



THE
**FIVE MARKS
OF A MAN**

FINDING YOUR PATH TO
COURAGEOUS MANHOOD

BRIAN TOME



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HOW TO READ THIS BOOK

If you would actually read a section in a book called “How to Read This Book,” then you are someone who likes to read. If this is you, turn the page and start reading.

This book is laid out for the average guy, even though the average guy doesn’t read this many words. Most guys don’t read anything unless it’s mandated for work. This isn’t a judgment, just an observable fact. If they do read, it’s in short bursts with the finish line in sight—think magazine articles, blogs, and book summaries.

If books this size intimidate you, simply read the introduction and the first chapter in each of the five marks. These brief chapters will give you the macro content. If you want to dig deeper, go through the rest of the book.

I believe every sentence and every chapter in this book has value, and I’m thankful for your trust as you give your time to grow as a man.

Brian Tome

PREFACE

WHY ANOTHER BOOK FOR MEN?

Why another book about men? Why another book written to men when most men hardly read? Conventional wisdom says that if you want to write a book that sells a lot of copies, stay on the straight and narrow of writing to appeal to women. I published the first iteration of this book in 2016. Why does *The Five Marks of a Man* still have life? Because guys are being helped. They like it and they need it.

What started as a personal project to help my young son understand manhood was turned into a book and since then has become an open door to interact with men of every brand and stripe. I've interacted with young men in the juvenile detention system who did a book report on *The Five Marks* at the request of the judge. I've shared *The Five Marks* with public university fraternities, businesses, and men's ministries all around the country. Just last week I was invited by an NFL team to bring this content to their players and coaches.

Men are in desperate conditions. Statistics show men with a life expectancy five years less than women,¹ nearly four times more likely to commit suicide than women,² and two times more likely

to have an alcohol or substance abuse incident.³ Men are hurting and there aren't many places for them to turn. To be clear, I think women still have it harder in our world, but men are falling apart faster. Men either aren't wired to exist in modern culture or modern culture doesn't have what we need to thrive.

Women have had a tough road in our country over the past couple centuries. There's no denying that there's been a long-standing social and financial advantage to being a man. I'm not saying that the playing field is level. What I'm saying is that there *is* a cultural stress that's grating on the male populace with awful outcomes. American males are in crisis, and it's only getting worse. It's a possible driver for why grown men still act like boys and why young boys never grow into men.

We're facing things that no other males in any corner of the globe, in any time period, have faced. As a result, we haven't adapted and aren't even sure how to adapt. This isn't an excuse for bad behavior, but it may explain the unique position men are in relative to the rest of history.

New Expectations

The traditional male had it easy in a society where he did his job and came home to slippers and a paper while his wife labored on. As accurate or inaccurate as this memory of history may be, the truth is we are now expected to have a full palette of aptitudes that few of us know how to express or navigate.

Things are expected of us emotionally that weren't expected of our fathers and grandfathers. The "strong silent type" is now the man who isn't in touch with his feelings. The "provider" is no longer doing his job adequately if he isn't providing an empathetic emotional side that he doesn't understand and never saw modeled in the men he looked up to as a child.

Men's magazines are doing to men what *Cosmopolitan* did to women in the 1970s. None of us can live up to the expectations of having it all, doing it all, and looking the part. We're supposed to be conquerors, counselors, fashionistas, chefs, and manscapers. Our forefathers didn't have the complexity of great careers that provided for their family AND an idyllic marriage AND kids that were on the right track AND a body that was sculpted from working out daily AND a mind that was well-read from reading a book a week AND wearing GQ clothing AND plucking their eyebrows. No one can bear the weight of these expectations without something else feeling crushed elsewhere.

Many expectations on us are fair and appropriate, but many of us in meeting these expectations don't have the time and energy—and maybe not even the awareness—of how to meet our true emotional, relational, and spiritual needs. Today's current cultural expectations must be put into check. Maybe then we would be more likely to develop our soul instead of lose it. We need deep and vulnerable relational bonds with other men that provide emotional stability. We also need spiritual pursuits that give us a strength that can't be achieved in the weight room.

Paranoid Assumptions

Modern news feeds are replete with examples of males behaving badly. We're bringing a fair share of bad press upon ourselves. From the abuses on college campuses to the glass ceilings we've created in corporate America, our misdeeds are publicized with great fanfare.

