

Multiplied

*What could God do through me...
if I gave Him everything?*



One old man. One prayer. One car.

What started as a simple desire to give more to missions became a ripple that transformed an entire church—and touched the world.

Multiplied is a story about ordinary people—young and old, skilled and unsure—who discovered that when you surrender what you have, God multiplies it for eternal impact.

From a backyard car lot to a missions movement, you'll meet Josh, Jill, Ray, and others whose lives were changed by one man's quiet obedience. Through business, Facebook, car detailing, crafting, and even Etsy sales, each character finds a way to turn everyday work into Kingdom work.

You'll laugh, cry, and be challenged to ask:

“What could God do through me... if I gave Him everything?”

This story will stir your heart, fuel your vision for missions, and inspire you to multiply what you've been given—for the sake of the Gospel.

Because the Great Commission isn't just for the called—it's for the willing.

Bonus Chapter Included: 100 Easy Ways to Make More Money—So You Can Give More to Missions

Jason Mann is a missionary, small business owner, and digital media strategist with a heart for helping the local church fulfill the Great Commission. From church planting in Europe to building businesses that fund ministry, Jason lives what he writes—using everyday skills for eternal purposes. He founded Reaching Europe Ministries and travels often to preach, train, and encourage others to live mission-minded lives. Jason and his wife, Senja, have three children and serve in North Macedonia, in the heart of the Balkans.

Copyright Notice:

© [2025] Jason Mann. Reaching Europe
Ministries

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise—without the prior written permission of the copyright holder, except for brief quotations embodied in critical reviews or articles.

Scripture References: All Scripture references are taken from the *King James Version* (KJV) of the Bible. The KJV is in the public domain.

Trademarks: Etsy® is a registered trademark of Etsy, Inc. The use of the name "Etsy" in this book is for descriptive purposes only and does not imply endorsement or affiliation with Etsy, Inc. Etsy is not responsible for the content or any actions described within this book.

Disclaimer: This book is a work of fiction. While it references real-world businesses, platforms, and services, the characters, events, and situations are fictional and for illustrative purposes only. Any resemblance to actual people, businesses, or events is purely coincidental. The opinions and ideas expressed in this book are those of the author and are not intended as professional, legal, or financial advice. Any decisions based on this book's content are done at the reader's own risk and rewards.

Multiplied-What if your work could become your worship?

Chapter Index

1. **The Spark of a Burden**
A quiet prayer, two dusty cars, and a heart set on missions.
2. **From Doubt to Determination**
A young man's dream becomes a tool for Gospel giving.
3. **Scrolling into Service**
A stay-at-home mom finds her calling behind a screen.
4. **Building More Than a Business**
A car lot becomes a launchpad for global missions.
5. **When a Church Wakes Up**
Ordinary believers discover the joy of extraordinary obedience.
6. **Across the World, Across the Street**
A mission trip transforms both the senders and the sent.
7. **A Stitch in Eternity**
Yarn, faith, and the unexpected power of handmade ministry.
8. **When the Church Becomes the Mission**
Missions becomes more than a cause—it becomes their identity.
9. **A Life That Spoke Without a Microphone**
A legacy of faith written not in words, but in sacrifice.
10. **It's Your Turn Now**
Biblical examples and a personal challenge to live for more.

Chapter 1

The Spark of a Burden

He sat in his favorite chair, the late afternoon light spilling across the floor, an open Bible resting on the end table. He had long since retired—his days now filled with tending the garden, checking the mail, and sipping coffee from the same chipped mug he'd used for years. There was nothing extravagant about his life, but nothing lacking either, except for one thing.

Each Sunday, as he sat in the same pew at the little Baptist church on the corner of Maple and Fourth, his heart stirred. When the pastor read letters from far-off countries during the missions segment, the old gentleman felt a tug—subtle, steady, and growing stronger. The world needed. While some missionaries were going but he, in his fixed-income retirement life, could do so little.

Or so he thought.

That afternoon, with a worn-out notebook in hand, he whispered aloud, “Lord, I want to give more to missions. Please show me how.”

He flipped open the paper and jotted a few ideas. None seemed practical until a memory surfaced—years ago, he had bought and sold a car or two on the side. Nothing fancy, just fixing them up and making a little extra cash. Could he do that again? Could that possibly make a difference?

He scribbled more furiously now, his heart picking up pace. The next morning, he visited a local auction lot and, with prayer and caution, purchased two modest cars—both older models but in decent shape. He spent a few days cleaning them up, changing a filter here, polishing a hood there.

The first person to respond to his listing was a man named Ray Navarro. Ray was quiet, polite, and a bit distant. He explained he had just started a new job and needed a reliable car to get there. The old gentleman didn't press, but he noticed something behind Ray's eyes—a searching, a weariness.

The old man did something simple but bold as they finished the sale. He handed Ray a small gospel tract and said, "God's been good to me, Ray. If you ever want to know more about Him,

come visit our church. We're just down the road on Maple.”

Ray took the paper awkwardly but thanked him. He drove away in his new (to him) car, the gospel tract resting on the passenger seat.

That evening, the old gentleman prayed for Ray by name. He didn't know what God would do—but he believed He would do something.

Two days later, the gentleman walked into the church for a Wednesday night prayer meeting—and there was Ray, sitting quietly in the back.

Something had begun.

Outside the church walls, two cars now gleamed in the gentleman's driveway. But inside, Ray heard the gospel for the first time and was born again that evening.

And with it, so had a future far greater than the old man could yet imagine.---

Chapter 2

From Doubt to Determination

Two more cars sat in the old gentleman's driveway, dust-covered and silent, like unspoken prayers waiting to be answered. He stood back, arms crossed, thinking—not just about paint jobs or tire shine—but about missionaries he'd read about that week: a young couple in Papua New Guinea, a pastor planting churches in Eastern Europe, a national preacher discipling new believers in Kenya.

Every car, every sale, was about them. About the Gospel. About getting more money to the front lines.

But he couldn't do it alone.

That's when he thought of Josh.

Josh was twenty-two and drifting—not spiritually, but vocationally. He loved the Lord, came to church faithfully, and talked often about his dream of starting a car detailing business. But that dream stayed tucked behind shelves of doubt, fear, and financial worries.

The old gentleman remembered how Josh had detailed his car once as a favor. “That boy has skills,” he’d told the pastor. “And a heart. Maybe this is how we multiply what’s in mine.”

That Sunday night, he caught Josh after church. “Son,” he said, “I bought a couple of cars for missions. Want to help clean them up?”

Josh blinked. “For missions?”

The old gentleman smiled. “That’s why I bought them. Fix, clean, sell, repeat—and send more money to the mission field. I think you can help.”

Josh agreed, not realizing that this wasn’t just a job—it was a spark.

The next morning, he showed up with a ragged tote of supplies: a half-used bottle of soap, a dusty brush, and an old towel. As he worked, he spoke with quiet honesty. “I’ve always wanted to start my own detailing business,” he said, scrubbing a stubborn Cola stain. “But I never thought I had what it took.”

“Well,” the old gentleman said, watching him work, “maybe this is your start. God doesn’t need much—just someone surrendered.”

Josh paused, letting the words sink in.

By the end of the day, the cars looked transformed. The gentleman handed Josh an envelope. “That’s yours. The rest goes to missions.”

Josh’s eyes widened. “You’re giving it all away?”

“I’ve got enough to live on,” the old man said. “What I want now is to help send preachers into the harvest. These cars are just tools.”

Driving home, Josh felt a passion begin to burn. Could his work really help send missionaries? Could a soapy rag and a vacuum hose be part of God’s plan?

That night, he knelt beside his bed. “Lord, I want to give more to missions. Use these hands if You’ll let me.”

Over the next few weeks, the old gentleman kept bringing in cars. Josh cleaned each one like it was going to a king. He invested in more efficient tools and better cleaners. More church members

began asking him to detail their vehicles—and Josh gave faithfully, setting aside a specific percentage just for missions.

But not all was easy.

One customer left a harsh online review. Another week, Josh's equipment failed, setting him back. Doubt crept in. "Maybe I'm just fooling myself," he thought. "This is small. Insignificant."

That's when he noticed Ray.

Ray had bought one of the first cars and was now faithfully coming to church. He sat near the front, taking notes, and often talked to the pastor after services. One night after Bible study, Josh caught him stacking chairs.

"Hey, man," Ray said, smiling. "I love that you're detailing cars to fund missions. I'm here now because of a church invite I got when I bought a car. And that car? It got me to church. But what kept me coming was the love behind it."

Josh drove home that night in tears. The Gospel was being advanced—one car wash at a time.

He wasn't just building a business.

He was fueling a mission.

Chapter 3

Scrolling into Service

Between wiping down highchairs and chasing toddlers through the living room, Jill often escaped for a few peaceful minutes scrolling through Facebook. With two small children and a husband working long hours, her world revolved around diapers, dishes, and nap schedules. She loved her family—but deep inside, she felt like she was made for more.

