

My Conversion

During the summer before my freshman year in high school, I went to a church camp for a week. It was during this week that I heard a message that caused myself and others of my friends to respond to God. I understand it more now than I did then, actually.

I had gone to church faithfully since a child and my mother was a strong spiritual influence on my life. I was not feeling particularly lost or discouraged with life all the time but experienced some despair over recurring nightmares. They made me feel helpless, confused and afraid to the point of considering suicide in a passing kind of way, these thoughts would come and go rather quickly. There were family problems as well. So life was beginning to go wrong and out of control. I was feeling a sense of need beyond my family for the first time.

As I listened to the speaker that night at camp, I looked at the sunset and peaceful natural setting of the Texas Hill Country in the background and longed for that in my life. As he spoke, God was drawing me to Himself. I was affected, but afterwards, as many responded to the invitation in tears, I stood quietly. However, I began to think I should do something since I connected, for the first time, myself to Jesus Christ and His death on the cross. I understood it, now, I needed forgiveness. So I calmly but sincerely went forward.

The changes since that evening have become increasingly clear to me. Even though things have often been very difficult, I see that I believed in Christ for the first time and understood the gospel that evening. The difference in my life is like not having lived before that. I became alive and life became real. It's been a journey and a struggle since then, but the Lord has been faithful to carry me forward in ultimate, inevitable victory.