

It IS Enough!

Personal testimony
of Darci Felty

I grew up in a middle class family in the fifties. My mother made a home for my father, myself, and my two sisters. (Sandra was seven years older than me, and Dani was two years younger). Dad was a business man and we moved every couple years, as he climbed the corporate ladder. I never did very well with moving. When I was born, we lived in a house that my dad and uncle built. We had family all around us. And my cousin and best buddy lived right behind us. I was very happy there. We moved from there when I was in second grade. After that time, I always felt alone, afraid and isolated. My parents were loving and raised us to be moral, respectful, productive people. I didn't know it then, but my father was a high functioning alcoholic. His father was very harsh and abusive. Dad never verbally or physically abused us, but he was very emotionally distant. He died in his mid fifties of a heart attack. I still miss him.

We never went to church on a regular basis that I can remember. We went to different churches here and there, but never really became a part of any church family. Of course, we usually went on Easter and around Christmas. I remember asking my mom once, "What religion are we?" And she said, "Protestant. I guess." My mom and dad both thought that they were saved. They said that they got saved in a little church in Missouri, before any of us were born. My mom talked about God here and there, but the only time my dad spoke the Name of The Lord, it wasn't in a good way.

I can remember trying to find God from a very early age, without much success, and no help from the adults around me. We moved to Southern California when I was in Junior High. And while we lived there, one Easter, my parents gave me a beautiful white leather, King James Bible, that had a brass zipper. I loved that Bible, and I used to stay in my room and read it, searching for some truth, but with no understanding. About that time, I had been reading about Creation, and at school they were teaching us about The Theory of Evolution. I asked my mom which one was the truth and she said, "The truth was somewhere in the middle." About that time, I started reading Shirley MacLaine's books on reincarnation. It all made perfect sense to me. It explains a lot, if you don't have any knowledge of The Truth.

I remember going to church with a friend, who had invited me, about that same time, and during the service, there was a lot of emotion and all these people lined up down the aisle to get something, I had no idea what that something was, or what kind of church this was, but I got carried away in this sea of excitement, and jumped up and joined them. I often wondered, through later years, in my ignorance about what Salvation truly is, if that was my Salvation experience.

I was married at nineteen, and had two children in my early twenties, my son, Chris, and my daughter, Mandy. Of course, we had them both baptized (sprinkled), after all, I didn't want them to die and not go to Heaven!

I don't recall ever going to church when they were little. I was a bit busy just surviving life. I started reading Tarot Cards, still searching for a spiritual connection of some kind. Later, when I realized what they were really about, I destroyed them. We were living in Vermont when things in my life went from bad to worse, and my husband and I had to separate. It was one of the most painful periods of my life, and my children's. During that season, I was spending a lot of time with my Sister-in-Law. She was married and separated from my husband's brother for similar reasons and she had a daughter and two sons that were about the same age as my children. We all really were a life saver for each other at that time. Unfortunately, she was a Jehovah's Witness. So guess what? Yep! We started going to The

Kingdom Hall with them. I jumped in with both feet, as usual. It took years for me to get all those lies out of my head!!

Eventually my husband and I reconciled and shortly after that, we moved to Florida. My dad had passed and my mom was here all by herself. And we thought that the change would be good for us, as well, after all that had happened in Vermont. Shortly after we moved to our home here in Florida, I had to have surgery. I was worried about dying and going to Hell, if anything went wrong. So my mom and I found a First Christian Church that agreed to baptize me. (I know! I know! #*!!) That was my first baptism as an adult. And not only that, but I refused any blood products during surgery, even to save my life! (A left over JW belief) Boy! Was I ever confused!