She often prayed, “Lord, I want to be used. I want to do something that matters.”

She never imagined the answer would come through Facebook Marketplace and missions.

It started on a Sunday morning when she overheard the old gentleman at church talking about his latest challenge—not fixing cars, but selling them. “I have Josh clean ’em up and polish the chrome,” he said, “but I’m not quick enough with the technology part of it and replying to all of the messages once I post them online!”

Jill smiled. She had practically grown up on Facebook. Between mom groups and local pages, she knew exactly how to navigate Marketplace. “I can help if you’d like,” she said, almost surprised she’d spoken up.

The old gentleman’s eyes brightened. “Really? That’d be a blessing. These sales fund missions, and if I can sell faster, we can give more.”

That simple sentence caught her heart. It wasn’t just about selling cars—it was about sending the Gospel around the World.

She started that week. Jill took crisp photos, wrote clean descriptions, and posted the listings. The results were immediate. Messages rolled in, interest grew, and cars began selling quicker. She made it her mission to be excellent—not for profit, but for purpose.

When people asked questions about the vehicles, she always included the following line: “All proceeds help fund missionaries through our local church.” To her surprise, people cared.

Ray Navarro was one of the first people she helped schedule a follow-up for. She recognized the name immediately—he had already visited

the church after buying a car from Harold. She learned that a gospel tract brought him to church and soon trusted Christ as his Saviour. Jill noticed he came to church alone and she invited him to sit with her family.

“He came because of a gospel tract,” she told another member with a smile. “I just helped keep the door open.”

That one car sale—that one tract- that one Facebook message—had an eternal impact.

From then on, Jill didn’t see herself as a helper.

She saw herself as a sender.

Each listing she wrote, each message she answered, each pick-up she scheduled—every moment was a chance to speed up the next check going to a missionary family. The old gentleman often reminded her, “The faster we move the cars, the faster we can move the Gospel.”

She began taking on more responsibility, not just with Marketplace, but by helping other church families who wanted to support missions through small businesses. She created pages for

them, helped them craft posts, and even ran ads using her own modest funds.

The old gentleman began setting aside a small portion of each car sale to bless her family. She didn't expect it. "I'm just glad to help," she said when he first offered.

He smiled. "And you are. More than you know. These cars are helping reach people for Christ—and you're part of every mile they drive."

After putting the kids to bed and scheduling another car listing that night, Jill sat at her kitchen table and prayed, "Lord, thank You. I may not be able to go—but I can give, I can serve, and I can send."

She was no longer just scrolling through Facebook.

She was scrolling souls toward the Saviour.

Chapter 4

Building More Than a Business

The little gravel driveway was no longer enough.

What began as a simple plan to flip a few cars for missions quickly became something far bigger. With Josh detailing, Jill managing sales, and buyers showing up weekly, the old gentleman ran out of space.

He stood at the edge of his property one morning, a cup of black coffee in hand, watching as Josh finished cleaning yet another vehicle. Jill had already scheduled a pickup for that afternoon. The process was smooth. Efficient. And—most importantly—fruitful.

Every car meant another check sent to a missionary. And the old gentleman kept a tally on a hand-written sheet in his Bible. Month after month, the numbers grew. What had started as one man's burden had become a shared mission.

But there were limitations. The neighbors noticed the steady flow of cars, and the town,

though supportive, had zoning rules that couldn't be ignored forever.

One day, after prayer and quiet reflection, the old gentleman drove past an abandoned gas station on the edge of town. It was run-down, overgrown, and forgotten. But to him, it looked like potential.

With the pastor's blessing and the help of a Christian realtor, he made an offer. The building was affordable, especially after a church member anonymously donated to help purchase the property. Within a month, the old station was theirs.

It was more than just a building—it was a turning point.

Volunteers showed up with paintbrushes and tools. Teens from the youth group pulled weeds. Jill coordinated snacks and posted progress updates online. Josh power-washed the lot while sharing his testimony with anyone who came by. Ray, now actively disciplined by the pastor, offered to handle basic maintenance between his shifts at work.

The building came to life. And so did the name **Kingdom Auto — Cars with a Cause.**

They put a simple sign near the road that read:
“100% of All Profits Go to the Mission Field.”

People noticed.

Within weeks, they had buyers not just from town but also from neighboring cities. Some came because of the deals, others because they were intrigued by the mission, and many bought because they saw something real.

It wasn't long before customers started asking, “Can we help too?”

That's when it spread.

