



Embers

For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Galatians 3:26

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My Conversion Experience

An invention of man that has been a great blessing has also been a great curse. I am speaking of the invention of the electronic communication industry and in particular, television. This media of communication has enabled the church through its media center to reach unknown millions throughout the world. Through this media God is helping His remnant church to fulfill Christ's prediction in Matthew 24:14, "and this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

It was this media that brought our family into the Adventist hope. In 1953 television became cheap enough for the average family to purchase and my dad bought one. It was such a novelty that you watched it even if the program was a dud.

My father who, though not anti-religious, did not see religion as anything that was needed in his life or his family. Now at 9:00 a.m. on Sunday morning, of the two channels and sometimes three that we could receive, the best program was called "Faith for Today" with Pastor William Fagal.

After watching this program for about a year my father went down the road to where a Seventh-day Adventist lived and asked if he could follow him to church the next day. The Adventist man couldn't believe what he was hearing because when he had previously talked with dad about spiritual things, he had always been rebuffed.

*Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.
Revelation 14:12*

Sabbath we were in church for the first time. Pastor Jenkins asked if he could come to our house and my parents said yes and on December 25, 1955, my parents and I were baptized. It was the best Christmas present that I have ever received. What greater gift is there than Jesus enthroned in ones heart.

It was then that I realized what the experience I had when I was six was all about.

In that summer of 1947 I was playing in the driveway of our house in North Wayne, Maine when I heard a clear and distinct voice say, "someday you will be a minister for me." I turned to see who was talking to me but there was no one there. I remember going and asking my mother what a minister was.

But it was on that day, December 25, 1955, that I knew what course my life would take. As I look back over my life, especially the young years, I thank God for His guidance shielding me from the desires to drink, smoke, or use bad language. God is truly great!

by Pastor Wally Frost

God has given us the power of choice; it is ours to exercise. We cannot change our hearts, we cannot control our thoughts, our impulses, our affections. We cannot make ourselves pure, fit for God's service. But we can choose to serve God, we can give Him our will; then He will work in us to will and to do according to His good pleasure. Thus our whole nature will be brought under the control of Christ.

*by Ellen G. White,
Ministry of Healing, p.176*

How I Became a Seventh-day Adventist

Loving Witness

As a young girl I faithfully took Voice of Prophecy correspondence Bible studies. It was such fun to see my lessons graded and returned to me with my next lesson. My Grandmother was an Adventist, however she was very hard to get along with and many in my family avoided her. I went to the Wilmington, NC SDA Church off and on while I went to high school. A kind neighbor gave me a ride whenever I called her. I was convinced that Saturday was the Sabbath and not Sunday. However, it took me several years to take the serious change in my life.

Then, after my first year of nursing at the University of North Carolina, I stayed with my grandmother and got a night time job at the the Washington Sanitarium. This was the turning point of my life. I worked with such loving Christian nurses and decided I wanted a life like theirs. I was baptized at Sligo Church in 1960 and have been sure of my decision ever since.

by Susan DiBiase

Divine Guidance

As a believer in God and in His providence, it has been my firm conviction that everything in life happens according to God's divine guidance. The fact that I am a Seventh-day Adventist is not a mere coincidence, but is a part of God's fulfillment of His purpose in my life. It is a life-long process. In that process, God has taken me through various avenues in life and at present he has placed me where I am today. Born and raised as a Hindu, educated in Catholic schools, baptized into Christian fellowship as a Baptist, finally God led me to the Seventh-day Adventist church in 1981. Looking back, I see God's guidance in this spiritual jour-

ney of my life. This journey continues and where will it end, only God knows.

I am very happy to be a Seventh-day Adventist Christian. For the past 24 years, I have witnessed some subtle changes in the faith and practice of the Seventh-day Adventist church. I believe that there is a need to accommodate and adjust the application of theological truths in our lives to reflect the sentiment of the era in which we live. As I mentioned earlier, I believe that I was placed in different stations in life through divine providence or guidance. For example, when I was baptized into the Baptist church, I did not rely on my theological understanding, rather it was my firm conviction that God was leading me to something. When I joined the SDA church, again the decision was not based on a perfect understanding of SDA doctrines. God helped me to make these decisions and I learn and grow as the days go by.