These kinds of males aren't "men" but "boys." As you'll go on to read in this book, it isn't age that separates men from the boys. Rather, the distinction is what they do and how they live. The boys making headlines don't represent the majority of men who

love and respect their sweethearts, wives, daughters, and female colleagues. It often feels like there's an agenda to prove manhood unnecessary and toxic. Google "Do we need men?" and see how many articles and books pop up. I can't imagine anyone writing a piece about the world not needing women without the author being appropriately castigated.

I'm an American megachurch pastor. To many people, that means I must be an overpaid, egotistical hypocrite who secretly beds other women. A hypersmall percentage of my peers have made those headlines, but that's not who I am. Still, it's stressful meeting new people and answering the "So what do you do?" question, knowing this is the script others have written for my life. Paranoid assumptions don't bring out the best in me, nor in my brothers.

In management circles and in parenting we know that people will rise to the level of expectation. When a male feels that people expect the worst from him, he'll give them his worst. Negative assumptions bring out the worst in all of us. Many males are weary in standing against the rising tide of pessimism in our culture, and they've simply given up.

Lack of Physical Skills

Just as neuroscience tells us that female brains advance more quickly in attention and word memory, it also tells us that young male brains can visualize and comprehend 3D figures in space more easily than young females.⁴ This aids in constructing things, which is partially why young boys are often drawn to trucks. Physical aptitude is important for men, and yet most of us aren't developing it.

The effort necessary to keep up with all the new expectations has left men no time or energy to do basic physical things that

nearly all men used to do. A man gains confidence when he can change the oil in his car, sharpen a lawn mower blade, or sweat a copper fitting. A man can feel self-sufficient when he hunts or fishes to put food on the table. Tasks like these have been farmed out to the point where we don't know how to do any of them. As a result, a piece of our psyche feels vulnerable and ill prepared.

There's no foul in paying someone to change the oil in your car. I know how to, but I don't do it so I have time to do other physical things that I find rewarding. I'm a rabid evangelist for camping because it gets us in touch with our primal roots. Pitching a tent, starting a campfire, and feeding yourself in the woods can bring a transformation in confidence. Most of us walk away from our jobs at the end of the day with nothing physically to show for it. Our work was on a screen or in a meeting room, and we have nothing to visually admire in the "real world" when we leave the workplace.

A man is designed to be a physical force of nature. We're designed to do things like build shelters, plow ground, hunt game, and drag resources back to our families. Something goes dead inside of a man if he can't ever point to something physical that he's done, built, or fixed. Young males who are active shooters almost always are ardent gamers, spending hours isolated in darkness with no tangible results to show for it. Something dies inside of a man when he isn't creatively and physically engaged with other people.

We are more isolated than we've ever been as men, and we don't know how to connect. The spaces where men could connect with other men are pretty much gone. Softball leagues, bowling leagues, Elks, Shriners, Knights of Columbus, Rotary, and other fraternal organizations that served as connecting ligaments for a man's soul are mostly long gone.

We feel like we're on our own, without any of the skills necessary to survive, let alone thrive. And we wonder why men aren't doing well.

Men are in uncharted waters. My hope is that this book can be a compass, helping point the way to a primal code of manhood that's tried, true, and proven.

This book will be best experienced if you can do it with others and talk about it over beer or coffee. It's a way to connect when many of us don't know how, in a culture that expects men to be loners. We create humorous but condescending terms for our connections that we'd never use with women. We go on "man dates" when we're just having a good time with each other. Or we're said to have a "man crush" or "bromance" with a guy just because we enjoy his company. Push back against that. Use this book to help you connect with other men who will improve your life.

If you're looking to get your hands dirty, gather some good men around you, and work through the companion to this book—*The Five Marks of a Man Tactical Guide*.

For nearly all of time, boys were initiated into manhood alongside seasoned men of character. This process formed men who were contributors, protectors, and warriors. Our modern world doesn't have anything as powerful to offer men. So we created the tactical guide as a modern initiation process for males of all ages. If you've never been initiated, it can be a powerful and enduring experience that takes your life to the next level.

No matter what happens next, know this: I'm in your corner. I want the best for you. If you've made it this far into the book, you're already proving your life is on a different path than the mass of boys in our world. Keep pushing forward to become the man God wants you to be.

