

How He Saved Rahab

Personal testimony
of Abby Capps

I was born April 28th, 1998 in West Helena, Arkansas. My dad left my mom before I was born. It was something I struggled with a lot growing up and made me hold people at a distance in fear or rejection or being left again.

My mom met my stepdad, James, when I was 9 months old and they got married when I was 3 and we moved to Mississippi.

They fought a lot and whenever the fights got bad mom would pack us up and we'd move back to Arkansas to my grandparents house until they made up then we'd go back home. This went on for years and just became a part of life for us. It was very hard on me and at one point mom had to take me to a Dr because I had developed a stutter so bad that I couldn't even talk. The Dr told her that it was because of all the stress and change and if they would stay together it would stop. Sure enough we moved back and it went away. That lasted for a little while until they started fighting again. When I was 5 my grandmother found out she had lung cancer and she died a month after my 6th birthday. It was a major hit on our family because she was the person that held our family together. After that though we never moved back to Arkansas cause mom had no one to run too anymore.

I went to church a lot with my aunt, a lot of my friends went there and so it was a place for us to get together and hang out, none of us really cared about the actual church part. One day there was a visiting preacher that came and preached that morning and at the end of the message he invited the lost to come to come to the alter so that he could pray with us.

One of my friends asked me to go with him so I did, the youth pastor pulled us to the side and asked " Did we want to be saved?" Of course we did, no one wanted to die and go to hell and that's what we told him.

So he told us all we had to do was repeat after him, we didn't even have to say it out loud but just say it and we would be saved. I remember going home so excited to tell my mom that I had gotten saved. I went up and told her and her immediate response was " no you didn't." I was so crushed that she would tell me that but she explained to me that that's not how salvation works, there's not more to it than that and I was just gonna have to believe and trust her on that. She didn't let me go back to church with my aunt anymore after that. I remember being so upset about the whole situation but now looking back on it I'm so thankful she didn't let me believe that lie.

I remember going to Faith a couple times when I was little and they were in the gym still. We would go for a little while but it would never last very long. We started going again in June of 2008, I was 10, I really didn't want to come, it was 45 minute drive one way and I would rather stay at home and hang out with my friends but mom made me go with them to every service.

Unlike the other times we didn't quit coming, Mom wanted to stay because there was a woman, Tia, who was pregnant and the doctors had told her that her baby wasn't going to make it and mom wanted to stick around and see what would happen. Abbey Grace was born in September perfectly healthy and mom got saved that December. I did enjoy going to church, I had gotten super close to Hillary and one or two other people and I loved going to camp because I had friends there, but for the most part I felt majorly alone because I had pretty much lost my friends that I hung out with around the house but my real friends were a long drive away so I couldn't go see them as much as I wanted

too, God had to really work in me that although the ladies of church were all a good bit older than me, that they could still be my friends and I wasn't alone. I remember sitting in services and just crying because God was so strong in the services. As I got older, I knew that I should be listening to the preaching but I really didn't want too. I thought I was too young to be saved so why bother.

In the heavy services I would listen but any other service I really was just ready for it to be over with. I remember when I was probably 12 or 13 Bro. Claude preached a sermon on "Open your mouth wide and I will fill it" I don't remember a lot of the sermon but I remember God telling everyone to ask and he'll give it to you, I remember sitting there and asking God if he would bring my uncle Timothy to our church and a couple months later he started coming. For the first time in my life I felt like God actually heard me and knew I existed.

In 2012 Sarah Robinson got saved, she was 16, I had always thought of salvation as something for when you're older not a teenager but after she got saved it really gave me hope that I didn't have to go years and years lost.

As time went on God would move on me through messages but instead of going and getting help I would try to figure it out on my own. Every now and then I would go talk to Bro. Claude but mom had to pretty much make me. I would tell him what was going on in me at the time but I wouldn't go talk to him again for months so I really wasn't getting anywhere.

In 2014 God told Bro. Claude to give an ultimatum, it was time to get in or get out, it was time to choose and if you didn't do anything with this sermon then you had already decided. I was scared to death to think that God might not ever talk to me again. I went and talked to Bro. Claude and got a lot of understanding and for a while I was really listening to the preaching and talking to Bro. Claude but I eventually got complacent and went back to "sleep".

Time went on and 2015 came and it was the same thing, sermon would stir me up I'd go talk to Bro. Claude and then I'd go back to sleep. In April of that year my best friend Katelyn got saved and it really woke me up, here she was saved and moving on with God and I was content where I was at. I knew I needed to come on and go after God, in this time God started showing me who I was and it wasn't something I struggled believing, I struggled with the fact that God could love me in spite of who I was, I didn't believe that he did or would.

June camp came and God was really dealing with me but my pride would rise up and I would not doing anything with it during the preaching, afterwards I would go talk to Bro. Claude and tell him what was going on in me. He told me that I was going to have to humble myself or God was going to humble me but it would be a lot easier on me if I humbled myself.

