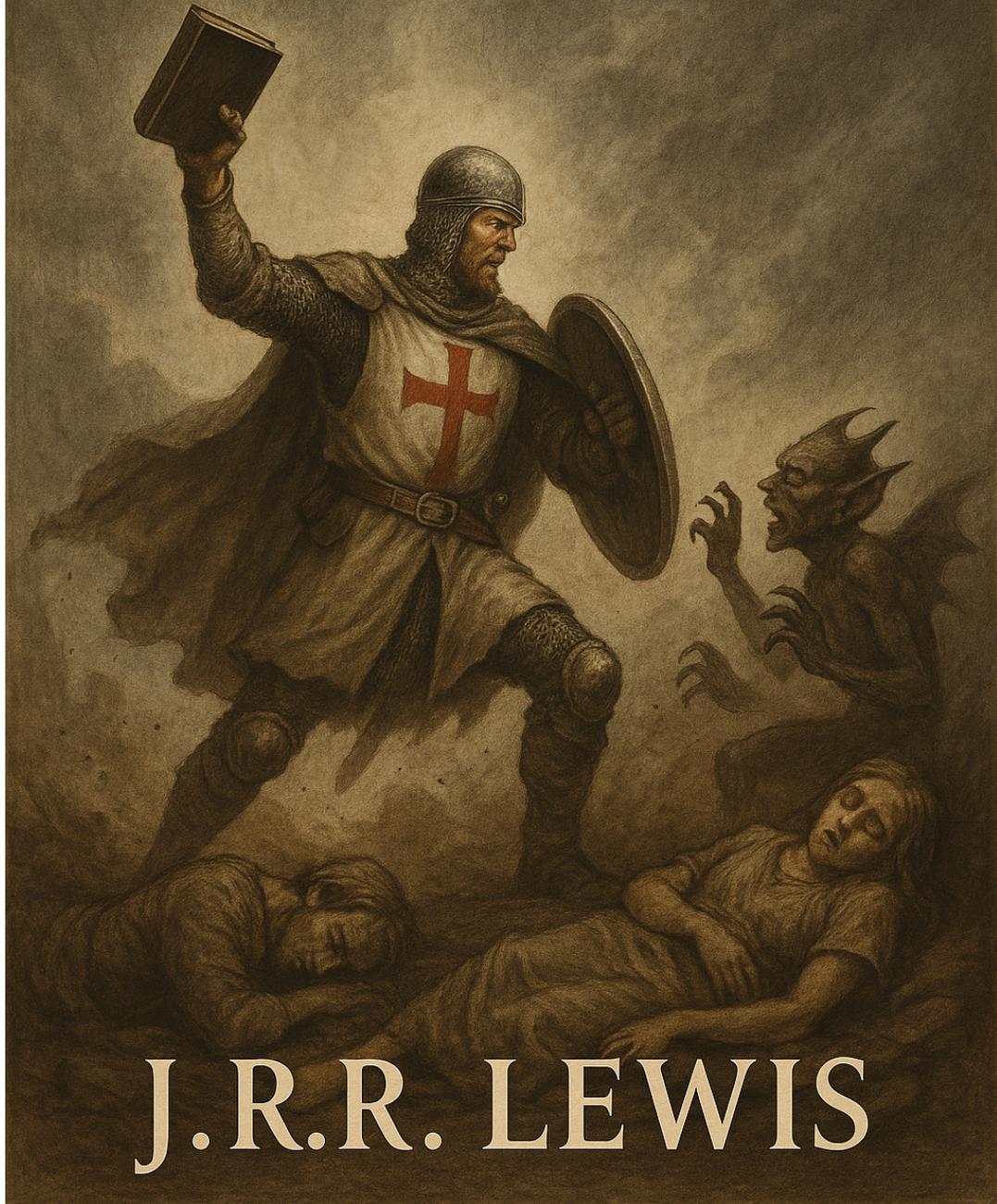


CHRISTIANITY

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER



J.R.R. LEWIS

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Chapter 1: Every Soldier Counts

Not every soldier carries a sword.
Some carry stretchers.
Some run messages.
Some stand watch through the night.

But all of them matter.

In the Kingdom of God, there are no bystanders.
No extras.
No forgettable faces in the ranks.

When Jesus called His followers, He didn't say,
"Some of you go and make disciples."
He said,
"Go, therefore, and make disciples of *all* nations." (Matthew 28:19)

That command wasn't just for preachers.
It wasn't limited to missionaries.
It wasn't just for the bold, the loud, or the educated.

It was for the weak and the willing.
For the overlooked.
For the quiet-hearted who feel out of place in this noisy world.

You Were Drafted by Grace

The day you surrendered to Christ, you enlisted.
You didn't just join a church—you joined a battle.
And God doesn't make mistakes with His troops.

You may not feel like much.
You may not see the results of your faith.
But heaven does.

And the King who called you knows your post.

“God arranged the members in the body, each one of them, as He chose.”
(1 Corinthians 12:18)

If you’ve been placed, then you have purpose.
Your position in the Body of Christ is not optional.
It’s not a “bonus.”
It’s a necessity.

Without you, something is missing.

Invisible, But Not Unimportant

The most vital parts of any body are unseen.
Hearts.
Lungs.
Blood vessels.

