

The Great Physician Saved Sinner

**Personal Testimony
of Katelyn Biddinger**

Saved April 24, 2015

Many testimonies start off telling a little background story of how that person got to church. I was born into Grace Baptist Church. God moved in my parents several years before I was born. My parents had many struggles and would consult with Bro. Terry. One struggle that they had for a long time was wanting to have a child. After many different attempts, my parents finally gave up on having a baby themselves. They went to Bro. Terry and prayed with him that God might bless them with a child. Not long after, Bro. Terry told them that God told him that my parents were going to have a baby. My parents had faith that God would fulfill and on April 1, 1997, I was born.

I grew up all my life knowing that my life was different than others. I grew up in a church that wasn't afraid to praise God and go against the ways of the world. I also grew up knowing I was a "miracle" child. My parents told me all of the time about the grace God had given me by letting me be born and even more so into a church that truly knew Him.

When I was thirteen, I moved into the youth class. This is the part where I started trying to listen but because I had not done that much before and didn't really care, it was hard to jump right into it. Bro. Caleb Owen, our youth pastor, started testing us on the sermons preached the previous week. I began to see where my listening failed and how it needed to be improved. After the quiz, he would go over it to give us understanding on the subject. I never retained this information and struggled for years in his class. One day, Bro. Caleb planned a youth meeting with Lighthouse Baptist Church. Our youth went to Arlington for a weekend and had a mini revival with just people our age. There is no way to deny that God was talking to us after that. The first night I don't remember much but Bro.

Scott Smith getting a cup and filling it with Kool-Aid until it overflowed onto the table. He said that this was the grace that God had given us. He had given us more than we ever deserved, and that was definitely true. Soberness filled the room until someone broke. Suddenly it seemed like everyone had broken. Mrs. Amy began to sing "You Have Been Good" and it was like God was showing me how good He had been in my life. I didn't know what to do except find Bro. Caleb. I made my way to him and just fell on him, broken. It was so powerful that night and it seemed as if God was saying, "This is where you belong."

After the meeting, things went back to the way they were before. Bro. Caleb still tested us, and I still failed. I was so passive. On good days, I'd try to listen and take notes but there was not many of those. Every now and then, something was said that would affect me, but I would just shrug it off. Bro. Caleb would ask us where we were spiritually, and I would always say the same thing or take what Hayden said and twisted it slightly to fit me. It all depended on the way we went around the room. Honestly, I believed Hayden and I were in the same place. I remember one Sunday Bro. Caleb told us that we need to start talking to Bro. Terry because he could help us. I always got so scared. Instead, I would go to my dad, and he would help me as much he could but soon directed me to Bro. Terry. I had no choice. I had to talk to him sooner or later. For the longest time, I chose later. What a stupid move because it only prolonged my journey. Finally, I talked to Bro. Terry. I don't remember anything he said but was relieved I had the initial conversation out of the way. However, I didn't keep it up. Years would go by where I hardly ever talked to my pastor. When I would, he would tell me that it was hard for him to help me unless I kept him updated on where I was at. Other times, he would tell me that nothing is affecting me because I was such a passive person.

Again, time flew, and I found myself sitting in the middle of a June camp meeting with powerful sermons surrounding me everywhere I turned. This was the camp meeting when a bunch of people got saved. I missed the first sermon because I was in the nursery and prepared myself to be lost for the next message that night. Wrong move again. That next Monday morning, I was in the kitchen and missed the sermon Bro. Larry preached. I was so lost in this meeting, mentally and spiritually. That night, though, one of the girls in the dorm told us that she had gotten saved and started telling us her testimony. I was a little upset that it was not me telling that I had gotten saved, but I pushed that feeling away and tried to be happy for her. That next day, my two best friends (one being Hayden) announced that they had gotten saved the previous night. This is crazy! If God could save them, why wouldn't He save me? After talking to Bro. Terry, it became clear. I was not where I was supposed to be. I had just allowed myself to start listening and God had a major work to do in me. As much as I tried to be happy for my two best friends, I couldn't. I felt bad for being that way but a part of me wanted to be saved. At that time, I wanted to be saved only because I wanted to be with Hayden and Sarah. The second to last night, a powerful message was preached about being a mountain or a valley and how every mountain shall be brought low, and every valley filled. I was very shook up through the whole message. I finally got Bro. Terry to come over to me so I could talk to him. I told him what was going on and he told me that I was not ready, and that God was still trying to do some work in me. I left that meeting lost and unhappy. That was not how I planned that to go. As I found out that some others got saved that meeting, I grew more upset. Every time Bro. Terry mentioned it, I grew a little more jealous. I felt so bad for getting upset because I knew that I should be proud for all of them, but I couldn't be. I wanted it to be me. I knew that God would not help me with this attitude, but I didn't care.

