



KINGDOM IMPACT

LIVING LIKE JESUS IN A BROKEN WORLD



PUTTY PUTMAN



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To the Holy Spirit—the One who
brings God's inbreaking Kingdom.
And to the Vineyard Church of
Central Illinois. Without you, I
never would have stumbled onto
“the pearl of great price.”

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FOREWORD

PUTTY PUTMAN is a revivalist, Kingdom equipper and man of God who has been called for such a time as this. He is uniquely gifted to raise up reformers who walk in signs and wonders. Putty has given birth to a book that is more than mere words; it is a prophetic mandate for what God is doing on the earth at this moment in history.

Kingdom Impact will inspire you to leave the safety of predictable living and launch out into the treacherous waters of a supernatural life. This book reminds me of the Lord's Prayer that Jesus taught His disciples in the midst of the darkest season in human history. In the depths of Roman oppression, with the reign of the evil emperor Nero within a stone's throw of history, Jesus turned to His disciples and said, "Pray that My Father's Kingdom will come and that His will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." This prayer is at the very heart of Putty's book! That's why I believe *Kingdom Impact* will be a catalyst of cultural transformation by fueling a dramatic paradigm shift in the Church.

This book will transform everyday people such as doctors, housewives, mechanics, computer programmers, schoolteachers and business managers and equip them to destroy the works of

Foreword

the devil as they demonstrate the power of the superior Kingdom everywhere they go!

Kingdom Impact is a timely, practical and God-inspired message as Jesus calls His Church to revival and reformation. I have no doubt that you will find inspiration in Putty's words to take up your responsibility as an heir to God's throne and begin bringing the Kingdom with confidence and God's undeniable power. May it be in your life as it is in heaven, and may God's Kingdom come, until our world looks like His world.

Kris Vallotton, leader, Bethel Church, Redding, California;
co-founder, Bethel School of Supernatural Ministry;
author of thirteen books, including *The Supernatural Ways
of Royalty, Heavy Rain* and *Poverty, Riches and Wealth*

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THE JOURNEY of writing a book is a long one, and credit is due to far more than just the person who winds up with his or her name on the cover.

My nuclear family deserves quite a bit of credit. In the midst of far too much to do and Dad increasingly zigzagging across the world, you have sacrificed even more time to allow me to pursue this project. Thank you for sharing me with these readers. I love the life we are all building together.

I owe my parents a great debt of gratitude as well, especially my dad, who has always carried a passion for writing. Thanks for instilling in me a belief that I should pursue my passions and experience the joy of creating.

To my family at the Vineyard Church of Central Illinois: We are on such a thrilling adventure. Thank you for being willing to pursue God in every way. I think it is so special that in us God has found a family willing to strike out and see the unknown in Him.

Hap and Di: It goes without saying that none of this would be here without you both, but I am going to say it anyway. Thank you a hundred times over for seeing what God has put in me and for

Acknowledgments

opening doors for me to walk through. If, in any way, I see further than some others, it is because I stand on the shoulders of giants.

Mike, Julie, Jim: I cannot imagine a better team with whom to chase after God's dreams for the Church. The first forty years have been incredible, but I have a hunch the best is yet ahead.

"ARC" team: Thank you for being willing to dream larger than most people will let themselves imagine. I truly believe the stuff we turn over is someday going to wind up in history books. Thank you for all your sacrifice, your incredible hard work and your perseverance for the vision.

To everyone from every church who is on this journey with us: Let us keep pressing forward. A new chapter in the Church does not come easily, but it is what is needed in our day. Why not us? Why not now? We can do what God has set upon our hearts.

To Chosen Books: Thank you again for a wonderful experience putting this book together. I have enjoyed both of these projects more than I anticipated. You are a blast to work with, and you bring an excellence that pushes my writing to the next level. Thank you for empowering this journey.

There are doubtless many more I am sure I have forgotten to express my gratitude to, and for that I apologize. Thank you to each and every person who has been a part of this journey and who has held me up one way or another. I could not have done it without you.

AN UNLIKELY INTRODUCTION

CONFUSED AND FLUSTERED, I made my way to the center of the room. We were in a hotel suite in China, holding an illegal meeting with about a dozen house church leaders of the underground Chinese Christian Church. The whole experience was surreal; we had to keep a low profile on our way in and out, staying quiet so as not to attract attention.

