

Counting the cost

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By Judith Biggs

BIG SANDY, Texas—If you will just hand me that stack of dirty dishes, we will get started on how I met a real prophet.

The year was 1960 and I had decided to make a commitment to God. So I talked with a minister in the Church of God. The minister told me first to count the cost, second to repent and third to be baptized.

I thought about being martyred for Christ. I imagined myself hanging on a stake. I pictured people passing by and looking up with admiration. (Understand these were brave thoughts for someone like me, who at that time of my life would scream bloody murder over a splinter in my finger.)

Then I remembered that the Bible said somewhere that we were to become a living sacrifice. So much for my visions of grandeur.

That's when my prophet gave me the news. The minister was trying to help me count the cost. He asked if I was willing to spend the rest of my life doing dishes in Big Sandy, Texas.

Why did that minister mention doing dishes in Big Sandy?

At the time I was living in California. Many in the Church of God would travel to Big Sandy to observe the Feast of Tabernacles. The location of the Feast of Tabernacles in East Texas was a pretty tough place to observe the Feast in those years. (It improved greatly through the years.)

It seemed that washing dishes in Big Sandy was the worst thing humanly possible that the minister could envision.

I said, "Sure."

I was willing to help out at the Feast site. Besides, there would ultimately be Feast sites at other locations to attend.

Guess what. My husband and I moved to Big Sandy in July 1969. And now it is January 2010. My prophet friend didn't realize how right he would be. I have washed a lot of dishes in Big Sandy.

Let's take a coffee break and I will finish these dirty dishes later. After all, I will be doing them until death do us part.