

This is the story of how God led me to a church that I didn't want to be a part of.

When I was born and came home from the hospital, my first trip was to church. Mom and dad attended Nickelsville First Baptist Church. This is the church that we grew up in. When I was in the fifth grade my dad felt led to preach. So we started visiting a lot of churches. Dad was approached by Moores Memorial to come and help them out. So mom and dad did and I didn't like it. I told mom and dad that I wasn't leaving Nickelsville. So they didn't make me.

Every Sunday morning they would drop me off at Nickelsville First Baptist and they would pick me up on their way back through. My parents were smart though. Every Sunday they would give me a piece of paper and ask me to take notes from the sermon that was preached. I remember one Sunday sitting with one of my friends. He wanted to talk and play tic tac toe but I had to take notes. He didn't understand but I didn't want to get into trouble. This lasted for several months and I missed going to church with my family. I finally gave in and moved my membership to Moores Memorial.

I stayed there until Amanda and I were married. We then started attending Riggs Chapel where Amanda's dad was serving as Pastor. It was during our service at Riggs that God really started using us. God had laid on my heart to organize a county wide revival. Invite every church in Scott County to come together under one roof for a week of revival. I contacted them all, 162 active churches. In August of 2005 the first ever Scott County Revival was held. During the Scott County Revival God had been dealing with me about preaching His Word. On the final night of the revival, I announced my call to preach. It was definitely a life changing moment.

I started preaching and filling in at churches. God had led me and my family to Wood RiverView Baptist Church in Dungannon. I was called as the assistant pastor and we loved the people there. While we were there Amanda and I continued to pray about what God wanted us to do. It was then that He led us to a two week missionary trip to Mexico. We helped out missionary family that was there, Rodney, Amanda, Katie and Joshua Lane. It was one of the best and most rewarding times of my life. We actually thought we were going to be missionaries to Mexico. We prayed and prayed about what to do. If you want to get your in-laws in an uproar go tell them you're moving their daughter and grandbabies to Mexico and see what they say. After months of prayer God laid it on my heart that I was going to be a pastor. I didn't know where but I was going pastor a church. Our prayers started changing as to where God wanted us to serve. Amanda said she would go anywhere but Moores, I agreed. I had an appointment at Moores Memorial to fill in for Dad. He and mom were going on a mission trip to Mississippi for some disaster relief. The Sunday that I filled in, something seemed different. Amanda and I were the last ones to leave. As I got in the car Amanda asked me if I felt

that and I said yes. She said this is where we were supposed to be isn't it. I said I believe so. We kept it to ourselves. The next Sunday was the same feeling. I and Amanda prayed even more. I told God that He was going to have to work it out, that was my dad's church and I am not making a move. This was on Sunday. On Tuesday I received a call from the pastor search team saying, we believe that God is leading you to our church, would you meet with us. July 15, 2007 was my first Sunday as pastor.