

UNSEEN

THE GIFT *of* BEING HIDDEN *in a*
WORLD THAT LOVES *to Be* NOTICED

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TO CLAIRE

*Your life gave dignity to hiddenness long
before I knew what it was.
Until we meet again.*

CONTENTS

Foreword

1. BEAUTIFUL WASTE: Opening Our Eyes to the Unseen
“Jesus came to Bethany.”
2. SEEN AND CELEBRATED: Discovering Who We Are
Apart from What We Do
“And Martha served.”
3. OPEN HANDS: Living a Story We Had Not Planned
“A woman came having an alabaster flask of very costly oil.”
4. LOVE Poured OUT: Leaning into Our Call to Greatness
“Then she broke the flask and poured it on His head.”
5. UNCOVERED: Becoming Vulnerable
“She wiped His feet with her hair.”
6. INVITATION TO WONDER: Training Our Eyes to
See God’s Beauty
“And the house was filled with the fragrance of oil.”

7. SECRET EXTRAVAGANCE: Wasting Ourselves on God

“Why this waste?”

8. THE NEEDS AROUND US: Changing the World at Jesus’ Feet

“For this fragrant oil might have been sold for much and given to the poor.”

9. VOICES: Hearing God’s Truth above the Criticism and Chatter

“And they criticized her sharply.”

10. THIRSTY SEASONS: Learning to Long for God’s Presence

“Me you do not have always.”

11. GOD IS FOR US: Healing in the Hiding

“She has done what she could.”

12. HOLY WHISPERS: Embracing the Mysteries of God

“She has kept this for the day of my burial.”

13. THE HIDDEN WAY: Becoming a Friend of God

“Wherever this gospel is preached throughout the world, what she has done will also be told, in memory of her.”

Acknowledgments

Notes

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

Opening Our Eyes to the Unseen

“Jesus came to Bethany.”

—JOHN 12:1

I graduated from college unwaveringly convinced: I would change the world for God. As a college student, I volunteered with a high school ministry, sharing the gospel with hardened-to-Christ teenagers. And I was all in. When I wasn't studying, I spent time with students in their world. The deepest of time, one life pouring into another. I became addicted to seeing God influence the most unsuspecting lives.

The year I left college, I joined the high school ministry as full-time staff. I was on fire for God and ravenous to see what He could do. I believed there is no higher calling than to be used by God to love the lost. It was a belief that fueled me, but also made me feel as if I were somehow critical to God's work. And in subtly assenting to this understanding of my role, I exchanged compassion for judgment of others who were going to waste their twenties on anything I deemed to

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be of lesser eternal value. After all, wasn't my work helping God change lives most important? I was filled with ambition.

The annual highlight of our ministry was the week we took a bus full of living-loud adolescents to camp. Every activity and experience was beautifully designed to illustrate the person and love of Jesus to our high school students. Outdoor adventures each day bled into evenings of sharing the gospel. We told the story of Jesus and gave teenagers the opportunity to invite Him into their stories. And many of them did. On the last night of camp, those who had decided to follow Jesus were given the chance to stand up and announce this life shift.

That final night was what I looked forward to all week long. It often remained suspended in my memory throughout the year like flakes in a snow globe: distant, dazzling, majestic. A few hundred sweaty teenagers who'd just spent their last hours at camp cramming dirty laundry into overstuffed suitcases, cleaning out bunks, and saying the kind of tearful goodbyes you typically say to lifelong friends, despite the fact that they'd met them just seven days before, gathered in the clubhouse. The room swelled with people and music and anticipation and new lives.

When the music was over and the final talk concluded, nervous varsity basketball players and homecoming queens and kids in the math club each stood up one at a time and shared that this week they'd given their lives to Jesus. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so" (Ps. 107:2 ESV).

