

My Daddy

On July 4, 1961, my father breathed his first breath and let out his first cry in Wilmington, DE. Michael Sinclair Curtis, otherwise known as Mike, grew up in Wilmington, DE in a family of eight. It is amazing to think that his quiet mother and dominating father could handle five boys and a tomboy.

My dad was born again at the age of fourteen. One of his older brothers, Dan, led him to the Lord. Even as an unsaved child, his boyhood dream had been to be a pastor. Now as a Christian, the desire was stronger and more realistic. He had a passion for the Lord and his Bible was worn out from the many readings. The Quiet Times he had with the Lord daily were very special and personal. His convictions were set in stone and could not be moved.

While my dad was at college, he met my mother at a college campus church group. He saw the joy of the Lord on her face and fell head over heels in love with her. Their courtship lasted for several years because my mother wasn't allowed to marry until she was through college. One June 9, 1984, right after graduation, my parents were married. My parents moved to Phoenix because my mom had a contract with the government to work as a nurse on an Indian Reservation. At that same hospital, I was born: the first child; a girl. My mom quit her job and when I was a year old, we moved to Virginia Beach, VA so my dad could go to seminary. While in seminary, Julianna was born and later, Jenny Rose. When I was 7, Julianna 4 1/2, and Jenny Rose 2, my dad felt the call to full-time ministry but no doors were open in VA. We stayed with my grandparents for seven months while my dad commuted up to Orlando to start a business (to provide until he went full-time as a pastor) and find us a house to buy. We moved into our house in Winter Springs, FL on July 31, 1994. We started the church, our "baby," in the beginning of the next year. Another baby was added to our fold--Sarah Joy. Just seven months ago, when I was 11 1/2, Julianna almost 9, Jenny Rose 5, and Sarah Joy 2, Jimmy was born. Our family is complete. Our church is growing. Both my family and my church think the same of my dad--he's wonderful!

My father's greatest desire in life is to have a strong relationship with his Savior. This is seconded by the desire to be the best husband and father he can be and his their greatest desire is to be the best pastor to his flock. He ways of achieving these goals are: first and foremost --to have a Quiet Time with the Lord everyday; second--listen to the Lord and his friends on how he can be a better person; and thirdly--try his hardest to be all he can be. I think he has succeeded in

his goals. He is a loving and devoted father, who I know would not hesitate an instant to risk his life if it would save any of us. But more than that, he is willing to sacrifice his life by working hard each day in the sun. Although it is not his nature to be especially sensitive or enthusiastic, he gives his best shot at it to please and bless us. His hard work for us is acknowledged and appreciated.

Our church has grown over the past several years and has about 13 families who are faithful to coming regularly. My father's hard work has finally been recognized and the people in the church are changed because of their pastor, and many other people too. We (his family) are all glad that he is our father (to us children) and husband (to my mom). What he is to us and to so many other people is more than can be told, so I'll say it in three brief words: we love him!