They don’t preach sermons or post devotionals.
They just keep everything alive.

Maybe you feel like that.
Hidden.
Unnoticed.
Out of view.

But God sees in secret.
And the work done in secret, for His name, will be rewarded in full.
(Matthew 6:4)

Never mistake invisibility for irrelevance.

The quietest soldier may be holding the line for a hundred others.

The Cost of Quitting

Sometimes, in discouragement, we back away.
We assume someone else will take our place.
That the work will get done without us.

But soldiers don't abandon their posts.
Because the battle is real.
And when we walk off the field, someone else bleeds.

That's not guilt.
It's reality.

The enemy doesn't rest.
So we can't afford to go silent.

Not now.
Not when eternity is at stake.

Chapter 1A: Quiet Courage in Action

Let's look at what this "every soldier counts" idea looks like in the real world.

These stories aren't headlines.
They're footnotes in God's eternal history books.

The One Who Never Missed

There was a woman in a small country church—never spoke on stage, never traveled far.

But she showed up every Sunday and prayed.

She prayed over the pews before service.

Prayed over the pastor's notes while no one was looking.

Prayed over the children's classrooms before they filled with restless little hearts.

She never asked for attention.

But when she passed away, it was like the church lost its breath.

Her absence wasn't felt in volume—it was felt in *power*.

The Janitor's Witness

A quiet man worked nights cleaning a Christian school.

He didn't think he had much to offer—but he prayed for each child's desk as he cleaned.

One boy, often in trouble, asked him why he stayed so cheerful.

The janitor simply said,

“Because I know I'm doing this for Jesus.”

That boy grew up to become a pastor.

Letters from the Quiet Room

In a nursing home, an elderly woman spent her final years unable to walk far or speak well.

But her mind was clear, and her heart was sharp.

She wrote letters to every missionary her church supported.

She sent Scriptures, encouragement, prayers—month after month.

She died with almost nothing in her bank account.

But her crowns are stacked in heaven.

These stories are real, or like many real ones.

They remind us:

No part of the Body is disposable.

No role is unimportant.

No act of service is wasted when done in Jesus' name.

You may not see your impact here.

But the Kingdom is watching.

And every soldier counts.

Chapter 2: The Unseen War

Most battles come with sound and fury—
swords clashing, guns firing, voices shouting.

But the greatest battle in history is mostly quiet.

It happens behind smiles.
In whispered thoughts.
Between moments of temptation and choice.

It's the war for souls.

And it is raging right now.

Not Against Flesh and Blood

“For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against... the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places.”

—Ephesians 6:12

That verse is not poetry.
It's intelligence from the front lines.

You are not fighting your boss, your spouse, your coworker, or your circumstance.

The real enemy is unseen.

Cunning.

Persistent.

He doesn't want your money.

He wants your faith.

He doesn't want to kill your body.

He wants to paralyze your purpose.

Satan's forces don't often appear with red pitchforks.

They come disguised as shame.

As busyness.
As doubt.

The Fog of War

It's no accident that the war is hard to see.

The enemy's greatest advantage is camouflage.
He makes you think the battle isn't spiritual.
That your discouragement is just your personality.
That your lack of boldness is just introversion.
That your isolation is just life.

But all the while, a war is being fought in your mind, your habits, and your heart.

Every day.
Every choice.
Every quiet yes or no to God.

The Kingdom of Heaven Suffers Violence

Jesus said something strange:

“From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven has suffered violence, and the violent take it by force.”
—Matthew 11:12

He wasn't calling His followers to physical aggression.
He was exposing a truth:

Following God in this world takes fight.

The gentle must become fierce.
The kind must become warriors.
Not in the flesh—but in the spirit.

You don't have to yell.
You don't have to be loud.

But you **do** have to engage.

The war doesn't wait for your comfort.

The Front Is Everywhere

The enemy doesn't just fight in churches or on mission fields.

He attacks in your home.

Your car.

Your prayer closet.

He wants you tired when you should pray.

Distracted when you should serve.

Doubtful when you should speak.

So the battlefield is your daily life.

And the soldier who sees that—wins.

Chapter 2A: The Hidden Front Lines

These aren't war stories from pulpits or platforms.

They're moments of spiritual battle... hidden in plain sight.

The Tired Mother Who Prayed Anyway

She had three kids under ten.

No time, no quiet, no energy.

But she kept a worn Bible open on the kitchen counter.

Every morning, she read one verse out loud—while packing lunches or washing dishes.

She didn't think it mattered much.

But those verses planted seeds.

Her kids still remember her voice reading Scripture—years later, long after she was gone.

The war was won in the ordinary.

The Teen Who Refused to Join In

At school, they mocked faith.
Porn and gossip were the language of the halls.
But one quiet teenager refused to laugh at the dirty jokes.

She never shouted.
Never condemned.

Just didn't participate.
And quietly invited two friends to church.

One came.
One got saved.

The battle wasn't dramatic.
But it was decisive.

The Man Who Stood Up at Work

His company was pushing unethical sales tactics.
Nothing illegal—just manipulative.

He spoke up.
They ignored him.
He eventually quit, unsure if it made a difference.

But later, a younger coworker told him,
“I watched you. That helped me decide to follow Christ.”

What seemed like a loss was a Kingdom victory.

