

Deanna

There was a wonderful pastor of our church when I was in high school who had a real heart for youth. He made the Bible relevant to our every day lives. When we had an evangelist come to our church, I went forward and gave my life to Him. Although I felt I should go to the mission field (I still feel I missed my calling and disobeyed). He has still blessed me and guided me my whole life. If I were to tell you all the ways, it would fill a book.

One of the more recent events involving our church happened a year and a half ago. My dear sister-in-law was diagnosed with cancer in her bile duct after several tests and it hit us all hard. I prayed, cried, and begged for her healing. When we would sing songs at church about dying, I would cry. One October morning, Pastor Dave led us in the song "Come, Come Let Us Worship." I felt such a release, telling God "I can let her go and let her sing at His throne with her gorgeous voice and we can get along without her, hard as it would be." I felt so lighthearted.

When I came home, my husband told me, "we got the call, she died that night." I cried tears of relief and gratitude that God would be so gracious to me. Imagine my surprise when at her service the members of the praise group she started at her church sang her favorite song. They gave testimony of how much she did for the church in introducing new praise and worship music and in starting a praise group of instruments and voices, much like we have at our church. The song was, "Come, Come Let Us Worship." I about danced in the pew, I was so happy. I felt we were singing with her as she sings at Jesus' feet.