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# DANIEL'S PASTORAL TRANSITION LETTER

## Announcing My Transition into a New Phase of Ministry

*by Daniel A. Brown, PhD*

### A BRIEF HISTORY

Though God birthed the vision for The Coastlands in my heart several months before my family and I moved to Santa Cruz, our church officially started at a New Year's Eve party in our Soquel home on December 31, 1984. Gathered there were members of our church planting team from the College and Single's groups from "Church on the Way" (COTW), a few couples and individuals we had met in the previous weeks, and several "well-wishers." We culminated the party with silent midnight revelry—because our four children, Hilary, Collin, Lorrel and baby Evan, were asleep.

Some people would have had a difficult time identifying that party and the ensuing meetings in our living room as a church. There were, after all, no musical instruments to accompany my pitiful attempts to sing songs of worship—and except for what we talked about—we might easily have been mistaken for a Tupperware meeting! But then again, the few cells of a recently conceived child in the womb don't look like what it one day will, either.

Within a month, we had to accommodate the burgeoning growth of the little Sunday morning meetings in our home by moving to the Sesnon House at Cabrillo College. I put our best and most experienced people in Children's Ministry, on the worship team, and in general service support—leaving myself without ushers, greeters or backup if anything went wrong during church. That resulted not only in a fabulous CM experience for visiting children who then begged their parents to go that "church with a tepee-out-front," but it also shaped much of how we have done church ever since.

Moving furniture, passing out bulletins, and introducing one another became the assignment of relative newcomers. More than one surprised guest was asked to hand out bulletins and make sure everyone had a seat!

Within months we had purchased a little sound system, divided the children into three age-groups, started weekly pizza/spaghetti parties in various homes, and studied what I considered to be the basics of the Kingdom—everything from worship and Bible study to serving and tithing. One of my earliest blunders (*of which there would be many*) was to announce a “Ladies’ Bible Study” and to presume Pamela would teach it! She didn’t; I did. That gathering of women grew and grew as friend told friend, and before long, ladies from the study started bringing their spouse or boyfriend to church on the weekend.

## EARLIEST MANDATES

Continuing what I had started at COTW, I initiated an Internship Program for young adults, and those early Interns—all of whom ended up serving the Lord in full-time ministry—provided the necessary people-power to mobilize dozens of volunteers for all the stuff that a thriving church needs to do and engage in ministry for one another’s lives. Numeric growth continued unabated, so we had to move to the large lecture hall at Cabrillo College.

Week after week, the faithful set-up crew transported everything we needed to transform the college classrooms into a church facility. Richard Clark, the only member of the original church-planting team from COTW, who’s still at the Coastlands, volunteered his truck for that thankless task month after month.

With desks to move, panels and banners to set up, floors to scrub, drum sets to assemble, coffee to make, children to watch, and prayer for each week, there was plenty to do. A job for everyone!

Everyone got involved serving. That, by the way, had been one of my specific assignments from the Lord. While driving the U-Haul truck to Santa Cruz from Van Nuys, I received two very clear words from the Lord that have guided my thinking as a pastor all these years. The first of those revolved around the true work of church. Apparently it was a topic about which I was confused: “*I want you to change your thinking,*” the Lord told me. “*Do not start with the work, but with My sheep. Instead of thinking you do not have enough people to get the work done, always believe you do not have enough work to get all the people done.*” That’s what gave rise to one of our mottos:

“Don’t use people to get the job done; use the job to get people done.”

## THE DELTA

Within two years, we began fulfilling another mandate from the Lord—sending people out to start new churches. In the U-Haul truck, the day after Christmas 1984, a picture had come to my mind of a large river into which tributaries flowed, thereby enlarging it more and more. Within an instant,

the image changed to the other end of the river where it formed a delta by dividing itself into several channels and waterways. I was a bit puzzled by the vision until the Lord birthed an understanding in my heart. I summarize that sudden awareness with a phrase, “*Delta Recourse*” (the title of a book I wrote years ago about church planting).

The simple instruction from the Lord was for me NOT to concentrate on getting more people into The Coastlands, but to focus my aim on the other end—sending them out. He told me to view all future Coastlands’ attendees as living streams— whose purpose was to be sent into desert places— not to be collected into an ever-bigger river. That’s the origin of our mission statement:

“Love, mend, train, and send people into more ministry than they might aspire to on their own.”