My heart raced on those nights because I knew it was just the beginning. I knew the bigger impact those dozens of yeses would have. In the year ahead, some of those teenagers in the

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

room would open their Bibles for the first time ever and ask God to invade the world around them. Their changed lives would ripple out to influence families, friends, and football teams. Some would tell their children and their children's children that this was the night that changed everything. I looked around the room and tried to take it all in, as if my panoramic perspective could absorb the magnitude of such a night, of such a week. Reflected in the flushed faces of teenagers who wanted a fresh start, who wanted Jesus, I saw the face of God.

After camp was over, I came home to an even longer list of lives I wanted to influence. When teenagers are “on fire” for Jesus, their unchurched parents start showing up to church on Sunday, asking questions, and joining Bible studies. It was what I'd prayed for. It was everything I'd wanted when I started in full-time ministry. The work was sometimes hard and often exhausting, but the life-changing stories fueled me. They validated my calling and my passion. They kept me in it.

Until one year they didn't.

Lives around me were changing for Jesus, but my life had grown stagnant. My passion for ministry waned and a vague emptiness took its place. I'd have dinner with a teenager who'd just asked Jesus into her heart and find myself mindlessly repeating answers I'd said for years. I knew how to share about God's love with others, but I no longer felt like I was living in it myself. There was a voice in my head that wondered, *Am I just saying these things about God, or do I really believe them?*

So I'd come home and check in on my heart, carving out

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UNSEEN

space to sit with God and ask that question out loud. Except when I got there, that space and time alone with Him felt awkward, like I was supposed to share the kinds of things you say mostly only in hushed tones to a close friend, but instead this was a conversation with a distant acquaintance. I didn't quite know how or where to start. More than thirty minutes with my Bible open, but without a Bible study to plan, and I didn't know who I was supposed to be. I wasn't sure who God was either, in my less productive quiet time and in the "nonessential" moments of life.

I knew Jesus as the one who'd walked on water and calmed the storm and healed a leper. I could describe that God in my sleep. But who was God to me during those ordinary days, the days when I didn't need Him to calm a storm or walk across the water or help me plan a Bible study? What about the days when I had to pay bills and clean the toilet and babysit a friend's children? I had no doubt He was the God of hardened teenagers, warming their cold hearts and drawing them closer into Himself. I knew He was the God of people who devoted themselves to ministry, to constant relationship with others, to speaking and leading. But who was He to me when I wasn't changing the world? When I was by myself? Who was He to me when I had nothing at all to give Him?

These questions would eventually guide my eyes to the unseen beauty of a hidden life in God. But as it is with most beginnings, first they were unnerving. I knew God was benevolently disposed toward me, but I'd always assumed His benevolence was also connected to my producing something for His kingdom. When I felt productive in ministry, it wasn't

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

hard to imagine that God had loving thoughts toward me or that He looked at me with warm affection. I had a harder time trying to imagine what He might be thinking about me during the hours of the day when I wasn't doing anything tangible for Him—the hours of the day when I felt naked and exposed, unable to hide behind my productivity for the kingdom of God. What was the expression on His face when I didn't have a trail of changed lives behind mine? How did He feel about me on Saturday morning while I was lying on the couch in sweatpants, exhausted from the week?

But something inside of me knew there had to be more to my life with God than being productive and sharing the good news with others. Something inside of me craved the God I'd find when I wasn't changing the world. I'd always thought my craving for more in life would be satisfied with more ministry, more impact, more good works for God. But instead of filling me with more, the escalating effort I put into those things slowly left me feeling empty.

As I saw it, I gave in to burnout, but there was more to it than that. I'd been driven by a passion to see lives change, but I also craved the validation I received when my life made a notable impact on someone else's. Over time, the deep satisfaction I'd found in my work lessened. The nagging drive, albeit subtle, to which I'd responded to do more and more continued to leave me feeling inadequate. My expectations for myself increased as my ability to meet those expectations diminished. Even worse, I began to see myself as critical to God's success. But I just couldn't do it anymore.

So I left the ministry I admired.

UNSEEN

I, the fiery-eyed, will-not-waste-my-life poster child, succumbed.



