

My Testimony

by David Biber - John 16:33



I was born February 16, 1986 to a Christian family. It was not until I was about to turn six that I knew for sure that I was a sinner, and because of my disobedience, I was on my way to Hell. On the Sunday afternoon of January 12, 1992, I was getting ready for a Sunday rest when I told my Daddy that I wanted to be saved. Naturally, he went through the plan of salvation again to make sure that I completely understood what I was getting myself into. But there was no question I wanted to get it settled right then and there. That evening, at Maranatha Baptist Church in Charleston, West Virginia, I made my decision known publicly, and was baptized the next week by Pastor Bill Bartlett.

In July of 1993, our family started the Victory Baptist Church in Sistersville, WV. Though I realize there are no small churches, we were small in attendance. Most of the time it was just our family for services. Dad was the pastor, and Mom was a Sunday School teacher. We had our first service in a little store front with fourteen people in attendance. Of the years that we were there, I had the privilege of being the usher, perhaps even the youngest usher. I recall the hours we spent, with the help of our home church, Maranatha Baptist Church, to remodel the facility. The hard wood floored auditorium, the metal folding chairs, cathedral like ceiling, and florescent lights around the room covered by valences was the view of the interior. It was set on the same street as the city parades, so it was a nice way to “advertise” our church.

After three years, the church had grown to a high attendance of over fifty people. Most of the members had transferred from another church in the area. With these people, the Lord had provided a piano player, a van route, and even men who gave many hours of their time to put up siding on our house. But though we seemed to have a church going, God had other plans for us. The church that the majority of the members had come from had lost their pastor, and so they left to help it again. And so our attendance dwindled down drastically though we still had a few faithful members.

Many times it was only our family again, but through the faithful work of my parents, attendance remained steady. We eventually were able to move the church into an old restaurant in the next town called, Friendly. If you were to see the before and after pictures of the building, you would be amazed. The kitchen was transformed into the fellowship hall; the break-room became the nursery which also had a small restroom; the dining room was made into the auditorium; and walls were built around the beverage station to make a Sunday School room.

We continued to work in reaching others with the Gospel and inviting them to church. My mom homeschooled my sister, Rachel, and I. We attended a Christian school for our first two years in Sistersville. The church was growing, but not the finances. Dad had to take on a part time job to help cover the expenses of church and home. In the summer of 1997, with the help of Blessed Hope Baptist Church in Jasonville, IN, and under the leadership of Brother Jerry Ross, we were able to hold our only Vacation Bible School with the highest attendance that week of sixty-eight. Afterwards it seemed difficult to keep the new contacts coming to church. Our family prayed for God's will to be done. In May of 1998, Victory Baptist Church close its doors. Though we were sorry to have to leave, God had plans for us.

For two years, we sought God's will. We were active in the churches in which the Lord had put us. We helped in churches in West Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana. In 2000, Dad resumed his call to be a pastor. We traveled to churches in Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York. Finally, after many hardships, the Lord led us to Lighthouse Baptist Church in Delevan, New York on December, 2000.

Before coming to New York, I had started to teach myself the piano. My sister, Rachel, had taken lessons from a pastor's daughter in Ohio, so she already had some training. The Lord was preparing us for a purpose. We were homeschooled again until we graduated. We were getting into our teenage years and were already involved in ministries of the church. Our favorite was the Nursing Home ministry which would meet the last Sunday of each month. Eventually, I would become involved in not only the Nursing Home, but also the music, bus, and jail ministries.

In 2003, I was in my junior year of High School. I began to look for a Bible college to go to. Our family had received information or visited familiar ones in Tennessee, Indiana, Michigan, and Kentucky. A friend of ours from Indiana had attended a Bible college in another state, but suggested one that she had visited before but had never heard of. So taking a different route home, we stopped by Commonwealth Baptist College in Lexington, KY, a ministry of Clays Mill Road Baptist Church under the pastorate of Dr. Jeff Fugate.

At that time, the college had met in the education building on the church property. We had come in late to one of the classes, but our host took the time to make us feel welcome and to show us the new piece of property that was to be the college. This college seemed to be different than any other college I had visited. I enjoyed the spirit and the opportunity of being able to see growth for the future. Our host gave us a little tour of the horse farms surrounding the college area and pointed out to the city skyline of Lexington. I began to pray what the Lord would have me to do.