Shortly after that, a trail riding friend of mine invited us to her church. We attended there for awhile. Unfortunately, it was an Assembly of God church. I had some reservations about all the tongues, etc. There was some pretty weird stuff that happened while we were there. I finally came to the conclusion that, whatever this was, it wasn't The Truth, when the married Pastor left his wife and took off with the married woman who was the Sunday School Superintendent. And all our friends there were having a disagreement as to whether or not, if he died today, would he go to Heaven or to Hell? I remember thinking, "The Truth is The Truth! There shouldn't be all this doubt!" So we left that church. Soon after that, we sold a horse to a couple who live here in our town. There was something about them. I especially was impressed with the modest way that the woman dressed and carried herself, and the way that she respected her husband. One day when they were at our house, they invited us to their Baptist church. It wasn't far from us, and we decided to check it out. We were members there for many years. One of the first ladies' prayer meetings that I went to, they asked me if I was saved, and when I said, "I don't think so.", they got all excited and told me to just say this prayer, and ask God to forgive me and come into my heart and be my Lord. Well, I said that prayer, right there and then, and I meant every word. I wanted so desperately for this to be real salvation. I was baptized again. And I went about the business of becoming a good church member. My daughter met her husband at that church. I was very involved there. I had finally found a place where I felt a part of things, part of a community, a family. I was a little worker bee. Thinking that I was serving The Lord, when all I was doing was working to try and be good enough for Him, and make myself feel better. I taught classes and drove the church bus and organized the Nursery Schedule, and sang in the choir and in church. The usual worker bee stuff. I was way too busy to spend any time with The Lord. Eventually, that feeling of community and trust broke down. Also, some of the people there were very unkind to my children. And there were some other situations where my "friends" deserted me at a time when I really needed their counsel and support. But I trusted them, to the detriment of my family. Eventually, there was an undoctinal situation that we just could not overlook, so we left there.

We started attending my Son-In-Law, Marc Capps' Church in Ozello, Fl. It was a cute little Baptist church with sweet members. During that time, Marc and Mandy were called by The Lord, to serve on the mission field in Honduras. While they were preparing, as missionaries do, to go on the field, The Lord showed them that they were lost and that they had believed a lie. That is when, after listening to them talk about The Truth that they had finally found, I realized that I was lost. While they were in Honduras, I was still struggling with finding God and salvation. Then one evening, sitting in my room, I thought that I had finally just rested in Him. I really just "rested" in the hope that what had just happened was real, because I was so tired of the struggle and had no idea of what to do to find God. At this time Gary, my husband and I were attending a church that we found, after going from church to

church for months, searching for one that preached The Truth. So I was baptized for the third time. We found out shortly after we joined that they didn't practice what they claimed to believe, but we stayed because we couldn't find anywhere that was any better. And of course, we were very busy there. And there was another church as well, with the same situation. My kids had come back from Honduras, and Marc took another Pastoral position. But finally, it just got so tiring, all the "religious" nonsense. There just had to be a better way. Eventually, Marc and Mandy started a Home Church that we attended. The Truth was preached there, without all the junk. I was able to hear God's Word and be around my precious family, and our new found friends. It was a Blessing, but after a while, I started to feel like it was time for something to change. I began to feel like I was getting further and further away from God. I hadn't felt like that since before we attended our first Baptist Church years ago.

Then Marc and Mandy began to take their family to hear a preacher preach to a little group of people in a garage in Inverness Fl. They met them through someone who thought Mandy could help them with some home schooling information for Florida. We only had Sunday Morning Services at our Home church, so they were going there on Wednesday and Sunday Evenings to hear Bro. Scott Smith preach. They felt led to join that little group and dissolve our home church shortly after that. So our home church Christmas Service in 2015 was our last, and we became a part of The Hope Baptist Church Family!

