

He Will Be Enough gently reminds readers of God’s character and helps them hold fast to his promises in the midst of suffering. By providing a pathway for godly lament, Katie Faris brings comfort to the hurting, encouraging them to draw near to the one who keeps them even in their darkest days. This is a rich read for anyone navigating the waters of grief and hardship.”

HUNTER BELESS, Host, Journeywomen Podcast; Author, *Read It, See It, Say It, Sing It*

“In *He Will Be Enough*, Katie takes readers by the hand into the world of Scripture and walks them through their hard days with the hope of Christ. Reading Katie’s book will help you discover the multifaceted diamond of Christ in all of his splendor for every difficult day and season of life.”

DAVE JENKINS, Executive Director, Servants of Grace Ministries; Executive Editor, *Theology for Life* Magazine; Host, Equipping You in Grace; Author, *The Word Explored* and *The Word Matters*

“Katie Faris doesn’t sugarcoat the realities of pain in this world or offer empty spiritual cliches, but, as one who’s walked those realities in her own life, she meets you as a fellow traveler on the difficult road of suffering to gently lead you to the hope of Jesus and the God who is big enough to carry what you cannot.”

SARAH WALTON, Co-author, *Hope When It Hurts* and *Together through the Storms*; Author, *Tears and Tossings*

“Our friend Katie has a unique way of writing both from a place of frailty and weakness and also with a clear heart of joyful confidence in the Lord. She calls it ‘write in the middle,’ and her distinctive voice comes through once again in *He Will Be Enough* as she ministers God’s sufficient grace to her readers. I will be handing out copious copies, especially to those finding themselves caught in the middle of uncertainty and pain.”

MATTHEW MITCHELL, Pastor, Lanse Evangelical Free Church;
Author, *Resisting Gossip: Winning the War of the Wagging Tongue*

“This book will encourage and resonate with anyone who’s experienced any measure of suffering—namely, everyone. Katie’s raw narrative, deep wisdom, and command of language drew me into both her story and her faith. *He Will Be Enough* will deepen your trust in the closeness and goodness of your God through the hard.”

JAMIE FINN, Author, *Foster the Family*

“Life in this world can be so very hard. And fears about what the hard things in life might do to us can loom large. Through these short meditations and encouragements, Katie Faris serves as a capable and compassionate companion to all who have questions, doubts, and fears brought about by the difficulties of life. Her words are gentle wisdom and helpful guidance toward the truth of who Jesus is to us and what he provides for us in the darkest of times.”

NANCY GUTHRIE, Author, *Hearing Jesus Speak into Your Sorrow*

“Having been through many deep and long trials of my own, in *He Will Be Enough* I hear echoes of grace that have sounded in my heart too. I believe Katie’s book will bless hearts and lift crying and perplexed spirits. Her style is gentle and beautiful simultaneously, and her content is all about God—which is what it needs to be. Simply put, when in their darkest hours, people need more of God. And when those dark hours turn into dark days and weeks and months and years, they need God still—as if for the first time. Katie’s labor of love in writing this will provide that for many.”

TIM SHOREY, Pastor, Risen Hope Church; Author, *Respect the Image: Reflecting Human Worth in How We Listen and Talk*

“Rooted in the kind of gentleness and wisdom that only grows through storms of suffering, this book will build your faith for the hardships you face. Katie’s story illustrates what is true for all of us—God truly is enough.”

AMY DIMARCANGELO, Author, *A Hunger for More*

“Can we trust that our Father is good, wise, and loving when our circumstances suggest otherwise? Katie Faris encourages us with an emphatic yes. She writes with raw honesty about her own struggles, but wonderfully directs our gaze away from herself to the God who is, and always will be, all we need. This book is a gift—for those who are suffering and for those seeking to love them.”

CAROLYN LACEY, Author, *Extraordinary Hospitality (for Ordinary People)*

H E
W I L L B E
enough

K A T I E F A R I S

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To my husband, Scott, and our children—

*God has been enough,
he is enough,
and he will be enough.*

Yes, he will be more than enough.



KATIE FARIS is a pastor's wife and mother to five children—and she also loves to write. She lives with her family in New Jersey. To learn more, visit katiefaris.com.

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BEFORE YOU BEGIN

By Joni Eareckson Tada

Life doesn't stop for loss. It goes on even when we think it's got its nerve. I felt that way after a 1967 diving accident left me a quadriplegic. Except for one thing. For me, I didn't want life to continue. At least not with quadriplegia. But after being jarred awake nearly every morning by, *Oh, no! I'm still paralyzed*, I realized I had to make peace with reality. Life was not about to stop for my broken body.

Maybe you feel the same, especially in those morning pillow-moments before you open your eyes. For a fleeting second or two, you forget about chromosomal disorders, insurance hassles, and the never-ending rounds of appointments, tests, and medication. For a flash, things feel normal. Disability routines happen in other households, not yours. Then you open your eyes and stare at the ceiling. Throwing off the covers, you shuffle into another day of gut-punching challenges.

