**Micah’s Mission Story**

I was in the bottom of West Philadelphia. My companion and I would take turns praying and asking the Lord where we should go tracting. Eventually I couldn’t get my companion to pray about where we should tract- he felt like the Lord was not answering his prayers and that the Lord was not leading him and thus us to where we needed to go. So eventually I was the only one praying where we should go to tract.

One such day I prayed about where we should go and I felt very strongly that we should go to this specific street (I always prayed looking at a map of my area). We got to the area and we began tracting, me on one side of the street and my companion on the other (Philadelphia had tight streets and row homes so we were always within 15 feet of each other). About halfway down the street I knock on a door and a man answered the door. Once he saw me a smile crossed his face and he began to chuckle and then said, “come on in” and waved me in with his left arm and then turned around and disappeared into the house. I turned around and called my companion over (who was on the other side of the street) and I went into the house.

 I noticed when I walked in that the man had posters of Sam Cook and the Temptations etc all over the walls of his home, these were all groups or singers that my dad loved! And which obviously I was subjugated to listen to growing up so I was very familiar with them. I pointed at the posters and then began singing songs from the different groups, and his response was, “no blacks kids your age know any of these groups, and yet you do?” (implying I’m some white kid…) And I told him about my dad and how much he loved the music and he responded, “What are the odds?” About that time my companion came in (I stood in the doorway with the door open so I could still see my companion). So once we came in and sat down with him, his first question was, “How did you find me?” to which we replied we didn’t know what he was saying, like should we know him? (Like maybe he was an ex-member or less active etc). The man then told us his story: That he was a member of a local church for the past 40 years and actually a “deacon” in that church. The church had recently undergone a schism in which his Baptist church had accepted homosexuality and homosexual marriage and had decided that they would no longer teach it as an afront to God. This was serious enough that it caused this man to leave his church. The previous night he found himself on his knees, praying and asking God what he should do. He knew the commandments of God and wanted to live them but didn’t know where to find the truth. As he was praying intently, in his mind appeared two missionaries in white shirts and name tags. He remembered seeing them in his neighborhood when he was a teenager. He then asked God why he was showing him these two and God told him that this was the answer to his prayer. This man then promised God and said, “If you lead them to me again I will join that church.” We knocked on his door the next day. I testified to this man that the Savior had an immense love for him and knew him personally “for at the same moment you were praying, I was looking at a map, praying to know where we should go and the Lord told me I needed to go right here, right where your home is.” The man was baptized three weeks later.

**Things we can learn from this:** God is a God of miracles, the Lord can do his own work and if you are worthy the Lord can and will use you as an instrument in his hands. If you are unworthy, lack real intent, lack faith in the Savior etc even if you hold the keys God will use another who holds the same keys. You might be a bystander, you might get to witness miracles, but you will never become a fulfillment. I learned God answers prayers. And as always I learned that the field is not ready to be planted, not ready to be dunged, not ready to be pruned, I know the field is white ready to harvest and he that thrusteth in his sickle with all his might the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not but bringeth salvation to his soul.

I testify that this story is true and share it with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Micah’s Mission Story**

We were driving home from a meeting late at night, there were 4 elders in the car and we were passing a car stalled on the road. Three of us hopped out of the car while the 4th parked the car and we proceeded to push the stalled car down the offramp and onto a really dark street. But we could see in the distance, maybe a mile down the road a gas station. We asked the man driving the car (who as an African who spoke broken English) if he has a gas container to which he replied no. So we all decided to just push him down the road to the gas station. After about 10 minutes of pushing we were covered in sweat- one elder was pushing on the back, two on the right side of the car on the curb side of the road and me on the left side. All of a sudden a man pulled over in a truck and hopped out of the car and gave me a gas container and said, “Here you go.” I thanked the man, turned around and gave the gas tank to the elder at the back of the car who then joined the other two elders on the other side to put the gas in the car on that side. As he was going over there with my back turned to the individual I thanked the man and said, “we’ll get that gas canister right back to you” to which he replied, “there’s no need, elders” to which I turned around and he was gone. The other elders came back from the other side of the car and asked who I was talking to and I said “a man in a truck” and we looked down the road in either direction for miles and there was no lights. The two elders on the other side never heard him or saw him, the elder at the back of the car heard him but didn’t see him, I heard him, saw him, but I can’t remember his face. If we weren’t standing there holding the gas canister nobody would have believed or known what had happened. We told the individual who was driving that we had a gas canister for him and we put it in his trunk (I should have kept it, haha) and he drove off. We walked back to our car and drove home, the entire time trying to figure out what had just happened.

