

# How God Saved a Preacher's Son

Personal testimony  
of Stephen Moffitt

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My name is Stephen Moffitt. The words you are about to read are just a short condensed version of the events of my life and the journey that God set me on to find him. However, if I were to write out all of the things that God has done, there is no way these pages could hold all of his wondrous works. So this could be called the highlights or focal points on 'How God Saved a Preacher's Son.'

I was born on June 1, 1987 to Bro. Greg and Janet Moffitt in the small town of New Albany, Mississippi. Even this was the providence of God that God would allow me to be born to parents he was calling out of the religion of this world and bringing them to Himself. I also encourage you to read their testimonies and you will see why I feel this way, because God saved my Dad, a lost preacher who preached for seven years with the power of God on his life, and saved my Mom and called her from a singing career that would have ultimately sent her to hell to make a way so I could come to the knowledge and understanding of the one true God. God had set some things in motion by saving my parents that would ultimately affect the lives of many people, especially in a small town of Arlington, Tennessee.

After God saved my parents, he told my Dad to move to Memphis, TN and enter Mid America Theological Seminary in 1992. Through a series of events my Dad was called to pastor Arlington Baptist Church in Arlington, TN. This would later be reborn and named Lighthouse Baptist Church. During all this time, I was growing up in the ways of God. I watched them worship and love God more than anything on this earth and let nothing stop them from being with God. Not only them, but the people of Lighthouse following in the same way that my Dad was going, forsaking all to know God. This was my life, even as a young boy - our lives were always about the church. When I say I grew up in church, I mean I literally grew up in church. It was what my parents lived for and led their family to live for. Our plans were changed many times for the church and I thank God for this because God used it to prove to me how real and important He was.

During this time God started a Camp meeting in Pontotoc, MS at Grace Baptist Church, called Camp Liberty. Bro. Terry Owen is the pastor of Grace and my Dad's best friend. Because he was my Dad's pastor when he got saved and it was Grace where Dad was called out of to pastor Lighthouse, I have to tell you this because this place, Camp Liberty, is where I got saved and it is also where my brother Josh also got saved. You see, I know how close my dad and Bro. Terry were but I didn't know how close I would be to his family. I married his daughter on August 16, 2008, yet another way God has been too good to me. His son Caleb is also my best friend in the whole world. We could never have dreamed how close we would become. God used him in many ways in my life because we were inseparable from little boys until now.

God moved on me many times in my life to let me know He was real. But I would have to say the first time I ever heard Him speak directly to me was up on our church land before anything was built. There was an altar there where the men had prayer meeting every Thursday night. However, I think this was on a Monday or Tuesday. I was 14 years old and some of the young men from church wanted to go pray. We had done this before a few times but on this particular night, it was me, my brother Josh, Johnathan Purdy and John Williams. As we began to pray, God moved in on us and spoke a promise to me that I was going to help my generation. I didn't know how this was going to happen but I just knew I could not deny what God told me that night and I kept that to myself for years. Though God had told me this and I was seeing God at work at church and at Camp Meeting, I still doubted whether all this was for me too. However there was one event in my life that God used to convince me that it was for

me. That event would be Caleb getting saved at June Camp 2003. You see, I knew this boy. Until now I had never really seen someone get saved and God change them immediately. I had heard many testimonies of adults getting saved but I had never known someone so close to me and my age getting saved. I would spend the next year watching God work in his life, watching him love the same God of our fathers, the same way they loved him. Now God had convinced me that he was not only for my Dad but for me.

Well, I was in my senior year in the fall of 2004 when things really picked up between me and God. God was really beginning to work in me. Dad preached a sermon about losing your life to find God's. You see, I had never seen myself as having my own life because all I knew was the things of God and the church. But in October of 2004 God showed me I had a life to lose. I was dating a girl outside the church and she wasn't coming to church with me. One night God told me she had to go. So I did what God wanted and I broke it off. This is where I really began my journey to God. God was showing me I had a life to lose which was my own desires and dreams and if I was going to have Him I was going to have to turn my back on them because He had something different planned for my life. From this point on God began to talk to me. But in February 2005, "my life" really began to fall apart because I always thought I was a good young man and took much pride in it. You see, I had heard many sermons over the years about sin and the depravity of man but I never saw myself as that bad of a person, but boy was that about to change.