It wasn't long after listening to Bro. Scott preach, that Mandy realized she was lost. When she told me, it really scared me. It made me realize that I was more than likely lost as well. I started praying that God would show me. I didn't want to keep doubting and not know. It wasn't long after that, Mandy got saved. I still didn't know whether I was lost or not. I just kept praying that God would show me. In June of 2016, I went, for the first time, to Camp Liberty, in Pontotoc Miss. It's a place where all the churches that we are connected to meet twice a year. It is an amazing experience to be a part of, with great preaching and sweet fellowship every day. When I found out that I would be going, I just kept asking God, "Please don't let me leave Camp not knowing if I'm lost. Well, the very first conversation I had with someone, I was asked when I got saved, so I told her, but it just felt so messed up, I am sure she had her doubts, and I know I didn't believe it! I just kept praying that He would show me for sure. The last day of Camp, sweet Rachel asked if we could sit together at the next meal so she could share her testimony with me. Well, she did, and I kept thinking, while she was sharing with me, "Praise God!! He's showing me I'm NOT saved! The very last night, Bro. Greg Moffitt preached and it was an amazing service. Everyone was praising The Lord and Singing, and I was miserable. We were singing Amazing Grace, and when we got to the line "He saved a wretch like me", I just kept thinking, Liar! Liar! You're not saved. It was painful. So after the service ended, I told Mrs Amy, my pastor's wife, and Mandy that I wasn't saved. I'm sure that it didn't come as any surprise to them, it was difficult for me to admit, but I was desperate!

Back home at Hope, I was so relieved, to at least know where I stood, that I got kind of comfortable in my lostness. I finally realized that I had to start striving and find God. But this time, it was so different! I wasn't just running from Hell and damnation. I was looking for Him! I wanted to know Him, and have a relationship with Him. It has taken me almost two and a half years to finally find God, but worth every minute! Two and a half years of Him dealing with my pride and my foolish ideas about God, and who He is and who I am.

One Sunday in November of 2016, Bro Scott was preaching from Luke 7, how Jesus came to the Pharisee's house, not for him but for the woman who was a sinner. She anointed the Lord with precious oil and washed His feet with her hair. For the first time I realized that He really does love me! He knows me and still wants me! And that He came for sinners like me, and not for the "good and righteous" ones! I thought that perhaps this was salvation, but He made it clear to me, through another testimony, shared with me by Gail at Camp, during a meal, that I was still lost.

The Lord just kept telling me, over and over, through the preaching and in other ways to be still and just believe Him, to agree with Him. But I'm a worker. It is very difficult to just be still. And the harder I tried, the less still I was. But the Lord waits that He may be gracious. And He has been reminding Hope over and over again that He only does wondrous things! The Lord has been speaking to me and drawing me, and showing me that He really does want fellowship with me! I don't know why, but I am very grateful for a God who knows me and still wants to be with me! Thank You God! He kept telling me through the preaching, that every minute that I remained lost, I was calling God a liar. It was breaking my heart. But God just kept talking to me. He would remind me that He is still there, calling me, through certain songs we would sing, or certain things in the Preaching. It was so good to know that He wasn't giving up on me. And He had me in a place where I could always hear the Truth. Thank You God!, for setting the bounds of my habitations!

In May of 2018, in a service at Lighthouse Baptist Church in Arlington Tennessee, Bro. Josh Moffitt had just finished preaching, and I just had to run up to get to the altar. God was all over me! I could feel him right there with me, wanting me to come to Him, but I just couldn't! I could hear people in the congregation praying for me and it was so powerful, and I just could not get out of the way! Bro Scott had come up and was helping me, he knew what was going on with me, but I still just couldn't get out of the way. I was very sad after it was over, because I knew that I had missed God. It was kind of scary.

When the fall came and it was getting to be time for Camp again, God was really talking to us and there was a feeling of expectation and excitement for things to come. God reminded us that what is in front of us is better than what is behind! I went to Camp hopeful that this would be it! And God did not disappoint! He was very clearly calling me to come. And again, I just could Not! But He didn't give up. And by the last night of Camp, I was terrified that I was never going to get this! He told me over and over again "Come"! "It's time to come!" From the middle of Camp until I was finally saved, I was still terrified. I mean to the point of breaking down at times, begging God to not let me miss it and die without Him!

