

Discovering What Your Ministry Really Is

I caught myself thinking this morning.

I was contemplating my role in “ministry” and had to stop and shake myself a bit. For some reason, I had switched my definition of ministry to “that which I do for the church” instead of “that which I do for God.”

You see, I have specific things that I do because I am part of the Church. I think, mostly.

But that isn't my ministry.

I have certain things that I do because I am a student and teacher. I think, mostly.

But that isn't my ministry.

I have certain things that I do because I am a parent and wife.

But that isn't my ministry.

I am a master organizer and earn my living as an operations manager.

But that isn't my ministry.

In my work, while procuring the necessities of life, and even at leisure, I meet people who are fascinating. I have a knack for connecting people to the next step in their journey with Jesus, and connecting people with each other so they don't have to walk alone.

This is the best part of my ministry, but it isn't my ministry.

My ministry is how I serve God in all of the above pieces. My ministry is how I serve God and His mission on earth. The Church is His body, which is busy fulfilling His mission. I, as a piece of the body, am serving God when I am supporting His mission to draw all people to Himself—to bring hope to the hopeless and change out mourning for joy. When I think, when I parent, and wife (yes, I just used that as a verb), when I bring order to a work environment, and when I see people as Jesus does and help them connect to themselves, others and Him—in all these ways I am working at God’s mission.

(I think that last paragraph was getting close to rivaling Paul for run-on sentences.)

What happens if I decide that only my work for the church is my ministry? Well, out of 168 hours in the week, I spend roughly 12 teaching, studying, thinking and attending church services. If we throw in another five for devotions and prayer then roughly 10 percent of my life is spent in ministry, while the other 90 percent lacks reason and focus.

If, however, I classify everything I do as ministry, then I start to recognize when God shows up in the little moments, when helping someone feel “real” brings them a step closer to Jesus—and I even begin to value my sleep as a resource for energy instead of a drain on my time. I take care of my body because every minute counts. God is on the move—in my church, in my home, in my various work environments, and even on the commuter bus. When I am alert and focused, I get to join Him at His work everywhere I go—and that is my ministry.

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