

Oh Love of God

Personal testimony
of Joshua Moffitt

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My name is Joshua Moffitt. I am the son of Greg and Janet Moffitt. I was born in New Albany, MS and we lived in Pontotoc, MS until 1992. I was raised in church and around God my whole life. My life began in Pontotoc, MS where my parents were members of Grace Baptist Church. The pastor of Grace is Bro. Terry Owen. My parents were very happy at Grace and God was doing a great work there. I am not able to tell their whole testimony but God did an awesome work in both of my parents. I thank God every day for how he worked in my parents and saved their lives because if it wasn't for that, I would not know God.

As a little boy I remember being around God at Mississippi Delta Camp Meeting and watching my parents and their friends shout and wave there hankies. I didn't know really why they were doing it but I did know they did it for God. I would watch my parents and their friends worship God. My brother and I would copy what they were doing. As I grew up that was all I knew. I would go to church every Sunday and Wednesday and we would travel to camp meetings whenever we could. My family would travel to camp meeting every time after Christmas and my grandparents couldn't understand why we wouldn't stay at their house and play with our toys. I really enjoyed camp meeting and my parents would have let me stay but I wanted to go.

When I was four years old God was speaking to Dad about moving to Memphis, TN and leaving Grace Baptist Church. We eventually moved to Memphis and stayed with my Mom's parents until my Dad could get a good job so we could get our own place. My Dad was going to seminary at the time, following God and doing His will. In 1994, after being in Memphis for about two years, Dad got a call from Arlington Baptist Church. They were in need of a pastor and wanted Dad to come preach. To make a long story short, they voted Dad "in" one hundred percent. We were going to get our own house and my brother and I were so excited we went running across the yard saying "we won the house!!!"

God started really working in the church and people started finding out they were lost because of what my dad was preaching. Lots of people eventually started leaving because they didn't like my dad or they had problems with what he was preaching. The church eventually got really small but God had His plan. Some people started getting saved and my dad wanted to have a revival meeting with Bro. Terry. God moved in a mighty way and saved more people in the church during that week. We came out of that week a totally different church. Even as a young boy, I could tell a difference in the church. God had told my dad earlier that our name was supposed to change. After that week God had birthed a new church and we became Lighthouse Baptist Church.

I don't remember much more about what happened in the early years of our church because I guess I was too busy being a wild kid. Even though I grew up in the church and around God, I still was not a good kid. I would disobey my parents, talk back, lie and just had a rebellious spirit. I couldn't see it myself and I thought I was always right and argued my case all the time. As I became a teenager my heart grew colder. I became a lot more prideful and it really started showing. I hated my dad or anyone else telling me what to do. Off and on through my younger teenage life God would convict me of who I was and how sinful I was but nothing would

change. I would get sorry one day and the next I would be doing the same thing. As I got older I started having doubts in my heart about whether God was real and if what my dad had preached was really true. I was in a mess because of my thoughts and just who I was. I would not have those doubts all the time but they would creep up every once in a while. If it wasn't for my parents keeping track of me and not letting me do certain things and go certain places, there is no telling what I would have done. I didn't have a lot of awful outward sin but there were a lot of secret sins that no one else knew but me and God. I couldn't see that even that sin was just as bad as all the other sins.

Around fifteen and sixteen I didn't get anywhere with God. I had a really hard heart. I would come to church just to be there and would not get anything out of the service. I did that for a while and what made it so bad was that I was in a great place and God was moving and working. God was just being so longsuffering and loving toward me and I didn't even care or take thought of it. I was taking God's goodness for granted. When I turned seventeen and was coming up on my senior year, my brother Stephen got saved at the June camp meeting. When my brother got saved, it shocked me. I saw a change right after he got saved just in the way he started shouting and thanking God for what He did. He started talking about God all the time and he was a totally different person. Those doubts that were there went away because I saw a change in someone that I was close to. I started wanting what he had and it drove me to start wanting God's things and wanting to be at church more.

Not long after that I started my senior year and I met a girl and started dating her. When we first started dating I told her she had to come to church because this is where my life is and I knew for us to be together she had to want it too. It started out ok but my mind was distracted by her and I was not thinking much about God. We started getting pretty serious and soon I got really distracted trying to make her happy. Her parents did not like our church and it was keeping her from coming. All along she was telling me she knew this was her church and she could not leave. I would constantly stay in a mess trying to make her parents and her happy. To top it off, I was about to graduate and I was worried about what I was going to do with the rest of my life. I felt like I was not getting anywhere with God and I wasn't. All this time I loved her and my flesh more than God and I really didn't see it. I eventually graduated and started working full time in the summer. I still was so distracted by what was going on and I wasn't doing anything about it. I felt like I stayed in a mess all the time. I was still thinking about what I was going to do about college, so that didn't help. I ended up starting at Southwest Community College that Fall of 2006. It was going pretty good but things with my girlfriend were getting worse and I knew something needed to change. I was still not getting anywhere with God and I knew that I couldn't keep going on like that. God started showing me some things about her that I didn't see before. One week I really saw what she wanted and it wasn't God. I knew God wanted me to end the relationship. The next week I broke up with her and it was really hard because I didn't think I would find anyone else. God really helped me to trust Him with that. Immediately after I broke up with her, things started picking up with me and God.