See ya out there,
BT

INTRODUCTION

BOYS TO MEN

Once upon a time, a prince asked a beautiful princess, “Will you marry me?” The princess said, “No.” And so the prince lived happily ever after and rode his Harley and four-wheelers and had shotguns and poker nights and *Call of Duty* marathons and drank Pappy Van Winkle and smoked cigars *in the house* without a woman objecting and spent all his money on himself and lived every day like he was Ferris Bueller, while scratching himself whenever he wanted and leaving the toilet seat up.

The end.

Very funny and very true . . . if you're a boy. Don't get me wrong, I ride motorcycles, enjoy bourbon and tobacco, and leave the seat up (which my wife appreciates more than when I pee with the seat down).

I don't have issues with the vices mentioned. I have issues with the males I know who glorify these things and believe they're signs of their manhood. I know a guy who fits the bill but can't hold down a job to keep bills in his wallet. I know another guy who is so captured by the above lifestyle that he doesn't know

how to capture the heart of a woman. These are males, but they aren't men.

There are fifteen-year-old men, and there are forty-five-year-old boys. Yes, you can be an adult boy, and you can be a teenage man. I've met many of each.

I've come to believe that the transition from boyhood to manhood isn't marked by age; it's marked by things that are much more substantial, such as your mindset and your actions, assuming responsibility for your place in the world, and stepping into a new reality—one defined by strength, purpose, and a code of honor.

What's the cost of the absence of real men in our culture? Almost 33 percent of children in America are living in homes without the presence of their biological father. Children in female-headed families are four times more likely to live in poverty, repeat a grade, have emotional problems, struggle with depression, and be obese. The one thing that most prison inmates share in common isn't race, age, or socioeconomic background; it's the absence of a father in the home.¹

In an interview, writer and documentarian Sebastian Junger said, "I think this is probably the first society in history that actively discourages an intelligent conversation about what manhood should require of men. . . . Simultaneously, our society is asking adult males to be men." When asked, "But what's a man, anyway?" Junger replied, "[Society should] help define it. So that I can achieve it. So that I can know when I've crossed the finish line."²

My answer to the great question Junger was asked is outlined in this book. But the solution to the problem of absent men isn't just a bunch of males reading this book and changing the way they do things. That would be great, but I believe, at its root, there's a

deeper spiritual problem, and answering the question “What’s a man, anyway?” needs to be approached with that in mind.

Studies (and countless news stories) consistently reveal that an absence of responsible, strong men is one of the most destructive forces in our world, across every continent. We desperately need our boys to become men. We males need a form of manliness that gets outside the paradigm of morality. This book isn’t about glorifying Patrón tequila nor perfect attendance at church. If a man-eating lion showed up at your church, it would likely die of starvation, but this hasn’t always been the case.

On April 15, 1554, the church was in upheaval. Various clergy members were questioning some of the standard practices in the church and wondering whether they should continue in their vocation. They questioned the indulgences. Why were they raising money for buildings by telling people that if they gave money, they could buy their loved ones out of purgatory? They asked why the church never discussed grace and faith. It seemed to them that the church was losing its plotline. And then, even crazier still, they asked if they should allow people to read the Bible for themselves, rather than listen exclusively to what the professional clergy told them.

Hugh Latimer, who was seventy-five years old, said, “Let’s make the Bible available in English.” The authorities didn’t like this at all. He was tried for his actions and sentenced to burn at the stake. As he walked to his execution with a younger associate named Ridley, he was overheard saying, “Play the man, Master Ridley, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust by God’s grace shall never be put out.”³

“Play the man.” Not “be a spiritually mature person” but “play the man.” Being a man is a high and spiritual calling that needs to be reclaimed.

I've learned over the years that there's a relatively simple and ancient code that reveals what it takes to become a man. As you read, you'll find that every man you respect holds to this code. Unfortunately, our culture has hidden that code under layers of enlightenment and progressivism, and it's doomed many males to perpetual boyhood. I don't want you to be just another boy victim. That's why I wrote this book.

And if you're already a man, you probably need some encouragement to keep doing what you're doing, because I know the world won't give it to you. Hopefully, you'll find it here.

On the day my son was born, I looked down on him in wonder. I leaned over and gently took hold of his hand with my thumb and forefinger. He proceeded to send a stream of urine up my arm that trickled down to my wrist. While cute in the moment, I knew it could be an omen of things to come.