## SERVE TODAY

Two other occurrences fixed part of our DNA as a church within the first few months of our existence. One evening at a fairly intense prayer meeting, I spoke aloud a deep desire I had for the Lord to do a great work in our community, and among us. My request was usual for a church leader, but nonetheless heartfelt and sincere: “*God, do a strong work and manifest Your goodness and greatness in the months ahead. Thank You, Lord, for what You’re going to do. Amen.*”

After praying, I felt an instant sense of unease. I didn’t feel God was mad at me, but He was correcting me about something. In the moments that followed, the Lord chastened me for teaching His people incorrectly—or at least incompletely. God certainly did, and will continue to do, amazing and miraculous things in *days ahead*, but He showed me that I was inadvertently teaching my flock to *always* be looking to the future for His works, and not to see what He was doing *in the now*. Hoping for the kind of breakthrough that would get the attention of everyone in the community, I was training people to overlook God’s daily and immediate provision.

Do we contend for future glory and revival? Yes, of course. But we also want to convince people that most of what God wants to do in and through us is a day-by-day experience. His miraculous works in the world certainly call for prayer, but they also usually require the use of the lips, hands, or feet of everyday believers who are “*instant in season and out*” (2 Timothy 4:2). That’s why serving is so vital to our concept of the Christian life: serving is the small part we get to have in a much bigger event; it’s *the loaves and fish of the multitude’s banquet*.

A believer will never be geared up for tomorrow’s significance if he or she is not ready for today’s insignificance.

I certainly didn’t coin the phrase, but it’s another of our core values:

“The path to Kingdom greatness passes through the servants’ quarters.”

## THE BASKET

An ink and pastel drawing of a wicker basket has hung on the wall of every office I’ve had as pastor of The Coastlands. It represents both a promise and a reminder that God impressed me with in the early months. The basket in my vision was unfinished, but even with pieces of wicker not yet entwined I could distinguish the basket’s ornately patterned weave and color. Each strand had its place and unique qualities that, when fitted together with the whole, produced the perfect basket (Ephesians 4:16). *“Be sure to notice,” the Lord whispered to me, “Each piece has its time and place. If you ask Me, I will show you where and how the people I bring to you fit together.”*

From that moment, I have been insatiably curious about why Jesus has brought each person to us at the time He did; He has a plan for these precious people, something in our church that is to benefit him or her, and something in them that is to bless us. The shorthand question I have asked hundreds and hundreds of times through the years when individuals have decided The Coastlands is to be their home is, simply, *“What treasure/gift has Jesus intended to be our portion through you?”* Since there is such a close connection between how people have been designed by God to work *and* the particular things they end up doing, I have made it a point of diligent study to discover God’s work in and through people at The Coastlands.

I have tried always to emphasize that each of us is different, and we should experience individual training, not just lecture-hall instruction. I have wanted to see people discover, understand, and flourish in the spiritual gifts and ministry gift-mix God has uniquely designed for them. In our star studded culture, believers struggle unnecessarily when they compare themselves with others. God numbers and names every star in the heavens, and He does not see some as dim and others as bright. He has no preference in stars, and certainly none in His children.

Consequently, I have endeavored to create an atmosphere of equality where each person is appreciated for his or her uniqueness, and where we are not divided into permanent groupings of special leaders. I love a collegial atmosphere. Few assignments have satisfied me more than this one with the basket—attributing honor and value to each person and celebrating connection with them because of who they are, not what they can do.

## A STEADY COURSE

In addition to those early landmarks, those boundary markers that were not to be moved if I wanted to be faithful to Jesus’ particular call to me and The Coastlands, several other key understandings have helped me proceed through turbulent and uncertain waters. None are original to our ministry; all are biblical. Though it must be left to others to judge how well I have

lived them out and led with them, as far as I am aware, I have never deviated from these baseline perspectives for a church exalting Jesus Christ as Savior and making disciples of all people:

- The least in the kingdom of God has incredible destiny and ministry potential. Any truly willing child of God, even the smallest one, can be discipled to “become a clan, and the least one a mighty nation” (Isaiah 60:22; Matthew 11:11).
- Jesus left us one primary assignment—to make disciples by retelling the things He has taught us. While God certainly speaks to us individually, He passes along a good portion of His counsel and truth to each of us through a glorified “*bucket-brigade*” from one generation or person to another. Without mentors, our spiritual growth is hindered; without disciples it is squandered (Matthew 28:18-20; 2 Timothy 2:2).
- Jesus’ ministry, and thereby the church’s, transforms and recovers people from what they have been, to what they were meant to be. The more that people are mended from the ravages of sin and satanic assault, the better equipped they will be to minister to others (Isaiah 61:1-5; Ephesians 4:12).
- Ultimately, the measure of our ministry and the focus of our action ought to be in successive generations; the men and women who have been loved, mended, trained, and released into ministry beyond our immediate sphere. Jesus drew disciples to Himself, so that He could send them forth to bear fruit (Mark 3:13-15; John 15:16).

