

I'm not a robot



When Mackenzie Allen Phillips's youngest daughter Missy is abducted during a family vacation, he remains hopeful that she'll return home. However, he soon discovers evidence that she may have been brutally murdered in an abandoned shack deep in the Oregon wilderness. Four years later, Mack receives a mysterious note supposedly from God, inviting him to return to that shack for a weekend. Despite his reservations, he decides to go, and what he finds there will change his life forever. As Mack navigates this dark and painful journey, he grapples with profound questions about the nature of God and the meaning of suffering. His search for answers is both deeply personal and universally relatable. Mark Knopfer, James Taylor, Bebo Norman, Matt Wertz (you are something special), Nichole Nordeman, Amos Lee, Kirk Franklin, David Wilcox, Sarah McLachlan, Jackson Browne, Indigo Girls, the Dixie Chicks, Larry Norman and a whole lot of Bruce Cockburn. Thank you, Anna Rice, for loving this story and penetrating it with your musical gift. You gave (me) us an incredible gift. Most of us have our own personal struggles, but the way you've shown the world the beauty in those moments is truly remarkable. The abiding presence of Papa, Jesus and Sarayu has become a source of strength for many, especially in times of darkness. I pray that you find the same grace there that I did, and that it continues to guide you through life's challenges. The transformations in Mack have caused quite a ripple through his community, and not all of them were easy. But I have to tell you that I've never been around another adult who lives life with such simplicity and joy. Somehow he has become a child again, or maybe more accurately, he's become the child he never was allowed to be; abiding in simple trust and wonder. He embraces even the darker shades of life as part of some incredibly rich and profound tapestry; crafted masterfully by invisible hands of love. As I write this, Mack is testifying at the Ladykiller trial. He had hoped to visit with the accused, but has not yet been granted permission. But he's determined to see him, even if it happens long after the verdict is rendered. If you ever get a chance to hang out with Mack, you will soon learn that he's hoping for a new revolution, one of love and kindness—a revolution that revolves around Jesus and what he did for us all and what he continues to do in anyone who has a hunger for reconciliation and a place to call home. This is not a revolution that will overthrow anything, or if it does, it will do so in ways we could never contrive in advance. Instead it will be the quiet daily powers of dying and serving and loving and laughing, of simple tenderness and unseen kindness, because if anything matters, then everything matters. And one day, when all is revealed, every one of us will bow our knee and confess in the power of Sarayu that Jesus is the Lord of all Creation, to the glory of Papa. Oh, one last note. I'm convinced that Mack and Nan still go up there sometimes, to the shack, you know, just to be alone. It wouldn't surprise me if he walks out to that old dock, takes off his shoes and socks, and, you know, puts his feet on the water just to see if. . . well, you know. . . —Willie Earth's crammed with heaven. And every corner bush afire with God. But only he who sees takes off his shoes; The restGive the book as a gift to friends, even strangers. They get a compelling page-turner and a glimpse into God's nature not often presented in culture. If you have a website or blog, share your experience. Don't give away the plot, but recommend it and link to theshackbook.com. Share on email lists, forums, and other online communities without making it an advertisement. Share how the book impacted your life and offer the link to The Shack website. Check out The Missy Project at our website for more ideas on sharing this book. "For those longing to 'live loved', I recommend He Loves Me. It's a follow-up to The Shack, exploring and adventuring into God's heart." William P. Young, author of The Shack. Discover hope in the cross where Jesus opened the door into his Father's heart. Find the loving affection of sons and daughters, not fearful subservience. Let Wayne Jacobsen help you discover this Father who loves you more than anyone. Give away books at your shop or business to resell. We offer discounted rates for resale. Buy sets as gifts to battered women's shelters, prisons, and rehabilitation homes where people might be encouraged by the story and its message.A century? That's Jake's predicament as he encounters a man who speaks about Jesus with an unwavering conviction that defies comprehension. This is Jake's chronicle of thirteen conversations over four years - how those exchanges turned his world on its head, shaking him to his core. =====it had been a while since mack had heard from papa, their distant relative who lived in a small shack on the outskirts of town. as he walked through the snow-covered fields, mack couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions: nostalgia for the happier times they'd shared and annoyance at papa's intrusion into his life. mack trudged through the deepening snow, his breath visible in the cold air, until he finally reached the mailbox. he pulled out an envelope with only his first name on it, typed in sloppy handwriting. no stamp, no postmark - just a simple message that made mack's heart skip a beat. it was from papa. mack felt a wave of nausea wash over him as he thought about seeing papa next weekend. they'd had their differences, to say the least, but something about papa's words got under his skin. "i've missed you", the kind of sentiment that was hard to ignore, but why would papa send it now? and how did it get here without a stamp? mack's mind was racing as he ripped open the envelope, his fingers stiff from the cold. the message inside was brief, but it hit him like a ton of bricks. papa wanted to meet up next weekend - just the two of them. no explanation, no apology, just an invitation. mack felt a surge of anger, mixed with a twinge of guilt. he'd been avoiding papa for months, ever since their last argument had left things feeling pretty raw. he stuffed the envelope back into his coat pocket and turned to head back home. but as he walked, the snow seemed to grow deeper, until he was sliding down the driveway on his belly like a kid. his arms flailed wildly as he tried to regain traction - and that's when he saw it: the tree with hacked-off branches, looming over him like a specter. without thinking, mack ducked out of the way just in time, his face slapping against the frozen ground. he lay there dazed, staring up at the sky as the icy rain seeped into his coat and sweater. for a moment, everything felt strange and peaceful - but then he groaned, knowing he had to get moving before things got any worse. now, who's the idiot?He rolled onto his hands and knees like an old man, and that's when he saw the red skid mark on the ground. A dull pounding started in the back of his head, and he reached for it, wincing as his hand came away bloody. Mack half-crawled and slid until he reached a level part of the driveway. He stood up, gingerly making his way toward the house, feeling humbled by ice and gravity. Inside, he shed his outerwear, but his frozen fingers were clumsy like oversized clubs. He left the bloodstained mess in the entryway and went to the bathroom to examine his wounds. The icy driveway had won; a gash on the back of his head was oozing around pebbles embedded in his scalp. A lump had formed, but Mack couldn't see it because he couldn't look at the back of his head with a small mirror. He gave up and picked out the biggest pieces of debris, then applied first-aid ointment to the wound. Tying a washcloth to the back of his head with gauze, he looked in the mirror and thought he resembled a rough sailor from Moby Dick. It made him laugh, but also wince. Since Nan was the one who could properly treat him, Mack would wait for her return. She was married to a registered nurse, after all. This way, he'd get sympathy. Mack didn't forget about the note in his coat pocket. He looked at it, then went back into his office and called the post office number. Annie answered, asking if Tony was there. Mack replied that Tony wasn't back yet and had only reached halfway up Wildcat. Annie asked if he needed her to contact Tony or leave a message. Mack responded, recognizing Annie's voice despite her Midwestern accent. He laughed when she teased him about hearing every word, and then she told him she wouldn't tell Tony anything unless Mack made it back alive. When Mack said he didn't need that information, Annie asked what was wrong with him. She thought maybe he had been smoking dope or doing it on Sunday mornings to get through church.Mack was on high alert as she tried to remember every detail of their conversation, worried that her sense of humor might turn a good story into an unverifiable fact. She could see her name being added to the church prayer chain soon enough. "It's okay, I'll just catch Tony another time, no big deal," she said with a laugh. "Stay indoors where it's safe, and don't worry about your balance - old guys like you can lose their footing anytime." She advised him to stay home and not try anything that could give her anxiety in the midst of the snow, sleet, and darkness. "We're pretty good at handling this kind of weather, but frozen rain is a whole different story," she said with a hint of concern. The painkillers had started to kick in, numbing the edge of worry, but Mack's mind was still racing as she settled back into her chair. She dozed off for a bit before being startled awake by the phone. "Uh, hello?" she answered, trying to shake off the sleepiness. Nan's cheerful voice on the other end was music to her ears, even though she could sense the underlying sadness in her tone. They chatted about the storm, which had worsened overnight, and Mack apologized for dozing off during their conversation. "I'm stuck here at