

**Miracles that follow the plow :: How did you come to Jesus.... please share your story.**

**How did you come to Jesus.... please share your story., on: 2016/2/20 13:30**

Our brother David put forth a good idea. I would like to open a thread where we can come and share our testimonies of how we came to Christ. I believe this will be a great encouragement to forum members. And also to those who read SI a round the world.

I am running errands now. But will write my testimony out when I get home. But if someone has a story to tell how they came to Jesus. Please share it.

I pray the stories that are shared here will bless and encourage.

Your brother Blaine.

**Re: How did you come to Jesus....please share your story., on: 2016/2/20 14:01**

Mine is in the SI forum archives somewhere back a couple/few years ago? If I can figure out how/where to find it, I'll just cut, paste, & repost! ðŸ™‰ Anyone have suggestion for the best search method to do that quickly/efficiently?

**Re: , on: 2016/2/20 14:12**

Bro sounds like a question for our webmaster.. Other than super Greg :-). Look forward to hear your testimony. I'm going to write mine out as soon as I get home. Already thinking about it in my mind.

Blaine

**Re: - posted by MaryJane, on: 2016/2/25 10:38**

Greetings Blaine

I thought this a very good thread to revisit this morning. I think it a very good thing to come back from time to time and take a walk through times past and my journey with HIM. Its good to be reminded of where I was and how far HE has carried me.

I look forward to reading your story as soon as you are able to post it.

God bless  
mj

I was raised knowing about Jesus throughout my childhood, but I never knew Him personally. For me being raised as a Catholic meant following a set of traditions that the church put into place and hoping one day to get to heaven. I can remember being about six years old and the nunâ€™s in Catechism class told me that if I was a really good little girl and did everything that I was told and followed all the rules, that one day if I was one of the lucky ones God would let me join His family and I would get to go to heaven. In my Catechism book I can remember doing a lesson on hell and satan. The teaching said that if I was not careful I would forfeit my soul to him and never get to go to heaven. It was all based on my actions and my behavior and choices. IF I did good things, then GOD would consider allowing me to join HIS family if I didnâ€™t make HIM happy, I was going to forfeit my soul. The one thing my mom did drive home with me was that hell was a really horrible place and I should do everything I could not to go there. To be really honest I was terrified. I can remember so vividly being little and just begging GOD not to send me to the bad place. As I grew older that was always on my heart. I really did try for a long time to be as good as I could. I always helped my mother, did all the chores that I could, tried to do all the right things, and for a long time I attempted to be a â€œgoodâ€ girl.

By the time I hit my teen years my parents were having serious marital problems and I began to rebel. I became disillusioned I think, here they were telling me to be good when all the while they were doing all these things that were not good. My dad never could walk out in life all he professed to believe so sadly he just pretty much kept on living in his sin and w

ent to confession thinking it was enough. By the time I was sixteen I met a boy, got pregnant, then married and even though I was now attending a non-denominational church and said a sinner's prayer I still only had head knowledge of who Jesus was. I did not know Him as a person that I could cry out to, share my heart with and walk with daily. Our marriage and family life continued to struggle in that time as we both continued playing at church and living deceived.

It was just after Christmas, I had been married to my husband for fifteen years and to be honest with you we were a mess. My own marriage was struggling, I was very sick and pregnant with my fifth baby. I was in and out of the hospital and trying to deal with a husband who had gone his own way for a time and four young children. As I began to see that there was never going to be any possibility in my being good enough, or doing enough of the right things I went through a time of depression and real hopelessness. I began feeling sorry for myself and struggled with self-pity. I knew that there was sin in my life, but I made excuses or fell back into old patterns of trusting and relying on self to get me through. I was still trying to be the good girl but failing miserably. If I am honest this was the lowest point for me in my life, but GOD had not abandoned me and over time HE really began moving in my life.

