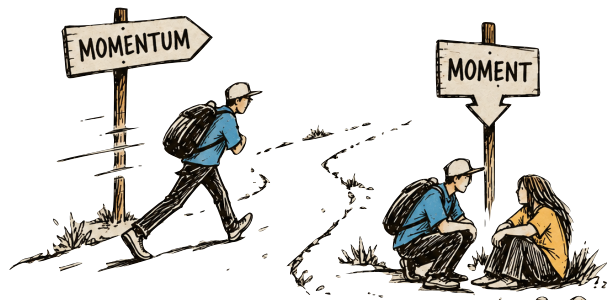


MOMENT. MOMENTUM.

What Are We Missing While We're Moving?

I love momentum.

I love the feeling of moving forward, watching something grow, seeing ideas become reality, and experiencing those wonderful seasons when everything seems to be coming together. Momentum is exciting. It's energizing. It's contagious. And once you have it, you certainly don't want to lose it.



But there's something about momentum that I've been thinking about lately.

You can't spell momentum without *moment*.

Interesting, isn't it?

We can become so focused on maintaining momentum that we lose sight of the moments happening right in front of us. And sometimes, those moments are far more significant than the momentum we're trying to preserve.

Think about Jesus.

In Mark 5, a desperate father named Jairus approached Jesus with an urgent request. His little daughter was dying, and he pleaded with Jesus to come to his home and heal her. Jesus agreed, and they began making their way through the crowd. Everything was moving in the right direction.

Momentum.

But then something happened. A woman who had suffered from bleeding for twelve years made her way through the crowd and touched Jesus' clothing. Jesus stopped.

Imagine being Jairus. His daughter was dying. Every minute mattered. Jesus had agreed to help, and now He was stopping to find someone who had touched Him. An interruption. A delay. A moment that threatened the momentum.

But Jesus saw something Jairus couldn't see. A woman who had suffered for twelve years was experiencing something extraordinary. And Jesus wasn't going to allow the urgency of where He was going to overshadow the significance of what was happening right in front of Him.

He stopped.

He listened.

He spoke with her.

And then came the news. Jairus' daughter had died. Can you imagine what Jairus must have felt? If only Jesus hadn't stopped. If only they had kept moving. If only they hadn't lost momentum.

But Jesus wasn't finished. He continued to Jairus' home and raised his daughter from the dead. Two extraordinary encounters. One journey. And right in the middle of it all was a moment that could easily have been dismissed as an interruption.

How often are we doing something similar?

We establish goals, develop strategies, create plans, measure progress, and celebrate growth. And when things begin moving forward, we do everything possible to maintain the momentum. Especially in ministry.

We talk about growing churches, expanding influence, increasing attendance, launching initiatives, and multiplying movements. And much of that can be good. But I wonder how often our pursuit of momentum causes us to overlook the moments where Jesus is already at work.

The unexpected conversation.

The person who needs someone to listen.

The question that interrupts our agenda.

The opportunity that doesn't fit our strategy.

The person standing right in front of us.

Sometimes we become so focused on what we're trying to accomplish for Jesus that we fail to recognize what Jesus is doing around us.

And here's what makes this particularly challenging:

Momentum is measurable. Moments often aren't.

We can count attendance, track growth, measure engagement, and report progress.

But how do we measure a moment of compassion?

How do we quantify a conversation that restores someone's dignity?

How do we calculate the significance of someone encountering the love of Jesus for the first time?

We can't always. And that doesn't make those moments any less significant. In fact, they may be the very places where the Kingdom is becoming visible.

I'm not suggesting we abandon planning, goals, or momentum. Jesus moved with purpose, and His mission was never accidental. But He was never so consumed with His destination that He became inattentive to the people along the way.

Because momentum can create the illusion that something important is happening simply because something is moving. But movement and significance aren't necessarily the same thing. And sometimes the most significant thing Jesus invites us into requires us to stop moving long enough to recognize it.

Which brings me back to those two words. *Moment*. *Momentum*.

What if the moment we're tempted to rush past is the very reason Jesus brought us there?