

A Divine Appointment

The Pursuit

First, I would like to take this time to go over a personal experience that I was blessed to be a part of. I give all the Glory to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. My purpose in writing this testimony is to encourage whoever reads this testimony. I pray that it builds their faith, shows an example of how divine providence works, and shows the mercy and love of God.

I would like you to consider several scriptures before I share this testimony.

Ezekiel 34:11 For thus sayeth the Lord God: Indeed, I myself will search for my sheep and seek them out.

Luke 10:19 Jesus came to seek and to save those who are lost.

Romans 10:17 So faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

1 Peter 3:15 But sanctify the Lord in your hearts: and be ready to give an answer to every man that asks you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear.

So, in the above scriptures we see that Jesus actively seeks out his lost sheep. He will arrange circumstances that lead the sinner to hearing the word of God. It may be a bible tract that a believer left at the laundry mat. It may be a kind word, or act of love accompanied by a profession of God's word. This testimony is a great example of how things are arranged in the spiritual realm, to accomplish a physical manifestation of God's love for his lost sheep.

I will start with some background in to the who, what, when, where, and how this came to pass.

My family lived on an approximately 40-acre farm on a back country tar and chip road, that was just wide enough for two cars to pass. This road was connected to a county road that was about 2 miles off the main state road. It was a very quiet and secluded area with not a lot of vehicle traffic on our road. The farmhouse was approximately 80 yards from the intersection of the two county roads. I lived there with my wife and two sons. I worked second shift so we had a black lab named Chelsea who was a great playmate for my sons, and one of the best guard dogs we ever had. My wife wanted the guard dog to help put her mind at ease while I was working second shift.

One summer evening I arrived home around 11:30 pm. My wife would wait up for me some nights so we could catch up on how are days went. I told my wife how good I felt after our teamwork prayer meeting at work that night. I told her that we had a very powerful time in prayer for our coworkers, the company, and our group of fellow believers. My wife then shared how her day went, and how the boys did that day. While we were sitting there talking the black lab started giving her alarm bark and was really raising cane. When she barked like that you knew that there was something or someone near the house that should not be there. I opened up the front door and stepped out onto the porch to see what was setting the dog off. I looked up the road towards the intersection and saw a car pulled to the side of the road next to the cornfield,

and a young man walking down the road towards the house. I told the dog it was ok, and asked him if he was alright and if he needed any help. He said that his car stopped running and that he would like to use the phone to call a friend for a ride if he could. I told him sure and escorted him into the house and showed him where the phone was. As he walked past me to the phone I could smell the alcohol on his breath. He tried to call his friend but got no answer, so he asked if he could try again in a couple of minutes? I said, sure. Let's go outside and sit on the front porch and talk while we wait. I had a wife and two sons in the house to protect, so I took him outside to the front porch and started to have a conversation with him. We started with a little small talk to get him to relax and open up. Then I told him that I knew he had been drinking because I could smell it on him, and asked him why he was drinking. He told me it was his birthday and that was the day his mom committed suicide. He said his dad always blamed him for his mother's death. "What a terrible burden to carry around in this life, I was instantly filled with compassion for this young man." I told him that I was sorry to hear what happened to his mom, and was sorry for his loss. After a few moments of silence, I told him that he could drink all the booze he wanted, and take all the drugs he wanted, but it would never really take the pain and guilt away from him. I knew because I used to try to drink or smoke my problems away, but it never worked. They always came back. I told him that only Jesus could take the guilt and pain away forever. He looked at me and said, "yea", but where was he when my mom committed suicide?" I Told him that Jesus was right there waiting to be called upon. After another brief pause, we talked some more and I said the real question now is what are you going to do. I shared my experience with Jesus, and what I had been forgiven of, and how it made me feel when I believed he could save me and forgive me. I shared how it changed my life forever. He sat there and listened to what I had to say, but he just wasn't ready to believe yet. Then he asked if he could go back in and use the phone again. I said sure, lets go in. He called his friend again and got an answer this time. His friend told him he would be there in about a half an hour to pick him up. So, this young man and I waked back outside to the front porch. I continued to try and tell him about Jesus and how he would forgive him of all his sins, heal him of his sorrow, and take away all the pain in his heart. I told him all he had to do was believe in Jesus, confess his sins, and ask Jesus to be the lord of his life. He was now getting tired of me preaching at him, so I was led to ask him to walk up and check out his car.

As we got closer to his car, I could see all the front-end damage, and I said no wonder it stopped running. I asked, what did you hit? He said that he had ran off the road through a wooden fence, backed up onto the road and took off. He said he was drunk and knew he would get in big trouble if he got caught. I told him that may be so, but you will get in more trouble with a hit and run if you don't go back tomorrow and tell that man what you did and make it right. I told the young man I would not call the police if he went back to see the man the next day and offer to fix his fence. By this time, we were close enough to the car that we could see the windshield clearly. There was a five-inch diameter whole in the windshield where a fence post passed through it. It was four or five inches to the passenger side of where his head would have been. I was so stunned by what I saw that I really didn't know what I was going to say. But that still small voice told me what I need to say. I looked him straight in the eyes and said, if that hole was for oor five inches the other way, your head would have been smashed and you wouldn't be standing here talking with me now. You would be dead! You would have never had the chance to hear

what I just told you. I can tell you it was not just a coincidence that you survived the wreck, turned down the road I live on for your get-away, and had your car stop running just up from my house. It was not a coincidence that you came to my house to use the phone. God spared your life, stopped your car by my house, had you come to my house to use the phone. God had me tell you about Jesus, how He has the power to forgive your sins, heal your broken heart, and give you eternal life. All you have to do is ask Him. I could see in his eyes that the words I was led to tell him had an impact on him. I could tell the Holy Spirit was starting to make him realize that what was said was true, but he just wasn't ready to take that step of faith yet. I told him, just remember what I told you tonight and when you are ready to act on it Jesus will hear you. He was very quiet for the walk back to the front porch and until his friend came to pick him up. The last thing I said before they drove away was, just remember what I told you tonight. After they left, I thanked God for the chance he had given me to witness for Jesus, and asked Him to use it for His glory and to bring forth a harvest. I prayed that the young man would give his life to Jesus. I believe I will see that young man again in heaven.

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