I took a break from telling others about Jesus and found a part-time job. For well into a year, I spent my afternoons amid bouquets of imported French lavender, handcrafted soaps, and Italian pottery at a boutique. I was instructed *not* to dust the porcelain guinea hens or stacks of plates—people feel at home in cottage dust, apparently—and sometimes I banked no more than five transactions in a day. Mine had become the wasted life I once judged, the person who ended most days without a single story of kingdom impact or even a spiritual conversation. Instead of raising money to dig wells for people without clean water, I spent my hours among decorative water pitchers priced at one hundred dollars a pop. It was a life I swore I'd never have—unproductive. A colossal waste of my time, energy, and gifts.

But to the surprise of my productivity-oriented heart, that quiet little storefront in the Barracks Road Shopping Center became a place where I met God.

I brought my Bible to work and cracked it open as I sat behind the register. I had hours unplanned for one of the first times in my life. I talked through God's Word with Him, and I did so slowly—less extrapolating a lesson and more absorbing who the person was within those stories. I circled the pottery-stacked farm tables with it, praying one passage at a time while the smells of French-milled soaps wafted in the air. And as

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

I did so, I noticed things about Jesus I'd never seen while preparing to teach a Bible study or codifying a set of verses into a single palatable point. I was noticing more of Him as I read, and realizing that He too was seeing me in the minutia of my day. I was seeing the shape of the person who *was* this Word that I'd memorized and quoted for years.

He had eyes and a face.

His hands held a hammer, washed feet, cupped the faces of children. And adults.

He sweated.

I discovered layers of God's nature I hadn't considered when I was barreling through life, when He was only a leader and a coach to me. Slowly, my desire to see and feel who He is within the pages of His Word prompted me to look at the lines on His face. To take a long and thoughtful look at Him, and not just once. As I did so, I saw not only that He invited me to see Him—in the minutia of stories I'd read for years to gain broad themes and lessons—but also that He also saw me, right there in my middle minutes. For perhaps one of the first times in my life, I made eye contact with God.

His life on the earth and in these pages held a facial expression. Toward me. When I slowed, I saw that He too looked past my complexities to know and respond to my heart. He wasn't driving me to produce in such a way that all I saw was the back of His shoulders and His firm gait as He charged ahead of me; He was turned toward me and looking into me with a softheartedness and an ever-unfolding open stance.

His face held a gentle expression. *Loving* expression. Toward me, who was doing nothing for Him.

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UNSEEN

Just as little children need to be seen, need to see their reflection in the eyes of a loving parent, I needed to see God seeing me as I spent hours in the stillness of that store. I needed to see the twinkle in His eyes when He looked at me. I'd lived most of my Christian life in deficit, not seeing that spark and imagining His eyes to be dull and hardened toward me. I needed to know what He thought of me in my unproductivity, when I was doing nothing to advance His kingdom, just paying my bills, buying groceries, and making the bed. If God had tender thoughts toward me in my mundane moments, then those were moments in which I wanted to encounter Him. I wanted to believe that the same God who was pleased with me when I shared the gospel still smiled when I took out the trash or took a nap. If I could meet God's eyes in all those ordinary times—if I could just see the spark, there—then my assumptions about what matters most to God would have to change.

And I wanted them to change.

In a year that felt like failure by all my ministry productivity standards, I grew desperate to lock eyes with God and see His real expression toward me. I knew if on an average Tuesday afternoon I could see God as the Initiator, the one who gently draws me close and with tenderness, then I could finally find deep soul-rest. I wouldn't have to work so hard to get God's attention, because I already had it. Every single ordinary minute of my day would be an opportunity to encounter God's unwavering gaze.

This is hiddenness. It's not a natural concept for our human minds to apprehend. There are times when God tucks

BEAUTIFUL WASTE

us away. He might hide us in a difficult job or an unwelcomed circumstance where we feel like no one gets us, where we feel misunderstood. He might hide us in a crowd where we feel lost—unseen—or behind the front door of our homes, changing diapers and burping babies. He does this all so that we might see another side of Him, this God who looks deeply and knowingly into us when no one else is looking or noticing, and come alive under that eye.

