**Mike Moore**

In the first year of my first pastorate, the church at Wilmington, California, I received a letter from a mom whom I had never met asking me if I would reach out to her son who lived in this city. She was a long-time member of the Church of the Nazarene, was concerned and in prayer for her son, and hoped that somehow God would change his life. I looked at the address, and realized it was in one of the “roughest” parts of our city, but decided to try at go to see if I could be useful. There was not a telephone number included, and I could not find his name in the phone book, so I would have to arrive “unannounced.” I had scheduled a revival with Dr. James Dobson, the father of the Dr. Dobson who founded “Focus on the Family.” I knew he was an excellent preacher and hoped that by inviting Mike to the service, God might touch his life.

I arrived on a Tuesday night after “workhours”, but before night-fall. As I entered the carport of the apartment, I saw a young man who looked “under the influence” of some drug walking past me. I hoped it wasn't Mike. It was! I didn't try to talk to him but went to the apartment door. When I knocked on the door, a young mother with two children answered the door. She had been crying. I explained who I was, about the letter from Mike's mom, and gave her the printed invitation to the revival service the next week. She politely responded that she would give it to Mike but did not think that he would attend. At the second service of the revival, Mike showed up!

Mike came to the altar than night and had his life changed. I went to the apartment to see his wife (Grace), and again had to come unannounced, for their phone had been disconnected. She was so happy for the change that had happened in Mike, and we prayed together while she invited Christ to control her life and enter her heart. They were both in church that night and for the rest of the revival. They became our best friends while we were at that church, and usually went over to their house after the evening service just to be together. Their lives improved and they moved to a nicer neighborhood. Their friends saw the changes in them, and they became a catalyst helping many young couples come to the church, find Christ, and be changed by His presence in their lives and family.

This was perhaps my first “discipleship” relationship in my ministry, although I will tell you in a later class about one as a youth pastor. But in both, the task of discipleship was not so much of sharing information and biblical content. It was rather sharing life together. It was becoming one in Christ.

**Page Two**

Events in life changed, and one of the “crosses” I bore in this relationship was that after four years, they decided to attend another church. I missed them, and truly regretted that they needed someone else than me. But they grew in their relationship with Christ to the point, that Mike eventually became ordained and founded a church through this new denomination in central California that grew immensely under his leadership. He retired from there a few years ago.

**I think I learned from Mike that discipleship is sharing life, not just information. I think I also learned from Mike that there comes a time when the disciple needs to be more a disciple of Jesus, than a disciple of you—the disciple-maker.**