I came in contact with other believers who truly loved the Lord and shared His truth with me. They were honest and straightforward with me about my sin but always in a loving Christ like manner. I began reading some really wonderful teaching from the saints that really began to help me see HIS truth. One by one the lies of the Catholic church were made known to me as I searched the bible to know Him. I began seeing things more clearly and understood that I had been living a lie, that I had been deceived into thinking I could save myself by being good enough, by following the traditions of the church and of men, by saying a one-time prayer, all of which was untrue. GOD opened my eyes and heart and showed me what a sinner I really was and HE showed me how completely and utterly lost I was without HIM. I saw clearly that I never was a "good girl" and that I never could be one without HIM. I saw for the first time in my life how completely hopeless my situation was and I knew that I needed JESUS, but it was even more than that I wanted to know JESUS, really know HIM. I wanted to know HIM, to sit at HIS feet and hear HIS voice. HE had cared for me so many times over and over again in my life that I could not help but love HIM. As I look back over my life I could see HE had always been there, even in the darkest of times HE had been there and carried me through. As my desire to know more of Him grew so did the conviction in my heart about my sinful attitudes. I no longer excused my sin. I had finally come to a place when I knew without a doubt that I was the sinner that nailed HIM to that cross, it was me HE was suffering and dying for and I could not turn my back on that any longer. Faced with this new understanding of my sin and my complete inability to do anything about it, I cried out and repented. I asked JESUS to forgive me, I repented of specific sins as HE opened my eyes to them and I was baptized. After that things were different, I had a deeper desire to know HIM personally, to walk with HIM daily, and to pray and worship HIM, and I had a new relationship with sin too. I now saw it for what it was.

As I am growing in CHRIST there are still struggles, some days are harder than others but HE is here with me. For me it's still a process of daily submitting, and seeking to live my life unto the LORD. I often pray and ask GOD to show me those areas of my heart and life that do not reflect HIM, and HE does. There are times when this is a painful process, when it's even a lonely process. There are times when there just are not words to describe what is happening in the heart, but somehow deep down I know that it is for my best and that it is because HE loves me so much. In those dark times that I don't see things the way that I should, when self tries to justify, I seek FATHER all the more and ask HIM to help me to view my sin as HE sees it...inevitably I see a vision of my beloved JESUS on that cross, suffering and dying and I know that I must repent! I walk in the knowledge and understanding of what HE did for me even though I do not deserve it. I take comfort and joy knowing that HE loves me and cares for me even when I don't feel it. I am learning that it's not about me, but that it is all about HIM! I am learning that I can walk in HIS strength daily and that I can by HIS power overcome and live as HE has called me to!

Even in times of pain and sorrow I find my love for JESUS has only grown stronger. The more I seek HIM the closer our walk is. Daily HE reveals HIMSELF to me in tiny little ways, ways that most people might overlook or dismiss. I have been dealing with some struggle in my life just over the last month or so. Fear, and stress, as well as some health issues. My focus was on the things of this world, and it was becoming very overwhelming to me. I began to allow the trials and tribulations to weigh on my heart and I lost sight of the LORD for a time. On one particular morning when I was feeling discouraged and stressed I spent the morning in prayer and just so needed to know that the LORD was there with me. We had been going through some terrible weather and it was raining outside again. Even though I had been praying I still felt as if the LORD was far from me... fear and worry over my house flooding had been on my heart and mind so I prayed and asked HIM for strength and to just help me through the day... As the morning passed I felt the need to pray again. I did not want to give into sin so I prayed asking GOD to just help me through, not to focus on the trials of this life but on HIM. HE answered my prayer as I opened my back door I noticed my rose bush was blooming, it was covered with big red roses all over it. This was GOD, it was HIS reminder that HIS care in my life is constant in every way. I had truly thought that this rose bush was dead, damaged from the winds and heavy rains of hurricane Irene but instead it was alive and th