Sure, this hiddenness may feel undesirable at first. We resist it. We want out of the dead-end job and to be done with the ministry or church where we're not properly acknowledged for who we are and what we do. (And most of our friends might counsel us to do that, to get out.) We want to climb out from underneath burp cloths and laundry and serving in silence into a world where someone notices, where we're not only seen but appreciated, validated by those around us.

And yet even as we might naturally clamor to get out of these places, He continues to use the unwelcomed, unbending circumstances to show us that He sees, He knows—yes, even in this job we're praying desperately to be able to leave or this church that feels as if its people haven't yet discovered our capabilities. We feel like we're waiting it out or merely enduring hardship, but, from God's angle, these times are purposed.

In the words of Paul, these hidden times allure us to “think about the things of heaven, not the things of earth” (Col. 3:2).

In no way do we naturally fall into this way of thinking. We breathe and pay our bills and use our words, all in the temporal. We need help to look at the unseen, the things of

UNSEEN

heaven, not the things we can touch with our hands or gauge with a measuring stick. Our truest lives—once we come to know Him—don’t reside in the temporal world. Hiddenness is God’s way of helping us with this holy detachment, slowly releasing our clutch on “the things of earth,” which we were never intended to grip.

Paul goes on to say, “For you died to this life, and your real life is hidden with Christ in God” (Col. 3:3 NLT).

It was in that cottage boutique—during a time when I also felt that I was experiencing the death of my dreams—that I first tasted this hiddenness. That’s when I first practiced “wasting time with God.” Up to that point, spending twenty to thirty minutes in the morning with God—my Bible and journal open on my lap—was all I needed and all I could justify. I’d never considered setting aside more time to spend with God. I’m certain I subconsciously saw that extra time to be wasteful, discarding otherwise productive hours and disguising sloth. But as my heart was resuscitated behind the storefront window, I started to see the worth of searching Him out in these undocumented, unproductive hours. And so I cautiously started to give Him access to the parts of me that no one, including myself, had seen before.



As my heart ebbed from a flurried life into the quiet of that store, the buried parts of my thinking surfaced. One day, the wife of one of my husband’s college friends came into the boutique to browse. Instead of being excited to see her, I felt

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

a flash-rush of unexpected shame. She'd caught me being insignificant—not sharing the gospel, not advancing the kingdom of God, not using my college degree, but selling pricey tablecloths—and I suddenly felt the need to justify my dormant existence.

No sooner had the glass door shut behind her than an urge to quit this job and do something significant with my life consumed my thinking.

In years past, I would have obsessed about that thought for days and weeks, but in the quiet of that store and the quieting of my activity, I was less threatened and more curious. Time and a newly tender brush with God created a safe space for me to see the layers within me. Initially after our twelve-minute exchange, she seemed successful and I felt foolishly stuck. She had real accomplishments to share, and I knew how to order her the correct color of tablecloth she wanted from our sister store. But I soon realized that the urge to quit that overtook me the minute she left wasn't one to guide me. Instead, it was an indicator of a deeper question I needed to ask of God: *How do You see me, especially now when I feel unproductive and unsuccessful? How do You see me when I feel naked without my life's impact to hide behind?*

These were the things that surfaced in the hours when I was on the clock, but not changing lives. I started a new dialogue with God that didn't include a plea for Him to use me in someone else's life or to make my life matter. It was a conversation in which I saw that He cared for the inner workings of my heart. He cared about the insecurities that plagued me. I felt the pulse of His life in the biblical stories

UNSEEN

for which I had lost my passion. Not even whole sentences but mere phrases from His Word that had once been pat answers were transformed into poetry, renewing my mind and sparking fresh and intimate conversations with God. Not only was He becoming more real to me as I took time not just to study but to soak in Scripture, He was becoming personal. To me.

This age-old God was newly vibrant to me. And I was starting to think He might actually like me, right there in that store, where I was getting paid just above minimum wage and not using my college degree.

