

Missionary MOM

Embracing the Mission Field
Right Under Your Roof

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Missionary Mom: Embracing the Mission Field Right Under Your Roof
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Notes

1

What Is a Missionary Mom?

Jesus came and told his disciples, "I have been given all authority in heaven and on earth. Therefore, go and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Teach these new disciples to obey all the commands I have given you. And be sure of this: I am with you always, even to the end of the age."

—Matthew 28:18–20

I hate how easily guilt sets in for me. I heap it on myself and don't intentionally blame others. But every time I am at church and the missionaries are talking about upcoming trips and sharing pictures of their recent journeys, or our pastor is talking about how each of us can make a difference on a mission team, I feel like a bucket of guilt has been dumped on my head. In my vision of it all, the guilt is in the form of green slime, and it takes forever to ooze down to my toes, just as, I am sure, the devil intends.

After years of helping my brother pack for mission trips, donating money to friends to help them fund their outreaches, and listening to countless tales of my own mother's life changing experiences,* I just *knew* I should join them in the field. I decided to talk to my husband about it right after church.

Fired up to serve, I looked down and beheld my five little children seated quietly in their chairs and tried to picture them sleeping in a floorless hut, taking their gigantic pills for who-knows-what disease, and sharing Jesus by way of large hand gestures because, of course, we don't speak anything other than English. At that moment, I realized God was not calling me to another part of the world.

My shoulders went a little droopy with disappointment. I began feeling as if my season of mothering small children was going to be something to suffer through. You know? Until I got to the *real* work God has planned for me.

What Am I Doing Here?

Do you ever feel like you cannot remember your purpose? I mean, maybe you know some of it, but you cannot quite find that big, glowing path some of those other joy-filled mothers claim to be

* Seriously, even my mother? How *could* she?

following. At the end of the day, you have worked a full day, washed some laundry, dried some dishes, cooked some food for people living in your house, and swept a floor. Still, you are left thinking, “That can’t really be all I am meant to do, right?”

Maybe you find yourself pursuing so many paths that between keeping up with your kids’ hectic schedules, your husband’s business dinners, and an ongoing list of ministries, you end each day staring at the wall, mouth agape, fully exhausted, and wondering what in the world you accomplished.* And, please, don’t get me started on giving back to the community, because most days I think showering is about as giving as I can be to others. Unless you count how many diapers I contribute to the dump each year, the number of children I have added to the earth, or how knowledgeable I am at getting lip gloss out of my favorite T-shirt once it’s gone through the dryer.

Of course, after I am done with this line of thinking, I start feeling guilty for seeming so useless. Isn’t our thought process relentless? Am I alone in this? One minute I am overwhelmed by my calling and the next I’m just confused by it.

God subtly dropped a message in my brain: maybe my mission field is closer than I thought. I don’t think God meant it to be so convoluted.

No Place Like Home

If you are a mother, your purpose is clear. You may or may not be called to a foreign country, but you are certainly called to be a missionary. I repeat—you *are* called to be a missionary.

Take a minute and look around. What do you see? *Who* do you see? My friend, you are looking at your mission field. Your mission field is your home, and your mission is to share Jesus with those little people who call you Mommy.

Think about it: If you don’t teach your kids to live for God, who will? Their teachers? Maybe, but not likely. Their Sunday school leaders? I suppose they add something, but you cannot reasonably expect your kids to become the men and women God intends by having them sit through an hour of lessons and icebreaker games on Sunday. The neighbors? It could happen—I pray it happens—but many times my son comes home sharing the special words the neighbors taught him, and they never sound like descriptors of God.

**Before I was even pregnant, I knew that being a mom was my calling.
—Laura, Missionary Mom of two**

* Picture Goldie Hawn after her first day of playing “mother” in the movie *Overboard*. Remember how the kids just kept throwing grapes at her while she mumbled, “Bub buh buub”?

“Mama, what is a lazy-lay-about?”

“Um, why?”

“Ava’s mom said her dad is a lazy-lay-about and he only works hard at baseball and beer.” Let’s agree that we can’t leave this to chance.

In fact, much of the responsibility of teaching children to live fully for Christ falls on the parents’ shoulders. So, now you can stop wondering and start doing! *But wait, what do I do?* (I can almost hear you.) You begin your mission where God has you.

Right here.

Right now.

With these people (see me pointing?).

Your mission field is the place where you live right now—

the children you have right now,
 the husband you have right now,
 the home you have right now,
 the friends and neighbors you have right now,
 the body you have right now,
 the widows and orphans you know right now,
 the church members you see right now,
 and the job you have right now, even if you hate it.*

Don’t get caught up with where you will be tomorrow.

Be purposeful *right now*.

Missionary work is not for the faint of heart. We have a calling. Moms, we are called to the mission field.

A missionary . . .	A godly mother . . .
Lives to love God and others.	Lives to love her children.
Is eager for everyone she meets to know God truly and personally.	Wants most for her child to know God.
Is teachable and willing to teach.	Teaches her children everything she can to make them as wise as possible.

* Why do I feel like one of the Goonies down in the well? “Down here, it’s our time. It’s our time down here. That’s all over the second we ride up Troy’s bucket.”