living, in fact the plant itself looked even stronger having come through the storm then before. The leaves were bright vibrant green, there were new branches reaching upward, and huge blossoms everywhere. I smiled and knew GOD was with me, HE loves me so much that HE takes care of the smallest things in my life even without my being aware. I stood out in the rain and took a picture to keep as a reminder of how GOD answered my prayer that morning. For others who I look at the situation it was just a blossoming rose bush but not to me, to me it was GOD revealing HIMSELF, HIS love for me. Just like that rose bush had to go through the storm in order for the weak and dead branches to fall away and new life could grow... I see that I must go through storms, trails, sorrows and struggles too so that HE can deal with those areas in my heart that are weak and sinful can be dealt with. Only then can there be new growth in HIM! In this I learned that if my focus is on self, on the trails, on the world that I will be discouraged, I will find myself withdrawing from HIM and alone, but if I keep my focus on JESUS I know there is real peace, real joy that goes beyond the understanding of this world. With GOD there are no "what ifs" anymore, there are only promises and HE has always been faithful and true. When I read HIS WORD I see this so clearly and my hope and faith is renewed. HIS care and provision is endless and awesome. GOD is loving even in the darkest of times because it's our eternity HE cares about, it's our life with HIM that matters not the things of this world. So this is my story, my testimony but it's not finished yet, in fact I think there is still a long narrow path to travel the comfort and joy I have is knowing I don't make the journey alone...

GOD is with me always!!

I wrote the above a number of years ago and I can honestly say that my story continues with HIM today. Each day is a new beginning, each moment is an opportunity to stretch and grow in HIM. These days I find that I still am learning to live and walk with JESUS. I still have need to die to self-daily and to surrender my will unto HIM, to take up my cross and follow. I know in my heart that it is all by HIS Strength, HIS Mercy, and Love that I am where I am today. I know that apart from HIM, there is a wide road that is filled with darkness and destruction and it is good to remind myself of that from time to time so that I don't become complacent or think myself more capable than I am. I don't believe my testimony ever ends, I believe it continues on being written there will never come a day when I won't have need for JESUS, when I won't be learning and growing in my understanding of HIM! This life is a journey and together all the days of it become this wonderful tapestry of my story with HIM!!

**Re: , on: 2016/2/25 19:13**

Mary Jane thank you for such a wonderful testimony. Reading your story reminds me of so much how God works in our lives. My sister thank you so much.

Lord willing, I hope to have my testimony up by this weekend. Have been trying to deal with getting a roof on the house. Insurance companies. Hardly spiritual. But necessary to keep water out of the house.:-)

Again my sister so appreciate your heart. Thank you for posting your testimony. It was truly encouraging.

Blaine

**Re: - posted by DEADn (), on: 2016/2/25 20:56**

I will keep this short but I like details so it tends to be hard.

I was invited to a seminar, at a church, called 'Rock music and suicide'. I was in a Christian bookstore looking for Christian heavy metal music. I took a friend to the church where this was happening. I was into heavy metal but not of what was said really spoke to me because the bands were not the ones I listened to. Jerry Johnston was the speaker and this was 1990. I was 20.

An altar call was made and my friend got up and walked away. We were in the balcony so I got up and followed him. When I got to the main floor I found myself pushing through people, lost my friend, and found myself near the pulpit. We were escorted back to a room with counselors. I spent a solid 30 minutes with a guy who was explaining to me the Gospel. He led me through a sinners pray and that was it. I was the last one done.

This was a Southern Baptist church. The next thing was getting me to church. They wanted me to come there but I refused because I really didn't like Baptists. They tend to be hardshelled people and very stubborn.

I went home thinking about what happened. I felt no different then before. Then I opened up a big bible that my dad got my for Christmas, 3 months earlier (claims I asked for it and to this day I don't remember asking for it). I opened it up and the words just jumped out at me like John the Baptist jumping in the womb. I got excited and my heart began changing. It was the weirdest thing!