Our goal that day was to train these church leaders with a simple prayer model to get them started praying for the sick. The only catch was, I did not pray for the sick. I did not even really believe in this whole thing. I had grown up as a Bible-centered evangelical Baptist. Jesus I knew; He was familiar, and I did what I could to follow the life He portrayed, but edgy things like praying for healing or prophesying? Count me out.

How did this happen? I don't do this stuff; I don't even really believe in this stuff. Despite my confusion and doubt, the leaders looked at me expectantly, anticipating that the American missionary would put all this into practice like a pro.

My mind raced as I tried to find a path forward. *Come on, Putty. You have no idea what you're doing, but they don't know that. Just repeat what you saw in that class a few weeks back and it'll be*

good enough. The team leader who is translating can fix any major mistakes.

I asked the woman standing in the center of the prayer circle with me a few simple questions about how long ago her wrist had been injured and if she minded if I put my hand on her shoulder while we prayed. She indicated that it was all right, so, placing my hand on her shoulder, I repeated verbatim what I had heard the trainer say in my class. “We invite the Holy Spirit because He is the one who has healing, not us.” Skeptical as I had been while sitting in the training class, this prayer apparently stuck.

Then I prayed the prayer that changed everything in my life: “Come, Holy Spirit.”

Some Background

I grew up in the Christian faith, receiving what I perceive to be a rather typical evangelical church upbringing. I was actively involved in the local church from a very young age, and my faith has been central to my life since I was a child. My church experience centered on the Scriptures and sound teaching. I acquired a deep value for the Bible and aimed to live my life according to its teachings.

Through junior high and high school, I became more and more involved in the church, voluntarily leading in our youth group and participating on our worship team (mostly because of need, not because of my ability). By the time I was ready for college, I decided to go to a Christian school—Bethel University (at the time Bethel College) in St. Paul, Minnesota. There, my faith continued to grow in depth and understanding. I majored in physics, but I took a standard set of courses on Church history, Christian theology and the like.

After I graduated, I came to the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign for graduate school in physics. My first year in the program, my fiancée (now wife), Brittany, was completing her senior year at Bethel, so I lived with some friends I knew from my childhood in the suburbs of Chicago. Brittany and I planned to get married the summer after she graduated, and I would continue the journey through graduate school.

I did not want to let my faith slide while I was busy doing my graduate program, so I started accompanying my friends to a church with a weird name I had not heard of before: Vineyard Church. Growing up in the faith as I had, I assumed this would be a church like all the others and I would fit right in. I was so wrong; I was not ready for this church at all.

The first time I came to the church, I was shocked to see that they did the service inside out. Everybody knew that church was supposed to start with an awkward three-to-four song set (usually called *worship* but often meant singing to a wall) followed by a message, but this church had it backward. The message was first and the singing came afterward. Honestly, I was not very impressed with the preaching, and the worship time was equally strange. Unlike the staid worship I was used to, these people were passionately engaged, singing their hearts out, raising hands, even kneeling or jumping. I did not know what to think.

Then came the kicker. After worship at the end of the service, the preacher returned to the stage and explained that they were going to pray for Jesus to heal people right then and there. He began to call out issues he felt God wanted to minister to—knee problems, tension headaches and the like. He invited prayer ministers to the stage and had them pray for the people who responded to the invitation.

This caught me totally off guard. Who was this guy to say that God wanted to heal people right now? And who were all these people who were buying it? I was not a newbie Christian; I had

been around the block a few times. I had been in the Church my whole life and had taken college courses on Christian understanding and belief, yet I had never encountered something like this. Surely these people were confused. Furthermore, as a physicist, I knew how statistics worked. In any room of twenty or more people, there will always be a group with knee issues and tension headaches. So, do not say you are hearing from God; you are just playing the odds.

I sat in the back, arms folded, judging everything around me and muttering, “I do not know what this is, but it’s not God.”

Somehow, I found myself back at the same church the next week, attending another awkward and misguided service. I did not have time to find another church, and I already knew some people in this one, so I figured it would work well enough for now. When Brittany joined me in Urbana-Champaign, we could figure it out.

Despite my plans, I continued to attend that church for the next four years, leading to my training of clandestine house church leaders in China.