A missionary . . .	A godly mother . . .
Puts others first and is willing to look at the world through another's eyes.	Puts her children's needs over her own, often, to allow for as much snuggling as possible.
Is willing to learn a foreign language.	Can interpret Baby Talk, Teenage Gibberish, and the ever-confusing Subtly Rude Body Language.
Does not always get to follow the path she wants but is willing to follow the path God puts before her.	Is willing to follow after God's plan.
Is willing to sacrifice sleep, comfort, time, and toilets for the tiny chance of making the difference of heaven or hell in a person's life.	Pretty much has no choice but to sacrifice sleep, comfort, time, and toilets for the sake of raising children.
Leaves a legacy.	Leaves a legacy.

Does this sound like the kind of mom you want to be? Sound like any moms you know? Uh, hello. I think you're getting my point. These are some very clear ways a missionary and a godly mom collide to become a *Missionary Mom*.

Your Legacy Lived Out

As we step further into our role as Missionary Mom, we see evidence of change in our children as they grow and make bigger and more meaningful life choices. We see it in the way our kids chase Jesus down their own path and in their own way. And we see change in ourselves as all we've been working toward moves from words on a page to our legacy lived out. A missionary is only as effective as the legacy she leaves behind. Your legacy is reflected in your everyday choices to love in the small ways.

Jesus named one woman who lived like this. One whose legacy would be "preached throughout the world." And "what she has done will also be told, in memory of her" (Mark 14:9 NIV). Jesus said that.

Jesus. God, made in flesh, pointed out this woman who once sat at his feet while her sister cooked up a storm in the kitchen and passive-aggressively called her lazy (Luke 10:38–42). This same woman who told Jesus she knew her brother Lazarus would still be living if Jesus had arrived earlier (John 11:32). Mary of Bethany chose to love Jesus at any cost, and he honored her for it with a promise (Mark 14).

Picture it.

Less than a week before the Passover and the Feast of Unleavened Bread, Jesus has finished dinner at the house of Simon the Leper. The disciples are there, lounging around the table. Jesus is reclining a few pillows over as Mary enters holding an incredibly expensive bottle of perfume. She cracks the top and pours the contents out over Jesus's hair and ends by rubbing the perfume on his feet in a foreshadowing of Jesus washing the disciples' feet—the ultimate service to a person in that day.

“Why this waste of perfume?” (Mark 14:4 NIV). Conversation breaks out in mumbles across the room, started by none other than Judas Iscariot. He is offended. He's mostly concerned with the fact that he now has to miss out on his piece of the pie (or perfume) because if this oil is used to honor Jesus, Judas cannot sell it and pretend to give that money to the poor. He is indignant.

“It could have been sold for a year's wages and the money given to the poor!” So they scolded her harshly” (Mark 14:5).

Jesus knows Judas's heart, but more importantly, he knows Mary's heart. She is more focused on making her moments with Jesus count than she is with helping the poor right now. She focuses on showing Jesus she adores him; she is not focused on the snide remarks seeping from the group of men at the end of the dinner table.

Maybe she knows these same guys were recently reprimanded for begging to be Jesus's right-hand men because of their misguided self-worth. Maybe she simply does not care. She does not need to defend herself. Jesus speaks up, “Leave her alone. . . . She has done what she could.” (Mark 14:6, 8).

He doesn't list her accolades or talk about the hardships she has recently experienced. And there were many. He says, “She did what she could.”

Do What You Can

I don't know about you, but I want my Savior to say of me, “She did what she could.” Too many days go by when I lay my head on my pillow, and I cannot honestly say I did what I could.

I could have.

I should have.

But, most days, I choose not to.

Did I just admit that? This is why Mary's legacy reads, “Wherever the Good News is preached throughout the world, this woman's deed will be remembered and discussed” (Mark 14:9).

Wherever the gospel is preached! Isn't that pretty much *everywhere*? Everyone everywhere will know that "she did what she could." I don't need that level of recognition, but I sure do want this phrase to come to Jesus's mind when we meet face to face for the first time. When my children think of me. When my husband considers the job I did as a wife and mother. This will not happen by happenstance. I have to choose my priorities and, like the Scripture says, do what I can.

Chances are, you are a mom like the rest of us: hectic, harried, and probably hairier than you would like to be because you don't have time to take care of that regularly. Chances are, you are a mother like Mary of Bethany who had company to cook for and some family drama and a sister who thinks you could be doing better and isn't afraid to tell you so. The difference I see between women of our generation and those of Mary's day is how willing those first-century women were to stop whatever they were doing and handle what was important. We, in contrast, are typically too busy to even notice there is something to deal with.

We aren't told if Mary knew her time with Jesus was limited. She probably didn't know Jesus was about to be handed over to the Jewish Pharisees, but she was not a girl who put things off for tomorrow. She did what she could *when* she could. One commentary said, "If she had not done it now, she could not have done it at all."¹

Missing the chance to love like this feels like a punch in my gut. I don't want to miss windows of opportunity. I want to live like Mary of Bethany and say with confidence that I did what I could *when* I could. Our mission field awaits. Let's do what we can, right now.

Who knows, maybe you really will end up traveling across the globe as part of your missionary journey. Nevertheless, for now, God may be calling you to be a Missionary Mom.