
The Writer's Inkhorn

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Continuing Reflections on the Word for Your Personal Growth in Christ

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Share Your Old Stories and Testimonies in This New Year



O give thanks unto the LORD; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people. (Psalm 105:1)

Give thanks unto the LORD, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people. (I Chronicles 16:8)

Have you ever had significant things to happen to you, but were reluctant to share your story or tell that testimony to others? Have you ever wondered why the reluctance? Or, perhaps you *have* shared your story or testimony and feel that others have grown tired of hearing it. That could indeed be the case, BUT there are so many more that have *not* yet heard your story and who may need to hear it to take courage and journey on, knowing that God is no respecter of persons; what He has done for one, He can and will do for others as well.

The Accident and a “Thank You” Letter

There will be a number of you reading this issue of the Inkhorn who know of a very serious car accident that I had in February of 2010, just one week after my birthday, and a number of you who do not know about it. It is a testimony that I have shared on a number of occasions. I will share only parts of it here to add context for a brief “Thank You” letter that I received several years later, from a former student – one that illustrates the *importance* of sharing our stories.

As I was traveling home from work on that late Monday afternoon, a vehicle traveling at an accelerated speed approached on my left and suddenly made a sharp right turn into my left

(driver) side, pushing me forward and into the path of a vehicle which must have been coming from the nearest intersection to the right of the direction in which I was traveling. That second vehicle struck my vehicle on the right (passenger) side. The impact of the second vehicle must have spun me around and back across the street on which I was traveling, in the opposite direction from which I was traveling initially, where my car eventually came to rest.

The pictures are showing some of the damage to my car, including the deployed airbags. With the car smashed in from both sides, you must know that in that little space in the front in the middle is where God literally covered me!



When I realized that I was not going to be able to control the car as I was being hit from both sides, **God** gave me the presence of mind to let go of the steering wheel and to grab both sides of my head and just hold on tight until the car stopped. As I held on to my head, I was saying aloud, "God, I want to live! God, I want to live!" And God allowed me to live.

I suffered a fractured seventh vertebra, a few other cuts and scrapes, and damage to my nerves and trapezius muscles on the upper part of my back. But, what happened **during** those impacts is what was truly remarkable. Because I stabilized my head between both hands as my car was being tossed about, I suffered no traumatic brain injury as often happens in high impact accidents like that one, where the brain is literally being battered against the skull. And the subsequent sharing of this story with multiple classes of students lead to my receiving the following note three years later.

June 26, 2013, 5:42 PM

Hi Dr. Webster Moore,

I have an interesting story to tell you. On Monday night I was driving south on Route 53 when the storm came in. While I was driving, my car hydroplaned and started to spin, which I ended up not being able to stop. It spun until I was facing traffic coming at me, where the wind then picked up my car causing me to roll over. Thankfully, the car did one complete roll, so it stopped on its wheels.

As soon as I realized that I could not control my car and that it was about to flip over, **I remembered the story you told my Math 280 class about your car accident.** Once I remembered, I immediately put my arms over my head and neck and prayed that I would be okay. I did have my seatbelt on, so I do have a large scrape on my neck. The only other pain I have is in my entire neck, but the doctors said it should slowly go away.

Basically, if it were not for you [sharing your testimony] I'm not sure that I would have had the instincts in that split second to let go of the wheel and cover my head. I wanted to tell you about it and thank you :)

Thanks again,
KW

It was because I continued to share that testimony in the semesters that followed that that student was possibly spared from traumatic brain injury or some other debilitating condition as well. We just never know what God will do in the lives of others when we faithfully share what He has done for us.

make known his deeds among the people...

The Answer Is "Yes"

For just over a year before the incident I am about to describe happened, the Lord had been sharing with me some insights about "yes." Then, He extended my thinking beyond just *saying* "yes" to "*living* in the 'yes'." There are times when even *saying* 'yes' is easier than at other times. It is probable that most of you who are reading this teaching letter have already said 'yes' to salvation, but for every new trial God allows to come your way, or every new level He calls you to, it is another opportunity to *say* 'yes' and to *do* 'yes.' To say, "**Yes, LORD!**" and mean it is the ultimate act of surrender.