There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; One Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.
Ephesians 4: 4-6

Having said this as an introduction, let me highlight at least three reasons why I am a Seventh-day Adventist. First, I believe that Jesus Christ is the perfect revelation of God and He gives us a clear idea as to what God is like through His life and ministry. Jesus is an example for all of us who live here on earth and He will lead us into eternity. Second, I believe in the Biblical seventh-day Sabbath observance. Finally, I believe that for a healthy spiritual life the good living habits advocated by the SDA church are essential. The Seventh-day Adventist church upholds the above along with many other doctrines which are dear to me and that is why I am a Seventh-day Adventist.

by Nathan Purushothaman

Persistence Pays Off

We were both raised Catholic, but after our son was born in 1969, we drifted away from church. Just prior to Sarah's birth, we again started attending because of the need to have her "baptized." After that we again quit attending. Around late 1974 we began feeling the need to get back to church for the sake of the children (a familiar story for many), but did not want to go back to the Catholic Church. We started looking up about the different churches and concluded it didn't really much matter which one, EXCEPT we were NOT interested in Jehovah Witnesses (Dan's dad had become a member and we knew enough about the beliefs to rule that one out) or Seventh-day Adventists (they made life too difficult with their Sabbath stuff!)

In early spring of '75 our, you guessed it, Seventh-day Adventist neighbor finally persuaded Sue to attend a Wednesday night prayer meeting. She had been bugging Sue for some time and finally Sue thought it was just easier to go just this once to shut the neighbor up. Well, the Pastor was not about to let this slip by and immediately scheduled an appointment. When Sue told Dan about this, he was not too happy since there was absolutely no interest in Seventh-day Adventism. The night arrived for the Pastor to visit, and we were braced to tell him in no uncertain terms that we were not interested. The doorbell rang and there stood Elder and Mrs. Reimche. They were such a polite elderly couple that our resolve melted – how could you tell such nice people to bug-off! The succeeding weeks brought no change in our desire to end this "Bible study" but they were just too nice to say no to, besides they were Canadian and we were considering moving to Canada. So as they studied with us, we asked them about Ontario. Dan traveled around Ontario that June but jobs didn't seem that feasible so our motivation to continue studies waned. During the hot part of the summer, we thought maybe a lack of hospitality would force them to call it quits. We did not have air conditioning and Elder Reimche wore a

tie all the time, and we did not offer them water. But alas, they had the forbearance of Job. That fall, however, brought the supreme test of their patience. We attended the Labor Day festivities in Greenbelt and received information on a church there. Friends of ours were also looking for a church so we all decided to go and check it out. We all liked it and started attending and became official members. When we told Elder Reimche the "wonderful news," he showed a momentary sign of shock but recovered quickly. We continued to have studies, nothing was going to undermine his resolve! What patience! In the meantime, we became active members of our new church with Sue even becoming the church secretary. Elder Reimche went through one set of lessons, went through Romans, *The Great Controversy* beginning with the chapter on William Miller, and other special topics. During this time, Elder Dan Matthews held an evangelistic series, but we were not going to be swayed by emotional appeals and hardened our resolution to stay put. Even a visit in our home by Elder Matthews did not change our resolve. Finally after lengthy discussions, the Holy Spirit was breaking through our hardened hearts and we accepted the Sabbath (but NOT the Seventh-day Adventist Church!) At this point we started to "keep the Sabbath" but continued going to church on Sunday. We finally decided that was not going to work and realized that we needed to become Seventh-day Adventists. The truth of Elder Reimche's arguments was too strong to refute, and we knew we had to follow truth wherever it led. We told our pastor and he visited us in order to dissuade us. He presented no biblical arguments but only quotes from the church fathers.

Finally in January 1978, we were baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church. We can only be thankful how God sent a persistent neighbor and a very patient Pastor into our lives! It only shows how the Holy Spirit can bring such strong conviction, that one must answer one way or the other.

by Daniel and Sue Endres

Why I am a Seventh-day Adventist

Influence of Godly Parents

I can never thank the Lord enough for the privilege of being born into an Adventist home. It is the greatest gift that the Lord has bestowed upon me. The fundamental SDA beliefs- God's Law, the Seventh day Sabbath, the Sanctuary, the state of the dead & the Spirit of Prophecy are solid pillars that have strengthened my faith and deepened my belief in God.