Arlene's, trying to wait out this mess with the kids," Nan explained. "I wish I'd made it home before things got this bad." Mack reassured her that everything was fine at her place, but warned her not to venture out into the storm. They talked about Kate, Nan's daughter who struggled with opening up when she was around family. Mack tried to offer words of encouragement, but even her own voice sounded hesitant. "I'm sure God knows what he's doing," Nan said, her voice barely above a whisper. She often turned to God for comfort and guidance, especially in times like these. Mack nodded sympathetically, trying to offer some reassurance without overcommitting herself. The conversation was filled with unspoken worries and prayers, but they managed to find some small comfort in each other's voices on the phone line. ===== You'd better go first, Mack said with a smirk, as he gestured toward the water's edge. His friend looked taken aback, like he wasn't ready for whatever came next. "I thought we were going for a walk, not a swim," Mack said, his voice tinged with mock exasperation. Jesus just chuckled and said, "Come on, Mack, I'm serious. We're gonna walk across the lake." Mack's eyes widened in alarm as he took in the enormity of their task. The water looked pretty cold, to be honest, but it was also a hundred feet deep or more. He'd done plenty of swims before, but this was different. This was walking on water. Mack hesitated, feeling his face flush with embarrassment. Jesus seemed to sense his unease and leaned in, his voice low and reassuring. "You're not gonna sink, Mack. I'm not asking you to do anything crazy. You just need to trust me." But Mack wasn't so sure. He was afraid of looking like an idiot, or that Jesus was just messing with him. The water's edge loomed before him, a daunting prospect. "How do I get out of the boat?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper. Jesus smiled and said, "It's not rocket science, Mack. You just need to take it one step at a time." But Mack was stuck in the past, replaying all sorts of scenarios where things could go wrong. He was afraid of failure, of embarrassment, of sinking like a rock. It was a cruel taskmaster, his imagination, and Jesus seemed to know it too. "So, do you think humans were designed to live in the present or the future?" Mack asked, trying to steer the conversation away from his own fears. Jesus chuckled and said, "Relax, Mack; this isn't a test. It's just a conversation." But Mack was still stuck in his head, worrying about the future, about what could go wrong. He realized that he spent most of his time trying to figure out what was coming next, rather than living in the moment. And Jesus, it seemed, lived in the present, not the past or the future. The power of fear held Mack at bay, like an invisible wall that kept him grounded in the present moment. "Why do I feel this way?" he asked Jesus, seeking answers to his deepest fears. "Because you don't believe," replied Jesus, his voice filled with compassion. "You don't know that we love you, and as a result, your fears take control. You try to play God, imagining the worst-case scenario, but it's all just an illusion." Mack looked down at the water, feeling a mix of emotions. He had so much to learn, so much to understand about himself and his place in the world. Jesus placed a hand on his shoulder, and Mack felt a sense of peace wash over him. The journey across the lake was easier than expected, with the water providing a cool and refreshing contrast to the warmth of the sun. As they walked, Mack couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder at the beauty surrounding them. The landscape unfolded like a canvas of breathtaking vistas, from the rocky shores to the lush meadows filled with wildflowers. As they reached the far shore, Jesus pointed out a stunning waterfall cascading down a cliff's edge, creating a misty veil that rose into the air. Mack breathed in deeply, feeling his heart fill with joy and gratitude. For a moment, he let go of his fears and doubts, allowing himself to be present in the beauty of it all. The image of Missy flashed in his mind, but it didn't linger. Instead, he felt a sense of peace and contentment wash over him. As they sat down on a log, Jesus smiled at Mack and said, "You are not alone, my son. You are loved and cherished, and your fears will not hold you back. Just remember to breathe deeply and trust in the present moment." Mack looked up, feeling a sense of understanding wash over him. He knew that he still had much to learn, but with Jesus by his side, he felt ready to face whatever lay ahead. It nestled agenist the greens of the orchard and forest. But dwarfing it all was a massiv range of mountains that hovered aboven and behind, like sentinels standing guard. Mack simply sat, Jesus next to him, and inhaled the visual symphony. "You do grate work!" he said softly. "Thank you, Mack, and you've seen so lite. For now most of what exists in the unvers will only be seen and enjoyed by me, like