In May of 2012, I misplaced my work keys for about a week, which I always kept separate from my home keys. I had gone to a professional conference and could not find the keys as I prepared to come home. The amazing thing to me is that I did not panic. The scripture came to my mind, "*I waited patiently on the Lord.*" I did not report the keys as missing; rather, I kept looking for them until I found them, and I will tell you how within the context of this next section.

About two months after my incident of lost keys, on July 10th, a Tuesday evening, between 5:45 and 6:00 pm, the enemy attacked my body. A pain hit me in my lower back that was so severe that I literally yelled out loud several times. I was home alone in my kitchen preparing dinner. After about five minutes into the pain, I began to *pray* aloud *against* the enemy. I talked *to* that devil; I talked *about* him and I let him know that I knew it was him and that he had to leave. I told him to get out of my house, to get off of my block, I rebuked him and I pleaded the blood of Jesus, as I continued to beseech God for deliverance.

I sat down after about another five or ten minutes of prayer, and the Lord changed my focus again, and I began to *worship*. I began to just say

to God, “The answer is ‘yes.’ God, I don’t know what the **question** is, but the **answer** is yes. Yes is all that I know. Whatever it is, God, the answer is yes.” All the while, since I was home alone, I was speaking out loud. There comes a time when we have to trust God enough to say ‘yes’ even when we do not know yet what the question is.

At about 6:15 pm, my husband came home. I explained to him what had just happened to me, and although the pain had greatly subsided, it had not completely left. It was a painful strain for me to try to sit or try to stand. I had a trustee board meeting to attend at the church that evening and I determined to press on. Getting in and out of the car was a significant strain but I went anyway.

Just as I arrived at church, Sister Gracie Hardwick and Elder Billy Evans both pulled up at about the same time as I did, parking on each side of my car. When Elder Evans got out of his car, he *immediately* started talking about not being able to find his keys. His car keys and all of the church keys were all together on one ring, and he only had keys to the house that he had just purchased, which he had put on another ring. He was driving his younger brother, Jarrid’s car, since Jarrid was away at college at the time. As soon as he started talking about his lost keys, I understood **in that moment** what that attack on my body had just been about. The enemy was trying to keep me away because he knew of the testimony I had to share with Elder Evans about *my* lost keys just two months before, and how I had found them.

I began to tell Elder Evans how I had kept going back **to the same bag** looking for my keys, even though the bag had been emptied of the contents on the inside. That sounds a little strange to you, I am sure, but I went back to that bag one more time. It was still empty on the inside, but this time I picked the bag up and when I lifted it, I felt weight. I said aloud to myself those are my keys. And, sure enough, in the **outside** pocket, all the way at the bottom were my keys.

Then I told Elder Evans and Sister Hardwick about the attack that I had just experienced prior to coming there to the church for the meeting. I told them how I kept telling God the answer is ‘yes.’ I had to **fight through the pain** to get to him to give him that testimony that would lead to the igniting of his *faith*. Then I shared what God revealed to me through this ordeal: “*Sometimes*

someone else’s deliverance is in your fight.” I had said, “Yes” to God and I had fought to get there, even though I did not understand why at the time. I could easily have called off and stayed home because of my pain and people would have understood, but I would not have been in place to do what God needed me to do – share a simple testimony of victory in a similar incident.

After that trustee board meeting ended that night, at about 10:30 pm as he was back in his grandparents’ home, Elder Evans again started to look for his keys in his church bag and could not find them. He said that he, his wife, and his grandmother had already looked in his church bag several times. He said he sat down for about an hour; then he said to himself, “Mary said the answer is yes. She said she kept going back to **that same bag**. I’m going back to my same bag.” But this time he did not just look on the *inside*. He looked in the **outside pocket** and there were his keys, *exactly* as I had explained to him earlier that evening about where my keys were found. On the next day as I visited his new house, I learned that he had found his keys, and I again shared the insight God had given me the night before: “*Sometimes someone else’s deliverance is in your fight.*”

The enemy fights dirty and we need to pay closer attention to what is going on in our lives so that we learn the lessons that God is trying to teach us. The **spiritual** and the **temporal** are connected in many ways. Who would even think that finding keys would be connected to a spiritual attack on my physical body? But it was! God can accomplish the miraculous through our everyday encounters *with* and *in* our ordinary lives.

