



Shot, but not down - Praise God!

My name is Kim Boggs, and this is My Story.

Hello, my name is Kim. I was born on March 13, 1973 to William (Bill) & Ruby Clark. I have two older siblings, Janet & Darryl, and one younger sibling named Shawn. I was born in Irving, Tx, and raised in Garland, Texas until I was about 12, then moved to Dallas. I came to know Christ and trusted Him as my Lord and Savior in 1981 as a young girl of 8 years old at Lavon Drive Baptist Church, pastor Gary Coleman. Before I came forth to surrender my life to Christ I asked a lot of questions to my parents about salvation and what it meant to be saved. One day not too long after that, I just felt the need of my salvation and came forth to the altar and talked with my pastor. All I knew at that time being a kid was I knew I didn't want to face and endure eternity in Hell. I knew that I was a sinner and understood what salvation was and that I needed a Savior. I asked Jesus to save me by His blood that He shed for my sins on the cross. Soon after that I was scripturally baptized. I became a new born again believer in Christ knowing of what he did for me on the cross, by his death, burial and resurrection.

Not long after my profession of faith, I spoke with a neighbor friend about Jesus and what He did for me, and she told her parents about my witnessing and her mom told me "thank you" for sharing that with her. I will never forget that time in my life of my childhood friend. A few years passed and my parents started having problems. We had gotten out of church for a bit. I was sent down to Houston to live with my aunt and uncle to finish up the second half of the 5th grade. At that time, they were going to church faithfully and I was able to get back into church. Unfortunately, it was a Pentecostal church, and I didn't believe all that they believed especially the talking in tongues stuff. I knew that I was Baptist and what I believed in was the truth. I just prayed for that last part of school to be over so that I could come back home; hoping that my parents had worked things out and we'd get back into our home church.

When I returned to Dallas my parents were living in a different place and had moved away from our home church. My parents had worked things out, but we didn't get back in church. Over a period of more than ten years we visited churches, but just couldn't find a home church. During that time that we were out of church and His Will, I became rebellious, self-centered, and wild. I knew I needed to repent and turn back to God. By that time I had been out of church for some time and needed to get back into God's will. In 2001, my parents and I started visiting a church that I felt was where we needed to be.

In March of 2001, God brought a special man into my life that changed me forever! He was to become my husband and would be a wonderful man of God; his name is Tracy Boggs. He was such an inspiration to me, especially when I was getting back in church. I believe that God had placed him in my life to draw me closer to Jesus, and I'm so thankful for that. We got married a little over a year after we met. We knew that God had us in His hand.

Then came another life changing event. In 2009, I was a victim of a shooting. It happened on June 22, the day after Father's Day. My husband Tracy and I with our two kids, Gatlin (age of 4) and Samantha (age of 2 months), headed out to go to a park that we visited quite often that was within walking distance of our home. We decided to bring our son's rideable motorized jeep along for him to ride at the park. Once we arrived there his battery was starting to get weak. My husband said he was going to go back home to get a fresh battery. Upon arriving at the park we noticed that there was a man sitting across from us on the other side of the park

on a bench reading a book. A few minutes after my husband left, the man got up and was walking to his car. He came back from his car and started walking towards me. I was sitting at a picnic table holding my two month old daughter when he approached us. He began to start a conversation about my son's jeep. Asking questions like, "how much do those cost; how much does it weigh; where did we get it?" I happily gave him the information he asked and thought nothing bad of the man; just figured he was wanting to get one for his kids or grandkids. About the time that he asked the last question, I felt a "big bang", although I couldn't hear the shot. My whole head was like it was numb and I seemed to lose my hearing. At that point I noticed my little girl laying on the concrete where she had fallen out of my arms. I thought "Oh my, I dropped her", and I hope she's ok. I noticed a lot of blood on her, and I was hoping she didn't get shot too. The blood was mine from the shot to my face that had gotten on her as I picked her up. I kissed her on her cheek and put her back in her stroller. As I tried to figure out what had just happened to me after the shot, I looked at my kids and was saying my goodbyes. I noticed my son was hiding in the playground area crying, and I asked him, "Gatlin, please help me!" Knowing that there was nothing he could do as he was in shock, I prayed out to God, "Lord, if this is my time, please take me now". As I prayed that prayer, I felt such a peace within me of getting to see my loved ones in Heaven. I felt ready to meet my Maker, but I still felt well enough to run and get help for myself and my children. I'm sure that it was God assuring me that He wasn't done with my life yet. My adrenaline kicked in, and I took off running towards the nearest house that I could see. I rang the doorbell, and thankfully, there was someone home. She helped me back to the park to check on my kids to see if they were all right. Her name was Amy Storey (like an angel) and she was a teacher on summer break that just happened to be at home that day. As I was walking back to the park with her, my husband called me after I tried calling him before. I hadn't answered because of my hearing loss and blood in my ear at the time. I said, "Tracy, I have been shot, that man shot me!" He speedily headed back to the park to be with me and the kids. I was sitting at the picnic table with a blanket from my daughter's stroller and placed it around my face and neck and applied pressure. Then Tracy came pulling up over the curb to my rescue along with the police and ambulance. I was care flighted to the hospital with non-life threatening injuries. I healed up so quickly that it was, no doubt, a miracle from God!

I thank the Lord everyday for sparing my life so that I could continue doing what I love which is being a wife and mother. I was in God's hands that day for sure. By divine intervention I am alive today. From this incident, my faith in God has flourished. My love for my husband and my children has grown so much stronger. Each day I get to glorify God who has been so very good to me!

God wants to bless your life as well. I urge you to surrender your life right now before its too late. We are just traveling through this world, and we aren't guaranteed another day. I never thought that I was going to be a victim of such a tragedy, but God saved me (first spiritually and then physically). This life is like a vapor compared to where we'll be forever. I hope you'll think about where you're going to spend eternity! Thank you for listening to my testimony. I hope it will make a difference to your life.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."
-Matthew 6:33