

## Nothing is Impossible

It was the winter of 1777-1778. Most people were locked in their homes, trying to escape from the freezing temperatures. Becoming weak and discouraged was very common for me during these days, even though I tried desperately to fight the feelings of hopelessness. Finding food was a problem, and starvation was becoming a way of life for us!

My name is John Foster, and I am a soldier in the Colonial army.

During this time, General Washington marched us all to Valley Forge, near Philadelphia. Here we were forced to spend the worst winter that seemed to never end. Hunger and cold were our real enemies, more so than the British. We had to build log huts to give us some protection against the cruel winter storms, but even that did not seem to help. We just could not keep warm. One night, when I was guarding the supplies, I could hear my stomach rumbling and begging me for some food. The temptation to steal was as real as the hunger pains! If it were not for my fear of God, I might have given in to it. A lack of money added to our dilemma. We could not buy food, clothes, blankets or medical supplies. Some of us didn't even have decent shoes for our feet. The sores on my own feet often left a bloody path in the snow.

Sickness and disease began to move into our camp. There was no medicine for the ones who became sick, and I watched so many of them die right before my eyes. I remember holding one of my friends, as his temperature was rising. He was burning with fever and felt as hot as fire. I witnessed his spirit leaving his body while he took his last breath. All of a sudden, he felt hollow, and I knew he was gone.

The only hope we all had was God, but it was hard to explain that to men who were feeling alone and forgotten. I hung on to my faith, and I asked God to

help my actions demonstrate His strength to the other men. I was a man who always believed and trusted God for all things, even in the worst situations. I used the Scriptures to try and encourage myself. "The truth will set me free," I would repeat to myself over and over again. The men would hear me praying and some said it comforted them; others just thought I was losing my mind. There were times I thought they might be right. In spite of it all, God was with us, and I depended on Him for everything! Sometimes when the soldiers needed strength, I would offer to pray for them, and some would accept me and some would reject me. Disappointment would try to takeover, but I reminded myself that they were not rejecting me, they were rejecting the spirit of God in me.

One night, when our troops were all asleep, the British soldiers snuck up on our camp and began shooting. The men who were supposed to be keeping watch had fallen asleep, so we were caught off guard. Bullets were flying everywhere, and some of us took cover behind a stone pillar. Fear started calling my name, and all I could think to do was pray. The others heard me and they joined in, praying with me. We prayed for what seemed like hours, when we noticed a strange silence that was in the air all around us. Where had the British gone? When did the bullets stop? None of us knew, nor did we have any idea why they had retreated. The only explanation we could think of was that God heard our prayers and answered them. The same men who rejected me were the ones who witnessed the power of God that night.

Little by little, the hearts of the men were changing. My heart was overjoyed each time one of them received Jesus and believed that nothing is impossible to God. I began to understand what my purpose for being part of this army was. If nothing else, it was to be a vessel of God's power to the others.

After the war ended, we, that survived, went home to our families. We made a promise to each other to stay close to God and to one another. Our lives were forever changed because of these difficult times. I know that I will never forget these men or this experience. The Scripture "nothing is impossible to those who believe" means more to me now than ever before.

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