God used yet another circumstance to show me this. You see, I was out one weekend where I wasn't supposed to be and I was confronted with something I had boasted that I would never do if the situation ever came up. Needless to say, I fell miserably into sin. Though I thank God I did not continue in it, it was for only one weekend but I remember driving away and God waking me up to where I was and what I was doing. I was immediately afraid and fell over in my truck seat crying out to God, scared to death, because God was bringing back all those messages I had heard on sin and the judgment that was on a sinner like me. This threw me into a tailspin. Now I had not only heard about all of this, I was experiencing it. Immediately I stopped everything but it was too late. I had already been caught, not by my parents but worse, by God. The next months were horrible yet God was doing great things. I spent the next several months lamenting over who I was and what I had done. However, it went deeper than just those things I had done because I didn't have a lot of "sins" but that didn't matter - it was who I was. God was showing me that if he hadn't stopped me that night in my truck, I would have continued along the path of sin and would have been the greatest sinner to ever live. So the next few months there were sleepless nights, nights where I was scared to go to sleep because I was scared I would die in my sleep. Mornings that I would wake up with relief I was still alive. Yet I was still faced with who I was. God had made me so sick of me that I would be under such conviction I would literally throw up. This went on from February to the end of May.

One Sunday morning Bro. Scott Smith, our Youth leader at church, preached on God being in the small things and God was speaking directly to me. You see, I had seen so many mighty works of God but I was stuck on just looking for God in the mighty things so I was missing God and what he was trying to tell me. Not only did Brother Scott preach on it, low and behold, Dad preached on the same thing in church that morning! I knew God was talking to me so I set out to do what God was telling me to do. I had not gotten anywhere with God trying to figure it out myself. Over the next months God talked to me every service in the small things even if it was just in one word like 'hope.'

Well I graduated from high school - thank God! And it was time for Camp. The Sunday before Camp I woke up and something was different. I felt like I could think straight and it seemed like my mind was not so bombarded with everything. I know this was God because he had something to say to me. Dad preached that day about how God wanted us to go into Camp looking for him in the small things. So, I took hold of that.

Well, on the first night of camp Bro. Terry got up to preach and he preached on where the camp was and that it was at Jericho and that God had told him that Camp Liberty would not be the same Camp when we left that week. When he said that, God told me that I was going to leave Camp a different man. I didn't try to figure out what God meant by this - I just took it and held on to it and believed him. The next morning Bro. Terry called my Dad up to preach and he preached again on listening to God in the small things. So I knew that it was what I needed to do.

Wednesday night came and Bro. Mike Williams was called on to preach. He told us to turn to Hebrews 4:14-16 and when I saw what it was I started begging God to please don't let him preach on this because I can't believe it. He preached on "come now to the throne of Grace and I will have mercy." I cried through the whole thing but at the end I still had not moved and God was very powerful but no one else had moved either.

Bro. Terry then got up and told the Camp what God had told him. He said that God told him the Camp was a Jericho and that the wall was unbelief and that is why no one had moved. This struck me harder than anything. God began to show me that unbelief was my greatest sin. After all that he had done for me and I still didn't believe. God showed me what my unbelief was saying to God. He showed me that when he came to save me, and I could have gotten saved when I didn't believe that it was like I was shaking my fist in front of God telling him his son's sacrifice was not good enough. Man, this slew me. I hit the altar telling God I was sorry. I just lamented over my unbelief. Because there was nothing else that was holding me back from God - no other sin.

The service was over and I was at the bottom. It was horrible but yet a great place. When I got up I saw Caleb walking across the back. We saw each other at the same time and met at the back door of Camp Liberty. I don't really know how to explain it but when we hugged each other God just came in the building and I broke. We both began to weep. I told him that I couldn't go on anymore. Caleb asked me what I said so I said it again but this time I told God I couldn't go on anymore. Even though at the time I didn't realize it was happening, but I was at the end of myself. I felt like it was over for me. I thought I had blown my chance because of my unbelief.

After a few minutes of me just broken, God told my dad, who was talking to someone else, to come tell me something so he did. When he bent down he told me the sweetest words I have ever heard in my entire life. He said, "God just told me to tell you that you can have what you want." Boy when I heard that, I broke again. Let me remind you I thought it was over for me. After I guess a few minutes of me crying, Dad just asked me, "What actually do you want?" After he asked me that it felt like God was asking me the same thing, which he was. I started telling God I just wanted Him, I wanted to know the God of my father and I just wanted to know my sins were forgiven. After a while I stopped crying and sat back against a chair and God was still on but the tears were gone. Dad asked me what was going on and I said I didn't know. And then he asked me what is God saying and I am telling you as clear as I am talking to you God told me "You can have what you want." I don't know how else to describe it

but I believed him and I told Dad, “He is saying I can have what I want” and God saved me! I started laughing and my Dad and Caleb and everyone there started shouting and I just laid there laughing with so much peace and rest in my heart. After so much turmoil and conviction, I just laid there laughing with so much peace and rest, in just one moment.

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