After a month or so of all the new births, I began to grow extremely upset. I felt all alone. In Sunday School, Bro. Caleb used the example of all of us being on a path. The lost people were separated from the saved and the lost could easily go farther astray than we already were. He said that you could see your saved friends on the path but that they were no longer beside you. That is the way I felt. My best friends had left me on this path, and I had no one I could talk to. I told Bro. Terry how I felt, and he said the only thing separating me from my friends was my lostness. I had to get rid of this feeling. I hated it and so with that, I began to listen. That November was like any other camp meeting, and I left without God.

The following months were torture. I would be in school and just want to cry until I fell asleep. I would get very sad and feel like no one ever knew how I felt, not even God. I would tell God that he did not see me because I was so small and that no one ever saw me. I thought about leaving, thinking of how it wouldn't matter to anyone, yet the memory of God placing me at Grace would flood my mind. How stupid was I to believe that the God that filled my cup with grace could not even see me? That the God who my parents believed in and the God who could fulfill miracles like giving a child to a barren mother not know what it was to be me? Why would God give my parents a child and not use it for His purpose? I battled for many months with those thoughts and soon gave up.

Many sermons passed and I just let them. Every now and then, God would sneak up on me and I would go talk to Bro. Terry afterward. I remember he would tell me that I needed to grow up and

realize that I am not a child anymore and that I am old enough to get saved. After being told that several times I started refusing to grow up until one day my mom, grandmother (Meme), and I went shopping for a prom dress. We found out my school was going to let me leave after the meal, so mom wanted me to go. We found this dress that mom said made me look super grown up. I began to hate it immediately. I did not want to grow up and I definitely did not want a dress to make me look like that. While mom was on the phone with dad about the dress, Meme began to poke and prod about why I didn't want the dress. I finally just busted into tears and told her that I didn't want to grow up. She looked me square in the eyes and told me that I was a senior in high school and nearly eighteen and that there was nothing wrong with growing up. I told mom how I felt when she got off the phone and she told me the same thing. Okay, God. I give up. I'm done fighting. I prepared myself for the following Sunday knowing what I needed to do. Several Sundays after, Bro. Caleb was preaching in our youth class about asking questions and receiving understanding. Although he said that he believed I had asked many questions and was in a good place, I couldn't help but think of all the things I had done to make my journey worse.

The week of prom, Bro. Terry went to preach a meeting at Faith Baptist Church. With the week full of events, I was only able to go for two days. That Tuesday night, I don't remember what Bro. Terry preached exactly but I do remember one story he used as an example: the story of the Father with a son who had a friend with a blood disease. I have heard that story all my life but never really related it to what it was given for. That night, however, it was like my eyes were opened. Bro. Terry told the story.

There was this father who had a son, and the son had a friend who was going to die of this blood disease unless he got a blood transfusion. The son had the right type of blood to do the transfusion and went to his father and told his father that he wanted to give his friend his blood. The father was devastated, of course, knowing that he would lose his own son, but he agreed to let the son save his friend. The father sat in the room with his son and watched the blood drain from his son's body. He watched his own son die. The father took the blood and walked into the friend's room and handed it to him. Instead of taking it, the friend says that he has changed his mind and does not want the blood anymore.

After telling the story, Bro. Terry just looked at us and asked "Can you imagine how that father felt?

He lost his own son to save a friend, but the friend said no." In my heart, I just wanted to cry because it was me who said no. While Bro. Terry was telling the story, it was like God showed me what I was doing. I heard Jesus say, "I want her to live," and God asking, "Are you sure that is what you want to do, Son?" and Jesus saying yes. I saw God walk into the room with Jesus' blood in his hands offering it to me and I said no. I could not believe that I had actually done that to God. I did not know what to do. I felt like I needed to talk to Bro. Terry, but I did not know what to say. We left but the feeling was strong in me. For some reason, I felt like I had to tell Bro. Terry. While dad was driving us home, I texted Bro. Terry what I saw and how I felt. Instead of giving advice, Bro. Terry just said, "Love you Katelyn and praying for you. You will have an opportunity." Tears flowed down my face as I read his message. I will have an opportunity. Does that mean I can get saved at this

meeting? I replied back asking if it were possible. He said that it could and that several had gotten saved at meetings meant for other churches. Hope flooded my heart. I have an opportunity!