The Evangelical Fish in a Charismatic Pond

After Brittany and I were married and she moved to Illinois, we found ourselves caught up in the busyness of life and never got around to finding a new church. We had developed a set of friends at the Vineyard, and with Urbana-Champaign being a mere pit stop in our life plans, it never seemed worth the effort to find a new church and develop another social group. Besides, most of my time and energy were focused on my graduate studies, and the church was keeping us connected to a community of faith and to walking with Jesus, so it was good enough for the time being.

Brittany was more open-minded to the charismatic elements of the church than I was at first. She had grown up with some

family friends who attended an Assemblies of God church and was more comfortable in that environment. In time, she began to take some of the Bible classes that the church offered and got more plugged in. My disposition did not change much, however; I remained in the back row, judging all of this “Holy Spirit stuff.”

Along the way, there were a few incidents that reinforced my skepticism. A good friend of mine had a foot injury that was causing a lot of issues. He decided to have the pastor and a prayer team anoint him and pray for healing. I joined to support my friend and did my best to pray for him. In the end, he was not healed, confirming my suspicion that there was not much to all this healing stuff.

At the conclusion of another service during the prayer time, someone had an epileptic seizure. The pastor explained that when the Spirit comes on people, there can be dramatic physical reactions. I was pretty convinced that this was not what was happening at all. It was horribly awkward when an ambulance arrived and carried the man off. Another strike against this weirdness.

I found myself feeling like an evangelical lost in a charismatic church. I had friends there and the church really did encourage me to love and follow Jesus, but I also felt surrounded by a lot of strange and questionable occurrences.

Over the years, God did change my mind on a few things, but not through the thoughts or opinions of others. Rather, it was through the one thing I would still listen to—the Bible. By continuing to spend time in the Scriptures and connecting to Jesus, I began to see that the way I had always imagined Jesus was not quite the complete picture that the Bible portrays. Because I had focused on His Sermon on the Mount, His parables and other teachings, I saw Jesus primarily as a religious teacher—the Jesus who had come to teach us the right way to live. While I in no way feel His role as a teacher was diminished, in time, I began to see significant detail in the Scriptures about Jesus as a miracle

worker. In fact, there seems to be as much Scripture dedicated to portraying Jesus' supernatural ministry as there is dedicated to His teaching ministry. These passages often go into great detail, painting vivid pictures of Jesus working His wonders.

Okay, I concluded. This stuff is important to you, Jesus. That's cool. I can live with that.

The problem was that the Bible did not stop there. Jesus seemed to value supernatural ministry, but He went further, and He also had His disciples participate. He sent them to the various cities of Israel with these instructions: "And proclaim as you go, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers, cast out demons. You received without paying; give without pay" (Matthew 10:7-8).

In fact, there was even a time when Jesus was disappointed with His disciples because they were unable to cast out a demon; He expected them to be able to do that without His help (see Matthew 17:14-21).

Hmmm. . . . Apparently, it's also important to Jesus that His disciples do this stuff too. Okay, God, that's fine. I can live with that. There are other people in the church trying to do this stuff, but it's not for me. It's not my gift; I'm gifted in other ways, and those other people can try and work it out with You. I think they're crazy, but they're trying to follow You the best way they know how and that's between You and them.

It took me four long years to reach this point. It may not have taken you that long, but it did for me. I guess you could call me a slow learner, but God was about to make up for lost time.

Ambushed by God

You might think that the God who is all-powerful and present everywhere does not sneak up on people, but in my case, He

did just that. I would not have found myself in that hotel room in China without God keeping me in the dark about what He was really up to.

In the four years that we attended the Vineyard church, Brittany and I became involved with the international ministry at our church. This seemed a natural fit for me. When I was about seven years old, my parents moved to mainland China to be missionaries for a year. Dad taught English at a university, and Mom was home with my brother and me. They both disciplined people as opportunities presented themselves.

As a seven-year-old, seeing this process up close was significant for me. First, it made me take faith seriously. Seeing people risk jail to be disciplined in following Jesus proved there was something very real to their faith. These people would not be taking such extraordinary risks without getting something pretty big out of it. Second, it instilled in me a deep love for all things China and Chinese. I came to love the people and their language, gradually feeling at home with them. I even acquired a taste for the food. (Incidentally, it is vastly different from what we find in many Chinese restaurants in the United States.) After I returned home, I began to study the language and martial arts. Some of my Asian friends at the Vineyard church would even quip from time to time that I was more Chinese than they were.