You don't need to know the whole battle plan.
You just need to hold your ground.
Stay alert.
Suit up in armor.

And fight the war that no one sees—but heaven celebrates.

Because the unseen war is the *real* one.

Chapter 3: Whispers of the Enemy

The devil rarely roars.
He whispers.

Not from a burning bush.
Not from a mountaintop.
But in the back of your mind,
in the echo of your insecurity.

“You’re not enough.”
“You’re too broken.”
“You missed your chance.”
“Someone else will do it better.”

These aren’t thoughts.
They’re tactics.

A Voice You’ve Heard Before

Satan’s first recorded words to mankind were not a scream but a question:

“Did God really say...?” (Genesis 3:1)

He didn’t need a weapon.
Just doubt.

And he hasn’t changed his strategy.

If he can get you to question your worth,
your calling,
your usefulness to God—

he doesn’t need to tempt you with anything else.
You’ll step off the battlefield yourself.

When Discouragement Is a Demon

Not every sad thought comes from hell.
Some are just life.

But when discouragement begins to paralyze your faith—
when you stop praying, stop speaking, stop believing you're valuable—
the enemy may be at work.

He doesn't always need to destroy you.
He just needs to *convince you you're already defeated*.

Even Jesus was tempted.

And Satan didn't try to seduce Him with pleasure—
He tried to attack His identity.

“If you are the Son of God...” (Matthew 4:3)

If he dared say that to Jesus,
how much more will he whisper it to you?

You Fight Back With Truth

This war isn't won by emotion.
You don't have to feel strong.

You fight back the enemy the way Jesus did:

“It is written...”

Truth is your sword.
Scripture is your shield.

When Satan whispers,
“You've failed too many times,”
you answer,

“There is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus.” (Romans 8:1)

When he says,
“You’re useless,”
you say,

“I am His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works.” (Ephesians 2:10)

This war is not won by louder whispers—
but by louder faith.

Chapter 3A: Real Battles, Real Lies

Here are stories of saints who heard the whispers—
and chose not to believe them.

The Pastor Who Wanted to Quit

After years of small attendance,
a pastor began to feel invisible.

He wondered if he’d misunderstood his calling.
Maybe he wasn’t gifted.
Maybe it was time to leave.

But one day, an elderly man came forward and said,

“You kept me from giving up on God.”

No one else saw it.
But in that moment, the enemy’s whisper died.

The truth won.

The Woman Who Thought She Was Done

She was divorced, older, and newly saved.

She assumed her past disqualified her from helping anyone.
But when her church offered a class for young women,
she was asked to mentor.

Her first thought was,
“I have nothing to offer.”

But her honesty became her testimony.
She didn't preach.
She *understood*.

And those young women said,
“She made us feel like God could use *anyone*.”

The Missionary Who Stayed One More Week

He had been in the field for years with almost no fruit.
No converts.
No breakthroughs.

One night, he prayed,
“God, I'm ready to come home.”

But the next morning, a boy knocked on the door.
“I heard you talk about Jesus last year. Can you tell me more?”

That boy became the first convert in that region.
A church was planted within two years.

You may not get to see the moment the whisper dies.
But stand anyway.

Speak truth anyway.
Fight back anyway.

Because the whisper is a lie.

And you were called to truth.

Chapter 4: Encouragement Is Oxygen

In war, you can go without food for days.

You can push through pain.

You can fight through fatigue.

But you can't go long without *air*.

In the Kingdom of God, that air is called **encouragement**.

Not flattery.

Not shallow praise.

But the honest, life-giving reminder that:

You matter.

You are seen.

You are not alone.

Even the Strong Need It

Paul was no weak man.

He took beatings.

Faced mobs.

Wrote letters in chains.

But even Paul said,

“God...comforted us by the coming of Titus.” (2 Corinthians 7:6)

A man showing up with a kind word was enough to lift the greatest apostle off the floor.

If Paul needed it,
so do you.

And so does the person beside you.

Encouragement isn't a nice gesture.
It's Kingdom CPR.

Encouragement Is Commanded

“Encourage one another and build each other up.”

—1 Thessalonians 5:11

“Let us consider how to stir up one another to love and good works.”

—Hebrews 10:24

This isn't optional.

It's warfare.

Because the enemy uses discouragement to scatter the saints.

And God uses encouragement to call them back together.

When we encourage,
we push back the fog.

We shine a light on the next step.

We remind each other what's real and eternal.

Your Words Are Weapons

A timely word can stop a breakdown.

A text can rescue a calling.

A quiet voice can help someone keep fighting.

Don't underestimate what one sentence can do in someone's darkest hour.

“A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in a setting of silver.”

—Proverbs 25:11

And it works both ways:

When you give encouragement, your own heart is strengthened too.

Because in God's Kingdom, what you give away,
you often receive back tenfold.

Chapter 4A: The Power of One Voice

Encouragement doesn't need a stage.

It just needs sincerity.

Here are a few true stories of how one word kept a soldier in the fight.

The Coffee Conversation That Saved a Calling

A young man in ministry was planning to quit.

He felt unqualified, unnoticed, and overwhelmed.

A friend invited him for coffee—just to check in.

At one point he said:

“I see Jesus in how you treat people. Don't let the enemy lie to you.”

