

Sept 2011 Front Page

Have Bicycle Will Minister

If I had missed the still small voice, I would have missed it all. I didn't know exactly what God wanted me to do, but I knew for sure it was Him talking to me.

I am one of 15 children born to my mother and father. Mother took all of us to church every week, claiming God's promise on her children, *"Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it."* (Proverbs 22:6)

When I was 14, I thought I was old enough to make my own decisions. I decided not to go to church any more, except for Christmas, Easter and Mothers Day - just to make my mama happy.

After graduating from Schulenburg High School, I served my country in the army as a combat medic for 12 years. Knowing I didn't want to go back to Schulenburg when I got out of the army, I decided to settle in the state of Washington. It is beautiful there. With the many skills I had learned along the way, I knew I wouldn't have trouble finding work...but God had other plans for me. Everywhere I turned, the doors were closed to me and the housing market had gone out of sight. After three months, I returned back to Schulenburg to join my

wife, who had been waiting on me there until I could find a place to live in Washington. I didn't know why God had brought me back here, but I was able to find work here and very blessed for that.

In February 2003, I accepted Jesus as my personal Lord and Savior. My wife and I joined a church here in Schulenburg. I was baptized in April and began teaching Sunday school in June. Mama's prayers were eventually answered, because I was 42 years old before I finally accepted Jesus for myself, as my personal Lord and Savior. Mama never quit praying for me all those years. I learned as long as you have breath in your body, you're never too old to start a personal relationship with God and accept his free gift of salvation.

One December night in 2004 around midnight I heard the still small voice of God telling me to go to a church four miles down the road and wait for Him there. I quietly got dressed and slipped out of our home to go to the church to see what God wanted.

"Here I am, Lord," I said out loud. "What do you want me to do?"

"First of all I wanted to see if you would be obedient and answer my call to come here. Johnnie, I want you to teach and preach my word, and to share the good news with others."

What a shock that was because I knew that was not anything I ever wanted to do, or even felt I was capable of doing. I wasn't sure God knew what He was asking of me. When I left the church that night and looked up at the moon, it turned bright orange. I knew it was God confirming His call on my life.

Going back home, I knew I could never tell anyone about this - not my wife, my preacher or anyone. They would all think I was crazy. It was six months before I answered God's call to preach or even told anyone about this experience. I began studying God's word and learning what it really said. As I learned, I shared with others what the Bible had taught me.

How will I build a church? I have no money. God told me to start recycling all the things people were throwing away. He told me salvation doesn't come from a building, but from a change in the heart. He told me to share the good news of Jesus with everyone and when their hearts accept this free gift of salvation, everything else will take care of itself. My church is called the **Church of the Heart**.

So, I started recycling, first with aluminum cans, and then other things. I only had a bicycle and a make shift two-wheel cart that I pulled behind it to collect all the recyclable material. I worked hard every day and made many trips each day back to my home with the wagon full, and God blessed my efforts.

The biggest blessing comes from the people I am able to witness to. I go places where most preachers are not comfortable or even welcome, and the people there would never listen to a preacher anyway. But I'm there doing my work, sorting through dumpsters and talking with the people around there. I am able to share God's message of love and salvation with them in a non-threatening way, and they listen. Now when I come by, they look forward to talking with me and some of them even have questions for me about Jesus and His love.

I have been praying for some help with this ministry from the Lord. God recently blessed me with a vehicle to make my job easier. Mike Schneider from Houston heard about my ministry, and God led him to bless the **Church of the Heart** ministry with this one of a kind gift. Mike and The Motorized Bicycle Company of Houston (www.bikebug.net) designed and created a special three-wheeled bicycle ([Worksman Cycles - Industrial – www.worksmancycles.com](http://www.worksmancycles.com)) with a Bike Bug gasoline engine and a custom built four-wheeled trailer to be pulled behind it. They gave it to me last month at the parade in Schulenburg and honored me as "Bike Bug Brother of the Year" - 40+ Bike Bug Brothers and Sisters traveled from all over Texas for the award. Now I can haul up to 400 pounds at a time. The engine gets between 150 and 200 miles per gallon, depending on the hills. Now I can get more done and talk to even more

people about Jesus' awesome gift of grace. God does provide what we need, when we need it. Even if such a thing has never existed before, God can cause it to be created.

When I moved back to Schulenburg, God had a house waiting for me and my wife. I had hoped to rent it, but God made it possible for us to buy it. It needed a lot of work, but with my carpentry skills, I was able to do the work myself. It is on a lot that is 90 feet wide and 265 feet deep. The front of the property is where my home is located, the back is where the recycled materials are sorted and processed, and the middle part is where the church will be built. Many of the parishioners help sort the material and the good people of Schulenburg are faithful to shop here to find new treasures.

Since the bicycle has been such a vital part of my ministry, I have three bicycles displayed in my front yard. One is hooked to an old fashioned steel plow, because the **Lord says we have to sow before we can reap**. The second one has fishing poles tied to the front of it with a small Bible attached to the hook, because the **Lord says we are to be fishers of men**. And, the third bicycle is my old one with my old wagon because the **Lord will always provide for our needs**.

Recycling is my full-time job, and telling others about God saving grace and love for us is my full-time ministry. I am truly blessed.

By Reverend Johnnie Moore

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