My son, Jake, had soiled me, but that innocent act was nothing compared to how I had offended my own father. As a teenager, I gave my dad fits with my childish behavior. Fortunately, he was unaware of many of the things I did behind his back—getting drunk with friends, skipping school, smashing mailboxes with a baseball bat, using girls for my own gratification and sullyng their reputations in the process.

As I matured and learned about manhood, I came to understand that those immature acts were just foolish attempts to prove my strength and masculinity. I needed to show myself and my friends that I was a man. In reality, those acts only proved my *lack* of manhood.

As I look back now, I realize that I was actually nothing more than a boy in a man's body well into my twenties. I wanted my son's trajectory to be different from mine, so I became a student of

manhood. What I learned was revolutionary, and it changed my life.

In the traditions of nearly every ancient culture (and some modern tribal cultures), there existed a rite of passage that marked a young male's transition from boyhood to manhood. It was a public event that was deeply personal and declared to everyone, especially the young male, that from that day forward, he was a man and would enjoy the privileges and bear the responsibilities of manhood.

The specific content of the ceremony didn't matter. What mattered was that there *was* a ceremony—a defining event that was unmistakable and marked the passage from boyhood to manhood. In some cultures, boys had to climb a mountain and bring back an eagle feather. In other tribes, boys had to drink the blood of the first deer they killed.

I never had a moment in my life when I was declared a man. Because I didn't, I felt I had to prove my manhood in whatever way our selfish, "if it feels good do it" culture told me. I determined that my son was going to have a different experience.

He wasn't going to have to prove he was a man to the boys at a frat party. Instead, he was going to be called into manhood in an unmistakable way long before he encountered those temptations. (I'll share more about Jake's rite of passage later.) But to do that effectively, I had to be able to articulate exactly what he was being called into—what did it mean to be a man?

One day, as I was reading the book of 1 Corinthians in the New Testament, a passage jumped out at me: "Be watchful, stand firm in the faith, *act like men*, be strong. Let all that you do be done in love" (16:13–14 ESV emphasis added).

In this verse, to “act like men” was an honorable and aspirational statement. For many people in our culture, being a “man” means anything but that. Most adult males in pop culture are portrayed as buffoons. Every sitcom dad is just a slight variation of stupid Homer Simpson, Neanderthal Al Bundy, or spineless Phil Dunphy.

Notice that the text doesn't say, “Act like an adult” or “Act like a well-rounded individual.” No, it says, “Act like men.” It treats being a man as an ideal to be exalted and attained.

I did a mental survey of the men in my life I aspired (and aspire) to be like. Though they all had different experiences and professions, different personalities and upbringings, every single one of them exhibited the five marks spelled out in the verses above. When I saw these marks for the first time—the five marks of manhood—things started to come into focus.

1. Be watchful. I began to see that men have a vision.
2. Stand firm. What does this mean? It means that men aren't afraid to stand against the tide when they're resolved in what they believe. Men take a minority position.
3. Act like men. Notice that this command is written in the plural. I realized that this isn't just an individual journey. Men are team players.
4. Be strong. Men understand that they're wired to produce value. This means that men work.
5. Let all that you do be done in love. Things that are done in love are done for the sake of other people. This means that men are protectors.

These five marks form a code that defines what it means to be a man. A fifteen-year-old who exhibits the marks regularly is more of a man than a forty-five-year-old who doesn't.

Another verse in 1 Corinthians says, "When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I gave up childish ways" (13:11 ESV). One way to paraphrase this verse is "When I was a boy, I spoke like a boy, I thought like a boy, I reasoned like a boy. But when I became a man, I gave up my boyish ways."

It's time for men in our culture to give up their boyish ways.

It's time for you to give up your boyish ways.

It's time to set a new standard for what manhood should be or, actually, to live up to the ancient standard that has been lost. No matter where you are in your life, no matter what you've done, you can choose today to be a man.

You can embrace these five marks and begin a new path of strength and integrity. Like so many of your brothers before you, you can choose to give up your boyish ways and become all that God has wired you to be.

It's time to man up.

THE FIVE MARKS OF A MAN

MEN

MARK ONE



HAVE A

VISION

1

BOYS ARE SHORTSIGHTED. **MEN PLAY THE LONG GAME.**

When I was a boy, I had one simple goal: an easy day. That's why I didn't want the academic rigors of college and why, when I finally decided to go to college, I didn't actually go to class. It's also why I racked up a terrible amount of credit card debt in my early twenties. It's also why I stayed in a predictable job for too long.

