**Micah’s Mission Story**

I was in the bottom of West Philadelphia. My companion and I would take turns praying and asking the Lord where we should go tracting. Eventually I couldn’t get my companion to pray about where we should tract- he felt like the Lord was not answering his prayers and that the Lord was not leading him and thus us to where we needed to go. So eventually I was the only one praying where we should go to tract.

One such day I prayed about where we should go and I felt very strongly that we should go to this specific street (I always prayed looking at a map of my area). We got to the area and we began tracting, me on one side of the street and my companion on the other (Philadelphia had tight streets and row homes so we were always within 15 feet of each other). About halfway down the street I knock on a door and a man answered the door. Once he saw me a smile crossed his face and he began to chuckle and then said, “come on in” and waved me in with his left arm and then turned around and disappeared into the house. I turned around and called my companion over (who was on the other side of the street) and I went into the house.

 I noticed when I walked in that the man had posters of Sam Cook and the Temptations etc all over the walls of his home, these were all groups or singers that my dad loved! And which obviously I was subjugated to listen to growing up so I was very familiar with them. I pointed at the posters and then began singing songs from the different groups, and his response was, “no blacks kids your age know any of these groups, and yet you do?” (implying I’m some white kid…) And I told him about my dad and how much he loved the music and he responded, “What are the odds?” About that time my companion came in (I stood in the doorway with the door open so I could still see my companion). So once we came in and sat down with him, his first question was, “How did you find me?” to which we replied we didn’t know what he was saying, like should we know him? (Like maybe he was an ex-member or less active etc). The man then told us his story: That he was a member of a local church for the past 40 years and actually a “deacon” in that church. The church had recently undergone a schism in which his Baptist church had accepted homosexuality and homosexual marriage and had decided that they would no longer teach it as an afront to God. This was serious enough that it caused this man to leave his church. The previous night he found himself on his knees, praying and asking God what he should do. He knew the commandments of God and wanted to live them but didn’t know where to find the truth. As he was praying intently, in his mind appeared two missionaries in white shirts and name tags. He remembered seeing them in his neighborhood when he was a teenager. He then asked God why he was showing him these two and God told him that this was the answer to his prayer. This man then promised God and said, “If you lead them to me again I will join that church.” We knocked on his door the next day. I testified to this man that the Savior had an immense love for him and knew him personally “for at the same moment you were praying, I was looking at a map, praying to know where we should go and the Lord told me I needed to go right here, right where your home is.” The man was baptized three weeks later.

**Things we can learn from this:** God is a God of miracles, the Lord can do his own work and if you are worthy the Lord can and will use you as an instrument in his hands. If you are unworthy, lack real intent, lack faith in the Savior etc even if you hold the keys God will use another who holds the same keys. You might be a bystander, you might get to witness miracles, but you will never become a fulfillment. I learned God answers prayers. And as always I learned that the field is not ready to be planted, not ready to be dunged, not ready to be pruned, I know the field is white ready to harvest and he that thrusteth in his sickle with all his might the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not but bringeth salvation to his soul.

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