A side note to this, I have been going to a reformed church and they don't believe in altar calls yet I am an example that an altar call can and does work. If not for an altar I don't know that I would be a Christian because I don't think I would ever find myself in a position where someone explained to me about the Gospel.

btw, A few weeks after my being born again I went to the church I grew up in. It was the Lutheran church with my dad. I went 2 weeks in a row and I found it to be boring and dry. I stopped going and my dad got mad. I found myself, eventually, going to an Assemblies of God church. WOW was that an experience.

Since those days I walked in my christian faith for 9 years til I turned myself off to God. That was 1999 and I remember how it happened and when it happened. It is the reason for DEADn.....it is a memorial reminder to me. It has only been in the last 6 years that God seemed to draw me back to Him and in the last 2 years that I have gotten more serious but also more mature in my faith. I am a very different christian from what I was in 1990-1999.

These are the highlights of my story.

**Re: - posted by DEADn (), on: 2016/2/25 20:56**

Double post. sorry about that

**Re: How did you come to Jesus....please share your story. - posted by onemite, on: 2016/2/25 22:24**

I grew up with a knowledge of God, and even had a love for Jesus as a child, but I turned from it as a teenager as I began experimenting with drugs and rebellion.

As a kid, I was afraid of everything.

I was plagued by a voice in my head that my mom identified as satan, and she taught me to rebuke it in the name of Jesus, though my uttering the name of Jesus would help me temporarily, He was gracious and helped me even though I was not really grounded in the Word, and as I got older, I found that the further I ran from God, the quieter that "voice" became. So I moved away from God.

Eventually, I got into a relationship with a Muslim man, who I married. He gave me a copy of the Koran in English, and it did not take very long till I believed what it said- that the Gospel had been changed from its original meaning and that it was corrupt.

I semi embraced Islam, and moved with my husband to the middle east with our young children.

It was there that I that voice came back as well as a presence of evil that I could not deny. I began to feel like I was losing all control of my thoughts and emotions, so I began asking God for help.

Of course I went to the Koran for answers, but found none.

I asked other Moslems, but they did not have answers for me either. The Koran told me that demons could become Moslems!

So I began re reading the Bible. I had one stashed away in a closet- a woman whose family were missionaries had given it to me a year before. I said to God, "I know you are real, but I don't know which book to believe." I started slowly reading in Genesis, and read my way through. During that time, the spiritual war became intense. I asked if I could "use" the name of Jesus to help me and He honored His name every time I prayed.

In that Islamic country, where books in English were scarce at the time, I was given a copy of "Lord, Is it Warfare? Teach me to Stand." I started to see how I had given satan ground in my life- even if unwittingly.

I also learned about how Jesus was my Kinsman Redeemer. What a miracle that was in itself, that God used such a place to draw me to Himself.

Even while I was still trying to wrap my head around Jesus being God, I was believing the God of the Bible, and He set me free from that presence, and I have been free ever since. That was 20 years ago.

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It was so real and genuine that I went to my Moslem family and told them all that the Kingdom of God had come upon me!

Praise God. He is so merciful to us.

I am still humbled and awestruck when I remember this.

Thank you Jesus that yours in the name above every name!

He truly came to set this captive free.

(Edited for clarity.)

**Re: - posted by lindi1208 (), on: 2016/2/25 22:58**

Love this thread Bear : ). So good to read everyone's testimony what a blessing. Soon to celebrate my 8th birthday in the Lord for which He faithfully holds onto me I would love to share my testimony.

I was born into a Christian family. My parents had attended SDA and left late 70's to join the WWCG. So basically we attended every sabbath without fail. What I do recollect about WWCG was never hearing a sermon that preached about the need to be born again. As some may be aware after Armstrong died there was a repentance and transformation of the church and I watched from inside the division that took place. My parents embraced the new evangelical teaching and remained faithful and I witnessed God working in their lives. Meanwhile growing up I knew about God going to church with my parents till I started working on Saturdays. I wouldn't go to church because I knew it would be hypocritical. I was deep in sin, fornicating, lying etc I got pregnant, and got married. I was miserable right from the start of the marriage.