speciel canvasses in the back of an artist's studio, but one day. . . And can you imagine this scen if the earth was not at war, striving so hard just to survie?" "And you mean wha, exctly?" "Our earth is like a child who has grown up without parents, having no one to guide and direct her." As Jesus spake, his voice intensid in subdued anguished. "Some have attempted to help her but most have simply tryd to use her. Humans, who have been given the task to lovingly steer the world, instead plunder her with no consideration, other than their immediat need. And they give lite thought for ther own children who will inheriet heir lack of love." "You're an ecologist?" Mack said, half as an accusation. "This blue-green ball in black space, filled with beuty even now, battered and abused and lovely." "I know that song. You must care deeply about the Creation," smiled Mack. "Well, this blue-green ball in black space belongs to me." After a moment, they opened ther lunches together. Papa had filled the sacks with sandwiches and treats and both ate hartly. Mack munched on somethin that he liked, but couldn't quite decide if it was anniml or vegetable. He thought it might be beter not to ask. "So why don't you fix it?" Mack asked, munching on his sandwich. "The earth, I mean." "Because we gave it to you." "Can't you take it back?" "Of course we could, but then the story would end before it was consummated." Mack gave Jesus a blank look. "Have you notised that even though you call me Lord and King, I have never really acted in that capacity with you? I've never taken controll of your choices or forced you to do anythin, even when wha you were about to do was destructiv or hurtful to your self and othe's." Mack looked back at the lake befor responding. "I would have preferrd that you did take controll at times. It would hav savd me and people I care about a lot of pain." "To force my will on you," Jesus replied, "is exctly what love does not do. Genuine relationships are marked by submission even when your choices are not helpful or healthy." "I am looking forward to seein everyone at the meeting tomorow and discussin our strategies with Jesus about our relationships. He was very interested in talkin about the man's desire for fulfillment through his works and how it makes him feel hopeless. Jesus told him that the problem is not just the death of his friend Missy, but a larger issue that has been causing men to turn away from relationships and towards their own independence. Looking forward to seein everyone at the meeting tomorow and discussin our strategies. ===== We need to get her out of him. We didn't make man alone; she was meant from beginnin. By takin her out of him, he made her in a way. We created a circle of relation, like our own, but for humans. She, out of him, and now all males, includin me, had child through her, and everythin originate from God. "Oh, I get it," Mack interjected, stoppin in midtrow. "If the female had been created first, there would have been no circle of relation, and thus no possibility of a fully equal face-to-face relation between the male and the female. Right?" "Exactly right, Mack." Jesus looked at him and grinned. "Our desire was to create a being that had a fully equal and powerful counterpart, the male and the female. But your independence with its quest for power and fulfillment actually destroy the relationship your heart longs for." "There it is again," Mack said, siftin through the rocks to find the flattest stone. "It always comes back to power and how opposite that is from the relation you have with the other two. I'd love to experience that, with you and with Nan." "That's why we're here." "I wish she were too." "Oh, what could have been," Jesus mused. Mack had no idea what he mean. They was quiet for a few minutes, except for some gruntin as rocks was thrown and the sound they make skipin across the water. Jesus stop just as he was about to throw a rock, "One last thing that I want you to remember about this conversation, Mack, before you go." He toss the rock. Mack look up surprised. "Before I go?" "Mack, just like love, submission is not somethin Read The Shack Storyline: Mackenzie Allen Phillips' youngest daughter, Missy, has be abucted during a familee vacation, and evidence that she may have been brutally murdrd is found in an abandoned shack deep in the Oregon wilderness. Four years later in the midst of his "Great Sadness," Mack receives a suspisious note, apparently from God, invitin him back to that shack for a weekend. Against his beter judgment he arrives at the shack on a wintry afternoon and walk back into his darkest nightmare. What he find ther will change Mack's world forever. In a world where religion seems to grow increasingly irrelevant The Shack wrestles with the timeless question, "Where is God in a world so filled with unspeakable pain?" The answers Mack gets will astound you and perhaps transform you as much as it did him. You'll want every body you know to read this book! *book description from the back cover