

**What It Feels Like to be Chosen**

*From Rob Globke-Hockey Ministries, Intl*

I may be a bit older now, but I can remember (quite vividly actually) the day I was cut in my first AAA tryout. It was the first time in my hockey life that I had ever been not picked, not chosen. The experience was definitely not very fun. It hurt. It made me feel worthless. It even brought a tear or two….or maybe three.

So let’s flash back 20 years ago….It was a final day in a four day tryout. Somehow, I managed to make it past the first three cuts and was starting to feel like I actually had a shot to make the team. I can remember doing everything as hard as I could in that practice. Even at twelve years old, I could feel the intense pressure to prove myself. To work harder than the next guy. To make more plays. To get noticed. It wasn’t long before the final horn sounded to end the practice, and I was left wondering if I had indeed done enough.

The locker room was an interesting place and a strange mixture of boys after that last practice. On one hand you had players who had been on the team the past year or two and were confident & secure in their status...they had already been chosen after all and. They were living freely. They joked and goofed around with no worries. On the flip side, you had the boys who were outsiders. The guys trying to make the team. They were so tied up in knots they couldn’t even crack a smile. As I sat there as one of those tied in knots, no amount of joking could crack a smile. Instead, I awkwardly waited for my future to be decided while I watched others enjoy life without that burden.

The good thing was I didn’t have to wait for too long. Just as at the previous practices, before we were even done undressing the coached poked his head in the door and said, “The list is up on the wall. If you are on it, you made it. If you aren’t, thanks for coming and giving all you had. I hope you have a great season and maybe we will see you next year.” So, it was done. It was time to see if I did or didn’t make the team. Of course, if you are reading this far, you already know that my name was not on that list. Believe me, I scanned it about five times just to make sure. I had been cut

The story doesn’t end there,\*\* but it does remind me of the incredible feeling of being CHOSEN. It’s funny that we often don’t think about the great privilege of being chosen for something until we aren’t chosen for something. As I think about how good it feels to be chosen by a coach, a boss, a girlfriend, or by anyone else, I am reminded about how much greater it is to be CHOSEN by the creator of the world.

The Bible tells us that God chooses us through faith in his Son, Jesus Christ. If you believe in and have faith in Christ, God chooses you. No questions asked, no work required. We can’t earn a right to be chosen. There is no way we can work hard enough, do enough good deeds, or be “better” than the next guy. Jesus Christ has already earned everything for us. And because of that, God chooses us when we put our faith in the work Christ did. More than that, God doesn’t just choose you on a whim. He chooses you before the world was formed.

That is pretty cool and it makes me wonder:

**Have you been CHOSEN? I hope you have…..**

**Eph. 1:4**
"even as he chose us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and blameless before him."

**James 2:5**
"Listen, my beloved brothers, has not God chosen those who are poor in the world to be rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom,which he has promised to those who love him?"

**Deut. 7:6**
"For you are a people holy to the Lord your God. The Lord your God has chosen you to be a people for his treasured possession, out of all the peoples who are on the face of the earth."

**John 15:16**
"You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit and that your fruit should abide, so that whatever you ask the Father in my name, he may give it to you."

\*\*The story ended on a positive note when my father received a call a few days later from the coach. He told my dad one family decided not to play AAA hockey that year and there was one more spot left on the team. Since I had been the final cut (just missed it!), I had the first opportunity to accept the open spot. The rest was history….\*\*