A retired welder from the church offered to fix minor car issues. A homeschool mom running an Etsy shop donated some of her sales. A local mechanic gave a discount on parts. The youth group began hosting monthly car washes—donations only, all proceeds to missions.

It was no longer just a few people.

It was the church.

And not just in word—but in action.

The pastor, who had quietly been carrying financial burdens of his own, found joy in seeing his people so mobilized. He often helped transport vehicles himself, using the time to pray over them—asking the Lord to use each car to carry the Gospel farther.

But with the blessing came spiritual pressure.

A city official questioned whether they had the right permits. One neighbor accused them of turning their church into a business. An online critic wrote an article accusing them of “peddling religion through vehicles.”

The old gentleman didn’t argue. He smiled and kept going.

At the next Sunday service, he stood quietly during testimony time and said, “If anyone’s wondering—this isn’t a car lot with a cause. This is a missions fund with wheels.”

That week, Jill shared his quote online. It went viral in their community.

People drove by to see the place. Some stopped to pray, some to donate, and others, like Ray once had, just needed someone to listen.

Kingdom Auto wasn't just a place to buy a car.

It was a place to find Jesus.

Chapter 5

When a Church Wakes Up

The shift didn't happen overnight. It started quietly—in prayer meetings, hallway conversations, and testimonies offered with trembling hands and tear-filled eyes. But everyone could feel it before long: the church was waking up.

It wasn't just the buzz around Kingdom Auto that certainly played a part. It was something deeper—an awareness that God was at work among them, a realization that their small-town congregation had been invited into something eternal.

One Sunday morning, the pastor stood behind the pulpit and paused longer than usual before preaching. His Bible lay open to Matthew 28, but he hadn't yet read a verse.

"I've pastored here for years," he said, his voice catching. "And I've preached about missions for years. But I have to confess—until recently, I didn't believe we could do much more than write small checks and pray polite prayers."

He looked out over the congregation, pausing at faces now deeply invested—Josh with calloused hands from his detail work, Jill with her laptop resting beside her purse, and Ray with a notebook full of Scripture verses.

“But now,” the pastor continued, “I believe we can do something extraordinary. I believe God wants our church to be more than a supporter of missions. I believe He wants us to be a *sending force*.”

The congregation erupted in a quiet chorus of “Amens.” The truth had taken root.

By that time, stories were circulating. Josh was giving 30% of his income to missions. Jill had helped a family launch an online craft store, with 50% of their profits going to Gospel tracts in Spanish-speaking countries. A Sunday school teacher was sponsoring literature to be printed for underground churches in Asia.

Even the children were catching on. One boy gave his entire birthday money—\$27 in crumpled bills—because “he wanted to help a missionary tell someone about Jesus.”

And Ray, once the quiet car buyer, was now boldly sharing his testimony on Sunday nights. “I didn’t grow up with church,” he said one evening. “But one man sold me a car, and I found Christ. And now? I want to spend the rest of my life doing what he did for others, for me.”

It wasn’t long before the idea of a missions trip surfaced—not a vacation trip, but a real, Gospel-centered outreach. The pastor mentioned it with caution, unsure of the response.

But the church was ready.

They voted unanimously to proceed. They didn’t just want to send money—they wanted to go.

Plans were made. Fundraisers were launched. But more than anything, faith was ignited. Families adjusted schedules. Teens applied for passports. One elderly woman, Miss Edna, who hadn’t traveled in over a decade, said, “If I can carry boxes of tracts and pray with someone, I want to go.”

That decision changed everything.

People gave sacrificially. One couple sold a second car. Another delayed home renovation.

They gave not because of pressure—but because of vision.

Each week leading up to the trip, the pastor led the congregation in focused prayer: for the missionaries they would visit, for the souls they would meet, and for God to work in them as much as through them.

And while the plane tickets were being printed and travel plans finalized, something just as meaningful was happening at home.

The church was becoming the mission.

People began reaching out to neighbors they'd previously ignored. Members offered free oil changes, community meals, and Gospel tracts. The youth group hosted a block party. A few teens began visiting a nursing home just to read the Bible to the residents.

The building buzzed seven days a week. And the old gentleman, Harold, though quiet, watched it all with watery eyes and a prayerful heart.

One Sunday, as he stood near the missions board now filled with photos, flags, and prayer

requests, someone asked him, “Did you ever think it would grow like this?”

He chuckled softly. “I just wanted to give more to missions.”

And God had done the rest.

