**Micah’s Mission Story**

One time in North Philadelphia, my companion and I exited a lesson and looked at our watch. It was around 8:15pm. Our mission President had taught us that we were to work until 9pm and then go home. We looked at each other and then our watch and then each other and my companion, who was my trainer said, “well, we need to tract until 9.” The first door that we knocked on a Jehovah’s Witness came to the door. Long story short, she wouldn’t let us into her home, she just wanted to bash, and she also wouldn’t let us leave ie. She didn’t want us tracting her street. We spent 30 minutes standing outside trying to calm her down and to get her to go back into her home. I don’t remember who it was, one of us offered to say a prayer for her, and then started to say a prayer. JW’s believe it is blasphemous to allow an improper prayer to take place in front of them (to them you have to pray to Jehovah, not the Father) and so as soon as that happened she squealed like a witch and went back into her home. We then looked at each other, looked at the time, and then at each other. We had less than 15 minutes left. I totally wanted to go home, I was completely done. But my trainer looked at me and said, “Let’s finish this street.” We did what is called “double knocking” which means we each knocked a door to speed things up. The first door I knocked and a lady opened the door a crack and proceeded to have a conversation with me. It lasted about 15 minutes while Elder King tracted the rest of the street. The lady was really nice but was hesitant to let us in that late at night so I asked her if we could come by at another time, to which she gave us a time the very next day and the door was closed. My trainer wasn’t too happy as he had finished the street and was standing outside (out of sight) listening to the last bit of the conversation. I had failed to pray with her so it wasn’t counted as a lesson and I didn’t get her phone number. My trainer had no faith that she was going to be there the next day- I did. But only because I was a naïve trainee, I took her at her word. The next day we showed up, she was there, and at least 4 people in that house ended up being baptized. That lady’s grandson was actually named after me. Something else interesting happened in the first lesson with her. I, for the first and only time in my entire mission, when explaining the power of the Holy Ghost to convince her of the truthfulness of what we were teaching, I said that the Holy Ghost has the power to activate any of your senses as to convince you in a way that you will know what it came from God and not from man/yourself. I said “It could even be a smell.” My trainer looked over at me, his eyes got wide, I shrugged. Later that night my companion somewhat rebuked me for being “so weird” in a first lesson. When we went back over there for the second lesson the lady, before the lesson even started, had to tell us of a powerful experience that happened to her last night while praying to know of the truthfulness of what we were teaching. She said that while she was praying earnestly she all of a sudden smelled this wonderful, sweet smell and then she recognized the smell as that of her mother’s perfume. Her mother had passed away some years ago. The Holy Ghost convinced her of the truthfulness in a way that was personal to her.

**Things we can learn from this:** feed off of the strengths of your companions. My companion had faith that we would see blessings if we were exactly obedient to tracting at night, while I was discouraged. And my companion was discouraged about a stop back while I was hopeful and had faith. Follow inspiration and revelation to a T, even if it sounds or feels “weird”.

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