That summer, Rachel and I had gone to a church camp in Louisville, KY. Pastor Eric Capaci was preaching that week, and one particular message entitled, "I Must," really spoke to my heart. That week I had surrendered to be a

preacher. But during that week, my parents made a quick stop in Lexington again to see the updated building for the college. When they picked us up from camp, they pulled out pictures they had taken of the remodeled building. While viewing those pictures, I became excited and knew that it was where God wanted me to be.

In June of 2004, I finally graduated from High School and had the graduation service in our church. Considering I was the only senior, it was nice to think and joke about being the Valedictorian, Highest class honors, and so on! The men of the church challenged me in making a true representation of the church that I come from whether it was in New York or Kentucky, to continue in the fight and to not quit, and to encourage myself in the Lord my God when times would seem to get tough.

That summer, Lighthouse Baptist Church was reaching its peak. The Lord allowed us to purchase an old Methodist church building to move our church into. It was nice to get away from an old funeral home to a real building. After that our church seemed to be growing in attendance little by little. Then in August, it was time for me to move on to “new adventures.” College life was here, and the Lord had provided just enough funds for me to be able to start out.

Since then, I have had a major growing experience spiritually. I began college life as a shy and fearful guy. It has helped me into being now one who hardly meets a stranger. I have learned not only through the classroom, but also with hands on experience. I have learned to be a better soul winner, to be a better preacher, and to be a better friend to others. Many times the Lord has had to teach me what the meaning of patience and trust really is. Since going to college I have seen over twenty come to know the Lord, at least four baptized, and others attending church regularly.

Briefly, I'll tell you some specific blessings that I have had during or away from my further education. The second semester of my freshman year, a Christian student from a secular college began supporting different college students as missionaries. He would write out a check supporting that missionary. The Lord laid it on his heart to choose me for some reason. While I was waiting for a gentleman in the church to cut my hair after an evening service, I received a check for \$1,000! All it needed was my name on it. It had come during a time that I had lost my job and was searching elsewhere. The Lord sure knows what He is doing.

In the summer of 2006, I had the privilege to travel with a missionary to Japan, Dr. Ron White, and Evangelist Richard Harper with his family for a mission's trip to Japan and the Philippines. Starting in January, I had raised over \$4,000 to go when I only need about \$3,200. In Japan, we visited mostly American military churches. We were able to visit some Baptist Japanese churches as well. The main attraction of the trip was to be a worker at an American Bible Camp, directed by Missionary Dan Gardner. We had both Senior and Junior weeks with Brother Harper preaching both weeks. I had the opportunity to be a cabin counselor during that time and had a chance to

work with young people like I have always wanted to. I also had the chance to go to the Philippines for a field conference for Baptist International Missions Inc. hosted by Gospel of Christ Baptist Church in Cebu, and played the piano for services. Though I'm not called to either place as a missionary, I did enjoy the opportunity to be a help and a blessing.

During the summer of 2009, I helped my parents in their new church. My dad is now pastoring at the Oak Park Road Baptist Church in Madison, Virginia. I played piano for all services, ran a van route, and started a boys' Sunday School class. I also participated in nursing home services at least twice a month. Our tour group from Commonwealth Baptist College, Voices of Melody, also visited. They were a tremendous blessing to our church, and I looked forward to starting another year in school after the summer.

My major in Bible College is Pastoral Assistant. I know the Lord would have me to work with young people. I was reading one day in my devotions in Ezra chapter 3 how the young people only knew of the idolatry that the children of Israel had practiced that led them into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon. After Babylon had been taken over by the Medes and Persians, King Cyrus had let the people go to rebuild the homeland. This was the time of Ezra, Nehemiah, and some other Prophets preached to the people while they rebuilt the walls. The nation used to have a. Since the captivity, raiding had destroyed the golden temple built by King Solomon seventy years earlier. Though it may not have been as elegant as the first, the young people, twenty years old and upward, decided that it was time to rebuild the foundations of the temple once more. The past generation watched them, and the Bible says that you couldn't tell whether they were sorrowful or rejoicing.

I believe even today that there are past generations watching young people like me and others to see if we will one day rebuild the foundations which are now torn down. If it was young people who once years ago messed our heritage up, it will be the young people that rebuild the foundations of the truth of the Word of God.

There is much more to say, but space is limited. In a nut shell: I want to do right, do it the right way, and inspire my generation to do the same. Thank you for your time, but the story isn't over!!