But Praise God!, Bro. Scott felt strongly that God wanted Bro. Clause Mills to come for the week after Camp, and preach to us all week. The very first night, Bro Claude Preached out of I Sam 26:21. He told us that we had been playing the Fool. And that we should hang onto those words all week. He said that God did not send him to plough up the rocky soil, but to water! And that God was taking us some place this week, if we would just hang onto the words He gives us. I was very excited about this. And he said that "God is looking for someone. Someone who's heart is ready to hear!" Oh Thank You God! He also referenced Prov 1:24, "" Because I have called, and ye refused" Oh! That cut me like a knife! I had refused Him! NO excuses! He talked about dying right outside the gate. Oh God! That's me! Please don't let me die right at the gate!!!!

Every night, God spoke to us in a powerful way and gave us hope. And we knew that Bro. Claude was bringing the message, but it was God that was talking to us. God had been preparing soil for this meeting, through Bro. Scott, all year! I kept thinking about what he had said that first sermon, on Sunday morning, that I had played the fool with God. I didn't disagree with it, I knew in my head that it was true, but my heart just wasn't grasping it. On Tuesday night, he was talking to us about what receiving meant. And how it is wrapping your heart around the Truth of what God is saying. And that we needed to receive his word and apply it to our heart. That is how we are fully persuaded.

The next day, Wednesday, I was very busy. I had many things to take care of before going to the church that evening. I went upstairs to get ready so that I would have time to finish cooking before church. Before jumping in the shower, I decided to play Bro. Claude's message from Sunday morning. So I'm listening so that maybe I can get a better understanding of what Playing the Fool really means, and I hear him say "If you say you know God, but you are not saved, you are a fool. And you are deceived!" OH GOD!! Those words cut me like a knife! That's me God! Oh God!

He finally wrapped my heart around the truth of who I was and who He is! It was very emotional, and I felt His presence like never before, and I just had to have more! I didn't want this experience to end! Well, I just headed for the shower, because that was what I had originally intended to do, and I'm washing my hair and He's taking me through Isaiah 53 verse by verse. It was So Intense and at times I just had to stop and break down, overwhelmed by the weight of who I was and what I had done to Him! He was wounded for MY transgressions. He was bruised for MY iniquities! OH GOD!! I'm So Sorry!!! Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise Him! For Me!!!! OH GOD!!! Who am I? He shall see of the travail of His soul and SHALL BE SATISFIED!! OH! Thank You God!

Then the last two verses, it just got quiet, and peaceful. And I'm thinking, Whoa! What just happened. And the thought of being saved came into my head and I'm thinking, well I missed an opportunity again. And I hear him say, not audibly, of course, "It is finished." And I could see Him standing there telling me again "It is finished." And now I'm thinking Wow! Did I just get saved? And I hear these beautiful words, said in a peaceful, reassuring way, "It is enough." So now I'm thinking I need confirmation so that I can really Know that this was real. I've had so many "maybes" before. So I'm thinking that I need to hear Bro Claude say somewhere in his message tonight "It is finished" and It's enough." If I hear those words, I will never have a doubt about my salvation. I didn't tell anyone about this experience. It was just so precious and intimate, I couldn't even talk about it yet. But I did tell Mandy that I had just gotten saved and I asked her to pray for the confirmation.

I went to church with great expectation! I didn't tell anyone about what had happened. Bro Claude started off with Heb 4:1 and how we should greatly fear missing entering in until we are saved! Well, that was certainly me before today! So I'm sitting there, trying to feel that fear that had been overwhelming for me since Camp and nothing! I couldn't even make myself fear. Hallelujah!!!! Then a few minutes later he is talking about the completed work of Christ. And that "It is finished!" Over and over he said it "It is finished!" And I'm so excited, I can hardly stand it! And then, Bro Scott said those sweet words as well! Oh! Thank you God! You are showering me with confirmations!!!! And then Bro Claude reads through the entire chapter of Isaiah 53!!! Thank you God! My cup runneth over!! And then, at the very end of the message, Bro Claude says, "It is enough."! YES IT IS !!!!!!!!!!!!! OH! THANK YOU GOD!!!!!!!!!!!!