

# FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY

(Column Number 2237)

## "SOMETHING GOOD FROM SOMETHING BAD"

I remember one April 13<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup> (I believe it was the 14<sup>th</sup>, knowing me like I know me); and I was working on my income taxes. You see; that is why I think it was probably April 14<sup>th</sup>.

Anyway!

I was working on the taxes. Well, let me correct that; I was getting the information together for William "Po" McSween to work on my taxes; and, hey, who knew it was going to snow knee deep to a giraffe?

I had it all planned out; I would get up and trundle the bundle off to William's office and he would work his magic - and voila - all would be well with the world, the national debt would be paid down considerably, and Miss 'Nita and I would slurp boiled root soup for a couple of months until the check cleared.

And then it snowed - and snowed - and snowed - and snowed! We were living in the "Bill Agee house" on 4<sup>th</sup> Street at the time; and I walked down Grammar School Hill to William's cozy warn office only to find I had forgotten something (of course).

Relaxing in the assurance that Murphy's Law was alive and well, I trudged back up the hill (actually, only half way, as all you Newportarians know); got the goods; and bravely faced the elements

going back down to downtown. William's 'ligion was tested that day; as he smiled (to my face) and said it was ok, he would get 'em done; and he did, and I timely filed as was my patriotic duty as a loyal 'Murican.

That particular snow was not the best thing that ever happened to me. Big time bummer, as a matter of fact!

But, in March of 1993; you may remember what was later called the "Super Storm". It roared through Wartburg on a Saturday and shut everything down. The road department consisted of a little grader that wouldn't start on cold days, a couple of salvaged dump trucks, and a pick-up truck for the top dog.

It was bad! I mean bad! The actual snow fall was over 36 inches; the drifts were over 48 inches in my yard. We lived in the parsonage, right next door to the church; and the country music radio station was right behind us.

The problem was the operator for the AM Station could not get there to get it going; and the FM operator was doing all he could do; so, being the country gentleman that I am, I volunteered to operate the AM control room. I had wondered why I had spent so much time with Ross Woody, learning to operate a radio station control board and getting my radio "board operator's" license; and now I knew.

God does not make mistakes; and, if you follow Him no matter where; He will put you to good use.

I walked up to the station; and began to play gospel music; and the phone began to ring; and the requests began to come in (about all the Gospel music they had was some old 33's and a few 45's from the past); but people began to be blessed; and I preached to them and prayed with them and played music for them; and - to cut to the chase - today, there is a full-time gospel radio station there - because of that snow storm!

From something that seemed bad (and it was) - something really wonderful came!

I went up there every week-day morning from then on until we left Wartburg and visited with a huge radio audience. One of the members of my church said, "I can visit with my pastor everyday and I don't even have to get dressed up". It was a real blessing; for which I am ever thankful.

I remember later on, it was cold and stormy (seems like it was always cold and stormy up there on the Plateau); and the power was out in some locations for days and days. I was on the air trying to give comfort and assurance that crews were working their way to these dear people listening on battery radios; and one lady finally got her phone back and called in and said: "I'm old, and I'm alone; and I've been boiling snow on my wood stove to have water and make soup; and your voice is the only human voice I have heard in over a week!"

Well, glory! You better believe God knew what He was doing when He led me to train with Ross on the control board!

I wouldn't take anything for that one phone call! From something bad came such a wonderful blessing!

No matter what you are going through; something good can come from it - if you allow it! Look for His footsteps along the way; they are there; you can bank on it!

*Tom Mooty writes this column for the Wednesday and Weekend Editions of the Newport Plain Talk; and has served as Supply Pastor, Interim Pastor, Pastor, and Senior Pastor to Newport's West End Baptist Church for a conglomerate thirty-five years over three terms. Your comments about these columns are appreciated (especially the good ones); send them to the Editor of the Plain Talk to put on paper what you put in words. You can contact Mooty at [tommooty15@gmail.com](mailto:tommooty15@gmail.com) or P.O. Box 851 in Newport or call 865-617-8387.*