God started showing me things that I didn't see before. I was getting a lot of help from the sermons that my dad preached. I felt like a totally different person. I felt like I had a big weight lifted off my chest. It was coming up on New Year's Eve and we have a service at the church every year, which I was looking forward to. My dad was getting up to preach and he started talking about how he was thinking over this past year and there was no one saved. That really burdened my dad which really burdened me. God started dealing with me about how I have gone the whole year not wanting God and doing my own things. I started seeing how good God had been to me. God was being so longsuffering with me and loving me so much and I didn't even see it this whole year. God really was talking to me more than ever before. Sermons started being preached for me and God was using what my dad preached almost every time. God showed me I wasn't obeying him or my dad. My dad preached on how we were supposed to love God more than anything, with ALL of our heart. God really showed me through that sermon I did not love Him with all my heart. I knew I didn't and I fell on the altar and told God I loved him but nothing really happened. I did get help to see that loving God with my whole heart was one of my problems. I went on through the month of January still getting help. I still had a desire for God that I had never had before. I had nights I could not sleep because I was seeing who I was and how God was still wanted to talk to me and help me.

We always have a Camp meeting the first week of February every year and it was coming up soon. I knew God was going to be there and I needed to be ready. We have prayer meeting every week on Thursdays at our church. In the past year I did not look forward to the prayer meetings but during that month the week before camp meeting it was totally different. During prayer meeting God was really moving on me and my dad called on me to pray and I just poured my heart out and told God where I was. I thanked Him for being so good to me my whole life and loving me even though I didn't love Him. I got a lot of help and I came into the next Sunday with more hope than I ever had before. Bro. Brian Purdy was supposed to preach Sunday night and God told him to tell the lost that we could come to God no matter where we are. I got so much hope from that sermon that I could come to God no matter what. I had been to Camp Liberty so many times in my life but this time was totally different, I had so much hope.

The first night of camp Bro. Terry preached on unity with our people and I realized I could not be unified with anyone until I got saved. After the first night of camp we always have a young men's prayer meeting. I usually didn't pray much but this time was different. When it was my turn to pray I let everything out. I thank God for being so good to me my whole life even when I didn't care. I thanked him for giving me hope and talking to me and loving me even when I didn't deserve it. God really helped me that night pour my heart out to him and talk to him like a person. The next morning Bro. Claude preached on faith and how God gives you faith. I realized God had been giving me some faith and I needed to keep that faith and hold on to it. That was Tuesday of the camp; God was heavy on me that whole day. That night Bro. Mike got up to preach, little did I know God wanted to talk to me again; the whole time God was just pouring his love on me. He preached the gospel like I have never heard it before, it pierced my soul that God would love me that much to give His only son for me. God had his plan because during Bro. Mike's sermon he pointed me out and said he had been thinking about me and God is to. I fell on my face and started weeping I didn't know what to do I just had such a need for God in my heart I can't explain. I still was not loving God with all my heart and letting everything go on Him. I see that now but I didn't at the time. After the sermon I went to talk to dad and he said God wants to save you. He's been telling you over and over how much he loves you. All you have to do is love him more than anything. I went home with that and could not get it off my mind.

I woke up with it on my mind which hardly ever happened but it did that morning. The first thing that was sung the next morning was "At the Cross". God was still showing me how much He loved me and what HE gave FOR ME! I made it through that song and Bro. Terry had the song "Oh Love of God" sung. During that song I saw God's love for me like I had never seen before. My heart was about to explode and all I saw was who God was and His great love toward me and I believed with all my heart God loved me. I jump up out of my seat and fell on the altar. My heart just exploded telling God I love you, I love you, over and over that's what God wanted and as soon as I did God saved me so fast. I can't explain it... I started laughing and thanking God. I had such a peace in my heart that was never there before. It was so good I don't have enough words to explain how good it was. God saved me on February 8, 2007. I look back now and God knew exactly what I needed and His ways are so perfect. From that point I have loved God more than anything and will love Him more than anything just because He loved me first. In that song it says, "Oh Love of God that led me to believe" which is truly what happened to me!

For more information, please contact

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