Chapter 6

Across the World, Across the Street

The morning they boarded the plane, the pastor stood in the terminal surrounded by a crowd of sleepy-eyed, coffee-holding believers. Most had never traveled out of the country. For some, it was their first time on an airplane. But they stood unified—men, women, teenagers, seniors—with matching shirts that read:

“Sent — Not Just to Go, But to Give.”

The mission trip was a miracle in itself. Four different missionary families—each supported by the church—would be visited over the course of three weeks. One in Central America. One in Africa. One in Eastern Europe. And one in a closed country, where security was tight and hearts were hard.

Ray Navarro had signed up early. His discipleship with the pastor had deepened over the past year. He was still working full-time, but his eyes were on something more. When asked why he wanted to go, he answered: “Someone helped me find Jesus. I want to help someone else find Him.”

The team landed in their first country to the sound of children laughing and the smell of street food cooking nearby. The missionary family who greeted them looked worn but joyful. “We’ve prayed for this for so long,” the missionary wife whispered. “Not just your support—but your presence. It means everything.” We were about to quit.

That became a theme at every stop.

They handed out tracts, hosted children’s clubs, preached in open-air markets, and shared testimonies with groups who had never met a Christian from the States before. But more than the projects, it was the encouragement—the fellowship—that mattered most.

At one stop, they met a missionary who had nearly quit the year before. “We didn’t think anyone noticed us,” he said. “We felt forgotten. Then your church increased our support—and now you’re here.”

They left him weeping on the front steps of his church, surrounded by the team praying and promising more than just money—they promised to remember.

But something else happened.

The mission field changed the senders.

Back home, the church received updates through videos and pictures. But what they couldn't see—what they couldn't feel—was what God was doing in the hearts of those who went.

In Ray, especially.

On the final leg of the trip, while standing on a hillside overlooking an Eastern European village, Ray turned to the pastor and said, "This is it. This is what I've been searching for. I don't want just to visit anymore. I want to stay. I think God is calling me here."

The pastor put a hand on his shoulder, eyes misting. "Then let's start preparing."

When the team returned home, the church was ready to welcome them not with applause but with action. Four families—Ray's included—stood before the congregation and shared how God had stirred their hearts to go to the mission field full-time.

Not one eye in the room was dry.

The old gentleman sat in his usual pew, his Bible in his lap, a new page in his missions ledger. He had once prayed to give more. Now, he was watching missionaries rise from the very congregation he loved.

But it didn't stop there.

Inspired by the trip, members began looking around their own town with fresh eyes. Missions wasn't just across the sea—it was across the street.

A church member started a Bible study at the local firehouse. Jill began messaging Spanish-speaking buyers online with gospel tracts translated from the missionary they had just visited. Josh detailed a car for a single mother and slipped a church invitation into her glove box.

The church had crossed the ocean—and come back with a greater burden for the neighborhood next door.

They had gone.

And now, they were ready to send.

And serve.

Everywhere.

Chapter 7

A Stitch in Eternity

Miss Edna had lived through a lot—wars, recessions, the death of her husband, and the slow departure of friends and family. But one thing had never changed: her love for the Lord and her desire to be useful in His service.

She sat near the back of the church each week, a crochet project in her lap, a faithful smile on her face. She didn't say much, but she listened. And she prayed. Every time the pastor spoke about missions, she whispered a silent plea, *"Lord, help me give more."*

She lived on a fixed income, so she gave what she could. But something stirred in her heart after returning from the missions trip. She listened as Josh talked about detailing, Jill about selling, Ray about going—and she wondered, *What could I possibly do?*

She found her answer in a basket beside her recliner.

Yarn.

Miss Edna had been crocheting since she was a girl. Scarves, potholders, little animals for children at church. She didn't think much of it—until her granddaughter, Lily, stopped by one afternoon.

“These are beautiful, Grandma,” Lily said, holding up a neatly folded scarf. “You should sell these online!”

Edna chuckled. “I'm too old to run a business.”

“I'll help you,” Lily said. “We could start an Etsy shop. We'll call it something sweet—like ‘Threads of Grace.’ All the money can go to missions!”

Edna paused. It sounded silly. But then again... maybe it wasn't.

That evening, they took pictures, wrote descriptions, and launched the shop. They started small: five items. Scarves. Hats. Bookmarks. Coasters. One pair of baby booties. Within a week, they had orders. Within a month, they had regular customers. And each package they sent included a gospel tract and a handwritten note that read:

“Your purchase helps send the Gospel around the world. Thank you for being part of God’s work.”

One customer messaged, “I haven’t been to church in years, but your note made me cry. Thank you.”

Another wrote, “I shared the tract with a friend who’s going through a hard time.”

Edna’s hands stayed busy. Her heart stayed full. Every stitch, every foot of yarn, was prayed over. And every dollar of profit—every single one—was given to the missions fund.

But Lily wasn’t content to stop there.

Inspired by her grandmother’s shop, she began creating her own digital products: Scripture art prints, Bible reading plans, and devotional journals. She posted them, promoted them, and watched in amazement as they sold.

On Saturday, she stood up during a youth service and testified: “I used to think missions was for pastors and preachers. But now I know—it’s for all of us. Even Etsy can be a missions tool.”

The church caught on.

A retired woodworker started crafting crosses and selling them at a flea market. A teenage boy made gospel-themed bumper stickers. A stay-at-home dad launched a food blog and included a “missions recipe” each week, with proceeds going to Bible printing.

It wasn't about how much each person made.

It was about the heart behind the work.

At the next missions Sunday, the pastor stood before a wall of updates: photos of missionaries supported, buildings built, Bibles printed, and new churches planted. At the bottom of the wall, someone had taped a note that simply read:

“Little is much when God is in it.”

That afternoon, Harold stopped by Miss Edna's house to drop off a gift—a new basket of yarn, with a ribbon tied around it and a handwritten tag:

“You stitched for the Gospel. Thank you.”

She cried.

And kept crocheting.

Because heaven was being stitched together—
one faithful loop at a time.

Chapter 8

When the Church Becomes the Mission

By now, there wasn't a single ministry in the church untouched by the mission.

What had started as one man's quiet desire to give more had ignited a movement—one car, one detail, one post, one stitch at a time. The walls of the church were still the same, the sanctuary still simple, but the spirit inside had changed.

They weren't just attending a church that supported missions.

They *were* the mission.

Families talked about giving around dinner tables. Teens discussed unreached people groups in the youth room. Children brought jars of spare change, calling them "Gospel coins." Every event—fellowships, fundraisers, even baby showers—seemed to circle back to a single purpose: How can this help send the Gospel further?

The missions board, once a lonely corkboard with five photos pinned to it, now spanned an

entire hallway. It overflowed with pictures, prayer letters, and maps. There were flags, string lines connecting locations to church families who had “adopted” missionaries, and even QR codes for sending direct support.

Josh’s detailing business had outgrown his garage. He had hired two young men from the church—both of whom gave portions of their earnings to missions. Jill now managed marketing for several small businesses, all of them built around the idea that *profit could have a purpose*.

Ray had officially begun deputation, preparing to return to the mission field he had visited just months earlier. His testimony was the one that brought the most tears.

“I was just a guy looking for a car,” he told the congregation. “Now I’m a man sent by a church who showed me Jesus—through generosity, through obedience, and through a little old man who just wanted to do more for missions.”

And the old gentleman, Harold, He still came to church every Sunday, though slower now. His hands trembled a bit. But every time the offering

plate passed, he smiled—because he knew what it was funding.

One Sunday, a guest preacher visited the church and stood in awe.

“I’ve preached in churches all over the country,” he said. “But I’ve never seen one where missions wasn’t just a program—it was a heartbeat.”

He pointed to the banner above the missions hallway, newly installed by the youth group. It read:

“Every person, every gift, every business—for the Gospel.”

That line had become more than a motto. It was a lifestyle.

The church continued to grow—not in flashy ways, but in faithful ones. People were saved, baptized, and disciplined. More missionaries were supported. More souls were reached.

But it wasn’t the numbers that moved them.

It was the joy.

The pure joy of being part of something bigger than themselves. The joy of knowing that a crocheted scarf, a detailed car, a Facebook post, or a baked loaf of bread could help someone across the globe hear about Jesus.

And when the pastor preached on stewardship, no one cringed. When he spoke about sacrifice, no one flinched. Because they had tasted the eternal impact of giving, and they wanted more of it.

One evening, as the sun dipped behind the steeple, the pastor walked the church grounds with Harold. They passed the small missions garden—planted by the kids, full of wildflowers and little painted stones with missionary names.

“Did you ever imagine it would be like this?” the pastor asked.

The old man paused. “No,” he said softly. “I just wanted to give more.”

He smiled as the children ran past, one of them yelling, “I want to be a missionary one day!”

The old man whispered, “But I guess the Lord wanted more than I could imagine.”

And so He gave it.

Chapter 9

A Life That Spoke Without a Microphone

The sanctuary was fuller than it had ever been.