That sentence hit like a sword.

The man stayed in ministry.

Years later, he mentored dozens of young leaders.

All because one voice spoke when it mattered.

A Note in a Locker

A Christian teenager put a handwritten note in another student's locker:

“You probably don't hear this much, but I believe God made you for something good. You're not an accident.”

She almost didn't send it.

It felt awkward.

But the recipient later said it stopped him from taking his own life.

He's now a youth pastor.

The Widower and the Whisper

An older man in church had lost his wife.
He had stopped volunteering.
Stopped attending small group.

One Sunday, a teenager came up and said,
“I miss seeing you. You always made me feel welcome.”

The man wept.
He returned the next week, and every week after.
He now runs a prayer team for the church.

Encouragement doesn't need to be perfect.
It just needs to be present.

So look around.
Pray.
Speak.

Because for some soldier of Christ,
your words might be the breath they needed to keep going.

Chapter 5: Accountability and the Gentle Push

Some soldiers need encouragement.

Others need a *nudge*.

Not because they're failing —
but because they're **drifting**.

The battle is long.

The fog gets thick.

And sometimes, without meaning to, we slow down, sit down... and start to
fade from the fight.

That's when a fellow soldier steps in.

Not to condemn —
but to call us back.

That's accountability.

And it's not judgment.

It's love with boots on.

Not a Spotlight, But a Lamp

Accountability isn't about exposing shame.

It's about shining just enough light to see the next step forward.

It's someone asking,

“How's your walk with God?”

“How can I pray for you?”

“Have you done the thing God told you to do?”

It's not policing.

It's partnership.

Because iron doesn't sharpen itself.

“As iron sharpens iron, so one person sharpens another.”

—Proverbs 27:17

The enemy wants you isolated.
Alone, you're easier to deceive.
Alone, you'll start believing you're doing fine—
while silently slipping further from purpose.

But with a gentle push,
you can get back on your feet.

The Body Needs Joints

Your arm is strong.
Your leg is powerful.

But what connects them?

Joints.

Without joints, the parts don't work together.
And in the Body of Christ, accountability is the *joint* that holds strength
together.

Without it, the strongest members start to fail.
Disconnection leads to dysfunction.

But accountability binds us—
not in chains, but in unity.

We don't just fight *for* each other.
We fight *with* each other.

That's the design.

Chapter 5A: The Push That Changed a Life

Let's see how God uses accountability to gently, lovingly redirect His people
—
often just in time.

The Quiet Text Message

A man had been missing from Bible study for three weeks.
He hadn't told anyone why.

One friend texted:

“Hey, you matter to us. Want to grab lunch this week?”

It wasn't a rebuke.
Just a reach.

At lunch, the man confessed he'd been battling temptation.
He was about to fall back into an old addiction.

That text interrupted the spiral.
And brought him back into community.

The Pastor Who Invited Questions

A young pastor told his elders,
“Ask me hard things. Don't assume I'm strong. I need you.”

Every month, they met.
They asked about his purity, prayer life, family, and fatigue.

He said,
“Knowing they'll ask doesn't make me afraid—it makes me honest.”

Accountability didn't weaken him.
It *strengthened* him.

A Teen Girl and a Prayer Partner

Two girls in youth group made a simple pact:
They'd pray for each other every day.
And they'd ask, weekly, “Did you spend time with God this week?”

One day, one girl said no.
The other didn't shame her—just offered to come over and read together.

That's accountability.
Not pressure—presence.

You're not meant to fight alone.
You're not meant to drift silently.
You're not failing because you need a push—
you're human.

And God has given you a Body.
A team.
A unit.

So if you see someone slipping,
gently call them back.

And if you feel yourself drifting,
be brave enough to say,
“Push me. Please.”

Because staying in the fight is always worth it.

Chapter 6: Goals, Seasons, and What Counts

Soldiers train with targets.
But Kingdom soldiers often walk without maps.

We ask,
“What’s my goal?”
“What’s the mission?”
“Am I doing enough?”

But the Kingdom isn’t built like a corporate ladder.
It’s built on **obedience**.
Not results.
Not recognition.

Just *faithful steps*.

Are Goals Biblical?

Yes—but not in the way the world defines them.

Paul had goals:

- To finish his race (2 Timothy 4:7)
- To preach Christ where He was not yet known (Romans 15:20)
- To know Christ and the power of His resurrection (Philippians 3:10)

But he never measured his worth by outcomes.
He measured by **faithfulness**.

Because in the Kingdom, success isn’t winning.
It’s *remaining*.

Faithfulness is the goal.
And God handles the fruit.

God Works in Seasons

Some seasons are for sowing.
Some for watering.
Some for waiting.

And some are for reaping.

If you try to reap in a sowing season, you'll feel like you've failed.
If you try to plant during the harvest, you'll miss what's ripe.

You don't need to force a harvest—
just stay faithful in the field.

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

Timing is His.
Obedience is ours.

What Actually Counts

The world counts size.
God counts sincerity.

The world measures by success.
God measures by submission.

You may never see the fruit of your labor.
But that doesn't mean it didn't grow.

“Each one's work will become manifest, for the Day will disclose it...”
—1 Corinthians 3:13

That Day is coming.
And it will reveal far more than we ever saw.