The next night, the preaching was super heavy. I felt like I was under conviction the whole time he was preaching about being just and right. While he was preaching, I wanted to tell God how sorry I was and that I loved Him, but I could not get those words out of my mouth. I just couldn't say it. I went to Bro. Terry afterward and he asked me why I kept coming to him after sermons instead of going to God while He was here. I replied that I didn't know and then began to tell him what happened. He asked me why I couldn't say those words. I tried again but unbelief, fear and pride crept into me, and I just started shaking my head. Bro. Terry asked me what was wrong, and I said, "I can't." He asked why and I told him I was scared that it would not work. All of the sudden, I got the worst feeling in my life. I knew God had left me and Bro. Terry felt it, too. What had I just done? I told Bro. Terry that I really needed to come the next two nights but that I had to work. He told me that I could try to find someone to work for me but if I could not come then I would just have to wait until Sunday and that was something I did NOT want to do. I tried everything in my power to get away from my job those last two days of the meeting, but no one could work my shifts. I was devastated.

That Saturday, Bro. Terry texted the church and said that he had asked Bro. Greg Moffitt to come preach a meeting. He said it was imperative that the meeting happen before Lighthouse's Birthday Celebration. The meeting was set for the week of April 20-24. As soon as I received the text message, I got excited! I had to be at this meeting. Unfortunately, this meeting was set on the week

of our senior play and spring band concert. I begged my play director to let me out of practice for that Monday night and I also begged my band director to let me skip. I needed and wanted to be at this meeting. Although my play director was upset that I was missing, she let me go. My band director, on the other hand, refused to let me skip. He said that he understood how important church was to me but that I needed to be at this band concert because it was my last. I was so upset that I could not miss that one concert.

So, the week began. Monday night, Bro. Greg preached on the value of our soul. It was a very heavy sermon and I felt God on me the whole night. Bro. Greg told the lost that we had not been treating our souls valuable enough and that we needed to start seeing the importance in them. He then went in to how valuable our souls were to God. To prove that he used three points: 1.) God sent his only Son to die for our sins, 2.) God sent a man of God into our lives to preach the Gospel to us, and 3.) all of Heaven will rejoice when one lost soul comes home. Throughout the sermon, I began to see how I had just played around with my soul. It was not valuable to me. I thought it was when I refused to go to the concert and play practice, but deep in my heart I didn't truly see the value God had placed on my soul. I was shaken up through the whole sermon but afterwards didn't know what to talk to Bro. Terry about, so I just left. As I got home, I started thinking on the message and realized that God was opening my eyes and preparing me for the week ahead.

The next night was terrible. That was the night of our concert, and I still begged my band director to let me skip, yet he still refused. Dad said that maybe God was trying to see how much I really wanted Him so I asked my band director if I could leave as soon as we finished playing our last song.

Luckily, he said yes. As soon as we played the last note and he finished his "Thank You For Coming" speech, my band director dismissed me and off I ran. I drove as fast as I could to the church and walked in right after Bro. Greg finished preaching. I was so upset. Of course, I would miss the whole sermon. But I decided to see what all I could get from Bro. Terry as he recapped. He kept saying "frame well" but I didn't know what that meant. As I was trying to download the sermon after church, I was talking to some friends. They both said that that was one of the best sermons they had heard and that I definitely needed to listen to it. I went to my grandfather to see if he could make me a copy of the sermon and he told me that if he could rate the it on a scale 1-10, he would give it a thousand. All I could think was "What kind of sermon could Bro. Greg preach?" I knew I had to listen to it. Finally, I found a way to download the sermon and went home to listen to it. Bro. Greg preached on framing well and how in the days of the Bible when masters would be talking about their servants, they would say the servant framed well if he was a good servant. He then begins to ask if the lost had framed well. In me, I questioned if I had but then realized I really had no idea what he was talking about. Bro. Greg explained it like the alignment of a car. He said that you have to make adjustments to a car to get it to drive straight on the road. He asked if any of us would be willing to make the adjustments we needed to frame well for God. I asked myself if I had made the adjustments needed but I couldn't tell. I told God that I was willing to make any adjustments He wanted me to make; whatever it took, I was willing.

