

## The Pastor's Kid

“Pastor’s kid” is the label that has followed me my entire life. For the most part, I didn’t mind it; in fact, I thought it was the best title in the world. I was so proud of the fact that my father used his gifts of music to serve God as the music pastor at church and in the local community. To be known as part of the life of the man that laid down his life before Christ was an honor for me as a child. However, I began growing up and opened my eyes to the secular world. It became more apparent to me that the work that my father did in honor of and for the glory of God was not so appreciated or accepted with grace by the members of the church. They scandalized the musical gifts he lifted up to God by gossiping about his supposedly horrible personality and temper. The rumors were totally unfounded and untrue, but they still affected how I viewed service. Soon, service became a source of unfounded accusations rooted from hatred and dishonesty. I became so fed up with the constant lies that were hissed about my father that I lost it one day and blew up in his face.

“How in the world can you keep ‘serving’ others with a smile and proclaim that Jesus’ love is real if all that most of them give back to you is gossip and harsh judgments?” I demanded.

My father looked surprised at first, but quickly changed his expression to a blank one. All he said to me was to start helping him with the adult praise team. I groaned, but agreed reluctantly.

The first few Sundays were the hardest. It was difficult because my heart was not in the work. I did not want to be there. I did not want to put myself in the way of criticism. I did not want to help others who definitely did not put the “others” in their lives before themselves, just like it says to do in the Bible. I did not want to see or hear people gossiping about my father again and again. I thought I was sneaky about how I hated being a part of the community service that Dad held so dear to his heart, but he noticed. He took me aside one day and scolded me with such ferociousness.

“How dare you take this work for granted? How dare you sit there and sulk! Do you know that there are people who would die, and sometimes actually DO die because of serving in church communities? You should be ashamed of yourself!” he reprimanded. If the sudden rebuke had not caught me off guard, the next few words certainly hit me to the core.

“The humble servant does not pick or choose his work. The patient servant does not complain about what others say about him. He can only be grateful that he was chosen to be a part of the giving of glory to the Father by doing his work to the best of his ability. If you let the words of other people bother you so much, how do you expect the work that you do to affect others in a positive way? If you are so preoccupied with negativity, how can anything you do produce good effects? Do you not care at all for those who may also be affected badly by your mistakes?” he said.

Those words completely changed my outlook on community service. Like my father said, I should first and foremost be humble in the presence of the work that God has given me. I cannot be concerned with others' cruel judgments or harsh, thoughtless words. The answer was so obvious, but it had taken me such a long time to realize it. The true servant dwells not in the harmful thoughts of man, but on the glory of God. If not on the glory of God, the servant should at least think about the people on the receiving end of the service that one provides. The true servant must always consider those who he or she is serving, not those who criticize and judge them. I then regained confidence in service and becoming a pastor's kid once more. As long as I focused on serving others instead of worrying about what others think, the true servant in me will reside and shine forth for everyone to see.