So keep going.
Even if no one claps.
Even if no one knows.

Because *He* knows.

Chapter 6A: The Fruit You Can't See Yet

Here are stories of saints who wrestled with this question:
“Is what I’m doing even working?”

Spoiler: it was.

The Man Who Always Showed Up

He wasn't a teacher, singer, or leader.
He just opened the church doors every Sunday.
Made coffee.
Smiled at people.

After twenty years, he moved away.
The church gave him a small plaque.

But one man stood up and said,
“You were the reason I came back a second week. I saw Christ in your kindness.”

Sometimes presence *is* the ministry.

The Woman Who Waited

She shared Christ with her brother for years.
He never responded.

When she died, he still hadn't turned.
But at her funeral, something broke inside him.

He accepted Christ that day—
in part because she never stopped hoping.

She didn't live to see it.
But her faith had planted every seed.

The Young Man Who Just Asked a Question

A teenager asked a visiting speaker,
“How do I know God loves me?”

The speaker gave a simple answer.
Then forgot about it.

Ten years later, that same teenager—now a seminary student—reached out to
say,
“That moment changed my life.”

The speaker never knew what God had done.
But the Kingdom kept the receipt.

So yes—set goals if you must.
But measure success by faithfulness.
Live with purpose.
Act in obedience.

And trust the Lord of the harvest—
He sees *what counts*.

Chapter 7: The Doubts We Don't Say Out Loud

We say things like,
“I’m trusting God,”
or
“God has a plan.”

And we mean them.

But underneath those words,
in the quiet places of the heart,
there’s often a question:

“Am I really doing anything that matters to God?”

It doesn’t sound holy,
so we don’t say it.
But it’s there.

- In the person who’s been in church for twenty years but still doesn’t feel “called” to anything.
- In the man who serves quietly but wonders if anyone would notice if he stopped.
- In the woman who raises children and prays faithfully but feels like everyone else has a mission—and she just has dishes.

These are not rebellious people.
They’re the *faithful*.
And they’re the ones Satan often targets the most—
not with temptation,
but with *invisibility*.

Faith That Feels Small

Jesus said faith the size of a mustard seed could move mountains (Matthew 17:20).

But what if you're not trying to move mountains—
what if you're just trying to stay on your feet?

What if your prayers feel weak,
your spiritual life feels flat,
and your obedience feels more like survival than victory?

We don't say these things out loud.
But they echo in the hearts of many believers.

“God, do You see me?”
“Am I actually bearing fruit?”
“Is there more I should be doing?”

These are not signs of failure.
They are signs of engagement.

Only *soldiers* wrestle with whether they're still fighting well.
The ones who've quit don't ask anymore.

So if you're doubting—don't run.
Lean in.

Because doubt doesn't disqualify you.
It often marks the edge of growth.

You're Not the First to Ask

Even the heroes of Scripture wrestled with these doubts.

John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, the one who baptized Jesus and heard the voice from heaven—later sat in prison and asked:

“Are you the one who is to come, or shall we look for another?” (Luke 7:19)

Even he had a moment of wondering,
“*Did I get this wrong?*”

And what did Jesus say about him?

“Among those born of women there is no one greater.” (Luke 7:28)

Jesus didn't rebuke his question.

He honored his faith.

Elijah, after calling down fire from heaven, ran into the wilderness and begged God to let him die.

Thomas refused to believe until he saw with his own eyes—
and Jesus met him there.

God is not intimidated by your questions.

He is near to the brokenhearted (Psalm 34:18).

He walks with the honest.

The Lie of “Not Enough”

Satan loves to whisper,

“You should be doing more.”

“You're not as spiritual as her.”

“You're falling short.”

And those lies land hardest on the ones who *actually care*.

You're not lazy.

You're not indifferent.

You're not rebellious.

You just want to know that what you're doing matters.

So here is truth:

“God is not unjust; He will not forget your work and the love you have shown Him.” (Hebrews 6:10)

Not one prayer.

Not one act of service.

Not one sacrifice.

Not one sleepless night spent trusting Him through tears.

None of it is wasted.
Even when you feel forgotten,
you are fully seen.

Faith Is a Long Fight

We live in a world that rewards fast growth, clear plans, measurable outcomes.

But the Kingdom works in seasons.
Some days you plant.
Some days you water.
Some days you're called to stand still and trust.

But God is still working—
even when you don't see it.

Even when your hands feel empty.
Even when your heart feels tired.
Even when your prayers feel unanswered.

Faith is not the absence of doubt.
It's the decision to keep going *in spite of it*.

“I believe; help my unbelief.” (Mark 9:24)
That was enough for Jesus.
It's enough for you too.

Chapter 7A: When Doubt Shows Up in the Church

Here's how these quiet doubts often surface in real people, real churches, and real situations.

Not as complaints.
But as silent aches.

The Sunday School Teacher Who Wondered If It Mattered

For years she taught five-year-olds.
Week after week, she showed up.
Some kids listened.
Most didn't.

She wondered if any of it stuck.

One day, decades later, a grown man walked up to her at a wedding.

“You probably don't remember me,” he said.
“But I remember how you told us Jesus loved us. That's when I first believed it might be true.”

She cried.
She had nearly quit that year.