In time, our church initiated a missions partnership with China. We sent small teams to work to train and equip house churches in China and Taiwan. Because Brittany and I were heavily involved in the international ministry at the time, we were in touch with the team members involved. After their first trip, they raved about the incredible experience and strongly encouraged me to join one of the trips. The thought was thrilling; it had been more than fifteen years since I had been to China. I wanted to go so badly.

I distinctly remember a conversation I had with one of the pastors who was urging me to go. I remember these words coming

out of my mouth: “I would love to go, but I am a broke, married graduate student. I cannot afford to spend a couple thousand dollars on a ten-day mission trip, but if God gives me the money to go, I will go.”

Ever have a moment where God flags in your memory something that you said? Something you probably should not remember, but you absolutely do? That is exactly what happened later with that phrase—although I did not realize it at the time. I had just unknowingly made a deal with God that He planned to take me up on.

All of this occurred in the fall of 2007. Later that spring, God cashed in on my offer.

In the physics department, we concluded our school year with a luncheon for the graduate students who had been awarded in some way during the school year. The luncheon included a program during which a few scholarships were handed out and the teaching assistants who were reviewed well by their students were celebrated. As a teaching assistant who was usually ranked well by my students, I was not surprised when I got an invitation to the luncheon.

The day of the luncheon, I took my seat, mostly excited to eat a catered meal. (Graduate student food is not very good.) As I enjoyed my meal, the program began with the awarding of scholarships. I was not paying much attention, but the next thing I knew, my name was being called. Shocked, I swallowed my last bite, walked to the front of the room and accepted a scholarship I did not even apply for. Then I peeked at the amount—\$10,000. What?

It was the last thing I expected. What was even more shocking to me was that it was the first of *four* scholarships given to me that day. I never applied for any of them and did not even know half of them existed. As the luncheon went on, I accepted each award apologetically at the front of the room while the rest of the graduate students glared at me. By the time I left the room, I had been awarded close to \$30,000 in scholarship money that I was not at all expecting.

Later, my head was spinning as I walked back to the physics building. *What just happened?* At that moment, I remembered clearly what I had said months before: “If God gives me the money to go, I will go.” *Fair enough, God. I said it and You gave me the money. I’ll make good on it.*

As soon as I was able, I asked the trip leader to sign me up for the next trip. She told me it would be over Thanksgiving break and asked if that was okay. Knowing this trip was a matter of obedience, I said any time would work.

That summer as we prepared for the trip, I found out that the purpose was to train a group of house church leaders with whom we had recently formed a relationship. This group was a new church plant and eager for any training we could give them. When I asked for more details, however, I learned that we would be training them in prayer for healing.

Oh, no. You’ve got to be kidding me. Really? This trip? I knew I had to go—to not go would be disobedient—but I was really disappointed since the trip’s focus was of little interest to me. *Fine, it’s not about me anyway. This is about them. I can go and help with whatever they need, even if it’s not what I want to give.*

Resolved to my fate, and with a touch of religiosity, I attended the prayer training course the next time it was offered. I tried my best to actually learn the material, knowing that even though I did not have a personal interest in prayer for healing, I would be teaching it.

Four weeks later I was on a plane to China.

The Kingdom Breaks In

Our healing prayer training for the Chinese leaders came at the end of our week-long schedule. It had been a great time, packed with life-changing experiences. To be back in China was

surprisingly rejuvenating to my soul. As we headed to the hotel room to begin the training, I found myself nervously excited. Even though I was not intending to pray for others, I was still slated to teach on Kingdom theology. I had never done training like this before; I was eager for the opportunity. My session was the second of the day. I taught my way through my outline, answered a few questions and returned to my seat thinking I was done.

The next part of the training was the practice session during which the team would demonstrate what we had taught. The plan was to spend time listening for words of knowledge—the kind of leading from the Holy Spirit I saw the pastor doing years ago at the first Vineyard service I attended. We were to spend a few minutes in silence, waiting for impressions or feelings that may be God’s direction, then share them with the group and pray for whatever was relevant to God’s leading.