**Things we can learn from this:** angels are among us.

I testify that this is a true story, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Micah’s Mission Story**

I was in the bottom of West Philadelphia- we didn’t have a baptism lined up for that Sunday so my companion and I prayed for someone who had been to church enough times so they could get baptized that Sunday. As we were saying the prayer, a man’s face and name came vividly into my mind. The prayer ended and my companion said, “I know who it is who is ready to be baptized” and I said, “who did the Lord tell you?” expecting him to say the name of the man who was in my mind. But instead he had a woman we were teaching in his mind. I told him who I had in my mind. This man that had popped into my mind was somebody who had been to church for months now and the last time we were over there my companion had attempted to commit him to baptism to which the man refused and so my companion had what we called “soft dropped” him- he was unwilling to go over to his house again. He had taken this man’s rejection to be baptized personally and didn’t want to go back. When I shared the man’s name, my companion became hostile, he was not happy, going as far as to say, “the Lord would not tell us to go back to that man’s house.” I felt the spirit wash over me and told me to stay calm, that everything would work out and that we should follow my companion’s plan. We went over to the lady’s house- the appointment was a no show and when we got in contact with her on the phone, standing outside her house, she dropped us. I could see my companion’s face as the conversation was happening on the phone becoming more and more upset and his rhetoric becoming more hellfire and brimstone. The conversation abruptly ended, my companion didn’t even make eye contact with me and just looked up the street and said, “well she’s going to hell!” A few moments later I asked him, “can we go do a stop by on this man?” My companion reluctantly agreed. When we knocked on the door and the man answered, the man’s face lit up and he said, “Oh elders, just who I wanted to talk to!” We went in, sat down and the individual said, “Elders, before you start, I need to tell you something- I’ve been praying and the Lord told me vividly a few days ago that I need to be baptized this Sunday”. We hadn’t even said a single word yet, not even an opening prayer! The man was baptized that Sunday. The very next Wednesday we had a Zone conference and during the fast and testimony meeting my companion stood up and started to bear his testimony and then began to cry. He said that the learned a powerful lesson the previous week. And that lesson he learned? He said, “the power of unity in your companionship.” He said that he hated me as a companion because of all of my faults but that once he learned to love me as the Savior loved me and decided to be unified in a companionship, miracles happened.

**Things we can learn from this:** free-flowing tears in a testimony does not necessarily mean truth or the Spirit. Do not try to rationalize revelation, for the Lord’s thoughts are not your thoughts. Even if you don’t have a baptism lined up for that Sunday or in other words, even if all of your other plans have fallen through, the Lord does not give you a commandment that he has not provided a way for you to accomplish. The Savior’s new plan of Preach My Gospel includes the commandment to baptize weekly, and it is a fulfillable commandment. If you don’t have the spirit of truth in your life miracles can pass you by and you won’t be able to recognize them- just like with Laman and Lemuel, their hatred for Nephi blinded their minds to the miracles that they had seen performed by Nephi.

I testify that this is a true story and share it with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Micah’s Mission Story**

While I was doing my 3 week stint as a “moving specialist” (the position was an Office Elder position that most missionaries never held for long), we had just moved an Elder in the Northwestern section of our mission in Pennsylvania and we were driving back home. While we were driving back home the spirit prompted us to go eat some Chinese at a sit down restaurant. I said to my companion, “I think we need to eat some Chinese” and he was driving and looked at me and his eyes got wide and he said, “that thought just came into my mind!” So I said, “let’s keep an eye out for one” and it wasn’t even a minute later we saw a Chinese restaurant on the side of the road. Our thought was that maybe there was someone in the restaurant that we needed to talk to, but when we went in it was literally dead. So we ate and left and we thought it was weird but didn’t think about it again. Less than a week later, the assistants to the president accused my companion and me of looking at porn on the office computers! While we were being lambasted by the assistants in front of the mission president the thought came over me, “how do they know someone looked at porn?” So I asked. To which they let us know that they had a history with timestamps on the computers. So we asked to see them. When we saw the dates and timestamps our eyes got wide and my companion said, “Give me one second!” and left the room and came back in with his driving logs and receipts and pointed at the time on the receipt and said, “This is where we were”- it was the Chinese restaurant! My mission president looked at the date and then looked at the assistants and said, “Well I guess that settles it.” My companion then hacked into the same history and found that these assistants were in the office during times that they were not supposed to be there and were on websites that they were not supposed by on and bought stuff online on Sunday! We circled all of the information and handed it in.

