Micah Mission Story

My district leader who was a French-Canadian from Quebec knew that I was having a lot of success, especially with West Africans, and I was green-busting his trainee. And he had just tracted into a West African family who was polite with him but had no desire to have any lessons or come to church, and he wanted me to go over and talk to her. So he arranged exchanges and I came into his area with him. We go over to teach this West African lady at her house, she lets us in, I don’t know how to describe it other than she ran a home like a foster care parent. The war in Liberia, like I said, tore up families pretty good, and so there was a ton of kids living with her. We taught the lesson and got nowhere. Once again, at the very end of the lesson I felt prompted to invite her to the lady and her granddaughter’s (from story #11) baptism that was taking place that Sunday. When I said the name, this lady looked puzzled and repeated back the name to me. I said “yes, that’s her name”. She said, “from the Krahn tribe?” I said “yes…” And she started chuckling and said, “she’s not being baptized in your church!” She obviously knew her, because as I said in story #11, this lady was tribal royalty, and she didn’t believe this lady was in Philadelphia, let alone getting baptized in our church. So we convinced and committed her to come to church on Sunday and she agreed to go purely because she expected to prove us wrong, that either a. it was a different lady from the same tribe not THE lady or b. it was the same lady but she wasn’t actually getting baptized. So she showed up on Sunday and my district leader brought her and her family up to me as I walked in with my lady who was getting baptized and her granddaughter. The two African immediately recognized each other, hugged and started talking. The other lady looked at me in shock and said, “this IS \_\_\_\_(and said her name)!” After church I baptized this lady and her granddaughter, and after we got changed back into our church clothes, we joined the group and my district leader’s family got out of their chairs, marched over to us and looked me right in the eyes and said “if \_\_\_\_ gets baptized (she said her name), then I get baptized!” And that was all she wrote for that family. They investigated the church and eventually joined.

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

**Things you can learn from this**: the power of an example. The power of one person having an effect on thousands. Listening to the promptings of the spirit, even if it seems weird (ie. inviting someone who was totally not interested in the church to a baptism). Not all French-Canadians are bad guys! (that’s a joke)