, it matters to someone else who needs to hear about Jesus. We are living in the days we've been told about in scripture. Time is growing shorter, and Jesus, precious Jesus, will come soon.

We've heard much this week about how Charlie was a right-wing conservative influencer, and how his death was a political assassination. All you have to do is look around, all over the world. Charlie Kirk, at least in my book, will be remembered as one of the most influential Christian martyrs of our time. Even while in pain and through our grief, we can find peace because Charlie Kirk is now in the presence of God.

Blessings,  
Lisa Jo