Katie Faris understands this. She's lived it and is still living it. It's why her remarkable book *He Will Be Enough* is so downright compelling. Although I have never met Katie, I feel we could be soul sisters. For one thing, I work with hundreds of special-needs families whose stories are as real and gutsy as hers. These parents also struggle with God.

They mentally acknowledge his lordship and go through the motions, but their hearts are dry and cool.

Then somewhere along the line—like Katie—a milliliter of faith is roused within them. That’s all it takes. God turns it into a reservoir for his grace.

So yes, I am drawn to the title that Katie has chosen, *He Will Be Enough*; but I am especially captured by the subtitle, *How God Takes You by the Hand through Your Hardest Days*. Right there explains how dry hearts are softened, souls are warmed, hopes are brightened, and possibilities of “good days” are born. It can happen. For although you may lack the strength to take hold of God... he takes hold of you.

Psalm 63:8 explains it this way, “My soul clings to you; your right hand upholds me.” Frankly, most of us who live with long-term challenges are barely able to cling to God. Our grasp is too weak, too slippery. But the God of the Bible—always moved by desperate need and earnest pleas—reaches down with his strong right hand and upholds our feeble grip. He strengthens it, infuses grace into it, then helps us move forward into our day. And sometimes that day even ends up feeling good.

Whatever circumstances have made you weary, this extraordinary volume will help you muster your milliliter of faith. It’s all you need to get started. Katie Faris has taken great pains to keep every brief chapter real and easy to read. She gives you a captivating story, an insightful look at Scripture, practical ways to put God’s promises to work, and then a creative, hand-fashioned prayer that, well... is authentic enough for you to easily own it and offer it up from your

own wounded heart. Finally, each chapter closes out with questions that will help you go deeper. Wrestle with these questions and your faith will grow and expand.

Consider *He Will Be Enough* as your reservoir of grace-filled help and hope. And when you find that rare quiet moment, collapse into a comfy chair, grab a yellow highlighter (you'll need it by the second chapter), flip the page, and get to know your new best friend, Katie Faris. Let this humble mom be your guide. She knows the strength of God's grip.

Katie will show you how to open your trustful hand... invite God to gently take it... then relax into his tender hold as he walks with you through every one of your hard days.

JONI EARECKSON TADA

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“Normal day, let me be aware of the treasure you are... let me not pass you by in quest of some rare and perfect tomorrow. One day I shall dig my nails into the earth, or bury my face in my pillow, or stretch myself taut, or raise my hands to the sky and want, more than all the world, your return.”

– Mary Jean Iron

INTRODUCTION

I love to tell a story once it's finished. I usually don't mind sharing my struggle if I can also tell how it resolved, how I'm better and everything's fixed and right again in my little corner of the universe. Yet the story I'm living is one that isn't wrapped up with a pretty bow or a tidy ending. Instead it's full of unknowns, questions, and complexities. I still don't know how this story will end.

All of us live in the middle of our stories, in one way or another. The question is: *how* will we live in those parts—unanswered questions and all? Jesus said, “I came that they may have life and have it abundantly” (John 10:10). Not just on the good days. Not just when life goes seamlessly. God invites us to live—to live abundant, God-glorifying lives—right in the middle of our stories, and not just when they are attractively packaged and labeled. But how?

THE WORLD FLIPPED UPSIDE DOWN

Perhaps you know what it's like to see life as you know it change in an instant. For me, it was an uncommonly quiet afternoon when the pediatric specialist phoned. The day when instead of merely flipping tiny t-shirts right-side out, my whole world flipped upside down. My three-month-old daughter must have been napping, and her three older

brothers were reading or playing quietly in their shared bedroom. Without disturbing them, I closed my bedroom door to take the call.

The gastroenterologist wanted to run another test to confirm, but he explained that recent lab results indicated the likelihood that one of my sons had Alpha-1 Antitrypsin Deficiency, a serious genetic condition.

A diagnosis. No parent wants to be told her child has a condition she can barely pronounce, and I was no exception. I'd never heard of Alpha-1 until that late spring day when, as warm sunlight streamed through white curtains and danced on the walls, I steadied myself long enough to thank the doctor for the update and say good-bye.

"It has a name," I thought. Here was an explanation for my son's elevated liver enzymes and his perplexing medical history. A month earlier, his high fever and swollen liver had sent my husband, son, and me racing over the bridge to the emergency room at The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia in rush-hour traffic. Although my child's fever resolved, his liver numbers hadn't normalized. His confusing medical history went further back and included feeding issues, reflux, nebulizer treatments, and various childhood illnesses.

But with this name—an answer of sorts—came a host of new questions that were equally perplexing: What would this mean for my child's future? What would this mean for our family? I wanted information, but more than that, I craved understanding. *Where was God in this?*

WAVES OF GRIEF

Perhaps you've found yourself in a similar place. To be sure, the specifics of your story may be very different to mine. I don't pretend to have a monopoly on suffering, and I write this conscious of the fact that you may have walked even darker roads. But whatever circumstances you face, I'm guessing you're holding this book because you find yourself in the same kind of territory, spiritually and emotionally—full of questions with no easy answers and wondering if what you're hoping in will be strong enough to hold you.