Wednesday came and I could not help but hope that God would speak to me. Bro. Greg preached on not staggering at the promises of God. In me, I believed that I wasn't doing that. He said that some of us were telling God that we were not ready or that we did not have all the ingredients it took to get saved. Surely, that cannot be me! Oh, but it was. But in knowing that, I just felt empty

inside. I knew that the message was powerful enough that I should feel something, so I tried to make myself cry. Maybe if I cried, I could feel God or God would hear me. Instead, it just made it worse. After the service, I went to Bro. Terry and explained that I just felt empty inside and that I knew I should have felt at least the smallest feeling. He told me that I did exactly what Bro. Greg was preaching NOT to do. I was telling God that since I did not have the feeling, I thought I should have to get saved, that I could not get saved. Surely that was not what I was doing, yet I couldn't get away from how true it felt. He told me that I needed to stop thinking up feelings and to just listen and God would put the feelings in me. He said to quit working and making up feelings. Okay, that seems easy enough. Just listen and let God. I told my parents that night where I was at, and they both encouraged me to listen. By the end of the night, I was yearning to listen to what God was wanting to tell me.

I could hardly sleep, and the morning came quickly. We had our senior play that day and I was terrified that I would be distracted by it. Somehow, I was able to push the play aside while out on stage. All I could think about was "listen." That night, I made my way to the second row. I wanted to be close to the front so there wouldn't be any distractions and if I needed, I could move quickly. Bro. Greg preached on "Guilty" and oh brother was I. I listened and all I could hear was "guilty" being said over and over. I could not quit crying, but I didn't know what to do. All I knew was that God was there and that I was guilty. Finally, after what seemed like years of tears, I remembered what I told Bro. Terry at Faith and how he told me to say what I knew I needed to. So, I tried. I kept saying I was sorry, and I truly was, but I did not feel any different really. I tried to tell God I loved

Him, but I couldn't. I couldn't figure out why I couldn't say it so I just sat there in my tears thinking maybe Bro. Greg will say something that will help. The sermon was over, and I went back to Bro. Terry. I told him what happened, and he said the reason I couldn't tell God I loved Him was because I was not trying to take what God was trying to give me with thankfulness. It didn't make sense. But then he explained that thankfulness works just as well as love. It started clearing up, but I felt like I would completely mess up next time God came. All of the sudden I just got so mad! How could I have not known to be thankful! I missed God again... I could not help but crying. Anger was all through me, and I just wanted to punch myself which is totally not me...and it was all because of me messing up. Bro. Terry asked me what was wrong, and I told him how mad I was at myself for missing God again. He told me he wasn't disappointed and that I shouldn't be either. In a comforting voice, he told me that whenever I found myself stuck not knowing what to do, I could come to him, and he would help me. If he was preaching, he said I could just come down to the altar and he would stop preaching and help me. Hope sprang up in me knowing that if I would go to him and he would help me. I could not wait for Friday night! I went home and told my parents what happened, and my dad encouraged me to keep going and all I knew is that I wanted Friday night to come. I was ready to move.

Again, the night moved slowly because I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about the whole week and what God could have to tell me. I was anxious and wanted God to speak to me. Finally, Friday morning came, and I got ready for the play. I was nervous all day, but not because of the play. I didn't want to miss God. The feeling didn't disappear. I came home from the play and started getting ready for that night. Nerves flooded me on the way to church. We turned into the parking lot, and I felt like I was going to throw up. I picked the end seat on the second row closest to the

