



MADE FOR

more

An offer of hope and purpose

EMILY COBB

When do you feel you're doing what you were made for?

When you run? When you're in the zone at work?
When you laugh with friends?

But if it can all be taken away by age or accident or abandonment, were you really made for something so fleeting? Who are you without it?

In *Made for More*, you'll discover...

- how you were made for lasting purpose, hope and fulfilment
- why true meaning and life is found in knowing the God who made you
- that this God isn't who you think he is; he is far, far better.

This book helps you think afresh about the big questions of life—and about the life you were made for.



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SYDNEY • YOUNGSTOWN

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For Imogen, Gideon and Esther.
My deepest prayer is that you may seek and find
Jesus, the author of life.
And for David, my partner for the journey.
You always point me to Jesus. You make life
brighter and more fun.



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1 On Longing

It feels like it happened yesterday; stepping into the sunshine in my swimmers, self-consciously enveloped in my towel. I was 15 years old, and my swimming class had been combined with the boys' to perform some safety drills.

Living on the coast, swimming wasn't my issue. Being in a swimming costume was. Like any 'normal' person, I had hang-ups about my appearance. But my particular concern, on this particular afternoon, was my scoliosis—my spine wasn't straight. I'd learned to disguise it with clothes, but a swimming costume could not cover up the fact that one of my ribs stuck out the front, one protruded out the back, and my spine was doing the hula when it should have been doing a waltz.

As I walked to the line of students, knowing the moment would come when I had to drop my towel in front of my

peers (including the guy I had a secret crush on), I felt a deep sense of longing. Longing to look more like the blonde beach babe. Longing to be sick or away that day. Longing to be loved completely by a guy who wanted me and no-one else—one who knew my hang-ups and came to love my body's hula over the usual waltz.

The years since this event have dimmed these particular hang-ups, but still this sense of longing lingers. Most of the time I don't notice it—as life has grown busier, responsibilities greater and I'm immersed in so much noise, my longings often get drowned out. Maybe that's true for you too; the busyness, the chaos and even the delights of life suppress any deep sense of a longing for more. But if we unplug for a moment, and press pause on the busy, what drives who we are? What deep burdens and desires of our heart bubble to the surface?

What do you *long* for?

I don't know if you grew up confident or resentful of your looks, if you had boyfriends or hopeless crushes, whether you hung out with the nerds or the cheerleaders. Were you the wallflower wishing to take part in the dance of life but fearing you didn't know the steps? As members of the human race, we all long for something. Recognized or not, there are things that fill our minds and take root in the depths of our hearts.

Longing for something

A few years ago, a friend introduced me to a German word: *Sehnsucht*. It doesn't have a direct English equivalent, but when we break it down into its parts we get a sense of its

meaning. *Sehnen* means ‘to yearn’ and *sucht* describes ‘an insatiable craving’. When it’s applied to the human condition, the word implies incompleteness. It’s reminiscent of the ancient Greek belief that every person has been separated into two souls and so spend their lives longing for their other half, their soul mate, until they meet them. It’s the idea that we have longings that can be fulfilled only in relationships.

Author CS Lewis puts forward a different reason for the longing in every human heart. The reason our deepest desires or longings seem unable to be fulfilled is not because we have been separated from our other half, but because we were made for another world.¹ What we long for cannot be realized or met on this earth, because we were designed for a different world to the one we currently exist in. I don’t mean that we were meant to be on a different planet—like when people say, “men are from Mars and women are from Venus”. It comes instead from the idea that the world we live in isn’t what it should be, and we long for something more.

Exploring our longing

I love the poem ‘Journey to the Interior’ by Margaret Atwood. In it, Atwood uses physical depictions of the Canadian landscape to describe an inner journey—one where we venture ‘inside ourselves’ to discover our motivations, dreams and hopes.

She compares this self-examination to a pioneer discovering uncharted territory. Like the towel that hid my swimmer-clad body, we hide facets of ourselves under a

1 CS Lewis, *Mere Christianity*, Harper Collins, New York, 2001, p. 138.

series of well-constructed layers. Atwood suggests that when we stop and go through a process of self-examination, we bravely navigate these layers, peeling them back and uncovering something precious.

If we were to explore this inner landscape, and took the time to look into who we are... what *longings* would we find? Like Atwood suggests, do we journey to our interior, recognizing the danger and challenge, but press on in spite of this, knowing that we can't process who we really are until we recognize what drives us? Or do we take the 'head in the sand' route, opting instead to ignore our longings and simply fill our lives with things that prevent us considering the deeper issues?

Sometimes we long for short-term things—like the latest iPhone, or the next episode of a show, or a piece of chocolate after a long, hard day. But don't you find that, as soon as you get your hands on one elusive thing, then a shallow longing for the next thing, and then the next thing, arises? For me, it becomes this perpetual cycle of cravings and unfulfilling fixes.

I think these short-term longings often disguise a deep-down, long-term longing in all of us—a longing for something more substantial than what the things in our world can offer. It's a scary thing to do, but if we look deep inside ourselves all of us would find there's a feeling that something may be missing—we can't necessarily put our finger on it, just an awareness there is something more to life that we are lacking.

Now, this may seem a little deep for the first chapter of a small book. And I would agree with you—it is deep, and this is a small book! But if we don't journey to the interior, of ourselves and our world, we will never emerge with the

realization that we *do* have deep longings, that we *are* possibly designed for a different world, and that we *can* have hope that one day, these longings—the gentle whisperings of our heart—can be fulfilled.

In this book I want to explain this deep-down longing that I believe is in every one of us—a longing that can only be met with one thing, or rather one person. This isn't some short-lived, unfulfilling high that crumbles as soon as the dose wears off. I believe that the reason we have a longing for more is because we were *made* for more. We were made to know and be known by the one true God—to be in relationship with him. I believe that a life in relationship with God is the life you and I were made for.



About the author

Emily Cobb is a writer and graphic designer based on the North Coast of NSW. She is married to Dave and they have three little children. Emily loves being creative and spending time with people. She especially enjoys thinking and chatting about life's deeper questions and the practicalities of living what she believes (ideally over a cup of tea).