From sundown Friday till sundown Saturday we religiously observed the seventh day Sabbath. It was the best day of the week then and it has gotten even better as I have grown older. By Friday evening we had a clean and shining house with fresh flowers on the table and our long hair washed and in clean clothes. At sundown we had worship to usher in the holy Sabbath. We sang hymns, read the scripture and prayed. We read the *Signs of the Times*, *The Review and Herald* (as the *Adventist Review* was then called), *Guide*, etc. We loved to read, that was the best pastime we knew then, and even now my sister and I are avid readers. We thank our parents for instilling such a love for reading in us. On Sabbath morning we went to church, usually walking the 6-8 miles since we were quite poor and could not afford any other mode of transportation. In the afternoon my dad taught my sister and I from the holy scriptures. He taught us the Old Testament line by line for years each Sabbath afternoon from the time we were about 10 years old. He did a great job making it so real and he taught us with so much love. We could not have asked for a better dad. Our parents made the love of God so real to us, they always believed in us and their faith in us kept us from the path of destruction. They always taught us that we were a royal priesthood, a holy nation and a peculiar people.

The habits that our parents inculcated in us while we were little children has never left us to date. My dad stressed the importance of keeping the Sabbath holy, that

we can have it no other way today but keep it holy. Our parents instilled a deep reverence and fear of the Lord in us from infancy and because of our upbringing all my siblings and I recognize the importance and need to hold fast to the truth that has been so graciously given to us.

Adventism - how empty and pointless my life would be without it. I can never thank the Lord enough for picking me out of the billions who live upon planet earth to make me one of the 'Remnant' so I can vindicate His holy character. By His grace I have passed on this torch to my children, trusting and believing and knowing that they will carry it on faithfully by His grace and mercy, for He who began a good work in us will be faithful to complete it.

by Susanna Roe

Unity in Christ

I am a Seventh-day Adventist by birth. I am, in fact, a 3rd generation SDA as my grandfather was baptized many years ago in India. There are truths as revealed in the Bible and through Mrs. White. They lie at the core of the doctrine of the remnant church and are one and the same as SDA doctrine. I know the gifts and truths our Church has been blessed with. But let us not forget we are Christians. As agents for promoting and spreading the truth we must not forget how to present it. The best meal inappropriately presented may never be tasted. As believers and brethren in Christ we have truths that both unite and set us apart from mainline Christians, so our presentation should follow accordingly. Let us not forget to say we are Christians nor be afraid of saying we are SDA. Let us come to the common table that is Christ and unite, thereby setting the table for the deeper truths that must be served. God bless and lead us as we strive to study and lift up Christ who will draw all who would make up the remnant Church.

by Richard Mathew

Childhood Memory on Becoming an SDA Christian

I recalled my earliest childhood memory found me attending the Speightstown Seventh-day Adventist Church for a short time. With Speightstown being the second business district in Barbados at the time, I recalled vividly walking to church on Sabbath mornings amidst the busiest day of the week. School mates looked strange at me but it soon became the norm. However, perhaps the greatest impact on my being molded and firmly planted in the faith came when my mother decided, perhaps to physically remove me from the negative influences that were pervasive in Speightstown at the time, to send me every weekend with the family of her best friend – Bro and Sis Morris – who lived in the country-side. That meant that each weekend, from Friday afternoon to early Monday morning was spent with the Bro. & Sis Morris.

This family and my mother were long-time Seventh-day Adventists, going back to the days when they were single. It just happened, or so it appeared at the time, that Bro. Morris was the Head Elder at the church (the Indian Ground SDA Church) where he and his family worshipped. It was a small two-room structure that is still there to this day. Those weekends and those years (little did I know it at the time) molded my entire outlook on the Sabbath, and in particular my relationship with God, something that was very personal. Let me give an example. I recalled, as if it was yesterday, how we came home and prepared our shoes and clothes, and bathed, in preparation for the Sabbath. Meals were also prepared before sunset. No meals were prepared on the Sabbath. Then we had family worship to “welcome in” the Sabbath. Friday afternoon, was truly the “preparation day”. The Sabbath was a full day of activities at the church; we did not go home until after sunset (Saturday night). Sabbath services were much the same as we experience them today. But the Missionary Volunteer (MV), (today’s Adventist Youth Society), in the afternoon was undertaken

completely by the young people of the church. Time and space will not allow me to discuss how the events of those Sabbath evenings shaped and further molded my faith.