My late sister in law I truly believe now was born again. She was one of the people who God used to draw me towards Him. She spoke to me about Jesus but still I did not understand or even know Jesus. She took me to a Pentecostal church one Sunday and made me go to the altar call. I was told now I was born again in 2002 but I know I wasn't why because there was no witness in my spirit and no transformation. I continued in sin. I was truly unhappy bitter, angry and struggling with everything my marriage continued to deteriorate.

In 2008 my dad passed away. I remember starting to pray around about that time. I wanted to go to attend his funeral but had no money. God miraculously provided through friends money for the air ticket and a little extra towards funeral costs. However on the day of the flight we got caught in traffic and I was a few minutes late to check in. I tried and begged and cried to be allowed on the flight or next one without success. So I had no choice but to catch the next flight which would be on the day of the funeral. I missed my dad's funeral. I was really hurt and couldn't understand why God had provided the money for the funeral but somehow close the door to make it there on time. And so on the morning of my dad's funeral so far away from home I prayed to Jesus in deep pain and anger. I surrendered to Him told Him to take over I have failed at everything. A peace that surpasses all understanding came upon me that very moment. I didn't even know what was happening but my journey with Our Precious Lord begun that day. I travelled home and back my companion was the bible Suddenly when reading I understood it. It wasn't just a book It came alive. Praise God. I was transformed I was a new creature. I now know that I was born again that day and the Spirit bears witness in me. I know now that had I boarded that plane and made it home for my beloved dad's funeral I would never have completely surrendered to Christ. When I got home I asked my mum for my dad's bible. In it are all his favourite scriptures my dad was born again Hallelujah. He loved God and his prayer was to see his children come to Christ. One of his answered prayers is my salvation. How I wish I could have been blessed to sit with him and break bread with him today, but I know that we will meet again. Dad's favourite book of the bible was John in particular 14 & 15 : )

My journey with the Lord has been amazing. Life is not easy but I know He will never leave me nor forsake me. Jesus is right here with me in my struggles, When I stumble He picks me right up. When I am afraid He comforts me, When I am down He lifts me up. I have found that He is closest during our trials and tribulations and so through His strength alone I am able to soldier on this difficult life.

Christ is indeed the centre of our worship. He alone is worthy to be praised. When we are faithless He is faithful He can not deny himself. Every life is worthy to Him as I heard somewhere "even if you were the only person or last person in the world Jesus would still die for you"

**Re: , on: 2016/2/26 11:34**

Onemute read your testimony sister. Marvelous how God has worked and is working in your life. You gave an inside perspective of what God is doing among Muslims in the Middle East.

My sister much blessing be on you you. And thank you for posting a wonderful testimony.

Blaine

**Re: , on: 2016/2/26 11:39**

John what a story you shared brother. So some people don't like the alter call. God does because you heard His call to come to Jesus. Some people do not like the sinner's prayer. But I was saved through accepting Christ into my life.

Brother thank you for sharing your story. When I read your story on others. I am thankful for how God is working in the hearts of His redeemed.

Blaine

**Re: , on: 2016/2/26 11:45**

Lindi a beautiful testimony my sister. And praise God for soon celebrating your 8th birthday of Jesus. And yes truly Jesus is always there for us when we come to Him. So precious.

Dear Sister thank you for posting this wonderful story.

Blaine

**Re: , on: 2016/2/26 11:47**

Dear saints thank you for posting these wonderful stories. Who knows that non-believers may read them and be impacted by your testimony of Jesus. But also to your stories are a testimony to me and two others of how God is working in the lives of his Beloved.

I invite others to come and share their testimony in this thread. Lord willing, I hope to have my testimony up by this weekend.

Blaine :-)

**Re: , on: 2016/2/26 13:09**

These testimonies are really wonderful and helps get to know you all better. Keep them coming! Will add mine when I get time.

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