Elder Evans’ keys had been missing since **Sunday** and it was on **Tuesday** evening and night when these last events occurred. He had decided earlier that day that if he did not find them by **Wednesday**, he would spend the hundreds of dollars it would take to replace them all. I had no knowledge of *any* of this when I was attacked in my body, but I was **willing** to say ‘yes’ even through my pain, and press on to the meeting, not knowing what he would share with me, and I would be able to share with him in turn. I needed to get there **Tuesday** and God let him find his keys on that Tuesday night at about 11:30 pm to spare him from needlessly spending his money.

The enemy cannot read your mind, and he does not know everything. However, he *does* know what is already out there in the atmosphere. *I* was not aware but many *others* were aware of what was going on with him. The enemy *does* know enough to fight against you, but we must be determined to fight on, no matter what! Don't be afraid to stand up to the enemy. Don't be so quick to give *up* or give *in*. Sometimes someone *else's* deliverance **is** in *your* fight. Living in the yes – your willingness to say yes to God – is serious business **all** of the time. It is about allowing God to use you whenever and wherever God chooses to use you. It is about being completely yielded **to** God and totally trusting **in** Him. **Yes, LORD!**

How many times have you felt unction from the LORD to do something, and rather than saying, “yes” to the LORD and doing it, you just consciously decided not to do it, or you refused to act, waiting for the “feeling” to just go away? We have got to learn how to discern God's will, know His voice and move forward in faith. Sometimes we know with all certainty that it **is** God dealing with us, and we still hold back. Why *is* that? Are we just being stubborn and self-willed? Ask God to help you to be willing to do whatever God is asking of you, even when you do not know *why* He is asking whatever it is He is asking.

A Modern Day Miracle of Multiplication

This story also took place just over two weeks later than the previous one, while I was on an educational mission trip to Malaysia. I traveled with colleagues from Atlanta and had a unique opportunity to assist with training teachers at a new Christian elementary and high school.

On the plane on the way over I met a young woman who was traveling alone from California to Indonesia to do some groundwork for a crusade that would be happening later that summer. As she spoke about her tasks and the uncertainty of resources, I began to encourage her with the story of the feeding of the 5,000 with two fish and five loaves. I explained that actually many more were fed because scripture says it was about 5,000 men **besides women and children!**

She got excited and said that so many things came to her mind as we were talking, that caused her to see that miracle in a whole new light. I also

admonished that even with leftovers after God has provided needed resources, we should not waste whatever blessings God has given.

Then, as if to confirm everything I had shared with her, on the very next day after arriving at our destination in Malaysia, God did the miraculous for me! I needed to prepare materials for a mathematics and origami project I wanted to do. We were not quite certain of the exact number of teachers so I had a figure of **50** in my mind.

As I counted plastic bags for the peppermints I had brought along for the project, I only had **36 bags** and told my roommate that I would need to purchase more. In the meantime, the Holy Spirit prompted me to pack whatever bags I had and empty the remaining peppermints from the large plastic container. The container said there were 290 pieces. I counted 63 remaining pieces, so we'll just say 60 to keep the math simple. That means I had used 230 pieces: putting 5 pieces per bag, I had filled **46 bags** (not 36)! And as if that was not enough, I began to place the filled bags into the empty container, counting them as I did so and there were now **51 bags!** At that point I started to cry as I told my roommate who had been my witness throughout the whole time. This miracle of increase was so significant to me.

I had one bag each for the 50 teachers I had estimated as my need and one for me because I always make a sample set of materials for myself. It turned out that there were 49 teachers, and when the matron who was taking the pictures asked if I had an extra, that was the 50th bag! It was **exactly** the number that God had put into my spirit. There were also **three** principals that I did not know about initially). So I created nice origami candy bowls for their offices as gifts with the remaining pieces divided between and placed within them. And if you do **that** math, you are now well over the 290 pieces the label said was in the container.

Is your faith increased? Are you even **more** excited about the God that you serve and the things that He does in the day-to-day lives of His people? I hope so! Be encouraged!

Your Teacher and Sister,
Dr. Mary Webster Moore

Contacts: 773.735.8713 or email:
marywebsterbusiness@gmail.com

You may now read the Writer's Inkhorn online at
www.marywebstermoore.com/devotionals

