

My Re-Commitment to Christ

Romans 12:1-2

Therefore, I urge you, brothers and sisters, in view of God's mercy, to offer your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and pleasing to God—this is your true and proper worship. ² Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is—his good, pleasing and perfect will.

It was in the middle of my 11th grade year that the Lord again got a hold of my heart and affirmed my call to be a missionary. I went forward one night at another missionary conference with deep conviction about what God had said to me when I was nine years old. I wept at the altar telling the Lord I was too shy and too stupid and too allergic to be a missionary, but if that was what He wanted I wanted to hear it directly from Him with no doubts. My grades were still the underachiever's D's and C's, and I wasn't a stranger to an F on my report card either. I did not have the grades to go to college. In fact, I was never sure I would pass to the next grade at the end of each year.

I was the shiest child in our family. I couldn't speak in public. I was a poor reader. I didn't ever raise my hand in class for fear I'd be wrong, and someone would laugh at me. Every year I came down with the dreaded "weed poisoning." How could I ever become a missionary?

I was not a prime candidate for missionary service. That night God got a hold of my heart and again called me to be a missionary. I told Him I couldn't and that I thought He had the wrong man, but God's Spirit persisted. That night, in the quiet of my upstairs room, when my brother Dave, my inevitable sleeping partner, wasn't in the room, I got down on my knees again and argued with God about my potential to do what he asked of me. In desperation I asked for a sign from His Word. I knew that was a dangerous thing to do. But I was desperate.

I opened the Scriptures and immediately my eyes fell on the page like a spotlight was shining on it. "*Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" (Mark 16:15) I rejoiced in sobbing tears, "Okay, God, then You have to do what I can't do. You have to give me intelligence and discipline to get good grades so I can get into college. You have to take away my shyness and you have to heal me of this weed poisoning. God answered that prayer almost immediately.

From that moment to high school graduation my grades went from D average to the honor roll. I remember my brother Dave having a fit when I came home with an honor roll report card. He said, "How'd you do that? You must be cheating.

You're just as dumb as I am." Yeah Dave, you're right. I'm as dumb as a brick, but God can do anything with anyone who is surrendered fully to His will.