**Micah’s Mission Story**

I was in North Philadelphia with my trainer and we were double knocking. I knocked on a door and a nice lady answered the door, and she said she wasn’t interested but she was very friendly. So as my companion was knocking the rest of the street, I talked to her. I explained who we are, what we do. She said something along the lines of “I bet your mothers miss you and worry about you.” And I felt prompted for the first time in my mission (I did use this tactic repeatedly for the rest of my mission) to lament about missing my mother’s cooking to women who I knew were mothers. She immediately became worried and said, “oh no, what do you eat?” And I said, “oh you know, pancakes, top ramen, you know….” To which she said “oh no, that’s terrible! I’ll tell you what, you and your friend need to come over for dinner.” I said, “wow, seriously? That’s so nice!” And then she asks for my phone number and I give it to her and she says she will call, says goodbye and closes the door. My trainer is so disappointed once again with my failure to get her number or to say a prayer with her! So much so, he complained the whole way home. We sat down and he proceeded, during our break, start doing role plays with me about “how to do it right.” I told him that I felt she was a genuine, nice person and he said something along the lines of “there is no way somebody (a non-member) is going to phone you, Elder English, to give you a dinner appointment at their house.” And as he was doing this, sitting across from me in his chair, myself feeling like a downtrodden failure, his phone rings. I hear what my companion is saying “yes, the lady we just met? Oh, yes the dinner….” and it becomes apparent that this lady has phoned not even an hour after our meeting! He is now having a conversation with her about his favourite food that she was now going to make for him. The phone call ended and my trainer looked at me and said something like, “well I guess we got our dinner.” He was shocked. So we go over there, she holds her appointment and feeds us. We felt prompted to just feel her out and not plan for a full blown lesson. During the dinner she said something and I felt super prompted to bring up genealogy (which I never did this again on my mission, let alone during a first meeting). To which the lady said, “Hold on one second you two” and left the room. My trainer turns to me and goes “what was that?” and is worried that we just spooked her and that I said something really weird. The assumption being that she went into the back to get dessert or something to wrap up the meeting and get us out. Instead she comes out of her back room carrying a four inch thick binder full of paper. She tells us that she felt prompted to do genealogy and gather all these names together and that the Lord had a purpose for all this genealogy and she was praying to know what the purpose was. Needless to say, her and her 16 year old son were shortly after baptized and within half a year when the ward split, she became the new Relief Society President. She obviously put that genealogy to good use.

**Things we can learn from this:** Follow inspiration, even if it sounds weird. Never underestimate a mother’s concern for children and their stomachs. The field is white, all ready to harvest. I would just remind people once again that in this mission, on average, missionaries would baptize 1-2 people per year. I took part in just that fist area of my mission to bring into the church over one person per week. I was there for 2 transfers, or 3 months. My trainer, when I left as his companion, did not baptize a single person for the remaining 4.5 months of his mission. Meaning the field is white, ready to harvest for those who are worthy, have a desire to harvest, and who are willing to do whatever the Lord tells them to do regardless of how weird it seems. Those that care about what others think of them ie. The fears of men, will never be used.

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