The Prayer Warrior Who Never Got the Spotlight

He was never a leader.
Never on stage.

But every Sunday he came early, walked the sanctuary, and prayed over every seat.

No one asked him to.
No one announced it.

He once confided to a friend,
“Sometimes I wonder if it makes any difference.”

That friend later told the story to the pastor—who broke down in tears.

“You have no idea how many battles were probably won before I ever stepped on stage,” he said.

The Young Believer Who Feels Behind

A college student came to a small group and said,
“I see all these Christians doing big things...
I just want to stop doubting and be useful.”

The leader smiled gently and said,
“Then you already are.”

Sometimes the desire to grow is proof of growth.
And sometimes, just staying faithful is the battle.

So if you doubt—
say so.
If you're weary—
admit it.

But don't walk away.
Don't disqualify yourself.

Because the greatest battles are often fought inside.
And if you're still in the fight,
still praying,
still holding on—

you're doing better than you think.

Chapter 8: Crowns in Heaven – What Are We Really Fighting For?

Not every soldier fights for the same reason.

Some fight for survival.

Some for honor.

Some because they believe in the cause.

But in the Kingdom of God, we fight because we love the King.
And because we believe His promises are true.

And one of those promises is this:

“Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life.”
—Revelation 2:10

We don't talk about that much.

Maybe because it sounds selfish.

Maybe because it's mysterious.

Maybe because we've forgotten what's really at stake.

But the Bible is clear:

There are rewards in heaven.

And they matter.

Grace Is Free—But Rewards Are Earned

Salvation is a gift.

You cannot work for it.

You cannot earn it.

It is by grace through faith alone (Ephesians 2:8–9).

But once you're saved,
you are placed in the battle.

And what you do in that battle has *eternal* consequences.

Not for your salvation—
but for your reward.

“Each will receive his own reward according to his own labor.”
— 1 Corinthians 3:8

God doesn't forget anything done in His name.
Not the smallest sacrifice.
Not the quietest obedience.

And He promises to reward those who endure.

What Are the Crowns?

The Bible mentions several crowns—symbols of honor, joy, and victory in eternity.

Here are five most often discussed:

1. The Imperishable Crown

(1 Corinthians 9:25)

For those who live with discipline, saying no to worldly desires to win the race of faith.

2. The Crown of Rejoicing

(1 Thessalonians 2:19)

Often called “the soul-winner's crown”—for those who share Christ and lead others to Him.

3. The Crown of Righteousness

(2 Timothy 4:8)

For those who long for Christ's return and live in readiness.

4. The Crown of Life

(James 1:12, Revelation 2:10)

For those who endure trials and persecution with love for Christ.

5. The Crown of Glory

(1 Peter 5:4)

For those who shepherd God's people faithfully—pastors, mentors, spiritual leaders.

You don't need to chase all five.
You don't need to compare your crown to someone else's.

But know this:
Your King *loves* to reward His people.
And one day, you'll see just how much He noticed.

What Will We Do With the Crowns?

Revelation gives us a glimpse:

“They cast their crowns before the throne, saying, ‘Worthy are You, our Lord and God...’”
—Revelation 4:10–11

We won't hoard our rewards.
We'll lay them at His feet—
not because they don't matter,
but because **He** matters more.

Your crown will not be a trophy of *your* greatness—
but a reflection of His.

A way to say,
“I fought the fight You gave me, Lord. This is for You.”

Chapter 8A: Eternal Motivation in the Present Battle

Here are a few glimpses of how the promise of reward helps real believers keep going—
when the world says, “Why bother?”

The Woman Who Kept Loving the Unlovable

She worked in a care home,
assigned to patients who could no longer speak,
no longer say thank you.

She bathed them, fed them, sang hymns to them.

One day, a visitor said,
“I don’t know how you do this every day.”

She smiled and replied,
“Jesus is watching. And one day, He’ll say well done.”

Her crown won’t be made of gold—
but of *faithful love*.

The Man Who Gave Quietly for Years

He never made much money.
But he set aside 10%—even when things were tight.
Over decades, he supported missionaries he never met.

He said,
“I can’t go to the nations. But my dollars can.”

When one of those missionaries visited years later,
he found out hundreds had come to Christ.

That man may never see all the faces his giving reached.
But his crown will be full of rejoicing.

The Teen Who Refused to Compromise

At school, everyone else bowed to culture.
He didn’t.
He didn’t shout.
Just lived differently.

When asked why, he said,
“I don’t want to disappoint Jesus. I’m His.”

He doesn’t know it yet,
but angels may be polishing a crown with his name on it.

You don’t fight to impress.
You fight to honor.

And the day is coming when all will be revealed.
Your tears will be wiped.
Your scars will shine.
Your quiet labor will become eternal reward.

So press on.

You are not forgotten.
You are not unseen.

And the crown is coming.

Let’s be clear about something:

The crowns of heaven are **not** like the ones we chase down here.

They’re not made of applause, reputation, promotions, or follower counts.
They’re not about “finishing on top” or getting noticed.
They’re not earned by climbing ladders, winning arguments, or impressing crowds.

Because in God’s Kingdom, the highest reward is this:

To return to what we were always meant to be.

The crowns we receive are not for becoming something new—
but for becoming something *restored*.

In Eden, God gave man a garden.

A calling.

