

David Wayne Tyndall, USAF
Middle East Deployment
Testimony of God's Protection



This is a special 'thank you' to all that prayed for God's protection upon my son, Wayne, while serving our country in the Middle East. Thanks to your prayers, he returned home safely to Germany on July 2, 2008 and will be returning to the states in October 2008.

Although Wayne could not attend church while deployed, members of the High Point Ward Avenue congregation worked together to send DVD's of the Sunday morning worship services. While miles from home, Wayne was still able to share in worship services and hear God's word from an outstanding pastor. Thank you, High Point Ward Avenue for your ministry!

I would also like to send a special 'thank you' to ones responsible for posting our prayer request on the North Carolina church website and in the International White Wing Messenger. Our hearts were overwhelmed knowing so many were praying for Wayne and our military troops; many of whom are not privileged to have a praying church family to support them. Although my son is now home safely, let's continue to remember our troops still serving in dangerous territories.

It was also through faith and your prayers that God sent His peace to sustain me and our family. As a mom, I would often lie in bed or drive down the road and get lost in prayer. I felt God's closeness and as my dad, the late Rev. John D Glover always told us, "keep the faith".

Lastly, Wayne's personal testimony is below. While deployed, he encountered God's protecting hand in a way he had never experienced before. Only by the mercy of God, he was unharmed.

WAYNE'S TESTIMONY OF GOD'S HAND OF PROTECTION

On a different note, I don't think I told you about my trip into Baghdad last month. I was there on Feb 18 during a missile and mortar attack on the BIAP airport. It was pretty scary! We had about 18 missiles shot at the compound where I was. When it first started, I didn't realize what was happening. We heard explosions all the time because the U.S. military was always blowing something up. This time the explosions I heard were a little different and much louder. I walked outside to check things out when I heard the first 2 or 3 explosions. Then I heard, "IMCOMING, IMCOMING, IMCOMING!" over the loudspeaker. All of a sudden there was a huge explosion within 200 yards from where I was standing and I saw the dirt fly. I knew then that this was for real! As I took off running towards a fortified building, I looked up because I heard an awkward buzzing sound. I was hearing the rocket motors from a missile. I caught a glimpse of the missile when I looked up and ran as fast as I could.

Seconds later, the missile exploded about 100 meters behind me. The force of the explosion just about knocked me to the ground. Rose, I had about 100 more yards to run to make it to the building and all I could think about was to PRAY to GOD as hard and as fast as I could. And, that is what I did. Even after making it to the building and into a hallway, all I knew to do was to PRAY, PRAY, and PRAY. I was totally defenseless and there was nothing I could do. The missile attack lasted for about 10 minutes and I didn't think it would ever stop. During that time I continued to pray and a funny thing happened. Even though I was still scared, I began to feel an awkward, yet familiar comfort. I knew what it was very quickly. I was feeling GOD in my heart and soul. I knew that if it was my time to go, I would be with him. Honestly, the fear was still there but I knew that I was going to be ok. After the explosions stopped, I started walking around outside to look for casualties or any unexploded missiles. As I searched, I then realized what I had just done and how GOD must have been thinking of me. I felt that He thought I only reached out to him because I felt my life on this earth was going to end. I felt very ashamed, but I know He is a forgiving GOD and will answer our prayers when He is in our heart. He definitely answered mine. I also know I may not always live my life in the exact way a Christian should, but He has always been in my heart and He was definitely there for me that day. Since that day, I have thanked Him daily for allowing me to spend more time on this earth with my family who "needs me". Yes, my family needs me just as I and we need our father to guide us through the rough times in our lives.

I know this ended up sounding like a testimonial which I realize it was as I continued to write. Please share this with the church on Sunday if you don't mind. I think there is a message to someone there that may relate to my experience.

Love you,
Wayne

God Bless You All,
Jackie Glover Tyndall (mother)