

## My Faith Story

I am Brian and after giving my life to Christ, I discovered many doors that became opened that allowed me to witness for Him.

My spiritual journey began three days before my 33<sup>rd</sup> birthday on a Wednesday evening at our local United Methodist Church. **I had been struggling** for almost a year with what I had read in a book by Hal Lindsay. During an evening service, I would come to realize why God had me read this book in the first place and also attend this particular service. The scriptures and the message were meant directly for me! God was about to change my life completely. ***“<sup>37</sup>Now on the last day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried out saying, ‘If any man thirsts, let him come to me and drink. <sup>38</sup>He that believes in Me, as the Scriptures said, from his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water”* John 7:37-38 (ESV, paraphrased).**

Shortly after that experience, I became involved in a small group and to this day continue to participate in one. It is a place where one can grow in faith through studying the Scriptures; a place that provides everyone the opportunity to lean on one another during both good and bad times; a place where we can encourage each other to “get out of the boat” **and witness to what Christ has and is doing in our lives.** In fact, for me it was the place where I began to hear God calling me into full time pastoral ministry.

But let me tell you more about the rest of my story before I heard that calling:

While employed by the postal service, I purchased a pin that simply read, “My Boss is a Jewish Carpenter.” I wore that pin on my baseball cap while carrying the mail, meeting and greeting the town residents whom I delivered to. One day, I was escorted into the postmaster’s office and told I had to get rid of it. Without realizing it at the time, **God had opened an opportunity to witness for Him.** With total respect for the postmaster and the postal service, I explained that if Jesus was the one that I ultimately worked for as I walked through town, and if I did the very best I could for Him, EVERYONE would benefit – especially the postmaster. But to no avail, the pin had to be removed.

To this day, I have no idea if what I said that morning had any effect on the postmaster or the town residents that I met while delivering the mail. Sometimes when we witness, we may not see an immediate impact but the Good News we share becomes a seed. But one thing I do know, and that is that God has opened many doors during my life and the Holy Spirit has given me the courage and the confidence to share what Jesus Christ means to me.

For those of us who love Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, when the opportunity arises to be His witness, remember, sharing Jesus with someone is no different than one beggar telling another beggar where to find bread.

***“For the Holy Spirit will teach you at that time what to say” Luke 12:12 (ESV, paraphrased).***