In the pages of His Word, I saw Him validate the hearts of those who sought Him in secret. God said to Samuel, “For the LORD does not see as man sees; for man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart” (1 Sam. 16:7). I heard Him whisper those same words to me. I wanted to shame myself, and yet I felt oddly seen and known and enjoyed by God, simply because I had turned my heart and my conversation to Him in that moment.

Years before, I never could have believed that God would enjoy me in that state—or even tolerate me. But when the store was empty and the sun was fading, aslant on the floor amid farm tables stacked with overpriced tablecloths, I locked eyes with God anew. I sensed His pleasure. I was wasting time with God.

God liked me.

And He wanted to spend time with me.

When you’re with someone who knows the quirks of your heart and enjoys you anyway, it’s only natural that you want to spend more time with that person. When God was attentive

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

to me—even the small, unseen parts of me—I wanted to reciprocate. I wanted to sit with Him and study the lines and contours of His face.

I was beginning to believe that maybe who I was in secret was reason for praise. Maybe my unproductive, looking-up-at-Him life produced awe among the angels.

Now I was no longer unsticking the pages of my Bible out of obligation. Instead, I was driven by a desire to see and know more of God. In every passage, in every verse, I was clawing my way into what was life to me: the delight on God's face turned toward me. I'd been fiercely searching the crowd for that face for years, thinking I would find it only in the praise or approval among the masses, in the eyes of other people. But now I could see it manifest in God's face. God delighted in me even when I felt I least deserved it.

God was growing me, in secret, tucked well behind the display window in a Barracks Road boutique.



Rarely do I notice the roots of a tree unless my feet stumble over them. I may notice the way branches above me cut across the sky as I pull out of my driveway. I may sit with my toddler in the shade or pick apples at an orchard with my children in early autumn. I may roll a newly fallen leaf between my fingers. But most of the time I walk unaware right over the roots, the hidden life of every tree that makes everything else—branches, shade, fruit, and leaves—possible at all.

Often the obvious accomplishments of our days get most

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UNSEEN

of our attention. Noticing the roots, much less tending to them, seems secondary when there are branches to climb and fruit to pick. We live for what is right in front of us, while God is ever so gently calling us toward the unseen. His unseen.

We come alive in the unseen.

We were made for it.

We are formed in it.

I'd spent most of my twenties with a similar lack of awareness in my relationship with God. I envisioned growth to be outstretched branches—majestic when hit by the sun and seen against the pure blue sky—and mostly ignored the roots. But I could no longer grow tall in God without caring for my root system, without acknowledging that something buried beneath the surface gives life to the trunk and branches I showed the world. Noticing and tending to my roots—my inner and hidden life with God—seemed secondary when there were important ministry branches to climb and spiritual fruit to produce and pick. But God was ever so gently inviting me back to the soil. To hide in Him rather than perform for Him, to shift my attention from branches to roots, from my visible work *for* God to my unseen life *in* God.

It was as if He was patiently drawing my eyes away from the branches and down to my thirsty roots. *You don't have to try so hard to leave your mark on the world, Sara. Come back to the soil. Leave your mark on Me.* This was the whisper from God that emerged in that unproductive season. *Spend, pour out, right here, and I'll grow the tree.*

I hadn't before considered that I could pour out my life

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

at His feet, caring only for what He thought of me. This was beautiful waste.

I was moving from merely a God-*follower* to a God-*lover* when I noticed Him seeing me and knowing me in the middle minutes of my day and enjoying me, right there. Squandering time with God in the hidden place was turning me into one who would do anything to bring Him glory on the earth. What I forged with God in secret led to a sweet partnership with Him, the kind of partnership that leads any of us into great impact in this world—not because of the magnitude of what we do or how we feel when we’re doing it but because of who He is to us.

Those hidden exchanges with Him began to fuel how I interacted with the world around me.