Bro. and Sis Morris died many years ago, but the memories live on. The understanding of proper Sabbath observance, the importance of having a personal relationship with God, were planted deeply in my being. The Bible tells us to train up a child in the way he/she must go and when they are old they will not depart from it. Over the years those childhood experiences have matured and sustained me through the most difficult times. I have come to understand the intimate relationship between what God has accomplished through the Life, Death, Resurrection of Jesus and the Sabbath. They are so beautifully connected. These pillars are the foundation that keeps me grounded in the truth of the message propagated by the Seventh-day Adventist church. That is the foundation that keeps me in the faith.

by Jude Edwards

Evangelism at Burnt Mills

A quick question: In what church activity is everyone needed? The answer is evangelism! And guess what, you are being given the chance to participate.

At Burnt Mills, we will be having an evangelistic series beginning on Friday, February 3, and continuing each Friday, Saturday and Wednesday evening for the following eight weeks. The meetings will begin at 7:30 each evening. The Pastor will be presenting the series which is built around the book of Revelation. In addition, a program is planned for kindergarten and primary age children each evening.

In what areas is help needed? First, people have to know about the series. Brochures will be available to distribute to friends and acquaintances. Even though flyers will be mailed throughout the local zip codes, the response from that is usually not very high; the personal invitation is the main way to get attendance. Sec-

ond, you can be there yourself and look out for people you do not know and get acquainted with them. Lloyd Dallas will be selecting some people who will focus on this aspect but each of us needs to help in this important matter. Third, workers will be needed for different aspects of the meetings. These areas (and leaders) include: 1) parking lot attendants (Domenic DiBiase), 2) greeting (Helen Dundon), 3) registration (Maryanne Frost), 4) ushers (Robinson Anbiah), 5) row hosts (Lloyd Dallas), 6) children’s program (Angeline David) 7) intercessory prayer (Susan DiBiase) and 8) audio-visual (Kenneth Roe). Last, after the meetings, the interests that have not made decisions will need to be followed up with Bible studies.

The time is getting short; the Lord is soon to come. Each of us has a responsibility to help others be prepared for that eventful day. Here is your chance!

by Daniel Endres

Thank You

You may have noticed how fresh and clean the hallways of the church are looking. This was the result of several hours of painting by four dedicated volunteers: Ken Roe, Jordan Roe, Dan Endres, and our own Pastor Frost. A big thank you also to Chuck Perkins for making sure all the paints and supplies were ready. Thank you for all your hard work and willingness to pitch in where needed.. You are all appreciated!

Brazil Project

The annual Christmas Offering, taken on December 24, brought in close to \$5,000. We thank the members and friends of Burnt Mills for their generous donations.

We have received a very nice thank you from the de Oliveira family in Brazil. They were thrilled to learn that one-third of the offering would be sent to Brazil for the churches in Leandro’s district. These churches are thriving despite being overcrowded and with minimal resources. We at Burnt Mills are fortunate to be able to help these churches. Thank you.

Give me Jesus

I was a worldly kid before I became a Christian, and I can truly testify to that.

I was caught up in what life had to offer me: completely materialistic, of course. However, I was searching for some meaning – some sense of belonging – a form of happiness and pleasure. I was looking in all the wrong places. I didn't know that happiness, joy, and everlasting pleasure can only be reached once God becomes first in your life. As I look back on my life, I become emotional because I not only see the power of Christ, but I see his **LOVE** as well.

I guess I should start with how God gave me a realization that this life has nothing in it for you. You need something more. Actually... you need something *different* – a new sense of life.

Of course I was a kid who tried to fit in – in any way possible. I tried my best to fit in at my school, and become well liked because I thought that would produce happiness. Well, I got my wish. I became pretty well known, I dressed like how everyone dressed, I talked like how everyone talked, and I acted like how everyone acted. Everybody liked me.

However, that wasn't enough for me. I always sensed myself trying to strive for something more. I always needed something else. When I got something, it just wasn't enough for me. Soon popularity became more of a burden rather than a joy.

I found myself caught up in a pattern - happy, then sad, or vice versa, but why sadness? Why was I so sad? I had lots of things: popularity, ok grades, friends, and stuff – lots of stuff. There had to be a reason to why I was still hitting that emotional low. So I searched for that for a long time.