middle aisle. If I needed Bro. Terry, I wanted to be right there so I wouldn't have any obstacles on the way. I was so weak from the nerves in my stomach that I could barely walk. I found my friend and talked to her for a while. We were both nervous for what that night held. I thought that maybe talking to Bro. Terry would help. I asked him if being nervous was a good thing and he said yes because I was nervous, I was going to miss God. Okay, at least he knows how I feel! So, Bro. Greg started preaching. He said he was going to preach on "The Great Physician." I began to listen. He started off in Mark 2:17 "When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, they that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He first compared God to a doctor and said that some of us are already in the waiting room waiting for our name to be called. Was I? He said that in a doctor's office, if they called "Greg Moffitt," he would get up and go because he is the only Greg Moffitt in the room. But if the nurse was to call "Mark," all three of them would get up and go and the doctor would take them all one at a time. So, I started thinking, "All right, God or Bro. Greg is going to call me, and I'll know." Okay, so maybe not. Bro. Greg kept looking at me like he wanted to say "Katelyn, come on," but he never did, and I couldn't figure out why. Bro. Greg then started preaching about being sick. He said that you have to be sick to go to the doctor, and the same applies to God. You have to know your sin and be sick with it to go to God. But was I sick? He turned to Psalms and started reading verses of when David was sick with his sin. Every word he said described me. I couldn't help but break at them. I'm not sure how long Bro. Greg preached on being sin sick because I was debating whether to go to Bro. Terry or not. I wanted to move but I didn't know if it was the right time or not. I kept saying that maybe Bro. Greg will say something to help me but all I could see was my sickness. I had to get better. Before the service started, I had wrapped myself in a blanket but by this time, I had torn the blanket off. "Okay," I thought, "here I go." But then Bro. Greg turned back to Mark 2 and read the

verse again. He put emphasis on the last part of the verse: "I came not to call the righteous, BUT SINNERS TO REPENTANCE." Then he looked up and said, "Are you the sinner? He is calling you." Yep, that's me, God! I felt the heaviness surrounding me. I was bent far down in my seat and was crying so hard. I kept asking what to do. All I could hear was God calling "Sinner." Over and over, I heard it: Sinner, Sinner, Sinner! There was no doubting it was God calling the Sinner to repentance. I literally flew to Bro. Terry. Mom said it was like someone hit an eject button because I was up and out of my seat and at Bro. Terry's feet so fast. When I got to Bro. Terry, he wept with me. He said that I just need to be thankful. Whether I was thankful or not I do not know because so many emotions were soaring in me. Bro. Terry told me that all I needed to do was rest. "Okay, here I go!" I thought, "I'm about to rest!" Then I realized that I was working, and I remembered that God would leave if I worked, so I stopped. I couldn't quit crying. I was trying to be thankful and rest but the fear of messing something up gripped me until Bro. Greg started singing "The Great Physician." The emotions left and all I did was listen and Bro. Terry joined in with him, singing in my ear. They sang the second line "Your many sins are now forgiven, oh hear the voice of Jesus!" Bro. Terry whispered to rest once again and Bro. Greg shouted, "RISE UP AND WALK!" All of the sudden, the storm stopped. Peace flooded me along with the room. The work was done, it was over. I heard Bro. Terry thanking God and wondered why he was. I didn't understand what all had happened. Bro. Greg came to a close by asking God if he should go on. I guess God said no because Bro. Greg started praying. Bro. Terry whispered in my ear that we could sort through all of what happened after the service, so I got up and went to my seat. After Bro. Greg finished, Bro. Terry got up to talk to the lost. He called them stubborn and rebellious for not believing that their name was Sinner. I tried so hard to get that conviction back on me but something about that felt wrong. Did that really just

happen? Did I really get saved? It felt so wrong to say no, but did I really? I decided that I would worry about that later. Something was definitely different in me, so I decided to sit back and relax.

After the service, I went to Bro. Terry. Normally, and especially the past few weeks, I would sit down beside him and start crying before I could even get a word out of my mouth. This time was different. I felt... happy. We talked about what happened and both agreed that God was there. I mean, how could you not? I told him what happened and how calm I felt. He said it sounded like salvation to him and that I just needed to believe it. I really got saved? It felt right to say. But wait...

What if it was counterfeit? Bro. Terry told me that yes, there have been counterfeits before but proved that the real outweighs the fake. He asked if I wanted to take some time to think on it or if I wanted to tell. I decided to tell because when I looked up, I saw my parents lingering in the back. I told Bro. Terry what I planned to do and went up to my parents. The first time I said "I got saved" was to my parents and I fully believed it. On April 24, 2015, The Great Physician saved me, the

Sinner.

The Great Physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus!
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, oh! hear the voice of Jesus!

Your many sins are now forgiven, oh! hear the voice of Jesus!
Go on your way to peace in Heaven and wear a crown with Jesus!

All glory to the dying Lamb, I now believe in Jesus!

I love the blessed Saviors name; I love the name of Jesus!

His name dispels my guilt and fear, no other name but Jesus!

Oh, how my soul delights to hear the charming name of Jesus!

Sweetest note in seraph song, sweetest name on mortal tongue!

Sweetest carol ever song, Jesus, blessed Jesus!

