

I Am a Pastor's Daughter.

For nearly forty years, I have watched firsthand the beauty — and the pain — woven into a life called to ministry.

I still remember the first time I heard someone speak badly about my dad. We were in his office one late afternoon, gathering books together, when harsh words drifted through the air. Words filled with criticism and judgment.

I turned toward him with tears in my eyes, anger and sorrow burning in my chest. For the first time, I wondered why he didn't defend himself — why he didn't correct them or make them feel the weight of their words.

I wanted justice for him.

But he simply sat there.

Calm. Compassionate. Merciful.

He knew exactly who had spoken those words. Yet week after week, I watched him continue to love and serve those same people as if he had never heard them at all. And slowly, I learned to do the same.

As I grew older, I began to see the deeper realities of ministry.

I watched him pray over the spiritual gift God had entrusted to him. I saw the hours of study, the discipline, the preparation — teaching day after day, night after night, faithfully fulfilling his calling as a Pastor-Teacher.

For him, ministry was never just a Sunday responsibility. It wasn't even confined to weekends.

He taught daily — sometimes two, three, even four times a day — pouring out hours upon hours in study and teaching.

And still, I heard the murmurs.

I saw the eye rolls.

I watched people question his effort.

I witnessed him pour into lives that turned away the moment they didn't like what they heard.

I saw him on his knees praying for people he genuinely loved personally and even those he didn't love personally but with impersonal

unconditional love.

I saw the tears no congregation ever noticed.

There were Sundays when members walked up after service simply to tell him how much they hated the message. There were nights when our family struggled, when I caused chaos of my own, and yet he still rose the next morning with a heavy heart to lead and serve faithfully.

I'd raise hell on a Saturday night, yet he would still wake up Sunday Morning to lead in worship.

Even when he didn't fully understand God's plan, he trusted it — believing that God's will was always good.

And I learned something important:

Even inside God's calling... ministry is hard.

Ministry hurts.

Ministry costs something — not only to the pastor, but to the entire family. We carry the scars that prove it.

Today, hearing about pastors across the world leaving ministry because the burden has become too heavy hits close to home.

The strain is real:

the financial pressure,

the guilt of time away from family,

the emotional exhaustion,

the constant criticism,

the weight of being judged from every direction.

It never truly stops.

My dad has never been defined by anxiety or depression, yet he has felt the deep, searing pain that sometimes accompanies obedience to God's call. He has watched his family carry ministry's burdens. He has comforted his daughter when church wounds cut deep.

And still — he never wavered in trusting God's plan or the calling placed on his life.

Because pastors and their families are not exempt from pain.

They are not exempt from guilt.

They are not exempt from financial struggle.

They are not exempt from brokenness.

They are not perfect.

They still sin.

They still struggle.

They still desperately need grace.

So when you walk into church next Sunday, pause for a moment.

Look at your pastor.

Look at his wife.

Notice his children.

Look beyond the pulpit to the families standing quietly beside the calling.

They are often tired.

They carry unseen burdens.

They wrestle with God just like everyone else.

Yet there they stand — faithfully serving, loving unconditionally,

trusting God, studying, teaching, and giving of themselves again and again.

Pray for them.

Pray for their marriages.

Pray for their children.

Invest in them as friends.

See them as human.

Love them as family.

And if you ever notice one of them struggling — if you feel prompted to reach out — do it. Minister to them as they have ministered to you.

Because ministry reveals both the brokenness of humanity and the faithfulness of God.

It has left scars on my heart.

It has placed burdens on my shoulders.

But it was my daddy — my pastor — who taught me how to love like Jesus, forgive like Jesus, serve like Jesus, and live a life of worship before the throne, trusting Him always.

I am a pastor's daughter.

I will always be a pastor's daughter.

Today, I am also a pastor's wife!

God is Good ALL THE TIME!!!