Even now, years later, it's easier to state the facts than it is to relive the raw emotions of that time. The shock and grief that followed my conversation with the GI doctor that quiet afternoon were only compounded by another phone call about a month later. Once my child's diagnosis had been confirmed, and because Alpha-1 is considered a serious condition, our entire family had been tested and now awaited results. This time it was the pediatrician calling; cured of any naïveté after the previous call, I answered with complete trepidation.

Bracing myself, I sat down at the dining-room table as the doctor confessed that this was one of the hardest phone calls he had ever had to make. I heard his words but struggled to comprehend their meaning: "Katie, two more of your children are a ZZ-genotype. Two more of your children have Alpha-1."

There was no sugar-coating—just sincere sympathy—as he informed me that two more of my children had a medical condition that I now understood could impact the liver and lungs with potentially life-threatening complications over time. Two more children. I didn't have to do the

math; I felt the exponential nature of the moment. Three out of four. Three of my flesh and blood, three people I had carried and birthed, three souls entrusted to my care. If only I could trade places with them. If only the diagnosis had landed on me. Instead, it landed on them, and as much as my heart is bound up with theirs, it landed on me even heavier that way. It wasn't a fraction, impacting three-fourths of my heart; it wasn't multiplication, sorrow times three. It was grief to the third power. Grief upon grief upon grief, and more.

I finished the call and sunk in my chair. I needed my husband, and I couldn't think past that. Scott rushed home from work, and we sat on our front porch as our children played inside, oblivious to the waves of grief washing into our house. After giving Scott a simple report, I was undone. Those pent-up emotions, controlled and measured during the waiting, overflowed. As I pictured each child's face, one by one, a new lump rose in my throat and fresh tears filled my eyes. Even the child who didn't have Alpha-1 came to mind; how would this play out, watching siblings bear this burden?

I wanted—I needed—to grieve for each of my children, but I also grieved the sum-total of it. I groaned as question after question surfaced, as wave after wave of emotion pushed me under. I wept for them, for me, for our family. For the present and the future, for the unknown. I couldn't have cared less what the neighbors thought because all I really cared about—my faith and my family—was being tossed by this unforeseen flood.

WRITE IN THE MIDDLE

The question I was faced with on that day, and on many days since, was this: *Will Jesus be enough, even now? Even when I don't understand? Even when the future I mapped out has been upended? Even when I'm in the middle of a story I wouldn't have written this way?* In the years since that day, I've discovered that the answer to those questions is *Yes, Jesus is enough.* Although our family's story isn't over, I know that he will continue to be enough. And I'm convinced that if you seek him, you will find him to be enough for you too, no matter what you're walking through and no matter what questions and doubts and struggles you face.

All of us live in the middle of our stories. Life doesn't stop for loss. Life goes on even when we wonder how it can continue. Almost a decade later, my life continues to reveal my weakness and fragility, my utter dependence on Jesus. There are days when I want to be invisible and days when I want to proclaim the glory of the one who took on flesh and stepped into time; the one who wrote The Story and stepped into The Story; the one who enters and transforms the stories of all who welcome him.

As a Christian, I aim to live by faith right now, in the present, in the most-middle part of my story. I don't want to get to the end and realize I missed it; that I was too busy borrowing tomorrow's trouble that I missed enjoying the Lord and my family and doing the work God entrusted to me today; that I missed the call to worship God every day he gives on this earth.

We need God's help to live with unanswered questions; to trust him even if our circumstances don't change and even

when we don't see how God is working them for our good. It's natural for our suffering to lead us to ask questions of God and even to ask him to take away our suffering, to bargain with him, and make demands. It's the work of the Holy Spirit that enables us to offer our suffering to the Lord and pray instead, "Even if our trials never change, please use them to change us—to help us know, love, and trust you more. Lord, show us your true character, teach us to cling to your promises, and enable us to honor you in our afflictions."

THIS BOOK IS FOR YOU

Perhaps you're standing on the edge of your own trial, wondering how to get your footing as the world you know seems to sink on every side. Or maybe you're already in the thick of a challenging situation, wondering if or how you'll ever make it to the other side. Perhaps your afflictions have been piling on top of one another for a long time, and you're trying to make sense of past months and years. If so, this book is for you.

If you're anything like me, one of the questions behind many of your other questions is, "Will God really be enough?" This book is my best answer to that question. In each chapter, we'll consider a truth about God that reassures us that he is enough in the midst of our hardest days, and even more than enough.

God sees you in your suffering. He hears your cries for help. And he cares about you more than you can possibly imagine, enough to send Jesus to enter the middle of the story of history and offer hope in the middle of yours. Rather

than despising your pain, God wants to take you by the hand and lead you through it.

As you read, I'm praying for you. So are my friends. We're asking God to meet you in the pages of *He Will Be Enough* and strengthen your faith for the long-haul. Our hope is that the stories and Scriptures you encounter would refresh your heart and give you truths about God's character and his promises that you can cling to on your hardest days.