

Two ways of giving a testimony

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Testimony #1.

1) I was on my third year of fundraising on MFT and struggling a lot. I was disunited with the mission, and getting attacked by negative thoughts. The result just wasn't coming. But one day I made unity with my central figure and really broke through. I made a new personal record, and I could feel God's heart for me. It was amazing.

Now, while testimony #1 sounds good, and I've given testimonies like this myself, it doesn't really tell you what happened, and as a result, it's hard to learn anything from it. Or remember it. It sounds like a lot of other testimonies you've heard. And if you're not a Unificationist, you would be scratching your head wondering what it actually means.

Now for testimony #2.

2) My team was selling laser photos in wood frames, rolling them around towns in Tennessee on folding handcarts. I got good at opening doors and maneuvering through them. We had pictures of tigers and eagles, waterfalls and mountain streams.

They were \$35 each or 3 for \$100, which meant you could make a lot of money at times. But it also meant you could go hours without a sale. Sometimes a day would go by and I'd make \$70. And I wasn't getting any better at it, no matter how hard I tried.

As an introvert I had a lot of difficulty approaching people I didn't know day after day. I could keep going for God, but bit by bit it was wearing me out. One day, instead of dropping me off

with my bag lunch as usual, my team captain dropped me off at a diner to have breakfast with our team mother. I think her name was Terako, and her English was good.

For me it was actually pretty hard to do. I was very skittish about getting close to people. I would have been happier to face a busload of negative Baptists than sit down to breakfast with my team mother. But it was low key, and over eggs and grits she asked me about how I grew up and what my family was like. We just chatted and I started to feel relaxed. After my captain came back, he gave me my area.

Somehow, people in that town started buying 3 for \$100 as if it was the most normal thing to do. One guy started lining his conference room with pictures he liked and told his secretary to cut a check for, I don't remember, something like \$250 dollars. He didn't even ask for a discount.

When the day was over, I had made over a thousand dollars. Nowadays, that is a not a big deal, but for the humble state of Tennessee in 1980 it was astounding. My previous high was \$300 that I had sweated out selling roses on a military payday. I ended up trying to persuade raccoon hunters to buy a rose at 3am to break \$300, and it took me an hour and a half to make my last \$3. The next day my legs felt like sponges and I had trouble making sentences. On this day selling photos I didn't even crack a sweat or make any particular effort.

On this day, instead of me chasing the money, the money was chasing me. Why? Simply because I got over my impulse to run to the bathroom to hide and sat down with my team mother, just connecting and talking about our lives. Give and take, unity, attraction. I was afraid of getting close to people, and I still deal with that. But on that day, I think God wanted to show me how different life could be when you're connected in heart. Before that, I had been making a lot of effort and it felt like the harder I tried, on my own, the less result I got. I made unity and result started chasing me.

Many people saw us fundraising and thought we were just about money. While that was a part of it, there was much more going on. Sometimes money was just the way to let you know when you'd gotten a spiritual lesson right.

Testimony #2 shows rather than tells. It gives details and tells a story without too much jargon, and only makes a theological conclusion at the end, after you have a story to relate to the terms used.

This part of a storytelling project called We Were There, and you can find more stories at testimoonies.com (that's not a typo btw, testimonies. com was taken) Our purpose is to encourage everyone to record their stories in recognizable, everyday language, so that anyone can understand them.

I hope this helps, and I'm out to encourage you to write your own story. I'm here to help you also. And if you feel you could do better than me, please do. I welcome everyone to judge me by setting a better example.