

## Testimony

Deb Becker

I was raised in a home where church was important. I attended the same Mennonite church that my father grew up attending. My mom still attends that church. The church was family, literally. My grandparents, aunt, and lots of second and third cousins attended the same church. I grew up attending Sunday morning, evening, and Wednesday services. I participated in Bible Memory, a girls club for 4<sup>th</sup> through 8<sup>th</sup> graders, youth group, and went to church camp from 4<sup>th</sup> grade on.

I say this by way of explaining why I do not remember the day I actually accepted Jesus as my Savior. I know that I did ask Jesus to forgive my sins and come into my heart as a child, but I don't remember at what age. I do not remember a time when I didn't believe.

However, there are certain memories of my faith walk that stand out. I remember the first time I publicly declared my faith. I was attending a girl's club area meeting. The speaker was talking about acknowledging our faith before other believers by coming forward in front of everyone. I remember that I was very convicted by the Spirit and with heart pounding, went forward. I was probably in 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> grade at the time.

I remember a week of summer camp when I first questioned my beliefs. I was becoming aware of other faiths and wondered how we knew that Jesus was the only way to heaven and that the Bible was true. My counselor spent lots of one on one time with me answering questions with Scriptures. I couldn't tell you now what she showed me, but I do remember feeling secure in my faith when I left camp.

I also remember my baptism. I went through baptism preparation as a believer with my Sunday School classmates. We spent weeks in class with our pastor learning about the Christian faith and the beliefs of the Mennonite Church. Upon our confession of faith, we were baptized into the family of God and our church. At that time, my church didn't baptize by immersion. We didn't have a baptismal, so I was baptized by pouring.

I stayed a member of the Mennonite Church through moves to Indiana and Missouri. When I moved to Madison in 1988, I was over 30 and still single. I went looking for a Bible believing church with an active single's group to help me make friends. I landed at Middleton Baptist Church. I met my husband, Bob, through the singles group. We married at Middleton Baptist in 1991. We have 2 children, Melanie, 21, and Michael, 19. Both children graduated from High Point Christian School. I have taught in Children's Ministry for years and am currently Director of Cubbies for Awana and also a member of the counting team. However, I am not a member of HPC.

I have not joined HPC because I have not yet taken this step to be re-baptized. Mennonites and Baptists both come from the same history...the Anabaptists. The words spoken at my believer's baptism were the same that are spoken here. The only difference is the method of baptism. At first, being baptized again seemed like it was invalidating my earlier baptism, which was very meaningful for me. However, this is the first church I have attended where I have not been a member. I've been attending for almost 25 years and it is past time to repent of my stubbornness, pride, and fear. Today I am acknowledging before you that I believe in the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, that Jesus is my Savior, and that I want to be fully part of the family of God at High Point Church.