We were made to be seen—to have our baby hair clipped and saved, to have our milestones noticed, to be celebrated. But at the end of almost every well-intentioned baby book you’ll probably find the blank pages. Eventually, no one has time to count the number of our teeth or of the new words we’ve learned. As we grow, we swirl in a sea of other faces, other ambitions. We might feel we’re drowning in lost moments, unseen for who we are and who we could be. We might feel that parts of our lives are wasted.

The craving to be seen is universal: we were made to be known. But there is only one who can know us. He is the one

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who created us to live with moments and hours that no one else can understand.

And that's where the mysterious beauty of hiddenness comes in. We who live most of our days in and around the people of this world don't naturally hide ourselves in God. We don't naturally look to His expression toward us to drive us. We respond instead to the looks and applause and the direction of others around us. Thus, He hides us. And masterfully.

Like He did with me, God sometimes hides us in obscure circumstances. He takes us out of an upfront role so we can discover the beauty of falling in love with Him when no one else is looking on or applauding. We sit behind a desk, toiling at a job no one appreciates. We push a stroller, change diapers, and rock crying babies to sleep. We work behind the scenes, clipboard in hand, serving the person on stage. We attend a church whose mission isn't the perfect fit with who we are and how we're gifted, and we serve, quietly and unacknowledged, in the background.

Sometimes God hides us in hardship or suffering. We limp through a broken marriage, wondering if life will ever mend. We get a late-night phone call and a tragedy forever splits our life into a before and an after. We lose our routine to a flurry of appointments with pediatric specialists and settle in for another long night at the hospital holding our child's hand.

Other times, God hides us in plain sight, right in the midst of a life that keeps going full tilt, so we learn how to find Him while pursuing a career or leading a ministry or running a household. We earn a doctorate degree, each letter behind our name representing long hidden hours, undocumented

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

measures of hard work, and sacrifices that no one will fully know. We cheer on our children from the sidelines, knowing there is so much more to their story than the goals they've scored this season. We carry great responsibility at work or heading up a foundation, wearing a title that brings burdens few recognize or understand.

Yes, *all* of us world-changers, made by God for His glory, experience being hidden, hidden on purpose. Perhaps hidden for now simply because God enjoys how we give our all to Him—our thoughts, our prayers, our focused devotion—in private. (Would that be enough, to simply pour ourselves out for Him alone?)

We spend the majority of our lives hidden from others. Our secret thoughts, our sleep, our parenting and driving and grocery shopping. God designed us to hide in Him, not perform for Him.

In my early twenties, I was hidden in a boutique among antique farm tables stacked with table linens and pottery while my ministry dreams languished in a worn journal somewhere in the basement at home.

As a young married woman, I was hidden behind a desk when the guy who had an MBA took credit for months of my work and never gave me a nod or a second thought.

Years later, I was hidden, childless, at baby showers in a room full of women swapping birthing stories and maternity clothes.

I was hidden under mounds of paperwork and the debt of adoption as my friends nursed their babies.

I was hidden in a guest home in Ethiopia with a newly

UNSEEN

adopted child who cried for hours, and realized that none of my friends back home would ever understand the sweat I'd shed in just a few days of motherhood.

I was hidden holding that same child as he cried anew over wounds from living abandoned for too many years, years I could not reach back and heal.

I was hidden when I stood jittery behind a podium to tell my story, opening vulnerable parts of my life to scrutiny and criticism, and giving others opportunity to comment and misunderstand.

Most recently, I am hidden in sweatpants at home with six children, children whose needs render my days a forgettable blur unless I document them online. I am hidden when I sit alone at the end of these days, too exhausted even to fold laundry or help little fingers hold a crayon.

There was a time I lumped all of these experiences together and labeled them unproductive. Wasted and lost. But now I see them differently. These are paramount days, the most important ones, each filled with hours in which I can choose to hide myself in God.

And I join throngs of other women and men placed purposefully in hiding, who are also in training to be passionate lovers of God. They are cleaning toilets, punching time cards, changing bedpans, fielding criticism, and battling fatigue. And finding Him in the midst of it all. No moment is too small, too insignificant to hide in God and waste time with Him.