Wednesday night came and Bro. Greg preached on "Jesus a friend of sinners" and God was all over the place, I went to the alter and cried and cried and just basically did whatever I could to get God to save me. Nothing happened and I went back to my seat and whenever services were dismissed I went and talked to Bro. Claude told him what all was going on in me and he told me that I was working and I was gonna have to stop trying to save myself and let God do it. He told me to go back and listen to the sermon he had preached earlier that week that I had missed because I was in the nursery. After we got done talking we found out that Ethan and Carley got saved, and I really was happy for them but a

bigger part of me was upset and mad that it wasn't me. We went back to the dorms and Gina immediately called lights out, She let me go stay in the back bathrooms so I could listen to the sermon Bro. Claude had told me too. The message was the difference between worldly sorrow and godly sorrow. God really showed me that all I've ever had is worldly sorrow, I sat there on the floor crying telling God how sorry I was but honestly just still trying to work and convince him to save me. I got up and text Bro. Claude and told him where I was at and he gave me some more understanding and told me that I was gonna have to stop working and just rest in his work, he told me to not be discouraged and to just keep coming after God.

In July I went on a youth trip with Lighthouse and one of the days Crystal Hoskins gave her testimony, one of the parts that really stuck out to me was she was telling how one camp Bro. Charlie Barna got up and told them how God is calling them but not like a drill Sargent yelling at you to come to him but like a dad and he crouched down and called his daughter in a gentle voice " come here sweetie, come to me" and said that that's the voice he's calling you with. That night we went to Hope and we sang " Come To Me" and the Chorus goes " Come unto me, I will give you rest; Take my yoke upon you, hear me and be blest; I am meek and lowly come and trust my might; Come, My yoke is easy and my burdens light." I could hear God calling me through the entire night but I could not figure out how to come to God. After services we stayed and visited for a little bit then headed back to the place we were staying at. All the way back I sat with my head down in the back seat and thought about how I missed God again. Caley text and told me that I could talk to her and Stephen if I needed too, I told her I did so after we got back to the house and got ready for bed we went downstairs and I just told them where I was at and that I couldn't figure out how to come to God and Stephen explained to me that you come to God in truth, through what's being preached, and just really helped me understand how to come to God.

Time went on and before I knew it, it was already the end of the year and I was still lost. The first of the year came and I was very discouraged, I was about to be 18 and graduated and still lost.

Around the middle of February Bro. Claude preached on yielding yourself to obey and how you have to do whatever God is telling you to do and not let your pride get in the way, he said that you can tell if someone is prideful if they're fighting against God and God showed me that's what I've been doing every time He would call me I would swell up with pride and fight against Him. I went and talked to Bro. Claude and told him what God was telling me and he told me that we had been here before and I was gonna have to take my eyes off of myself and put them on Christ and be thankful for everything he's done for me. He made the comment that if I went home and let this die down again then we'd be here in the same spot in a few months again. That really got me because I was tired of being where I being where I was at, I didn't want to be here any longer, I was just tired of fighting God.

March 9th, 2016 came and I was getting ready for church that night and Bro. Claude put a message out on GroupMe asking the church to pray for the lost tonight before church. I knew he must have something big for him to ask that, so I went in that night expecting something but not expecting to get saved.

We came in and he started preaching out of Joshua 6, where Joshua and the children of Israel were about to march around Jericho, and he said that the lost were Jericho and that we were shut up no one coming in or out.

When you think of Jericho you think of Rahab and then you began explaining who Rahab was, she was a sinner, unworthy and ungodly, and that's who the lost were. As I was hearing this God was showing me this is who I was. Bro. Claude said that even though that's who we are God still has his eyes on you! My heart swelled with thankfulness, that even though that's who I am he still loved and wanted! Bro. Claude said he couldn't go any farther until he knew if there were any Rahab's. It was like God was standing up there asking me "Are you Rahab? Will you identify yourself?"

All I could do was raise my hand and tell God that that was me, and Bro. Claude said that the good thing was God didn't just show you who you are to leave you there but he came to deliver you! For the first time I had hope that maybe I could be saved! Then he started preaching about how Christ came and died so that you could be clean, so that when God looks at you he doesn't see your sin and all the dark stains, he sees you pure because of what Christ did! I don't know how to explain it, all my life I've believed that Christ came and died for the world, but for the first time I actually believed that he came and died for me so that I could approach God clean. It amazed me that he would love and want me that much! All I could do was be thankful for everything he's done and just rest in that work. Shortly afterwards the services ended I knew I needed to talk to Bro. Claude but there were people in front of me so I had to wait. As I was waiting I just sat there contemplating what had happened, there was this weight that had been lifted off of me. When I finally got back there and sat down I told him what was going on and everything God had said to me and told him that I felt like I believed but I didn't get saved so I couldn't have and he asked how I knew I didn't get saved and I told him that I didn't feel saved and he asked me what that felt like.. I didn't know. He asked how I felt now and I told him I didn't know it was just still, there was no condemnation anymore. I was still scared to say I was saved so Bro. Claude told me to go home and examine it, Write it down and relisten to the message. Every time I thought about it I had the same thankfulness and peace that was in me that night. That following Sunday we sang "When I approach to God" I got so Full and it took me right back to that night and what He told me. Bro. Mike was there that night and he preached about the different roles of the Trinity and it was just like a new feeling, like I was hearing all this for the first time! Later that Week it was like God was asking me "how much longer are you gonna keep denying what I've done for you?" and it was like there was no more denying it! It was all God!