Some stood in the back. Others sat in folding chairs borrowed from the fellowship hall. A few watched from the hallway on a mounted screen. They had come not out of obligation, but out of gratitude—to honour the life of a man who never sought attention, never stood behind a pulpit, and never wanted applause.

The old gentleman had gone home to be with the Lord.

He passed in his sleep; his Bible opened on his chest, notes from the latest missionary prayer letter resting beside him. The last check he had written, still unstamped on his desk, was made out to the church—“For Missions.”

The news of his passing rippled across the town. But the impact of his life had already traveled much farther.

The pastor stepped behind the pulpit that morning, a black ribbon pinned to his suit and a Bible worn from tears. He took a long breath, then began.

“There are men who preach with words,” he said, “and then there are men like Brother Harold, who preached with their lives.”

He paused, then looked out over the congregation.

“Most of you know how it started—one prayer whispered in a quiet living room: ‘Lord, I want to give more to missions.’ And what followed? A few cars. A few conversations. And then—revival. Not with noise or programs, but with surrender.”

He motioned to the wall beside the pulpit, now draped with a banner: *“To the ends of the earth, from a driveway in town.”*

There was laughter and tears throughout the service. Testimonies were shared—by Josh, who now employed others to help fund missions. By Jill, who had helped over a dozen small Christian businesses grow. By Miss Edna, who had raised thousands through her Etsy shop and touched souls she would never meet.

And by Ray.

He stood in a simple suit, his missionary presentation notebook tucked under his arm.

“I bought a car from him,” Ray said, voice shaking. “That’s all. A used car. And he handed me a gospel tract and said, ‘God’s been good to me, Ray. If you ever want to know more about Him, come visit our church. We’re just down the road on Maple.’”

Ray wiped his eyes.

“I came. And I met Christ. And now I’m going—to tell others just like me. All because one man didn’t retire from the mission. He leaned into it.”

After the service, people lingered. Some walked past the old gentleman’s Bible on display. Others stared quietly at the framed photo of Kingdom Auto’s opening day, now hung beside a plaque that read:

“This place existed because one man wanted to give more to missions.”

In the weeks that followed, letters poured in from missionaries all over the world. Stories of Bibles delivered, churches planted, souls saved.

All of them connected in some way to the fruit of
that quiet, faithful man.

He never preached a revival.

He never authored a book.

He never pastored a church.

But his life spoke.

It spoke in the currency of obedience.

And eternity listened.

Chapter 10

It's Your Turn Now

The story you've just read may be fictional—but the truths within it are not.

Because Scripture has always celebrated those who gave not from their excess but from their surrender.

It was true of the **widow with two mites** in Mark 12:42–44. When Jesus watched the crowd give, it wasn't the wealthy that impressed Him—it was the widow who gave “all her living.” Two mites. All she had. Jesus said she had given more than everyone else.

It was true of the **widow of Zarephath** in 1 Kings 17. Elijah asked for her last bit of meal and oil, and though she thought she was preparing her final meal, she trusted God—and gave first. What followed was a miracle of provision that sustained her and her son.

It was true of the **boy with five loaves and two fishes** in John 6. He didn't have much, but he gave it all—and Jesus used it to feed thousands. Not just enough. Abundantly.

It was true of the **woman with the alabaster box** in Mark 14. She poured out expensive ointment on Jesus—not holding back. Others called it wasteful. But Jesus called it worship.

And it was true of **Brother Harold**—a fictional man based on thousands of real ones—who decided he wasn't done giving just because he was done working. He prayed, he obeyed, and he gave what he had... so that others could go.

And now, it's your turn.

Maybe you're like Josh—young, unsure, and feeling like your dream is just out of reach. What if your work could become your worship?

Maybe you're like Jill—stuck in routine, but skilled in ways you hadn't seen as useful to the Gospel. What if your scrolling could become your sending?

Maybe you're like Miss Edna—older, quieter, on a fixed income. What if the very things in your hands could be sown into eternity?

Or maybe you're like Ray—searching, uncertain, wondering why someone would care enough to invite you to church. What if you're not just a

recipient of the Gospel but someone God wants to send?

You don't have to preach to change lives.

You don't have to travel the world to be part of missions.

You simply have to say what the old gentleman once did:

“Lord, I want to give more. Use what I have.”

What you place in God's hands—whether it's a car, a crochet hook, a business, or a burden—can be multiplied to reach the world with the Gospel.

The Great Commission isn't reserved for pastors and missionaries. It's the calling of every believer.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

— Mark 16:15

Some will go.

Some will send.

All must obey.

