



## **Testimony of Melissa Beck**

### **Salvation**

I attended a Vacation Bible School when I was five years old at a local church. At the end of the week, the final service was a gospel presentation to all the family members in attendance as well as the children. The invitation was given and all of my class went forward to the altar in a single file line. I sat on my knees in the floor looking around, and when the pastor asked if I had gotten saved, I said yes because all my classmates did too. Fast forward a few years and we were attending a Bible preaching church as a family. At this point I had heard the Gospel most of my life and believed it with a head knowledge. I had even shared it with a couple of my friends. As I grew up and understood more, I began to question my earlier experience. One Sunday morning, in early September of 1992, the Holy Spirit convicted me of my lost condition. I saw myself as a sinner going to Hell. I had never personally trusted in Christ's work on Calvary. I knew I had no other hope, no other way. I sat through the entire sermon with tears rolling down my face and my insides doing flips. The invitation came and I almost stood up. A "voice" in my head was saying I had plenty of time. I could do this later. But a stronger conviction came over me and I knew I had to do it then. I went forward with my heart crying out to God to save me. I went forward knowing with all my heart that He would. I trusted God that morning, at eleven years old, for my salvation.

### **Call to Butte, MT**

My husband had told me of God's calling to Montana in late 2012. That same night, I had prayed and surrendered to God that I would follow Him and serve with Dustin anywhere He called him. We contacted a preacher friend out there and made arrangements to visit Montana in the summer of 2013. During our eight day stay, we drove around to different cities in southwestern Montana. Three cities in and we were second guessing our call. The last day of visiting cities, we drove out to Butte. As you come out of the Continental Divide you can see all of the city of Butte from the highway. I looked out over the city and I had a peace, and at the same time that "welling up" feeling in my heart. My thought was, "This is it. This is home." I looked at Dustin and we both had tears in our eyes and we knew that we had gotten the calling right.