**Things we can learn from this:** Record keeping, record keeping, record keeping. The prophet Joseph Smith said, “Let me prophesy. The time will come, when, if you neglect to [keep accurate records], you will fall by the hands of unrighteous men. Were you to be brought before the authorities, and be accused of any crime or misdemeanor, and be as innocent as the angels of God, unless you can prove yourselves to have been somewhere else, your enemies will prevail against you.” (Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p.73). This was a literal fulfillment of that! Hypocrites of God are quick to go about gossiping, backbiting, murmuring, besmirching, but more times than not it is projection. There is a much larger beam sticking out of their own eye and instead of fixing it, instead of getting better, they instead spend their time tearing other people down.

I testify that this is a true story and share it with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Micah’s Mission Story**

In this story I would like to talk about an event that happened on my mission in my very first area, in North Philadelphia. My companion told me to pray to know where we needed to go tracting, and I was always really uncomfortable with this early on in my mission. So I prayed and prayed and prayed, and what I started to do was I got a map of our area- I put an outline around it with a marker to show our area, and then I would pray over the map. So that night I wasn’t getting anything and it was time for bed so I said, “God please help me know where to go.” So I go to bed and I have a dream. And in the dream I see a building in front of me and on the building is painted a word in a box, there was a rectangle with a word written on it and somebody is talking to me and I don’t know who it is but they tell me “this is where you need to go tracting.” And I walk up closer to it and read it and it says “Silver”. But it’s not a street sign, it’s painted onto a brick building. So I wake up and I think it’s interesting and I write it down. The next day during personal study I’m looking over my map of my area looking for Silver St and I can’t find it in my area! So I think maybe this is a dud. And then all of a sudden I find it! It’s a tiny, little street in the dead bottom left of our area, so southwest in our area. And I tell my companion that’s where we are going to go tracting. Our apartment is in the far eastern side of our area on the street there, 20th and Lehi, so he, my trainer, thinks that I want to go to Silver St because it will take us a long time to get there, to walk there and thus would chew up a lot of our tracting time. I could not get him to agree to go there so I told him about my dream- I told him I prayed about knowing where to go, then I had this dream where someone tells me to tract there and told him about the street name painted on the building. So he goes “okay, fine, we will go down and check this out.” So we’re walking, I think we took a bus maybe and we finally turn onto the street and we are trying to find out if we are actually on Silver St but there is no street sign! And so we look up and you guessed it, painted on the side of a brick building was the word Silver Street. Now he was training me, he knew I had never been there, he himself had never been there because we both had been doubled into this area and opened it, no missionaries had ever been there, and he looked up at the building, then back at me, back to the building then back at me and said “is that what you saw?” And I said “yes, that is exactly what I saw” and he looked around again and said “we’re going to find a baptism on this street.” And I thought it was a little amusing, he was a little late to that party! I knew we were going to find something here because that’s where God wanted us to be. And you always hear the joke, last house on the left, but in this case it was literally the last house on the left. In Philadelphia you would tract and the row homes were attached to each other and he would tract one side and I would tract the other, so I was tracting the left side and he was tracting the right side in this case. And I knocked on the last house on the left and a lady answered and said “oh Elders! Oh my goodness, what are the odds?” And she goes on to explain “I’m a member of the church and I’m from Baltimore and I’m here visiting my cousin who is not a member.” So we go in and teach her (the cousin) and she was baptized. She had 6 kids, and at that point in time the North Philadelphia building next to the Burger King was actually being constructed so we had to bus all the way to Northeast Philadelphia, which was about 45 minutes to an hour and a half one way trip up to that building. So we actually helped them get up there, we paid for their bus fare, and when we got up there we had these 6 kids- I had one of the kids on my shoulders, and our African first councillor in the Ward, came out of the building, and then started to get emotional when he saw us come up and he said “I just saw a fulfilment to prophecy!” I wasn’t really sure what he was referring to, was he just talking about missionary work? But, it was fast and testimony meeting and this man stands up and bears his testimony and talks about this event, seeing me walking to church with this kid on my shoulders, and he quotes the scripture about how missionaries will go out, how beautiful on the mountain are the feet of those who proclaim the gospel, and that they would gather up the children and put them on their shoulders and carry them to Zion. I was 19 at the time and I had never read that scripture in that context before. I thought that was pretty cool. For the rest of my mission I never put children on my shoulders because I didn’t want to inflate my own ego, but I thought about that moment a lot, and that it was a pretty cool moment.

Obviously baptisms followed…

**Things we can learn from this:** God is a God of miracles. The missionaries of Philadelphia PA were a part of fulfilling prophesy. The field is white, ready to harvest. If you ask (prayer), if you knock, it shall be given you. I also learned early on my mission that the Lord has people He wants us to find, and that He will bring us to them if we are worthy. This was important because I never received such a powerful answer to prayer again on my mission- I had to learn how to listen to the “still small voice” and grow. I also learned that you have to work after revelation- you have to go to the map and do some work yourself and then follow!

I testify that this is a true story and share this with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.