



M O M S O F M I S S I O N

COME SIT WITH ME

Hi, friend...

I'm so glad you're here.

If we were sitting together over a cup of coffee, I wonder what you'd tell me.

Maybe you'd tell me you're tired. Maybe you'd tell me your children are thriving... but somewhere along the way you've wondered if God still has something for you too.

I've heard those words more times than I can count. And if I'm honest, I've whispered them myself.

Over the years, I've had the privilege of sitting with hundreds of women. We've laughed. We've cried. We've celebrated miracles. We've walked through loss. We've dreamed again.

And somewhere in almost every conversation, I noticed something beautiful. Every mom carries something unique. Sometimes it's easy to see. Sometimes it's been buried beneath years of caring for everyone else. But it's still there.

That's why I made this. Not so you can become someone new, but so you can remember what you've been carrying all along.

Before we begin... take a deep breath. There's nothing to prove here. No perfect answers. Just you, your story, and whatever God wants to remind you today.

Love, Stacey

I'm really glad you're here.



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BEFORE WE BEGIN

Why a “mission” matters

The word mission means sent. It's not something you invent to prove your worth. It's something you were entrusted with and sent to carry. That takes the pressure off. You're not manufacturing a calling. You're remembering one you already have.

For years, I kept carrying dreams that never seemed to move forward. Not because they weren't from God, but because I had never actually named them. Once I could say them out loud, everything became clearer.

Now it's your turn. Not just teaching. Your story.

“What gets named gets stewarded.

What gets stewarded gets finished.”

A mission that stays a wish stays unfinished. A mission you can say out loud becomes a compass. It even helps you say a peaceful no to the things that aren't yours to carry. That's not less faith. That's focus.

Three quiet threads

Every mission begins with the woman behind the story, the reason behind the story, and the mission beyond the story. You don't have to spell those out. Just answer honestly, and they'll be there.

You don't have to figure it all out today.



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TAKE YOUR TIME

A few gentle questions

1 What season am I in?

Maybe you're raising little ones. Maybe you're learning how to release adult children. Maybe you're beginning again after loss. Maybe you're finally making room for a dream that's been waiting quietly for years. Wherever you are, God meets you there.

What season are you in right now?

2 What's the gift or fire I carry?

Not your résumé. Your fire. The thing people thank you for. The thing you'd do even if no one paid you. Even the quiet gift counts.

Maybe... “a way of seeing the good in people,” “a heart that won't quit praying,” “the courage to start over.”

3 Who is my mission for?

Your children. Other women. Your family. A cause on your heart. Small and hidden counts as much as big and visible.

4 What's my heart's cry?

If nothing held you back, no fear, no funds, no doubt, what would you love to see happen through your life and story? Write the dream, even if it feels too big.

There's no rush... just listen.



M O M S O F M I S S I O N

WRITE IT. KEEP IT. PRAY IT.

Your Mom Mission Statement

Now gather your answers, and read it slowly, out loud:

Don't overthink this. Write what comes first. Sometimes our hearts know before our minds do.

I carry _____.

It's for _____.

And my heart's cry is this: _____.

My home matters. My voice matters. And my mission is only beginning.

A mom. A mission. A story.

A prayer to close

Lord, thank You that I don't have to chase a mission. You already planted one in me. Help me steward it, not strive for it. Make my home a launching pad, my voice steady, and my story a blessing that reaches further than I can see. One step at a time. Amen.

Trust the first thing that comes to your heart.



M O M S O F M I S S I O N

BEFORE YOU GO

Can I tell you something I've learned?

God has a beautiful way of meeting us in ordinary moments. Sometimes it's through a conversation. Sometimes it's while we're washing dishes. Sometimes it's through a simple question that won't leave us alone.

Maybe this little guide is one of those moments for you.

I don't believe you found this page by accident. Maybe today is simply an invitation to remember. To breathe. To notice that your story still matters. That your voice still matters. That the years you've spent loving, serving, grieving, hoping, praying, and beginning again weren't preparing you for someone else's mission.

They were preparing you for yours.

Thank you for letting me spend these few minutes with you. I hope we'll sit together again soon.

Love, Stacey

One little next step

Come sit at the table with us. Join The M.O.M Letter at momsofmission.com for the stories, the encouragement, and the reminder that you're not walking this out alone.

There's always a seat for you at this table.