As we all sat there trying to listen to the Lord, my attention was mostly on feeling relieved that my part was done. Or so I thought. I began to notice something strange; my left forearm felt odd. It was not quite a pain, just an unusual sensation, and it was coming from *inside* my arm. What was clear was that I had not felt this before, and it was growing stronger. *That’s the weirdest thing.*

As I stared at my arm, I recalled a concept from the training class called a sympathy pain. The idea is that God shares a sensation with you that someone else is having for real. This gives you a starting point for prayer. I know it sounds weird—that is exactly what I thought—but there I was experiencing the very thing I had been taught.

When we concluded our listening time, the team leader asked if there were any leadings. I spoke up and asked if someone had a problem with their left forearm. One of the house church leaders shared that she had sprained her wrist about six months earlier and it had not healed correctly. The doctors were not sure what was happening.

My statistical analysis collapsed. *Wow. That's not something that happens regularly in a room of only fifteen people. Probability is not really with that one, huh?*

As I sat there pondering what had happened, the team leader announced that since I had received the direction, I would be the one to model praying for this young woman in front of the whole group.

What? I have no idea what I'm doing. I don't do this stuff or even believe this stuff.

It was too late. There was nothing else to be done other than jump in and try it, and so, reluctantly, jump in I did. After a short interview with the woman to understand her circumstances, I invited the presence of the Holy Spirit.

Now, this next part gets a little crazy, so I want to remind you that this all happened in the context of me not wanting it, not believing it and not pursuing it. Everything I describe next happened in spite of me.

When I invited the Holy Spirit to bring His presence into the room, the last thing I expected to happen did happen. He came. I felt a presence crash through the ceiling directly above the young woman and cascade all over her. It felt powerful, like a waterfall hitting the rocks below. When that presence came upon her, she buckled and dropped straight downward, falling into a heap on the floor. Simultaneously, the people watching in a circle around us responded as well. As far as I could tell, about half of them took a deep gasp as the Spirit entered the room, and three or four of them fell to the ground in various ways. The room that ten seconds earlier was a classroom now looked like a war zone.

Confused and reeling, I tried to take in everything that was happening. The room had exploded into a cacophony of sound as people were now standing, lying down, weeping, praying and more. I heard a confusing noise behind me and looked over my shoulder to see a young woman doubled over on the ground,

throwing up into a trash can. *Yikes. I have no idea what that means, but that can't be good.*

My attention was caught back to the woman in front of me. I crouched down, my hand still on her shoulder, and noticed she had an enraged demeanor. She was twisting her body and trying to pull my hand off her shoulder. She began to growl, and while I could not understand what she was saying in Chinese, I could tell it was angry and possibly violent.

“What on earth is happening?” I asked the team leader, shocked and confused.

“It’s a demon,” she replied matter-of-factly.

“It’s a *what?*” I asked, fearing her answer.

“She’s manifesting a demon,” she responded.

They didn't mention demons in my class!

I was so far in over my head, I had no idea what to do. The team leader apparently expected me to continue leading this thing that had happened unexpectedly on my watch. I began to rack my brain. *What did Jesus do to deal with demons?* Fortunately, I had spent a lot of time in the Bible. Everything I could remember involved Jesus telling the demons to leave. It was all I had, so I commanded that demon to leave the young woman, in Jesus’ name.

I wish I could tell you that the spirit left immediately, but that would be far from true. The fact is, it took at least an hour of back-and-forth before the demon left. The battle was not won with power as much as with patience. The woman alternated between lucid thought and manifesting the demon, which would speak and act through her. For some reason, I knew to stick with it and keep pressing forward, and that is what I did. Eventually, she opened her eyes in shock and exclaimed in Chinese, “It’s gone! That dark presence I feel is gone!”

Unsure what else to do, I suggested she check out her wrist. It was healed. No one in that room was more shocked than I. Later

that afternoon, we cast a demon out of another young woman. The Lord gave her a vision and called her to be a missionary.

My life was forever changed.

A Course Redirect

Returning home, I had a lot to process. I still did not like or even understand the packaging of the supernatural experience, but one thing I was absolutely certain of: I saw God step into two people's lives and change them profoundly. I had always been passionate about seeing God change lives, and I had just seen it happen in the deepest way imaginable. I had lots of questions, but I knew I had to see God step into more people's lives and rewrite their stories.