So now the question comes to you:

**What could be... if you said yes? Is your work
Multiplied?**



Bonus Chapter

100 Easy Ways to Make More Money

...So You Can Give More to Missions

When the old gentleman prayed, “Lord, I want to give more,” God didn’t send him a raise—He gave him an idea. And what started with one man and a couple of cars multiplied into a church-wide movement of Gospel giving.

You may not flip cars, but you have something. A skill. A tool. A hobby. A few extra hours. What if the extra income you could earn this month wasn’t just to improve your lifestyle—but to expand your eternal impact?

This list is for the willing heart. Pick one. Try two. Just start somewhere.

Then ask the same question:

“Lord, how can I multiply what You’ve given me—for the sake of the Gospel?”

100 Easy Ways to Make More Money

...So You Can Give More to Missions

Use Your Skills

1. Offer handyman services
2. Teach music lessons
3. Tutor students in math, reading, or test prep
4. Fix small engines or bikes
5. Cut hair or do basic grooming
6. Paint homes or rooms
7. Sew or do clothing alterations
8. Bake and sell goods locally
9. Offer lawn care or landscaping
10. Pressure wash driveways or homes

Household Hustles

11. Clean homes
12. Organize garages or closets
13. Wash and detail cars

14. Offer laundry folding service
15. Walk dogs or pet sit
16. Babysit on weekends
17. Grocery shop for others
18. Deliver takeout or groceries
19. Assemble furniture
20. Decorate homes for holidays



Sell What You Have

21. Sell unused electronics
22. Have a yard sale
23. Flip furniture
24. Sell clothes on Poshmark or eBay
25. Sell books on Amazon or Marketplace
26. Rent out tools or equipment
27. Sell handmade crafts
28. Sell plants or succulents
29. List unused décor or toys
30. Turn junk into DIY art and resell



Online & Digital

31. Start a YouTube channel

32. Offer virtual assistant services
33. Sell digital downloads (planners, prints, etc.)
34. Sell stock photos or videos
35. Create and sell an online course
36. Do voice-over work
37. Manage social media for a local business
38. Build websites on platforms like Wix or Squarespace
39. Offer basic graphic design
40. Write and self-publish on Amazon KDP
 1. I do this one ;) -Jason



Creative & Uncommon

41. Run errands for seniors
42. Start a mobile notary service
43. Offer moving help
44. Rent out a room or RV
45. Resell thrift store finds
46. Start a niche blog
47. Paint house numbers on curbs
48. Offer to take down or install Christmas lights
49. Provide tech setup for elderly (phones, tablets)

50. Edit resumes and cover letters

Family-Friendly

51. Start a family car wash
52. Sell baked goods at local markets
53. Make greeting cards to sell
54. Offer dog walking as a family
55. Start a small produce stand
56. Sell handmade toys or crafts
57. Host a weekend lemonade or coffee stand
58. Do chore services for neighbors
59. Run a recycling collection service
60. Create a subscription box (faith-based or local)

From Home

61. Start a home-based Etsy shop
62. Create a t-shirt brand with print-on-demand
63. Transcribe audio
64. Rent your driveway or storage space
65. Offer proofreading services
66. Offer online prayer or encouragement cards

67. Start a homemade candle business
68. Do data entry or survey work
69. Host a backyard “mini thrift” sale
70. Sell extra garden produce or eggs

Faith-Based/Church Friendly

71. Sell baked goods after church for missions
72. Create a giving jar with your kids
73. Offer church bulletin or flyer design
74. Help other members sell unused items
75. Organize a church-wide sale for missions
76. Teach a budgeting class and tithe your earnings
77. Sell Bible verse wall art
78. Offer Scripture-based digital downloads
79. Print & sell devotionals or journals
80. Sell used church books/music resources

Grow It Long-Term

81. Buy and flip cars (like the old gentleman)
82. Start a cleaning company
83. Open a small online business

84. Sell items at flea markets
85. Offer senior tech support
86. Sell snacks or drinks at local sports events
87. Start a mobile repair business
88. Offer bookkeeping for small businesses
89. Start a niche subscription service
90. Partner with a local business to earn referral fees

Quick & Easy

91. Participate in paid surveys
92. Collect and redeem recyclables
93. Refer friends to apps or products with bonuses
94. Take pictures for real estate listings
95. Rent out your vehicle on Turo
96. Sell gently used baby gear
97. Offer seasonal yard cleanup
98. Sell firewood or kindling bundles
99. Start a delivery side gig (Uber, DoorDash)
100. Offer “rent-a-helper” for odd jobs