I am resolute about these truths, and they explain why we have done many things at The Coastlands—from ICUs to mission teams, to staff changes, to Pancake breakfasts—and the way we have done them. It’s why MD<sub>1</sub> has been aimed only at people in the church who have an identifiable role of leading/mentoring others in the church, and why I’ve reminded our staff that a huge part of their job is mobilizing volunteers whom they can train to do the job. Perhaps, too, you can see the roots of two phrases I’ve repeated throughout the years:

“Never do alone what you could do with someone else.”

“Why waste a perfectly good job on someone who already knows how to do it well.”

One of my favorite ways of picturing our church is to think of an orphanage—or at least a group of orphans who keep gathering more and more orphans until “*family*” is defined not by the presence of parents, but by the presence and immediacy of the rest of us together. Even though it is not a biblical quote, the theme of the Three Musketeers captures my heart for our church: “*All for one,*

*and one for all.*" I love how at VBS, everyone, of all ages gets to be together, having fun and celebrating life in Jesus.

## NUMBERED DAYS

One of the clearest lessons in Scripture is that we are strangers and aliens on this planet—even as the Patriarchs were in the Promise Land. In Psalm 90:12, Moses asks God to grant the wisdom to number his days, to recognize that time here on Earth is full of (wearying) labor, and it is soon gone, leaving in its wake little more than a puzzled query, *"That's it? That's all? So soon?"* I remember the first time I publicly taught from the first chapter of Joshua. The words, *"Moses my servant is dead"* are fairly sobering, as is the call for Joshua to *"arise therefore,"* but I was most struck by the simple fact that both men were part of a long list of judges, prophets and rulers whom God would use to guide His people.

God, who will not give His glory to another, bestows portions of His grace for brief periods of time on men and women who figure prominently in our spiritual formation. He gives them a measure of wisdom and insight, so that they can *"watch over"* our souls (Hebrews 13:17), without *"lording"* over us in the manner of unbelieving leaders (Matthew 20:25; 1 Peter 5:1-3). Most of us remember the person who led us to Jesus, the ones who exemplified life in Christ well; our first pastor or the individual who disciplined us through the years. Some planted, some watered, but God was the One at work through them causing the growth (1 Corinthians 3:6).

The names that would be foremost on my list of mentors—aside from my parents who got me started in all this—are *Don Williams*, the college pastor of Hollywood 1<sup>st</sup> Presbyterian Church when I attended there in 1970, who challenged me to study my Bible as avidly as he had studied his years before; *Ken and Marianne Pientka*, pastors at COTW who adopted the squirrely Bible study I led at UCLA from 1974-76, and who patiently introduced me to the gifts and power of the Holy Spirit; and, *Jack Hayford*, my pastor from 1974-1984, who explained the principles of the Kingdom and taught me how to extract life-shaping truth from all parts of the Bible.

Though I still hear their voices in my mind, and though not a week goes by without being grateful for what they deposited in my life, their days with me—and mine with them—were numbered *"when as yet there was not one of them"* (Psalm 139:16). Not because God wants to break our heart, but because He has so much more for us. Nothing will erase the memory of Don Williams, the first spiritual leader who ever took personal interest in my spiritual life, visiting me in the tent where I lived in Beverly Hills in the summer between my Freshman and Sophomore years at UCLA. (That's a whole story in and of itself!) He changed the course of my life.

But Ken and Marianne did too! They taught me things Don could not have taught me (I do not think he even knew about the things they shared with me). Without their careful and challenging

lessons about spiritual gifts, deliverance and counseling, I would have been immeasurably handicapped as the pastor of The Coastlands. I lost nothing from Don when I gained so much from Ken and Marianne.

While attending COTW, I was so amazed by what Pastor Jack gleaned and taught from the Bible, about the kingdom of God and the ministry of every believer—that in 1975 I told him I thought he would one day be called the Martin Luther of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. In a fit of over exuberance, I said I wanted to be one of his disciples who furthered his teaching around the world. Sensing the heart of this zealous 22-yr. old, he smiled and made me feel welcomed anyway. The church was too large and Pastor Jack was too busy to allow me much time alone with him; 90% of what I learned from him came via sermons and real-life examples. He never intentionally disciplined me, but I intentionally got disciplined by him.

