A Poem to Discouraged Missionaries

By Jimmy Smith

Inspired by A Letter to Discouraged Missionaries by Christy Lakip

Part 1

Dear missionaries brave and true,
Difficult, hard, the work you do.
You volunteer your life to give,
To teaching truth that souls might live.

The world may laugh and mock and scorn
At this, the work, for which you're born.
But Heaven smiles upon your face
As you spread Christ's pure love and grace.

Names may be called, and scorn be hurled,
Rejection bounds throughout the world.
But do not let despair take hold,
For you are part of plans untold.

You will plant seeds that seem so small,
Yet in God's time, they rise up tall.
Oft time labors bloom beyond sight,
And harvests reap into the night.

When doors are shut with undue force.
And mocking words begin to course.
I long to write each one of you
To lift you up and help you through.

Please hear my words, dear faithful friend,
A message from my heart I send.
A letter to you valiant souls
Missionaries of Christ's true fold.

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Part 2

Here's a story to cheer you up,
About a woman, not made up.
Life taught her that the Church was wrong,
She heard it preached her whole life long.

She recollected TVs a glow,
Commercials spoke of love to know.
"Families eternal," they would sing,
A joyful, warm, comforting thing.

Yet parents sneered, "It's all a lie,"
They called it evil in disguise.
Doors would crash, yet grace you would show,
She was watching and felt faith grow.

From tiny seeds in childhood sown,
God's perfect plan is softly grown.
And in her heart, a seed took root,
A feeling she could not refute.

At college, Sisters knocked one day,
Busy still, she turned them away.
The door that slammed was cold and grim,
Yet was God's will, a gift from Him.

That day you thought your work was vain,
A heart was turned from secret pain.
That day you left without success,
A soul drew closer, nonetheless.

Conversion can take a long time.
And patience brings blessings sublime.
In her story, more years went by
Before more Elders came to try.

And this time was the golden one
To Jesus her heart finally won.
For when she saw the steadfast light,
She knew the gospel plan was right.

No longer could ignore the prompt
Was baptized in a humble font.
The Savior, you helped her acquaint.
Now wife and mother, faithful Saint.

Part 3

So, when you feel you've lost your way,
Remember why you serve today.
A simple smile, a patient stand,
Can be the touch of Heaven's hand.

Lift up your head. Though hearts may ache,
Most NOs are for another's sake.
That you endure is proof divine,
Despite rejection you will shine.

When folks turn from the Savior's plea,
It's not your worth they fail to see.
You walk the path the Savior trod,
A willing servant of our God.

Though doors may slam and tempers flare,
The Lord still hears your every prayer.
For even if your voice seems drowned,
Your message sticks. Truth will resound.

Unknown to you, your seeds take flight,
They're blessing lives without your sight.
You're working miracles untold,
The shepherds guiding to the fold.

And though you may not see it yet,
Your sacrifice, God won't forget.
And when your mission days are through,
You'll see what Heaven saw in you.

You're tools of God in errand true,
Great things bloom forth from what you do.
God gave you purpose and trusts your hand,
To build His kingdom, vast and grand.

To every soul who served with might,
Remember you're a beacon bright.
Your sacrifice, though veiled from view,
Brings home lost sheep. God works through you.

To Elders, Sisters, called in grace,
You're cherished in each time and place.
The Lord's message for you to hear:
Know He's in charge. Go forth with cheer!