

# **He Saved Me From Me**

**Personal Testimony  
of Caley Moffitt**

**Saved May 16th, 2010**

My name is Caley Beth Moffitt. I was born to the saved parents Terry and Connie Owen. I grew up in a little town called Pontotoc, MS, and went to a church called Grace Baptist Church, where my Dad was pastor. When I was little, I remember feeling God when he would come through the church services as someone was preaching. I didn't know why I was crying but am so thankful for those camp meetings and church services when I felt God, I feel like that was him keeping me close to the family of God. When I was 13, we had a strong service at camp and I personally remember God letting me know that this was all for me. While I was growing up I was considered a good girl and wanted to appear that way. I would hear my dad preach on being a sinner and never would truly understand because I couldn't see how I was that bad of a sinner. As I became older, I really struggled in school with grades and keeping up. I remember on report card days I would have a bad report card and started feeling so sick to my stomach, when I got home, I would curl up on the couch and hope my parents didn't ask to see the report card. When my dad would see the report card he knew exactly my problem. He told me that I was so prideful I didn't want to ask for help, and was so lazy I didn't want to do my homework. He was so right but the older I got the more I would silently rebel and reject what my father told me. When I graduated, we were all relieved because I caused such a struggle with my prideful attitude. I was relieved however because I was ready for my pride to go away. Unlike what I thought it was still there but would show itself in other ways. I was always fearful and said that is the reason I wasn't getting saved, because I was so afraid he would not have me, but all the time I was so prideful I didn't ever hear what my real sin problem was. I got engaged in February of 2008 and on my last church service at Grace in August my dad preached on the 10 lepers and I remember going down to the altar and dad coming down and told me to just thank him like the one leper. I didn't see my sin and only had worldly sorrow. I was

only concerned about how I felt in this I was rejecting Christ. In August of 2008, I married Stephen Moffitt. Our parents went to college together and remained friends following after God mine and Stephen's whole lives. Them being brought together and sticking with the truth that God gave them was just one of the ways God had his hand on my life. After we were married, I became very content in going to church, and taking care of the house. I would feel God move on me at church but never went home and continued to seek him. We would have meetings and I would say that I was going to seek God all the way to salvation this time but of course, when the meeting was over it was back to everyday life and I would forget about my soul and my heart would only grow harder. Not long after we were married Stephen got laid off from his job. I soon ended up having to get a full-time job to help out and Stephen went job searching. This situation scared me because I had never had to struggle with money. I always trusted Dad that he would take care of us, but what I never realized it was God taking care of us. The further we got into this the more I was being shown that I didn't not trust God at all but all I could hear god telling me was "YOU CAN TRUST ME."

After this, over the next two years, I was becoming very unhappy with my life even though I had gotten what I thought would satisfy me. In Apr. of 2010, my dad preached a meeting at our church. I remember one night he told the saved in the church that they were going to have to go on to perfection and not worry about the lost anymore. This really scared me because I had never felt like I was excluded from being a part of the church or felt separated from his people. Suddenly I felt like I was on one side of a lake and everyone else was on the other side walking off. The Sunday after the meeting Bro. Greg was preaching and told the lost that this may be the last sermon they hear to

them and that we had all we needed to get saved. He said it was up to the lost to come to God now.

This really scared me because I didn't know what to do but just ask God to help me and for him to not leave me. Church ended and Bro. Greg came to talk to me and told me that God had given me everything I needed to come to him but that I just needed to see my pride and repent. After the meeting, we had our annual birthday celebration at the church. Bro. Claude Mills got up to preach one of the first nights. He told us that God would give us what we wanted as long as it was in his will. I wasn't sure what to ask for and then Bro Claude said "Maybe some of you just need God to help you seek him so you will get saved". I remember asking God to help me seek him if it is for a night or another year, I just wanted to get to him. The Sunday after the Birthday Celebration a song was sung, and the church started hugging each other and loving on one another. I was sitting in my chair and thinking that I knew how to love because I came from a church who loves everyone.

Almost as soon as I said that God said you don't love people or me. He pointed a certain person out to me and how I had not loved her. I went and hugged her and broke on her. This was the first time I had seen I didn't love people. All day this stayed with me, and I couldn't get away from the fact that I didn't love people or God. Sunday night we came to church and after the singing bro Greg said he was going to preach on pride. He began to preach, and I began to drift off into sleep, literally. When Bro. Greg was starting the second part of his sermon it was like God woke me up. I thought "What are you doing Caley!" And the thought came back to me about this could be the last sermon that the lost gets. So, I, for the first time, listened to what bro. Greg was preaching. The first thing I remember him saying was "When you here preaching you always say I know, and pride has already kept you from hearing what God wants to say." Bro. Greg continued to nail me on pride, and I felt like God was sitting on top of me. By the end of service, all I wanted to do was run to him and tell him I was sorry for my pride toward him and how it hurt him. I went to the altar and told him I was

sorry for how I had not ever listened to his men and how I had rebelled against my dad my whole life. I told him I was sorry for never listening and for sleeping. During this I told God if he didn't come home with me my pride was going to kill me. I felt very helpless and knew God was the only one that could help me. Bro. Greg came down there and told me that God said he was just waiting for me to be sorry and wanted to come home with me. After this, I began to thank God. I thanked him for not killing me when I was younger and didn't listen to his men. I knew God was there and just thanked him for coming to save me. When I did this, it was like the power of God left but I was very different inside. We dismissed and I was telling bro. Greg what happened, and he just told me to go home and think about it and that if it was salvation that God would give me assurance. I went home and called Caleb, my brother. I was telling him what happened and told him when I was thanking God and God's power left it wasn't like every other time God's power left because I felt so much more peaceful this time. When I said that God said, "It's ok, I came home with you". Thank you, God, for coming home with me on May 16th, 2010, and holding back what I deserved. Thank you for giving me the grace to seek and find you!