## LEAVING OTHERS

The personality and flavor of The Coastlands could hardly be more different from COTW under Jack. We're vastly different personalities from eras decades apart, but one of the most cherished moments in my life was when he said that he did not know of anyone whose thinking about the Kingdom was conceptually closer to his than mine was. Of course, He shaped most of it! And for that I honor his input above all others.

Eventually, we're all destined to hear Abram's summons to leave his past and his ancestors in order to journey to the place where God wanted him to give rise to descendents. That is always the Kingdom way: give honor to spiritual parents, but give birth to spiritual children. In 1984, Pastor Jack had a church full of people who needed tending, and I had a heart full of tending that was called to a people; those people lived in Santa Cruz 350 miles to the north.

But I had to leave many people behind in Los Angeles—more than 350 college-age students in the College/Career group I had pastored since 1978; and the 400 young adults ages 25-30 in the other group I pioneered in 1980. Dozens from those two groups are now in spiritual leadership positions all over the world, but back then I had to say goodbye to all but the few who helped pioneer our church. God's summons of me was somewhat ironic in its timing. I was in the middle of a 3-year plan to scatter small groups of those young adults as church plants all over the country when God said, *"It's time for you to go."*

It reminded me of the other significant group I had left years before. Shortly after Pamela and I were filled with the Spirit, we were asked to leave the student Christian group we had been part of at UCLA. The leader of that group, my best friend, disagreed with my newfound Pentecostal theology, and felt it would be best if we parted company. So, I started another Bible study that began to grow well beyond what was normal in those days, and from 1974-76 scores and scores of

students and non-students were saved, filled with the Holy Spirit, delivered, disciplined, etc. I guess that was the first church I ever planted.

One morning in prayer, I heard the Lord tell me that the time was finished for that study (we called it “*Tuesday Night*”); in two weeks I was to end my leadership role and close down the group because He wanted to teach me things that could not be learned in the existing scenario. “*One day,*” He promised, “*I will give college students back into your care.*” That’s what happened two years later when Pastor Jack came to the delivery room while Pamela was in labor with Collin, and asked me to oversee the college group. Oops!

Sometimes, saying “yes” to Jesus means saying “*goodbye*” to people we love.

## LEAVING MY ROLE AS SENIOR PASTOR

That brings me to the real point of this letter. I want to explain as well as possible what the Lord has asked of me—and what I believe He is asking of those who call The Coastlands your spiritual home. It’s never easy to communicate what the Lord says and how He says it, especially when His words introduce big changes that affect lots of people at different levels. The explanation can seem contrived or unconvincing, but I’m not really trying to convince you about the decision I have made. I mostly want to invite you to embrace a very exciting future and assignment for us both.

Effective the day after Christmas this year, I will no longer be the Senior Pastor of The Coastlands. There simply are no words to adequately convey what that means for me. Though it is my choice (if there is such a thing as choice when it comes to being obedient to Jesus’ call)—a choice that I eagerly embrace and move toward. I feel like a man on the edge of a giant fault opening up in the earth before his feet. I’m prepared to walk forward in this decision, but I can already feel the implications opening a chasm of sadness. How could stepping away from this most-cherished and loved role not tear my heart out?

Twenty-two years is a long time to do anything, and when the “*doing*” has been to be so deeply involved in the lives of so many; when the “*doing*” has been the privilege of seeing firsthand how God changes people; when the “*doing*” has been loving and being loved by so many for whom I would give my very life—that is a very long time, indeed!

What will I miss, you ask? What won’t I miss? The affection, the trust, the partnership, and the discoveries about God’s plan for your lives—you have been my crown, my joy, my reason to keep on even in the face of persecution and despair. This is our home where loving teachers tended our children—where they matured safely in the love of so many aunts and uncles. This was that ministry calling for which God prepared and shaped me throughout the first 30 years of my life.

This place, this people called The Coastlands is where I have given everything I have known how to give. But please understand me when I say, “*I do not say it as though my service has put you in my debt.*” Quite the opposite, in having given you my life, I have received untold reward. Jesus taught that greater blessing accompanies giving, rather than getting.