A purpose:

- To walk with Him
- To tend what He created
- To fill the earth with His image

We lost that.

But in Christ, it's being returned.

Every act of love, every seed of faith, every step of obedience—
It's not just building reward...

It's reclaiming Eden.

The crowns we cast at His feet are not trophies of what *we* did.

They are signs that we've returned—

finally and forever—

to the place He always meant for us to be.

Chapter 9: Even the Smallest Stone Matters

In a grand cathedral,
every stone matters.

The arches soar,
the stained glass glows,
and visitors marvel at the craftsmanship.

But beneath it all—
hidden, silent, unseen—
are thousands of small stones.

No one carves their name into those.
No one celebrates their placement.
But remove just one,
and the whole thing begins to shift.

That's you.
That's me.
That's the quiet Christian soldier.

Not All Builders Hold Hammers

We think Kingdom work is only for the bold, the visible, the strong.
But heaven's architecture is built with different priorities.

“As you come to Him... you yourselves like living stones are being built up
as a spiritual house...”
— 1 Peter 2:4–5

You are not a brick in a wall.
You are a *living stone*—
chosen, shaped, placed.

And yes, sometimes small.
But never insignificant.

Because in God's design,
small doesn't mean shallow.
And unseen doesn't mean unimportant.

The Garden Was Always the Goal

Before the battle, before the fall, before the cross—
there was a garden.

Adam was not a general.
He was a **gardener**.
Tasked not with conquering enemies,
but with tending life.

That was our first calling.
And that calling echoes still.

When you forgive,
you are pulling weeds from someone's soul.

When you show kindness,
you are watering dry ground.

When you carry someone's burden,
you are tilling soil for fruit.

“The Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to work it
and keep it.” (Genesis 2:15)

And now, through Christ, He has taken us again—
Planted us again—
To tend His garden in a world still choked with thorns.

The King Sees Every Pebble

In earthly battles, only the generals get medals.
In God's Kingdom, the reward is measured differently.

“Whoever gives even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones... will by no means lose their reward.”

—Matthew 10:42

A cup of water.

A kind word.

A quiet faithfulness that no one claps for.

These are the **building blocks of eternity**.

Because you’re not just doing good deeds—
you’re helping to rebuild a kingdom.

One stone at a time.

Chapter 9A: Quiet Builders of the Kingdom

Here are real examples—modern-day gardeners and stone-layers—
living out Eden’s original calling in a broken world.

The Grandfather Who Prayed in Secret

He never preached.

He wasn’t known for anything bold.

But every morning, he rose before sunrise,
knelt beside his bed,
and prayed through a list of names—
family, church, missionaries, and even those who hurt him.

He never saw what came of it.

But at his funeral, people came forward to say,
“I always felt covered in prayer. Now I know why.”

He laid a stone.

God built a house.

The Woman Who Cleaned the Church Alone

She came after hours.

Vacuumed, wiped down chairs, replaced paper towels.

One week she was sick and couldn't come.

No one knew who did that work—until it didn't get done.

People realized then:

She hadn't just cleaned a building.

She'd prepared a space for worship.

Faithfully. Silently. Joyfully.

That's how Kingdoms are built.

The Young Man Who Smiled Every Sunday

He wasn't on staff.

Wasn't a speaker.

He just greeted people at the door.

One new couple said it was his smile and handshake that convinced them to stay—

and they ended up coming to Christ months later.

His stone didn't shine.

But it carried weight.

So don't underestimate the quiet roles.

The faithful routines.

The days that seem ordinary.

Because in God's economy,

faithfulness is fruitfulness.

And the garden we lost is being rebuilt in us.

One seed of love.

One act of service.

One small stone at a time.

Chapter 10: Don't Grow Weary

Some battles are short and fierce.
Others stretch on for years.

This one—the battle of faith—is lifelong.

And even the strongest soldier gets tired.

You may not be thinking about quitting.
You just wonder if you can *keep going*.

- The prayers feel unanswered.
- The people you serve don't notice.
- The seeds you've sown haven't sprouted.
- The ache in your soul is starting to echo louder than your hope.

It's not failure.

It's fatigue.

And it matters to God.

“Let us not grow weary of doing good, for in due season we will reap, if we do not give up.”

—Galatians 6:9

It doesn't say: “If we do great things.”

It says: “*If we don't give up.*”

Because in this Kingdom, **endurance is victory.**

Jesus Knew Weariness

Don't think He doesn't understand.

“Jesus, wearied as He was from His journey, sat beside the well.” (John 4:6)

He was tired.
Physically, emotionally, spiritually.

But even there—resting—He was still working.
Still loving.
Still faithful.

When you feel like collapsing,
He doesn't scold you.
He sits with you.

Jesus doesn't need heroes.
He wants finishers.

And finishers *rest when needed*—but they don't retreat.

What You Feel Is Not Always What's True

You may feel like nothing is changing.
But God often does His best work underground—
where the roots are growing before the fruit appears.

You may feel like no one sees.
But your Father, who sees in secret, is keeping perfect account (Matthew 6:4).

You may feel like you're behind.
But in the Kingdom, faithfulness beats speed every time.

So if you're tired, it doesn't mean you're failing.
It means you're **human**.
And it means you're actually in the fight.

