

WHAT IF THE CHURCH'S BEST DAY IS MONDAY?

Maybe Sunday was never the destination.

Something remarkable happens every Monday morning. The Church goes everywhere.

A nurse walks into a hospital. A teacher unlocks a classroom. A musician carries a guitar into a bar. A manager sits down with her team. A contractor climbs into his truck. A student walks across campus. A retiree meets the same group of friends for coffee. Thousands of ordinary followers of Jesus enter thousands of ordinary places.



Except maybe they aren't ordinary at all. Maybe Monday morning is one of the most extraordinary moments in the life of the Church.

We already know how to say things like, "*We gather to go.*" We understand the idea of being sent. But what would happen if we actually built our churches around the belief that our people are already sent? What if we began to see every hospital, classroom, restaurant, office, construction site, coffee shop, airport, studio, neighborhood, and university as the place Jesus is waiting for us to join Him?

Suddenly, the congregation looks very different.

The nurse will spend the week surrounded by patients, families, doctors, technicians, and fellow nurses. She will encounter fear, joy, exhaustion, grief, relief, uncertainty, and hope. The musician may spend Friday night playing in a room filled with people who would never consider walking into a church. He knows their names. He knows their stories. They know his. The business owner will spend the week leading employees through success, disappointment, conflict, ambition, financial pressure, and family struggles.

The teacher knows which student always stays a few minutes after class. The manager knows which employee is going through a divorce. The neighbor knows who just received the diagnosis. The barista recognizes the customer who suddenly stopped smiling.

They are already there. And so is Jesus.

Maybe one of the greatest opportunities facing the Church has been hiding in plain sight:

**The congregation isn't primarily a volunteer pool.
It's a missionary network already distributed throughout the harvest.**

Every Sunday, we sit beside people who will spend most of the coming week in places we will never go, surrounded by people we will never meet, participating in conversations we will never hear. They already have relationships. They already have proximity. They already have stories. They already have opportunities. They don't necessarily need somewhere else to serve. They may simply need help seeing the sacred possibilities of somewhere they already are. Perhaps that gives us a different way of thinking about what it means to equip people for ministry: Recognize it. Give it language. Equip it. Release it. Celebrate it.

Recognize where people already are and what Jesus may already be doing around them. Give them language for what they are beginning to see. Equip them with simple ways to become curious, form trust, recognize opportunities, and follow Jesus into them. Release them without needing to know exactly what happens next. And celebrate whatever Jesus chooses to grow.

If we really believe this, however, it eventually changes more than our language. It begins changing our systems and structures because those systems and structures reveal what we actually value.

Imagine a church with a smaller Sunday footprint and an ever-expanding Monday-through-Saturday footprint. It might or might not mean fewer people gathering on Sunday. But it does mean less of our total imagination, energy, resources, and definition of ministry centered there.

Sunday doesn't have to carry everything.

Sunday gets to be Sunday. We gather. We worship. We pray. We remember. We learn. We encourage one another. We tell stories from the harvest. We equip one another. We celebrate what Jesus is doing.

And then Monday comes, and the footprint explodes.

A couple hundred people gathered in one place become a couple hundred Kingdom Expressions scattered throughout a city. Some will be visible. Others will be almost invisible. Some will last for years. Others will exist for a season. Some will remain one person faithfully following Jesus among a handful of people. Others may become something nobody imagined when they began.

And some may move beyond the church that released them and never return to it organizationally.

That might be where release becomes real. If everything we release is expected to eventually come back, become one of our ministries, carry our name, strengthen our programs, or increase our attendance, we haven't really released it. We have simply extended ourselves.

Real release requires open hands. It means trusting Jesus with what happens next. It means celebrating fruit we don't own. It means being willing to watch something grow beyond our ability to control it, brand it, measure it, or even see it.

The measure of release isn't how much comes back. It's how much we are willing to let go.

Maybe a garden can help us see this.

A beautifully cultivated flower garden is something wonderful. Someone has prepared the soil, planted the flowers, tended them, watered them, pruned them, and created paths through them. There is order, intention, care, and beauty.

But to experience that garden, people usually have to come to it.

Wildflowers are different.

Wildflowers spread. Their seeds are carried beyond fences and berms. They appear beside highways, across hillsides, in vacant lots, along trails, and sometimes through cracks where nobody expected anything beautiful to grow. Nobody arranged them in rows. Nobody decided exactly where every flower should appear.

They simply keep spreading.

One patch produces seeds that become another patch somewhere else. Those flowers produce more seeds. The wind carries them farther. Eventually flowers are growing in places far beyond the original field.

That feels a lot like the Kingdom.

Sunday can be a beautifully cultivated garden. There is care, leadership, intentionality, community, and beauty there. But Monday through Saturday opens an enormous field beyond the garden.

The temptation is to see a wildflower growing beyond the fence and immediately try to transplant it back into the garden.

The nurse begins forming meaningful relationships in the hospital, so perhaps we should turn it into an official ministry. The musician becomes deeply trusted among people in a bar, so perhaps we should organize something around it. The business owner begins expressing the Kingdom among employees, so perhaps we should put the church's name on it.

But what if the wildflower is exactly where it is supposed to be?

What if our role isn't to transplant it?

What if our role is to recognize it, give it language, equip it, release it, and celebrate it?

Then let it grow.

Let it reproduce.

Let the seeds cross the fence.

Let some of them travel farther than we will ever see.

Some Kingdom Expressions may remain connected to the garden. Others may reproduce somewhere beyond it. Some may become things we never anticipated. Some may eventually disappear completely from our sight.

That isn't necessarily loss.

It may be multiplication.

Perhaps faithfulness isn't measured only by what we gather. Perhaps it is also revealed by what we are willing to release.

So maybe Monday morning deserves another look.

The nurse puts on her scrubs. The teacher opens the classroom door. The musician loads his guitar into the car. The manager walks into the office. The student crosses the campus. The retiree pulls up a chair at the coffee shop.

Seeds crossing fences.

Wildflowers appearing in unexpected places.

Jesus already there.

Maybe our calling isn't to bring every wildflower back into the garden. Maybe it is to recognize what Jesus is already growing beyond the fence, give it language, equip it, release it, and celebrate it.

Then let the wind carry the seeds wherever it will.

The Kingdom of God was never meant to be contained in a garden.

Nor will it.