As Paul exclaims to his dear friends in Corinth, “*I will most gladly spend and be expended for your soul...*” (2 Corinthians 12:15). He knew—and I have experienced—a truth that I have tried my best to teach you: true and lasting fulfillment always and only comes by serving others. Through the years I have watched people try to protect/save their lives, their time, their families, only to lose them in the long run.

Giving up this place as your pastor, I will miss three things above all others: 1) teaching you the Bible, trying to make *difficult to understand truths* practical and simple; 2) having that mantle of authority/insight that gives me a *keener than normal perspective* to counsel you; and, 3) rallying you with prophetic vision in order to accomplish something “great” together in the Lord.

## **A CONFLICTED VISION**

Each of us has life verses and prophetic pictures about how God most uses us. As members of His body, some of us are toes and some ears. The more we serve the Lord without reserve, the clearer picture we come to have about His fundamental design in our lives. Most of you know that I am a starter, not a maintainer. In many ways, I am a bit surprised that the Lord had me stay in this role for so many years. Perhaps that helps you understand why things are always changing around here. I could not possibly be the pastor for so many years unless things kept changing and starting afresh. It's one reason we planted so many churches. I am a compulsive starter and innovator—not as a fluke or flaw in my personality, but by God's design.

I'm not supposed to build on others' foundation (Romans 15:18-20), and I have great God-given confidence small beginnings or numbers do not restrict what God can eventually do (1 Samuel 14:6-7). I'm drawn to the overlooked and forgotten; my shepherding impulses are strongest for those who have no one caring for them. These have been interesting—and sometimes conflicted—impulses for the pastor of a local church. Of course, the earliest life verse I ever received pointed me to the nations, and pushing people into ministry throughout the world (Deuteronomy 33:17), so I'm not surprised that The Coastlands completely blurred the distinction between a local church and a world-base.

With me as pastor, we have ended up touching and being touched by church leaders all over the world. Any of you who have traveled on mission teams or hosted guests from other nations, have felt the burden that I have carried for so many years. Wanting to offer friendship and nurture to leaders in other nations, The Coastlands has been able to walk through many doors opened by the

Lord in many situations around the world. You have undoubtedly been aware of how much those opportunities have increased in recent months.

## **Two Jobs, Too Big**

I, too, have noticed—and I have labored to the utmost of my ability and strength to continue this conflicted vision for the world and for our local congregation. Though there are many sub points and profound spiritual themes in my decision, the simplest explanation I can offer you as to why I know I must hand the church over to Todd and Hilary is that I cannot do both jobs well any longer. The Coastlands needs a pastor whose energies and focus are almost completely on Santa Cruz. We need a fresh vision for our current church family, comprised of such a beautiful mix of younger and older.

The local needs and opportunities are calling out to us as almost never before. But so are the possibilities to profoundly affect and influence Foursquare Church leaders throughout the world. Our relationships in Europe are leading us into more ministry situations than ever, and the invitations in Asia are opening up almost monthly—with very exciting developments in Korea, Thailand, Indonesia, China, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand (to name a few).

May I offer you a little more history to fill out the story of where we are at this juncture? Many of you know, five years ago, in keeping with my penchant for promoting newer people to positions, I sent out most of our key pastoral team members to pastor their own churches, according to their own ministry perspectives. I disciplined them as much as their job as associate pastors would allow. I felt the Lord tell me to pour everything I knew about church leadership into three young couples (Howards, Millikans and Engelhardts) whom, I presumed would be sent out as church planters sometime, 3-5 years hence.

As it turned out, only the Howards left to start a new church on the Westside, so about two years ago, I had to change my thinking about the role for Todd and Hilary and Josh and Jessie. It was a good reminder to me that no matter how clearly we think we know what God has planned, we only see “*dimly in a mirror*” (1 Corinthians 13:12). By the way, those mirrors in New Testament times were made of polished brass—not exactly the sharper image of today.

Have you ever thought you understood God's plan, only to discover that you had misinterpreted what He said? I have...on many occasions. Another scripture came home to me in those days of reassessment: “*The mind of a person plans his path, but the Lord directs his steps*” (Proverbs 16:9). In other words, things don't always follow our strategic thinking for how they ought to go.

## STAYING OR LEAVING?

Pamela and I are not strangers to the possibility that God could call us elsewhere. In the first 6-7 years pastoring The Coastlands, I secretly dreaded any phone call from COTW because I was afraid they would ask me to return. Years ago I was asked to become senior pastor of one of the most promising Foursquare churches in the nation. I've been invited on more than one occasion to become the primary associate pastor at very prominent, large churches. We've been approached about moving to larger cities and given all sorts of affirming encouragement about what would happen to our ministry if we would move away from *little old* Santa Cruz, etc.

