

What Is the Meaning of Life?

I think every person deep down longs to find *the* purpose in life. I know I've been searching for quite a long time to pin-point it. But first, a little about me: I am just your average joe—average height, homeschooled, and not too talented in any specific way, except for maybe in math (although Calculus 3 gave me some doubts about that). I have 10 siblings, and two great parents.

So, for the first part of my story, on the outside I was a pretty average, ok kid, but on the inside a very selfish brat—any time I could avoid chores, I would, and I would take every opportunity to push blame for bad things onto my other siblings. The thing was, I had no reason to try to do the things that I was supposed to—to be a good kid. I had no motivation in my life.

But one day (somewhere in the summer of 2013), I was pondering the meaning of life...what is it? What really matters; what will be left of my life when I die? What will my legacy be? Will there even be anyone who remembers me? Well, for sure the way I was selfishly living my life so far wasn't a good start to making anybody remember me. No one wants to remember selfish brats. But what could I do? I struggled.

I concluded in that moment that the only things that have any significance after I'm dead are things I have done for other people. But being generous and selfless and other's oriented is not the purpose of life—it can't be: that is way too empty...

...but God has given me a chance in His love—a chance to have a purpose that is much more meaningful than anything the world might offer: that God desires to use me to show His love in my life for others. He had given me all the knowledge growing up in church to know that all I needed to do to was “accept” Jesus into my heart. But the thing is, I didn't understand that I not only needed to accept Jesus into my heart as my Savior from an eternity separate from Him and a life wasted, but I also needed to accept Him into my life as my Lord. I didn't make the connection until that day that “Lord” referred to the same kind of lords I read about in the Middle Ages, who owned everything inside their villages and took ownership even over the peasants under them.

I was to be the peasant inside God's kingdom, and He was to be the Lord then...of my life. That day was the day I decided that *He* was going to call the shots in every aspect of my life. Many things have changed since then that I never would have expected, and there are many things that I still don't understand.

Jesus has gradually been changing my life—no longer am I solely obsessed with myself, no longer do I ponder the purpose of my life, no longer do I strive so hard to put others down and myself up. He has proved a good Lord to give my life to, and I now have a purpose: to get to know Jesus and make Jesus known and to share the love that Jesus has shown to me to others. In summation: I find that Jesus is never going to let you or me down—He has a good track record—and He has made known to me the meaning of life.

~Joe Paul