**Micah’s Mission Story**

North Philadelphia, we were walking home, me with my trainer and I feel prompted that we need to go into this corner store. My trainer shrugs and says, “Maybe they sell cheesesteaks here” which obviously every human being of common intelligence and above loves. So we get in there and I can’t figure out why I’m there so I just order a cheesesteak with my trainer. And as we are sitting there waiting for them to be made, a young girl comes across the street, into the store, and walks right up to me and says, “What’s a white boy doing in my corner store?” I said, “Excuse me?” She then says she was watching us walk down the street from her second story window and felt like she wanted to come talk to us but that she convinced herself not to because we were just passing through. But when she saw us go into the store, she thought “If a white boy is brave enough to go into a corner store in this neighborhood, then I’m brave enough to go talk to that white boy.” We sat down on the curb and ate our cheesesteaks and had a lesson with her. She came to church a couple times and I got transferred. I don’t know what happened to her. My mission president was really strict with missionaries having no contact with people in previous areas. He only allowed us to write letters to him and our parents once a week, all other correspondences was/were prohibited.

**Things we can learn from this:** Cheesesteaks are celestial. Follow promptings, once again, even if they seem weird.

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