It took me *seven* years to finish my four-year degree. I took Accounting 1 three times. If I woke up on the morning of a final and didn't feel like going to class, I wouldn't, which meant I'd have to take the course all over again the following year. This was the downside of having my parents fully fund my education. I took advantage of their generosity. I was a boy who had no skin in the game, so I didn't care about the consequences of my behavior.

I didn't have a vision then for how an education could open doors for me. I didn't have a vision for how the discipline formed by simply showing up to class would teach me how to show up in the rest of my life. I didn't have the ability to project forward

that an education meant more money, which could fund more meaningful pursuits. I didn't have a vision for saving money to fund something of lasting value in the future, instead of things that would quickly go out of style.

The book of Proverbs says, "Where there is no vision, the people perish" (29:18 KJV). Boys live only for today. They wait for inspiration to strike or for someone to hand them their big break or for the perfect woman to walk through the door. Men dream of something bigger, define it, and then work toward it.

Somewhere along the way, I began to see the power of vision. That's when I started to get manly. I decided to start working toward something significant, something bigger than what I was currently experiencing, something bigger than me.

At twenty-two, I had a vision for what a great marriage could look like, and I committed to Libby that I would work toward that, for better or worse, no matter how hard it might get.

At twenty-five, my first amazing daughter was born. Lib and I had a vision for what an authentic family could look like. Even though we were very imperfect people, we committed to sacrifice for each other and our kids in big and small ways to build a familial team that would stand the test of time.

At thirty, Lib and I were working full bore on the vision to start a church (Crossroads) for people who had given up on church but hadn't necessarily given up on God.

And we all lived happily ever after. Well, not quite. The decades since I first envisioned these amazing things have been an unpredictable, sometimes excruciating mix of wins and losses, wind sprints and exhaustion, and celebration and grief.

Don't get me wrong. This isn't a completed mission. I'm not done. *We're* not done. *We're* still in the middle of a struggle, and

some days I get my posterior handed to me on a platter. It's not all pretty but there are periodic payoffs, and I'm thankful for every one of them.

One of the more significant rewards I experienced recently was my oldest daughter's wedding; she's the first of any of my kids to marry. Walking her down the aisle and giving her away was traumatic. I rarely cry but on that day the tears flowed. Then came the father-daughter dance. It was to the song—brace yourself for cheese—“Butterfly Kisses.” That old song might make a red-blooded man roll his eyes. But you tuck your six-year-old daughter into bed and give her butterfly kisses and a memory is welded to the frontal cortex. I have that picture of us dancing framed and displayed in a place that ensures regular reflection on the mission.

I'm still working on my vision in an endless series of small daily choices, with a big dose of God's grace and a slew of awesome people around me. But I can tell you that even though I'm still in the middle of the journey, I'm in a season in which I'm tasting some of the sweet fruit of having a vision bigger than me on the long walk toward it:

- Lib and I just celebrated our thirtieth wedding anniversary on a camping trip with some of our closest friends. This incredible woman continues to make me a better man every day.
- My kids don't just love me, they like spending time with me. We would all say that our most fulfilling recreational and relational times happen with each other.
- The church vision we shared with a handful of dreamer friends when I was thirty has spiraled out of control (in a good way, mostly) to tens of thousands of revolutionaries going hard after God's work in the world, resulting in,

among other things, ten traditional Crossroads sites across two states and pockets of online attendees in all fifty states sharing God's love with our neighbors. We've seen the establishment of the CityLink Center, which helps the working poor in Cincinnati and has become a model for work around the country; six aftercare homes in India, which care for girls rescued from sex trafficking; and the largest privately funded AIDS hospice in South Africa (which later failed and was one of those posterior moments).

If you had told my twenty-one-year-old self that I'd get to experience all these things and more, I'd have thought you were nuts. Me? Undisciplined, "been in school long enough to be a doctor" me? No way.

However, when you begin to understand and experience the blessing that comes from stepping into manhood, it changes you. And God often gives you a vision that seems far beyond your present capability.

Sounds good, right? It is. But here's the fine print: it's hard. Get ready for resistance.

Our world loves big dreamers. Steve Jobs declared Apple's goal was to "put a dent in the universe."¹ Young Theo Epstein had the audacity to dream of breaking the World Series championship drought for the Boston Red Sox. And then did it. Twice. And then again for the Cubs. Elon Musk dreamed of electric cars, private space travel, and hyperloops.

