

I wanted to write this testimony to let others know that Jesus is still close and working miracles. A few months ago, my friend Tony called me on a Friday evening with depression in his voice saying that their church just cancelled a baptism set for the next morning do to the baptistery recirculating pump wasn't working to provide warm water. I am a plumber, and he asked if he could come up to my house the next day and pick up a new pump. He had searched all over his town of Duncan to find a pump, but to no avail. I am apart of the Cherokee, Oklahoma church plant on the other side of the state, and my house is just about four hours away from his.

I felt the Lord tell me to meet Tony and get him the pump, so I told him that I would meet him in the middle of the state with it. My church plant has afternoon services, and I could be back in plenty of time to teach Sabbath school. He agreed. But as I hung up the phone, a voice in my head kept saying "Take the pump to Duncan. Surprise your friend with the pump." So I prayed about it and set my alarm. I was up and out the door just after midnight with the pump on my motorcycle.

It was a pleasant ride with little traffic and nice weather. I was listening to my Sabbath music and praising God for this fun adventure. But, as I neared the El Reno area, Satan started casting doubts in my mind. "Why couldn't you have just mailed it? The baptism has been cancelled for the week anyway. It would have made more since to mail it sometime during the week and saved all this effort." As he put these thoughts in my mind, my heart began to sink. Obviously whatever I did today wouldn't make much difference in the long run. The baptism was cancelled.

I wrestled with God over this assignment for about half an hour while riding, but since I was well over half way there, I might as well finish the trip. Around the town of Chickasha, thoughts of baptisms ran through my mind. Watching my sibilings', my uncle and aunts', and good friends' baptisms were playing in my memory. My own baptism flashed before me. Christ reminded me that all of Heaven rejoices over one person who comes to Him. So I started praying, "Lord, if there is some way to get the baptistery going again and have the baptism today, I am your willing servant."

The plan was to take the pump to Tony's house, but the Lord said, "Take it to the church instead." I couldn't understand why, but I did it anyway. I arrived at the church around 4:00 am. Stepping off the motorcycle and stretching a little, I realized I hadn't had my devotions yet that morning. My phone had the devotion saved on it. After about 15 minutes or more, I prayed once more to allow the celebration of the baptism to happen. "Lord, if it be your will, please allow this back door to open." I picked up the pump and reluctantly approached the door I had been standing next to during my devotions. As my eyes adjusted to the shadows, I found that in his discouragement and planning, Tony had left his key in the door.

Tears rolled down my face as I walked in the door. "Lord, this is amazing! I should have brought my plumbing truck now. I am willing to help if You will but provide the tools." I turned on lights in the sanctuary and made my way to the baptistery to find the other pump removed and the tools that we used still sitting next to it! The Lord provided yet again! I crawled under the baptistery and did the easy part of the whole affair, the plumbing.

The water was turned on and the pump started. Everything was working well, but I didn't have a lighter for the heater. I searched high and low for the lighter all over the church, but to no avail. I prayed again, "Lord, You have provided everything that was necessary for the woman to be baptized today. Please provide the hot water." I searched some more, but nothing. "Well Lord, I know where the water heater is, so if you will, please provide buckets and a hose so that I can carry hot water across the church and pour it in."

When I walked into the utility room, I discovered several buckets and a short hose next to them! Praise God! So, I started hauling water to the baptistery as fast as I could fill buckets. Stopping to pray several times for this work not to be in vain. "Lord, work it out so that she can be baptized today." When the water heater was empty of hot water, the baptistery was at least not freezing.

I looked at the clock, and it was 7:00 am. Tony needs to be called before he gets on his motorcycle to meet me in the middle of the state to pick up the pump. He answered the phone a little surprised at the request to bring a lighter by the church. "Can you call the pastor and the members to get the baptism on again for today?" He made a few calls and told me that it was good to go. We praised the Lord together and thanked Him for his blessings.

As I was getting ready to get back on my motorcycle to make it back to church for afternoon services, Tony told me how amazing I was for what I had done. I recounted the evidence of God's will in everything that had happened and the miracles. I recounted that church members had given the Bible studies, the Holy Spirit had blessed their work, the church had loved the woman, the pastor was performing the baptism, and that he and the elders were praying fervently for her. All I had done was submit to God's plan and bring the water to the party. It wasn't because of me. It was because of Him working through many people to reach one lady.

God still works miracles today for those who are willing to listen. He longs to do more of these for His people as time is drawing to a close. Please listen to the prompting of His Spirit.

Oh, and as I got off the motorcycle just before Sabbath school started, I cried when looking at my phone I saw a picture of the baptism. Of course, I requested to tell the mission story for church that day.

May the Lord use these testimonies to encourage each of you in your ministry opportunities, and as always, keep the rubber side down.

God Bless,

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