I appreciated the encouragement and affirmation, but each time I asked the Lord if we had to be leaving The Coastlands and He always said, "*Stay put.*"

That made Pamela and me very, very happy through the years—and again during the last two years. Perhaps it was the context in which I asked the question, but I received yet another confirmation: Pamela and I were not going anywhere. Santa Cruz was our home, our base, and we were not leaving the church anytime in the foreseeable future. In fact, as the conviction grew stronger toward the last part of 2005 and the beginning of 2006, I felt the boldness to tell people about indicators that we'd be here at least "seven more years."

## DETAILS OF THE FUTURE

Understandably, however, anyone who heard me talk about my future at The Coastlands in the last couple years can legitimately wonder how they're supposed to put two things together that don't seem to fit together. If I said I wasn't leaving, but now I am, how does that work? Though I am transitioning out of the position of senior pastor, neither Pamela nor I are leaving town or taking ministry positions at another church.

Here's a more detailed look at what the future holds for us all. There is still much about it that has not yet unfolded, but here is what I do know:

- Stepping aside as the senior pastor of The Coastlands is an act of obedience on my part in order to step into the ministry God has for my future. I do this voluntarily, like I stepped aside from leading the singles ministry at COTW two decades ago.
- Just as Moses anointed Joshua as his replacement, and just as David appointed his son to be king before David's death, I am naming Todd Millikan as the next pastor of The Coastlands with the approval of the SOBAD District supervisor, Al Soto.

- Pamela and I are NOT moving. Both of us will be part of the pastoral team at The Coastlands. She will continue her weekly Bible study, her involvement with the worship team, and other assignments that Todd and Hilary give her. Expect her to be involved in our counseling ministry and conducting the deliverance practicums.
- My new title (we're so BIG on titles around here) will be Extension Resources Pastor, and I will continue to help strategize the best use of our mission teams. In conjunction with Todd, I'll coordinate various visits, seminars and conferences to which we'll be inviting pastors and church leaders from our nation and the world. My main role will be to work with the growing ministry our church has throughout the world.
- The transition process will proceed over the next three months under Todd's and my direction, so that the church "hits the ground running" under Todd's leadership beginning December 26, 2006. All plans for ministry program, personnel, and finances will be decided jointly until that day.
- Due to a huge increase in travel opportunities, I will be away from Santa Cruz for most of January-May on several different trips. I hope Pamela will get to go with me on many of them. Whenever I am in town on the weekends, I plan to attend all the services. Several seminars are already scheduled to take place here on our campus, and you will be meeting many new friends from around the world.
- I will move out of my existing office as soon as Todd and his team firm up a total plan for office relocation. He will move into my office, Ginger will occupy Brenda's office, and Hilary will swap offices with Pamela.

Todd has already asked me to preach on a weekend or two next summer, and he has mentioned some plan to have me do additional studies in the future. But he's the pastor, and pastors ought to be preachers. I told Todd I would not even consider preaching at The Coastlands for at least 8 months.

## **A FINAL THOUGHT**

The clincher for me came several months ago when I taught you out of 1 Chronicles 28 about David handing the work of building the Temple over to his son, Solomon. It's the same text I used for my plenary address at the 2006 Foursquare Convention in Washington, DC. David was a man of war; that wasn't a bad thing, nor was God rebuking him for that fact. But the gifting and assignment he had as King of Israel during a certain time in its history made him unsuitable for what God wanted to do in Israel thereafter.

When the Lord whispered to me, “*You’re a man of warfare, and not the one to build the temple in Aptos,*” I did not receive it as a rebuke, but as a release. He’s calling me to lay more foundations in more places in the world, and in my mind and heart, those foundations are supposed to connect to this one at The Coastlands. God is calling Todd—and all of you who are willing to labor alongside him as you have been next to me—to build upon the foundation that has been laid here. Paul says to those who follow after him in Corinth,

*“According to the grace of God which was given to me, like a wise master builder I laid a foundation, and another is building on it. But each man must be careful how he builds on it.” ~1 Corinthians 3:10*

I hope those who look closely will always be able to spot a small, unobtrusive signature plate attached to this foundation just beneath the dirt; it reads DANIEL and PAMELA BROWN, SENIOR PASTORS (1984-2006).