



## Call to Missions

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Toward the end of 2009, after being saved for a little more than eight years, God started working on my heart to be a preacher. I had a friend that had been recently called to the ministry and I started going with him to some county preachers' conferences. There was a lot of preaching and a lot of preachers around me during that time. I was listening to everything that he was learning in Bible College as well. I just wanted to be used by God and I prayed and asked God to use me and that I was willing to do what he wanted me to do. I had no clue what that would be. I was always a very quiet person throughout school, and wasn't one to get in front of people at all. I was sitting in one of the preachers' conferences one Monday night and had an overwhelming feeling that I was going to be up there preaching one day. This seemed crazy to me at the time. However, over the next few months, I kept realizing that God was trying to tell me how he wanted to use me. I ran from the call for a while and after much prayer and counsel, I surrendered to be a preacher on February 10<sup>th</sup> of 2010.

Once accepting the call to preach, I had no clue if I was to be a pastor, youth pastor, or anything else. My thoughts were that I would probably pastor a church somewhere in the local area, but I really didn't know. Regardless, I decided to enroll to Calvary Baptist Bible College, in King, NC. I started in the fall of 2010. Throughout my studies, I was around preachers, missionaries, and evangelists. I was working much closer with my pastor and youth pastor, and hearing about different ministries. One day before class started, I was listening to a conversation about the idea of planting a church in Montana and how there are very few good churches in that area of the country. The one talking about it was praying for others to come out there and help plant churches. Again, God spoke to me and told me that I would be that one. I have always been very close to my family and couldn't imagine moving away from them. God kept putting this thought back in my mind almost daily. This kept on for about six months and I hadn't even told my wife about it. It was late fall when I finally told my wife about it and that I thought God was calling us to go to the state of Montana. After much prayer, we decided that we needed to go out there and see it for ourselves. We would also offer to help the new church plant while out there. We went and stayed for about two weeks, and during this time, we drove to many little cities in the southern portion of Montana, trying to figure out where God would have us go.

Going through the cities of Montana was an interesting experience. It is a beautiful place, and it had some churches in the towns that we visited. Most of the towns were very small in population but had a Baptist Church. By the end of the two week period of being there, my wife and I were getting discouraged, thinking that this might not be what God wants for us. However, on one of the last few days of being out there, we decided to drive to the city of Butte, which some people had discouraged us from going to, due to various reasons. We had called around and spoke to some pastors and they kept pointing us to Butte, as there were no known good churches there. We went, and when we passed through the mountains where we could overlook the entire city, I knew, without a doubt, that's where we were going. I looked over at my wife, and she had tears coming from her eyes. For God to have spoken to us both right then, at the same time, with such conviction, we knew this had to be the place. God confirmed it through prayer over the following days as well. Our family has committed our life to God in order to serve him in planting a church and sending out others to plant churches in Butte, MT, surrounding areas, and the world!