I thought, maybe the reason that I was feeling so low was because I didn't have a girlfriend. Well, through countless lessons that were learned, I quickly realized that was NOT the case.

Then I thought, maybe the reason that I was feeling so low was because I need more friends. Well, the more friends I got, the more problems I had. The more I was liked, it seemed as if I was hated more

and more. I quickly realized that I did NOT need more friends. They weren't the key to my happiness.

Then what was it? Or was it nothing? For a little while I bought into that it was "nothing." So I lived day by day, living it the way I wanted to. Doing what I wanted. Where did it get me? I was still frequently sad. There was still a void that just wasn't filled. The Lord saw me as a kid that was in desperate need. He knew if He didn't intervene something bad would have happened to me. I was *running* down the path of destruction. That's how the world got me, or should I say, that's how Satan got me. He leads you on with little things until those little things weren't so little anymore – they became HUGE. Regular pop music became heavy rap music. PG movies became rated R movies. My mind was always wondering. I wanted something more. I wanted more violence, more action, more of something to occupy (or should I say please) my mind. The truth is that I set myself up for major destruction in my life. All Satan needs is a little crack to squeeze his way through and then before you know it, you're into some heavy stuff.

However, God had plans for me. He quickly gave me reality checks and lessons. He sent people who were Christian to help me realize that there was indeed something better – someone bigger than anything that I've ever know. That someone was Jesus Christ.

I was a prideful person, so I especially needed that. It wasn't easy for me. I still ignored the signs God gave me. I still lived day by day... "Business as usual." I would still let music have this control on me – I let it make me utter out words. These words let me think that I was somebody that I wasn't. I still would try to place things in my life to make me busy to avoid the feeling of emptiness that I had.

One day, something really bad happened to me, and I remember being angry at God. I remember shouting, "WHY?" All of a sudden it came to me that there was indeed a God out there, and that He was trying very hard to get me to notice Him. I remember praying, "*Oh God, I don't know much about you, or who you are, or even how to pray, but please help me as I*

search for you" God truly does answer prayers!

So my search for religion took place. I researched like crazy what was out there, and to my surprise there was a lot! I saw there was Christian all the way to Buddhist. As I searched online, I realized that I had some friends that were a variety of religions. First, I went to my Buddhist friend. He was a person who was really into his religion. He knew lots of things from the book called the "Zen," and he gave me information when I asked. He gave me wise sayings. Buddhism was a laid back form of life. Reincarnation, eat, drink, sleep, try to be good – it was very appealing to me at first, but I felt as if something was not right... as if something was off.

The search continued. I came to my friend who was of the Bahá'í faith. He told me about his religion, but it didn't have an effect on me like it should of if it was right. A lot of my questions went unanswered. I soon knew it wasn't for me. God was definitely guiding me through this process.

I then came to my Catholic friend. I did more research on Catholicism. I even kind of agreed with them on some things. I told my friend to let me know more about his religion. He knew the basics: the prayers, and the Hail Mary, but I realized that there was just no basis to his religion. It was all carried out through man. I didn't like that concept very much, but I still took the rosary that he gave me. I even went as far as to wear it, but I soon realized that it did nothing for me. It only raised more questions.

My search for religion became very tiring. I felt as if there was no hope so I prayed again. I said, "*God, I know you are out there, but I still can't find you.*" I then basically gave up. God wouldn't allow that though. He gave me yet another reality check to show me that there was a God. By then I got a little mad, and said, "*God, why is this happening to me?*" I quickly found out that it only made the wanting for a God even stronger.

The search continued until I had to look no further. It was right under my nose! It dawned on me that my aunt and uncle were Christians. However, I was still kind of skeptical about the Christian concept.

Nonetheless, I still went to church. The people were nice. People were happy, and it wasn't any kind of fake happiness. This caught my attention, and I said to myself that I was going to be Christian. I told my aunt and uncle what happened to me – my story, and how I thought I'd found the right religion. My uncle suggested that we do a couple Bible studies before I made a decision. My first reaction was, "what?!" I didn't know that you needed to actually know anything to be Christian. I quickly learned a lot. I learned about the Bible, Christ, and other topics. I became very interested. I became very eager to know, but my lifestyle did not change. I was very sad that it still didn't change. My battle with God still stayed in place. Doubts started to arise in my mind about religion. I had found myself slipping. The "Christian contemporary" music I had been listening to (to try to be Christian) changed back to rap and rock. The world was getting to me again, making me think that I was my own God.