These mad geniuses got headlines and high fives all around. Our world loves big dreamers. Great! So, what's the problem? The problem is our world loves big dreamers *from a distance*. Up close and personal, not so much.

The same crowds who applaud those big, audacious goals can often be the same people who are quick to bring you down to earth when you share your own big vision. This seems especially the case in religious circles. For some strange reason, it's considered a virtue to keep your dreams small and manageable.

Like a crab crawling up the wall of a pot, big dreamers quickly find themselves getting pulled back down by the other crabs. If that's been your experience, don't listen to the voices that assume if you're going after a big or bold vision, then it *must* be about you. But do remember that just because something is wrapped in spiritual language doesn't make it a God thing. So long as you are asking the question "Is this about me or about God?" then you're probably in a healthy place.

The world and too often Christians are cynical of success and big dreams. I don't know why this is because big dreams, big visions, and grand ambitions are sprinkled throughout the Bible. Consider Nehemiah. This manly man is an Old Testament hero who dreamed big and sought to rebuild the protective walls around Jerusalem. The walls used to be a source of national pride, but now they were indicative of their national disarray. In the midst of his attempt and eventual success, he was able to keep it about God and not himself. Yet there were critics who tried to get him off track or, specifically, off the wall. His detractors were distractors who attempted to get him to stop working toward the vision.

One day some boys called him out and accused him of not doing good work. He was working; they were criticizing. He was on the wall in sweat-stained clothes; they were on the ground in religious garments. He shouted down to them, "I am doing a great work and I cannot come down. Why should the work stop while I leave it and come down to you?" (Neh. 6:3 ESV).

In fact, the giver of dreams says the problem is actually the opposite: we don't dream big enough: "Now to him who is able to do *immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine*, according to his power that is at work within us" (Eph. 3:20, emphasis added).

I'm not talking about a self-serving dream so we can pound our chests as bigger, faster, or stronger. King of the Hill is a boy's game and the source of many of the problems in our world, not to mention some of the more annoying cocktail party conversations we'll ever get stuck in. If I've just met you and within five minutes we all know the Ivy League school you attended, your kid's SAT score, or the fact that you're a scratch golfer, you've got issues. I once heard comedian Brian Regan say he wishes he had been one of the early astronauts. Not for the adventure, but just so he could nip all those kinds of conversations in the bud with "That's great. I walked on the moon . . . after cruising in my looo-nar rover."

We're all susceptible to self-serving dreams. In pastor circles, we even find ways to wrap them up so they sound spiritual. "What's God doing in your church?" has often become a way for us to measure ourselves against one another. Sooner or later the attendance number question comes up, and someone ends up feeling like a winner and someone like a loser. (Specifically, *I* end up feeling like a winner or a loser. . . . I know, I have issues.)

As human beings, our motives in any endeavor will probably never be completely pure and altruistic. So what do we do? The answer is simple—but not easy. We keep going after big, God-sized visions and humbly walk with our God (Mic. 6:8).

There was a time in my life when I viewed every opportunity for advancement as a temptation to be selfish. It's easy to feel that way when only *other* people are getting bigger opportunities. If a friend relocated for greater responsibilities or opportunities,

I felt abandoned. I was indignant that they couldn't be content where they were. Like Nehemiah's detractors, I tried to keep them from building a wall. The boy in me didn't want anyone leaving me for bigger things. In reality, I was threatened by their manly move for more. I was the crab trying to pull them back into the pot. When you have no vision, you don't understand people who do.

I had another shot at this scenario not too long ago. Kirk is a great friend and was a star performer at a local company. He had the opportunity to change companies and take a senior position with Google. My old boyish ways wanted him to stay put with me but the *man* inside of me knew not to listen to that old voice. Today, Kirk is a force inside of Google and in the Silicon Valley. He's a man with a vision who can impact culture in ways that I can't, and now in a new position. He's an example of a godly man going after a vision.

Don't be afraid to dream big. What does that look like? How about launching a great company that puts a dent in the universe? How about turning the group of twelve-year-olds you coach into a band of solid young men? How about being the first person in your family to have a great marriage so that your great-grandkids can toast your love at your fiftieth wedding anniversary? How about buying some property in the country and building a log cabin with your own hands? How about all of the above? *Immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine.*

We can do this. It's not easy, but it's good. So let's get to work.