



Ministry isn't always exactly what we think it will be, or what it should be.

I heard a great message today from a great pastor. He isn't the pastor of my home church. But he once was. His message was all about the following phrase, *"Don't Go to Church. Be the Church."*

We were exhorted to be Jesus Christ's feet and hands extended to a lost and hurting world. We were told that everyone is needed. Everyone is wanted. Everyone has abilities that God wants us to use for His glory. We were told that everyone has value.



Then I remembered something that happened many years ago. I remember showing up one evening after work to work with the pastor and one of his biggest helpers at the church. We were going to begin work on refurbishing and updating the nursery. It was a small but growing church. (There is always something to be done in a growing church.) The pastor gave me the job of removing the baseboard trim so that we could put a new floor down and then repaint the room. I had no tools of my own, so I walked

over to the toolbox in the corner. I grabbed the largest hammer that I could find. It turned out to be something called a framing hammer.

Well, I took that big old hammer and began wailing away on the baseboard trim. I managed to bust up about 6 or 8 feet of trim before the pastor came over and grabbed my arm in mid swing. He asked me what I was doing. I said that I was just removing the trim. He said to me, *"You know, we had hoped to use that trim again after we paint it."* -- Oooops.

I was willing. I really was. But I really wasn't equipped for the job.

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It was at that point that I experienced a feeling that I just did not have the skills and abilities that God could use to build His Kingdom. You see, I really have no real skills when it comes to carpentry or building skills. And that seemed to be all that was needed at

that particular moment. In humiliation, I was given a new assignment by the pastor that evening. One that didn't involve the destruction of the same materials that we would need later on in the project.

I was given the task to go and drive over to the local pizza joint and get some pizza for the three of us that were working. I suggested that we just call the pizza place and have it delivered. I could then get back to the work of "removing" the baseboard trim. Wouldn't that be better? The pastor said, that what he really needed for me to do was to **go and get the pizza**. I knew that it would take 45 minutes to an hour to go out and get the pizza. How demoralizing.

Did I mention that the pastor was my brother?

Fast forward to this morning's service. We were told this morning that we all had skills and talents that God can use.

Now rewind to that night so many years ago. Instead of working on the project, I was sent to go fetch the pizza.

Why couldn't I be the one to work with the tools and "build" the Kingdom like my brother and his other helper, Gary?

At was at that very moment in the service that I heard the unmistakable voice of God.

"You don't choose the job. You just answer the call."

I wanted to be a builder. Because I thought that was the right call. I thought God called everyone to be a builder. But God's call is an intensely personal call. I am called to be obedient just like you are. But that obedience takes a form that is often times different for me than it is for you.

And it dawned on me. Sometimes you are called to go and get the pizza.

So I echo the words of the pastor that I heard this morning. Don't let your own self-doubts or feelings that you don't have the right skills for the Kingdom. Just answer the call.

Oh, and did I mention, that the pastor that spoke this morning was that same brother?