God loves to hide us. Behind circumstances and callings and misjudgments and scorn from even the dearest of friends,

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

He hides us. We may feel veiled and unnoticed, but God is training us to turn our eyes toward Him, to find Him there.

Our hidden places aren't signs of God's displeasure or punishment. The psalmist says that the one "who dwells in the secret place of the Most High" has a refuge and a fortress in God (Ps. 91:1). God doesn't banish us to this hidden place. He *invites* us. And finding God in the secret can teach a heart to sing.



Mary of Bethany.

Jesus said of her, "Wherever this gospel is preached in the whole world, what this woman has done will also be told as a memorial to her" (Mark 14:9).

She may not be one of the few we memorialize in the gospels or among Jesus' followers. In her lifetime, she likely wasn't a gregarious ministry leader who attracted a large following.

She simply touched one life.

And then her story was told. Forever.

When Jesus came to Bethany six days before Passover, He walked into the mundane swirl of Mary's world—the roads her calloused and tired feet knew by memory, the place she fetched water, the floors she swept. And it was in the familiar and ordinary that something extraordinary happened. An extraordinary waste.

As Jesus dined with his friends, Mary poured perfume on His feet and then wiped them dry with her hair. Though others were scandalized and quick to criticize her actions, Jesus

UNSEEN

dignified her with His words. The Son of God was grateful for what this woman did. He even said that she would be known and highly regarded for her wastefulness.

Hers was the story He came to tell that night.

And it's true. More than two thousand years later, we know Mary not because of the food she may have served earlier in the day, the elderly relative she may have cared for, or even the prayers she may have offered. We know her because of her reckless, loving extravagance for God. And yet this public display of affection was also a hidden one. Hidden not because no one else was watching but because no one else really mattered.

Mary had eyes for one. Her motives were oriented toward Him. She wasn't driven to His feet by accolades, and she stayed despite criticism. What she cultivated with this man, Jesus, in the quiet and ordinary became her greatest expression.

This is radical love, according to Jesus.

In Mary, we see what it means to waste ourselves on God. In situations we might otherwise avoid or resent—the fourth-floor cubicle, the back row of singers, the laundry room—God invites us, through Mary's forever retold story, into an expression of radical love. The kind of unhinged love that lays everything at His feet whether or not anyone else ever sees, approves, or applauds.

The pieces of Mary's wasteful moment are a prism through which to consider this idea of hiddenness. God used a moment meant for God alone to invite others to Him. A moment in which she lived out no desire for acclaim and no fear of others' opinions. A moment, rooted in dozens of others before it,

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BEAUTIFUL WASTE

when Mary's love for and devotion to Jesus fueled every task she performed.

In the chapters ahead, we'll explore the rich, yet often buried, opportunities God gives us in our own moments of hiddenness and just how to lean in, there, with expectation. And to grow. Deep. *Continually.*

This invitation to embrace hiddenness grows from a seasonal, one-time invitation into the question of our lives: *When no one else applauds you, when life is hard and makes no sense or simply feels like drudgery in the still quiet, will you hide yourself in Me? Will you waste your love on Me, here?*

————— *For Your Continued Pursuit* —————

1 Samuel 16:7 | Psalm 17:8 | Psalm 18:19 | Psalm 91:1 | Psalm 107:2
| Psalm 119:130 | Psalm 139 | Proverbs 25:2 | Song of Songs 2:14
| Isaiah 64:4 | Matthew 6:1–4 | Matthew 26:6–13 | Mark 14:9 |
John 1:47–50 | 2 Corinthians 4:16–18 | Galatians 1:10 | Ephesians
3:17–19 | Philippians 1:6 | Colossians 3:1–4 | Hebrews 12:2

This section at the end of each chapter is for readers who, like me, want to dig deeper by tracing the teaching back to God's truth. Some verses are cited within each chapter and others are alluded to. I invite you to use these passages as starting points for hiding in God, for wasting time adoring Him, and for making His Word part of your everyday language.