

I choose

to yield to God's pace, even when Hustle barks, "Go faster!"

to stay in my lane, ignoring as Hustle dispenses a distracting double portion of comparison.

to believe that God's vantage point is better, even as Hustle taunts, "This is the only way."

to serve others rather than clawing my way into the spotlight, as Hustle implies that I should do.

the wisdom of building slow, while Hustle smirks at small and anonymous offerings.

to walk patiently, rather than sprinting toward a goal because Hustle demands, "Do it now."

rest, knowing it is for the strong—not the weak, as Hustle accuses.

to be a kingdom builder, even though Hustle endorses growing my personal empire.

to train my ear to hear God's voice, while Hustle dictates that I listen to the masses.

to pursue only a few things instead of Hustle's expectation that I need to do all the things.

obedience to God—His timing and His way, over the need to be affirmed by Hustle.

obedience over hustle