**Micah’s Mission Story**

My companion and I tracted from 10-3, had minimal success, and were in the process of walking home for our one break from 3-5. I was feeling a bit miffed because I felt strong about going to that area but hadn’t found who I thought I was supposed to find. In the process of walking back to our apartment, I heard a West African woman on the other side of the street disciplining who I thought was her kid. The spirit told me that I needed to talk to her. So I turned to my companion, who I was greenie busting (he was only out 6 weeks), and I said “we need to talk to that lady.” He said, “we need to go home and take a rest!” I proceeded to jog across the street and started a conversation with this lady. She didn’t seem to want to talk to me and continued walking to her destination (which turned out to be her home). As I followed her and talked with her she let me know that she had a church and she had a bible study and she was not interested etc etc. But the spirit told me that I needed to keep trying. My companion was following us like a lost puppy 20 yards behind us. A couple times he waved motioning me to go. Finally we get to this lady’s home and she is trying to get in her home and leave. And in one final desperation I bring up West African food, and I ask her if she knows how to cook Cassava leaf. She turned around and lit up, “oh, you know of Cassava leaf?” I let her know, “of course I know about Cassava leaf! I love West African food! Cassava leaf, potato greens, fufu, etc. but my favourite is Jellof rice!” She further lit up, “Oh, that’s so nice!” So I said, “the problem is it’s hard to find people who will cook for you.” So I asked her if I paid her would she cook an African meal for us. She said something along the lines of “if you eat African food, I will cook African food for you for free.” And so we got an appointment with a free meal scheduled. When praying to know what we should teach when we went over there, I felt prompted that we needed to bring a recent West African convert over with us. So we called this recent convert and we asked her if she would join us and she agreed. When we get to the door and knock on it, the lady answers the door, sees the member we have brought with us, and goes “Oh \_\_\_! (and says her name)” It turns out that they knew each other, but more than that, they were actually related! The member was married to this lady’s brother, who was now deceased. When civil war broke out in Liberia a lot of people were killed and families would come and be placed in cities like Philadelphia and they wouldn’t even know if relatives were alive or dead or still in Africa or now lived in the same city. We also come to find out that this lady is a member of African tribal royalty. Because they knew each other, the lady wanted to, before eating, wanted a lesson about the Church. So we sat down, said a prayer, and started the lesson. Another relevant thing to point out, both of these ladies, the member was in her 80’s and the lady was in her 60’s, so these were grandmas. The toddler I had seen the lady with was her great-grandson. We asked the member to explain the story of Joseph Smith and sat back and proceeded to watch one of the most powerful teaching experiences of my life. The member began speaking in her African dialect, and I couldn’t understand much of what she was saying, but when she, this old Oma, got off of the couch and got down on her knees and put her hands in the air and was pointing at the ceiling, I knew that she was acting out the First Vision. The lady looked a bit shocked and asked a question, which I’m 90% sure was “God and Jesus?” And the member nodded and pointed back up at the ceiling, now with tears in her eyes and finishes explain the First Vision. She points at her sister in law and says “and this why you need be baptized in this Church.” To which the lady looked at us and said “can I come to Church on Sunday?” It was one of the most amazing member-missionary moments I have ever seen. The lady and her husband and her granddaughter showed up to Church that Sunday. After Church the lady walked right up to me after Sacrament and said “me and my granddaughter will be baptized in this Church”. Her, her husband and her granddaughter were all eventually baptized.

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

**Things you can learn from this**: Once again, don’t think that following inspiration is easy or will result in a quick fix or an easy victory. I exhausted everything I could think of before the wall came down. Once again, desire, worthiness and obedience and faith determine whether or not you will be a fulfillment to prophecy or merely a bystander to it. Another thing to learn, just because somebody was hard or cold upfront does not mean that they aren’t absolutely the elect. Members and friends have the potential in them to open doors in people’s hearts that strangers can’t. Don’t be obsessed with making things always about you (priestcraft), always have as your desire, what is best for those who you are teaching. The work of the Lord takes no breaks. This lady turned out to be African royalty and was instrumental in bringing scores of other Africans into the Church (I’ll get to that in Missionary Story #12), and the missionary that was to have the privilege and honor in being a fulfillment of the miracle of bringing that lady into the church, had to value souls more than his break. If that was the time to reach her, if that was the window, and the Spirit is telling you, then you need to act. The entire day tracting and walking home for our one and only break from 3-5 and the whispering of the Holy Spirit to go talk to this lady was a fourth watch principle (ie. you receive no blessings until after the trial of your faith and the trial of you faith will always be proportionate to the blessing).