

Paul & Kris Woldy Testimony – 24 Sep 2017

Kris & I would like to share this short story with you. On the surface, it is not unique, thousands of Houstonians had similar experiences. But for us it was life changing...

We watched the weather carefully all day Saturday, April 26, knowing the streets were flooding. But going upstairs, we thought that the situation was stable. Coming downstairs Sunday morning, I thought of the gospel hymn, "O Lord, didn't it rain..." There was water everywhere. It rose quickly, finally coming over our knees. Our next door neighbors called looking for "dry land" (they only had a single floor). Shortly, we had our own ark with three dogs, two cats, our neighbors and ourselves. The power went out Sunday afternoon, so we shared some ham sandwiches with our Jewish friends and made an early night of it. By noon Monday the power was back on and the flood waters were receding. We had been on several trips with Dr Christians and she called to check on us. Tuesday morning, we were all able to leave with relatives in town.

Kris & I didn't know where to start. Everything on the first floor was one large jumble. Tuesday afternoon, St Luke's called asking how we were and what we needed. We thought we might need some help getting carpet and furniture out of the house and packing to prepare for demo and dry out. Thursday morning our daughter drove us back to our house. We were met by friends from the choir and started "mucking out". The Fellowship class called; they were also coming to help. What a blessing! "There are angels hovering round...", drifted through our heads,. Someone else brought lunch. We heard sounds of feathers fluttering through the house all day. At the end of the day, coordinators from St Luke's visited and helped us plan what we needed to do. The next day, another group from St Luke' arrived, led by a woman we met on an Israel trip and a friend from Men's Life. It was evident, we grossly under estimated the effort and the many decisions required to get ready. I don't know what we would have done without our St Luke's family.

That Sunday, we **needed** to be at church. Sid had sent a message to the choir emphasizing the importance of "...celebrating God's love, that is new every morning and working in our midst..." We were reminded to be thankful, but to remember those who were still suffering and worried about an uncertain future. The service touched our hearts and brought back memories of the past week, some joys and some tears.

The following week, we took time to assess. We celebrated returning to weekly choir rehearsals and fellowship. And the choir was back at the house once again to help us get everything ready to start demolition on Saturday.

Kris and I felt loving arms around us and strong hands supporting us every day. We did not doubt that while "His eye was on the sparrows..."; He was also watching over us. The love & support we received after the storm and continue to experience is something we will never forget.

When we first visited, almost six years ago, we were concerned about joining a mega church. The music, the preaching, and most of all the people we met drew us to St Luke's. This church is unique. We have never been part of another like it. Thank you, for your help, for your prayers, for the opportunity to serve and witness that God's love is working in our lives and in the church.