

Ego, Mission, and the Higher Call



Jeffrey E. Hansen, Ph.D.

The Weight of Responsibility

I have wrestled with this for a long time. When I was invited to step into the role of a director, it felt like both a calling and a gift. It carried the promise of impact, the chance to bring together my years of training, experience, and conviction into a role where lives could truly be changed. And in many ways, it has been just that. I love the work of walking with people through the wilderness of trauma, of standing at the threshold where brokenness meets the possibility of transformation. Nothing has felt more sacred to me than helping someone find light in the midst of pain.

But every gift carries a burden. Responsibility always has a weight, and this one has been heavier than I expected. There are days when it feels like I hold the world in my hands, and yet those hands cannot always shape the outcomes I long to see. I carry the responsibility of vision without the full authority to bring that vision into being. That tension is not easy. It tests my patience. It tests my humility. And it tests my faith.

What makes it so difficult is that I can see the potential so clearly. I imagine what could be, a program expanded, a resource provided, a truth spoken boldly, a strategy refined. I see the blueprint of what would bring deeper healing and stronger hope. But reality does not always move at the pace of vision. And in that gap, between what I see and what is allowed

to unfold, frustration stirs. Not bitterness, but longing. A holy discontent. A sense that we are standing at the edge of something greater, yet unable to step fully across the line.

The Short Vision and the Long Calling

I have always carried what I call a short vision. Ideas come to me quickly. I can see the solution before the problem is fully spoken. I imagine outcomes before the first step is taken. I write plans in my head before the ink ever touches paper. That gift has carried me far. It has fueled innovation, creativity, and leadership. But it also carries a hidden cost.

The short vision often outruns the long calling. I find myself frustrated not because the vision is wrong, but because the timing is slow. Others may not see what I see. Structures may not move as quickly as I want them to. Reality has a way of grinding forward at a steady pace, while my imagination runs miles ahead. And in that space of delay, my ego stirs.

Ego whispers that I should be recognized more quickly. Ego insists that my influence should be larger. Ego tells me that if others truly valued my insight, they would act immediately. Ego tempts me to measure my worth by how quickly the world affirms my ideas rather than how faithfully I steward the calling God has given me. And when the short vision collides with the long road of obedience, the clash is not out there, it is in here, inside my own soul.

The Battle of Ego

I have thought about walking away. More than once. In fact, there was a time I carried a resignation letter tucked in my bag, ready to release it into the world. Ego told me that leaving would be the ultimate proof of my worth, that walking away would reclaim dignity, send a message, and establish control. But God interrupted me. The Spirit whispered restraint. I could not follow ego's script and still claim to follow Christ.

My wife has been a steady voice in that battle. She speaks with clarity, refusing to feed my pride. She sees me not just for who I am, but for who I am called to be. She calls me out when I am tempted to make it about myself. She reminds me that the mission is bigger than my emotions. She is my conscience when ego is too loud.

Charlie Kirk's words echo like a trumpet in my memory:

"You are about to embark on something that is bigger than yourself. So check your ego at the door. I do not care about your feelings or if you have had a bad day. Go figure that out on your own. This is not about you."

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Those words are carved into me now that he is gone. His death still aches, but his voice lingers like a challenge from beyond the grave. If I make this about me, I dishonor the very work I claim to serve. If I surrender ego, Christ can write the story instead of my pride.

And my pastor's counsel presses the point home. He reminds me that Christ Himself endured betrayal, ridicule, rejection, and violence. He did not step back. He pressed forward with joy set before Him. That example humbles me every time.

So here I stand, in the middle of the battlefield. Pride pulls one way. Mission pulls the other. Ego says quit. Calling says endure. And I must decide, day by day, which voice I will obey.

Scripture Speaks

Romans 12:17 Do not repay anyone evil for evil.

Romans 12:21 Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good.

Philippians 2:3 Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit. Rather, in humility value others above yourselves.

Galatians 6:9 Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up.

The Higher Call

So I remain here, in the tension between vision and reality, ego and calling, pride and obedience. My short vision sees a future rushing toward me. My long calling asks me to wait on God's timing. My ego demands recognition. My mission demands surrender. And the voices I trust, my wife, my pastor, and the memory of my fallen brother Charlie, remind me that this is not about me.

This is not about my influence, my comfort, or my pride. It is about people who are searching for hope. It is about families longing for healing. It is about the work of Christ breaking into a broken world.

Perhaps the obstacles, the delays, and the disappointments are not failures at all. Perhaps they are proof that the work is real, that the battle matters, that the struggle itself is part of the calling.

The work matters because it opens a hand of healing. Not through my ego. Not through my control. But through Christ. And that is where the hope lies.

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So I will not lay it down. Not yet. The road stretches ahead, and though my ego may resist, my spirit knows the truth. The calling is greater than my pride. The vision is stronger than my frustration. The mission is worth more than my comfort.

So no, I am not done. Not yet.