Chapter 10A: Endurance in the Real World

Here are some true examples of weary saints—
still showing up. Still pressing on.
Still reaping joy they didn't know was coming.

The Worship Leader Who Stayed After the Fire

She lost her home in a blaze.
Insurance battles, family stress, church drama.

She wanted to step back.
Hide.
Heal alone.

But each Sunday, she came.
Led others in worship with a trembling voice.

One member said,
“Her presence reminded me that God is worth praising *even in pain.*”

Her endurance wasn't loud.
But it was glorious.

The Missionary Who Kept Writing

No converts in five years.
Letters home filled with discouragement.
Supporters began to question the mission.

But he kept writing.
Kept praying.
Kept translating Scripture into a dialect no one cared about.

Then a single man in the region believed.
That man became a pastor—
and started a movement that eventually reached thousands.

Weariness didn't win.
Faithfulness did.

The Father Who Kept Coming to Church Alone

His wife had left the faith.
His kids had wandered.
Still, every Sunday, he showed up alone.

Same pew.
Same worn Bible.
Same prayer:
“God, bring them back.”

It took twenty years.
But one by one, they returned.

No flash.
No revival moment.
Just a man who didn't grow weary in doing good.

So if you're tired—rest.
If you're overwhelmed—pause.

But don't give up.
Don't let go.
Don't count yourself out.

Because the harvest is coming.
And when it does, it will not just make sense of your weariness—

It will be worth it.

Chapter 11: Until the Trumpet Sounds

Every army knows when the war is over.

The horn blows.

The orders change.

The soldiers come home.

But until that sound,
they hold the line.

They stay at their post.

They don't abandon the field.

They watch, they wait, they stand.

So it is with the army of Christ.

“For the Lord Himself will descend from heaven with a cry of command,
with the voice of an archangel, and with the sound of the trumpet of God...”

— 1 Thessalonians 4:16

That day is coming.

But it is not here yet.

Until then, we are still soldiers.

Still servants.

Still sons and daughters of the King,

called to fight, to build, to carry, and to endure.

And the work is not done.

Still a War

The enemy is still active.

Souls are still being lost.

Darkness still tries to creep into hearts, homes, churches.

If you can hear these words,

you're still in the battle.

And you are still needed.

- If you're 16 and unsure—He has use for you.
- If you're 60 and tired—He's not done with you.
- If you're wounded—He'll bind you up and set you back on your feet.

No one who belongs to Christ is meant to sit this out.

Not until the trumpet sounds.

Still a Mission

The gospel has not reached everyone.
Your neighborhood still holds the lost.
Your family still needs prayer.
Your church still needs builders.
The broken still need comfort.
The captives still need freedom.

So even when it feels like your fight is over—
when the ministry seems dry,
when the routine seems pointless—
remember:

This isn't just life.
It's war.
And your mission is active.

Until the trumpet sounds.

Still a Promise

“And behold, I am coming soon. My reward is with Me...”
—Revelation 22:12

The King has not forgotten.
He is not slow.
He is patient—so that more may enter the Kingdom.

But He *is* coming.

And when He does,
there will be no confusion.
No injustice left standing.
No weary soldier unrewarded.

Every tear will be wiped away.
Every wound healed.
Every quiet act of obedience will be seen for what it really was:

Warfare. Worship. Worthy.

So stand.
Keep standing.
Take the hill.
Tend the garden.
Hold the line.

Until the trumpet sounds.

Chapter 11A: Last at Their Post

One final glimpse of real warriors—those who finished the fight with honor.

Not with fame.
But with faith.

The Prayer Warrior Who Died in Her Chair

An elderly woman had a list—written in pencil, rewritten often.
Names, dates, nations, needs.

She prayed every morning.
Every night.

They found her one morning—peaceful, seated, Bible open.

She hadn't retired.
She had *finished*.

The trumpet had not yet sounded for the world—
but it had sounded for her.

And she met her King still at her post.

The Janitor with the Eternal Paycheck

A quiet man who swept the floors of a mission center for 35 years.
Never gave a sermon.
But he prayed for every speaker.
Encouraged every tired worker.
Gave from his tiny salary to buy gospel tracts.

He died with few possessions.
But the missionaries wept.

“Without him,” one said, “we would've burned out years ago.”

No medal here.
But crowns in heaven.

Because he stood until the end.

The Couple Who Never Stopped Serving

They weren't pastors.
Just servants.
They made meals, gave rides, babysat, opened their home.

They helped plant churches.
They mentored quietly.
They were always *there*.

No biography will be written.
But in heaven, they are known.

Because they stood.
Side by side.
Until the trumpet sounded.

A Warrior's Prayer

Lord of Hosts, Captain of Heaven's Armies—

You called me not because I was strong,
but because You are.

You placed me in this field,
not to win fame,
but to bring glory.

So when I grow weary—lift me.
When I feel invisible—remind me You see.
When I doubt—speak truth louder than the lies.

Teach me to love the hidden post.
Teach me to value faithfulness more than fruit.

Forgive me when I drop my sword in fear.
Restore me when I stumble.
Remind me this battle is Yours—and You have already won.

Let me finish this race.
Let me stand when others fall.
Let me hear the trumpet—and know I stood until the end.

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For You.
With You.
Because of You.

Amen.