

Letter 473
The Day I Learned To Testify
2016-05-21

Dear Dan,

Sometime around 1966 or 1967, when I was about 8 years old, my mom took me with her to a Full Gospel Business Men's Association (FGBMA) conference in downtown Seattle. This was not long after I had become a Born Again Believer (see Letter 3 Volume 1).

The conference was held at what was then the Olympic Hotel (now the Fairmont Olympic Hotel), a world-class high-end hostelry.

This was an all day event, and a meal was provided for lunch. There was a room for children to stay in if they were too young to attend the main event.

Even though I was mature for my age, I was still just a little too young to accompany my mom to the main meeting, so I was sent to the room for other kids my age. This was a Christian event, so the gathering of kids I was with was set up a lot like a typical Children's Church meeting.

There was singing, some teaching by the adult staff, games, and other children's church type stuff.

But then the Lady that was in charge asked if any of the kids had a testimony to share about what the Lord had done in their lives.

The memory of my first cycle wreck was still fresh in my mind (see Letter 2a Volume 1), so I raised my hand and began to describe how the Lord had saved me from getting stuck in a tricycle all alone in the woods behind my house, and from being afraid of bears and coyotes.

There really wasn't much more to it than that, but that was the day I learned to testify.

P. S. After the conference was over, my Mom and I went to a diner that wasn't too far away. She had worked at this diner when she as a young single woman and renting a room at the YWCA. The name of the diner was The Minute Chef. It catered to the downtown labor force that worked in Seattle. This was my first exposure to what a real American Diner was all about. I will always remember the size of the baked potato that mom ordered. It was enough for a complete meal.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus