

Aaron Eyerly's Testimonies

A few weeks after my interview, I received a letter stating that I was accepted into the internship. Included in this letter was the calendar with the dates of our classes, service projects, group nights, etc. I immediately noticed an unfortunate problem. The first day of the internship was also the first day of my annual training for the Army National Guard. The guard prefers (to say the least) that all their soldiers are present for the training. At the time I was running with my squad leader every morning, so I thought I would ask him if there was any possible way for me to reschedule the training or make up the dates. He briefly explained the complicated process to get approved for switching my training to complete it with a different unit. Now because I was running with him every morning I was able to constantly remind him of this every morning. I really wanted to be a part of the internship and didn't know what else I could possibly do. Lynn and Sugar had told that they had been praying for me. At that time I was skeptical of prayer still, but I had been around the church long enough to have heard miraculous testimonies from the power of prayer. I reluctantly decided that I needed to pray, and if I prayed and it still didn't happen, then the internship wasn't meant for me. So that night I spent the longest time I had ever spent praying and didn't stop until I felt right. A few days after that I received a phone call from my squad leader. He was in disbelief and told me that my packet for makeup annual training went through and that I could carry on with the internship. I was speechless. I spent the next few minutes thinking of possible explanations until I came to the only conclusion.. God had answered my prayer and I needed to go on the internship.

Days before our trip to Belize, one of the interns casually announces that he doesn't have a passport. You could visibly see jaws drop. So after learning more about his situation, we quickly decide to add him to the prayer list and because this was such an important case, we prayed for this almost every hour. Now at this point I was a little stronger with my faith in prayer, but my faith in government employees and the mail system was still low. I had all but said my goodbyes to this intern because if he didn't come to Belize with this, then was out of the internship. We continued our prayers for him and he was constantly on the phone trying to sort out the mess. The weekend was approaching along with my short trip up to Lamoni for a church reunion. When I reached Graceland, one of my friends was talking with me about the internship and asked about whom else was in it. I read off the list of names and one of the names stood out to him. He knew it from somewhere but couldn't remember where. We carried on with our day until randomly he exclaimed that he remembered where he knew the name from. They had been praying at the reunion for this guy to get a passport. I stopped everything I was doing and just thought about that. This was crazy. In a few short days, word of this passport had travelled to a different state and other people were praying about it. I came back home after the reunion to find out he had acquired his passport in the mail the day before we were to leave for Belize.

Last fall after I went to visit my sister in Cleveland, I was driving back home to Kansas City. It was about a 12 hour drive and I didn't want to stop for any breaks to increase the time to make it home. To

make matters worse I was driving through a big rainstorm. Traffic was slow on account of the dangerous weather, but not completely stopped. Or so I thought. I was driving around this bend when out of nowhere, it seemed like, traffic immediately stopped. I slammed on my brakes and nothing. I tried to turn my steering wheel and nothing. My engine completely locked up. Thoughts were racing through my head, but I stayed eerily calm as my car flies off the highway into the grass median. I'm still attempting to brake with no luck. I was gradually slowing down with time and friction, but not fast enough because I was rapidly approaching a couple trees. The car slightly turns to avoid two trees and narrowly fits in the space between them. I was in utter disbelief. The only thought in my mind was: this was God. This is a miracle for sure and I knew it was from God. There was no human explanation for what I just witnessed. For some reason that day God chose to get involved and save me.

My first Sunday in Basic Training, I was given the option to go to church or clean. My parents were very religious but in different religions. So to not choose one or the other for their children, we spent our Sundays in our living room reading the scriptures and discussing stories and thoughts. I had no problem with this because I preferred listening to my parents and siblings over a random stranger talk for an hour or more. My mother's church was much smaller than my father's church. So back to Basic Training, my mother's church wasn't offered at Fort Benning, Georgia, but my father's larger church was one of the denominations available. I decided I would attend that service, and ended up inviting two of my friends. I remember sitting in this church and being thankful I wasn't at the barracks cleaning. I was half listening to the preacher and half making jokes with my friends. My friends left to the bathroom leaving me alone to listen to the sermon. I started thinking about if maybe I should start going to this church when I get out of Basic. Then almost instantly I was overwhelmed with this feeling. I felt dirty. It wasn't a physical dirtiness, I believe it was a spiritual filthiness. I didn't hear any words telling me anything, but from that feeling alone I knew that I couldn't go to this church. I couldn't go to this church for the rest of Basic or afterwards. I continued, for the rest of my time at Fort Benning, going to other churches for fear that I would receive that feeling again if I went back to my father's church. Once I graduated from Basic, I went with my sister to a restoration older youth retreat. The feeling was the opposite of the feeling I got at the other church. It felt right and I didn't feel dirty, but clean and happy.