The next few years saw a new trajectory in my life. I knew Jesus and His salvation, but now I began to get to know the Holy Spirit and the Kingdom. I took every training class I could find, sought every mentor, attended every conference or seminar, read tens of thousands of pages and practiced the ministry of the Kingdom everywhere I could. I learned to prophesy, heal the sick, drive out demons and more. I eventually began to train others to do the same. Eventually, I was called to pastoral ministry.

A few years after that, our church started a School of Kingdom Ministry. It now partners with churches around the world. We have trained and equipped thousands of everyday people to continue the supernatural ministry of Jesus. Oh, and in case you are curious, I did complete my physics Ph.D. along the way.

Looking back, I see that while my journey was unique in the way God interrupted my life dramatically, my point of need was far from unique. At the time, I did not even know how to express it, but before His Kingdom came crashing into my life, I was trying to ignore a nagging doubt questioning if my faith actually made any difference to the world around me.

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From my Bible studies, I knew that God wants more of us. Jesus often made convicting statements indicating He expects fruit from our faith:

“You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hidden. Nor do people light a lamp and put it under a basket, but on a stand, and it gives light to all in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven.”

Matthew 5:14–16

The call of Jesus is always to “come and follow.” He calls us to Himself, to know Him and follow the way of life that He demonstrates for us. We hold this true in our lives when it comes to our character and our heart toward others, but sometimes we let ourselves off the hook when it comes to our impact on the world around us. Make no mistake—Jesus changed the world more than any person before or since. To follow Him is to follow the world changer, and we cannot follow everything He modeled unless we are also changing the world.

My faith was never meant just for me, but before this journey, I am not sure I could have pointed to places where my faith had made a difference to the world. Sure, my faith helped me get through my days (some better than others), but how well was I shining as a light in the darkness? How well was the world feeling my influence? How well was God’s anointing seeing a return on investment in the world around me?

God challenges each of us in the same ways; if you do not believe me, read the parable of the talents in Matthew 25:14–30 or Luke 19:11–27.

My experience tells me that many of us resonate with this message. We *want* to know our faith makes a difference. You would not be reading this if you did not want to know. You are

making your way through these words because you believe you can move into more than what you presently have. Our heart's desire is to live out everything that God calls us to.

The problem is not our desire or lack of effort; it is that we do not know *how* to make a difference. What can we do that changes the world around us? How does it work? What fuels a faith that causes Kingdom impact?

Our journey in these pages begins with working to understand the Gospel message more closely. Our faith is an overflow of the good news of the Gospel. If we want to change the world, therefore, we need to understand how the overflow of our faith impacts the world around us. It turns out that faith that changes the world is hardwired into the Gospel message itself, and so it is vital to get in touch with that first.

Once we understand the *message*, we need to understand the *method*. Changing the world is not something we do out of our own resources or abilities; God knows we cannot do it on our own. He calls us to the impossible, but only because He wants to be with us throughout the process. God intends for us to impact the world by working in partnership with Him.

So, what does it look like to partner with God? What does it look like to bring His resources to the problems around us? We will explore these very questions as we continue our journey through these pages.

Finally, we need to understand the *mission field*. God's redemptive plan is far broader and more expansive than many of us realize. We often focus on individuals. Of course, God is interested in individuals, but He is also working to redeem nations. We need to understand how we cooperate with God's plan to overhaul our lives individually and society as a whole.

My life has been dramatically changed in the years since the Kingdom of God came crashing through that hotel ceiling. I no longer wrestle with the feeling of fruitless faith; instead, I feel the

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need to stay on my A game and keep up with everything God is doing. My life is now a glorious out-of-control adventure, every day filled with wonder and awe at what God will do next. I have been caught up in God's mission, and I believe God wants the same to happen for you.

It is possible to have faith that changes the world. It is possible to have fruit from the Gospel that you can point to as God's work in and through your life. It is possible to live knowing your life is ringing with eternal significance as you follow the world-changing Jesus. Let us leave our stale faith behind and undertake the journey of Kingdom impact.



IMPACT POINTS

- The Kingdom may come crashing into your life when you least expect it.
- We cannot fully follow Jesus as the world changer without expecting our faith to change the world around us.
- Our journey of Kingdom impact will take us through the message of the Kingdom of God, the method of partnering with the Holy Spirit and the mission field of transforming both individuals and society.