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LIFE IS A TEAM SPORT!

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***[Jesus] appointed seventy others and sent them on ahead of him in pairs to every town and place where he himself intended to go.
- Luke 10:1***

This morning, as I reached the front door of my doctor's building, a woman ahead of me held the door open until I was through it. We entered a small foyer with another set of doors, so I said, "Thank you. Now, I'll hold this door for you. Life is a team sport, isn't it?" I don't think I'd ever said that ... or perhaps even thought that before, but it has haunted me all day.

Fifteen years ago, a close friend called to ask me to chair our next college reunion. I knew that I could never do that, as I lived 1200 miles from my college. I didn't know or have easy access to resources to tap for a three day reunion. And, although no one in my college class reviled me, I was not as well known or universally respected as some of my amazing classmates. I responded, "Oh, I could never do that alone." She replied, "You should never do it alone. Ask someone you'd like to work with to co-chair it with you." And, so, I did! It was a joy. In fact, it was so much fun that before it was over, we committed to do it again this year! Indeed, it was life as a team sport.

Forty-one years ago, during the last meeting of a six session series of parenting classes, a participant raised her hand and inquired when the next class would begin. It was early May. I replied, "October 8th." "October," she wailed, "I might not still be alive in October!" The very next week, my dear friend and team teacher, Colleen, and I began a weekly parenting support group that continues to this day. It is important to note that neither

Colleen nor I had ever attended a parenting support group before. We invented it as we built it, and it has now served two generations of parents. Indeed, it was a team sport.

Les and I have raised three kids. They are amazing adults now, but earlier it was hard, hard, hard and wondrous, wondrous, wondrous. We leaned on one another to bring wisdom and energy to carry on, when one of us was depleted. Fortunately, we took turns being depleted and being strong. Indeed, parenting was a team sport.

I remember vowing, "I would be the world's worst single parent!" Then, I realized that my kids deserved so much better than that, so I changed my declaration to, "I would be the world's most resourceful single parent!" Yes, I would! If ever I had found myself single parenting, I would have recruited friends and family to amplify what I could do alone. Indeed, parenting needs to be a team sport.

In fact, two of us were never enough. We needed our congregation and our schools and our neighborhood and our circle of friends to be our team. This is how God has built us to be in community. All of us need to serve on a team and be served by a team. After all, if it was good enough for Jesus, it is his model for us on how to live an abundant life that takes his Good News out into all the world. Never alone. Life is a team sport, and Jesus has promised to be with us.

Your turn to reflect!

- Who is on your team?
- How have you identified them as those with whom you want to make a difference in this world?
- Do you remember to thank them?
- Who counts you on their team?

- What do you bring to their team?
- Who else might you recruit to be on your life team?
- Who else might need you to partner with them?
- Thank God for each person with whom you serve in this world ... and please remember to tell them that you thank God for them.

Links to learn more!

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