My pride got to be too much for my own good. One night, my friends and I decided to go to a football game. The game drew to an end, so my friends and I decided to make our way home. We decided to go to my one friend's house. We took the short cut. On our walk home we were acting stupid – punching the air, and what not... thinking that we were on top of the world. As we walked and talked, three guys came up behind us and asked, "Yo! Do you have change for a \$20?" We answered "no," and continued to walk as though nothing happened. Before I even knew what was happening, I got pulled back, and got hit in the side of my head. My friends got their share of hits, and we all started to run for our lives. We finally reached his house and took a minute to reflect on what actually happened. I remembered thinking to myself, "oh man, how could this be?" We all knew some sort of fighting style, yet we ran instead. We were afraid!

This was a reality check that I really really needed. It shifted my focus back on God. At first I questioned God. I asked, "What did I do to deserve that?" I even decided not to go to church the next day. But I didn't feel right. I needed God... a lot.

As the Bible studies strolled along, I began to learn so much. My mind was

opened to new things – things that were so amazing to me. I began to have the urge to tell people the truth. I went to many people and said, "Jesus is coming! We need to be prepared!" I would ask, "Do you know what happens to people when they die? Do you know that there is no hell right now? Do you know the truth about the Sabbath?" I had a fire in me – a strong one. I wanted people to know what I had recently learned. This went on for some time. I gave Bible studies the best way I could. However, I didn't have a foundation on why I was doing that. I spread the gospel just because that's what I thought I had to do. I didn't really focus too much on Jesus; just the topics that excited my mind. This became all too evident when my friend, Akeem, called me up one day (he was one of the first people that I shared my new knowledge with), and said, "Alex! You won't be able to believe what I just saw! I saw thousands of Africans getting baptized in a river, in Christ's name!" Right then and there, I could tell something was wrong with me. I didn't have Christ as my foundation; I didn't place Him first (although I claimed to). I felt really horrible and I asked God to help.

When you cry out to the Lord, He will answer you. That Sabbath, I went to go pick up my cousin (Joshua Oh) from Piedmont Valley Youth Camp. I was a little down, but I was trying to hide it. The whole day was very spiritual. My eyes were opened to many things. My love for Christ began to grow greatly. I told God that I was dedicating my life to Him. I told God that I was giving Him first place. Later that night (still at the camp), they had a camp fire. The man in charge there was named Dale, and he had told a story about a plastic pearl. The whole point of the story was that there are things that we don't share with Christ, or things that are keeping us from God. Girls and boys went up there to share their stories (some sad), and testimonies. Tears were shed that night. As I watched I saw people cry. I thought to myself that I had many things to be thankful for. Although I didn't feel like I had a plastic pearl, an urge came over me. I asked Dale if I could go up and tell my story even though I didn't attend the camp. Of course he said it was ok. As the stories rolled and came to an end, I realized that people weren't going up any

more. I felt that it was time for me to go up and share my personal journey, but I was scared and I didn't think I could do it.

I can't really explain what happened next. All I can say is that it felt as if an angel pushed me out there. Before I knew it, I was up in front and I didn't know how I got there. I began to speak. I think I said one or two words, and then I began to cry. I couldn't believe that I was crying in front of a bunch of people that I didn't even know. With God's help, I got my point across. I shared that my plastic pearl was that I did not really know Jesus. I sat down and acknowledged that I felt so much better.

I can truly say that God does really work miracles. He took a worldly kid that had free will most of the time and could care less about God, and made him into a soldier of Christ. With a renewed vigor and passion, I sought to do God's will. I pray more than I ever did, and place God first in my life.

Through my Christian walk, I feel I have developed a wisdom that I wouldn't have had without God. He has truly made me into a strong person, and He gives me countless blessings. Becoming a Christian has many steps that one has to learn. Without God in my life right now, I do not know how or where I would be. I was really heading down the wrong path, and I am ever so grateful that I went through the struggles because they not only made me have a better understanding of life, but a stronger love for God, and a stronger understanding of what God really has in store for me.

"¹I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. ²My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth. ³He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. ⁴Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. ⁵The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand. ⁶The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. ⁷The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. ⁸The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for ever more." Psalm 121 (KJV)

by Alexander Karras