



Abigail Testimony

I was brought up in a Christian family, and Mum and Dad taught us about God from a very early age. When I was eight years old, I knelt down in my room with Mum and prayed to ask the Lord to come into my heart. But it's not the prayer that saves you; it's the acknowledgement of your sins and the belief in your heart that Christ died for you. I knew that when I did the wrong thing, I was sinning against God; I knew that Jesus died on the cross for my sins. But I've come to the conclusion that, as I prayed that prayer, I was believing in my head and not my heart. I was not convicted; my life didn't change after that time.

But it took me quite some time to come to this conclusion. For years, doubts and fears filled my mind. On the outside, nothing showed. In fact, I sort of considered myself to be a "model Christian". I had been baptized; I went to Church; I read my Bible – I prided myself on having read through the whole Bible a few times ; I prayed regularly; I could quote lots of verses and passages from the Bible; I was always trying to be helpful and kind. But inside was turmoil. I tried so hard to be diligent in my Bible reading, but somehow I couldn't really get anything out of it, and I often found myself thinking of other things as I read. My prayers felt empty. Every time I prayed, I seemed to be saying the same things as the last time. It didn't feel at all personal.

I knew one thing for sure – my life as a Christian was not at all how it ought to be. Why wasn't I growing in my relationship with God? DID I have a relationship with God at all?? Recently, as these thoughts occupied my mind more and more, I noticed other Christians that had such an obviously wonderful relationship with God. I'd wonder why I didn't have such a relationship with Him.

When I saw believers with such joy written all over their faces, I'd ask myself, "Why have I never felt such joy?" I'd see people like Pastor Charlie, so passionately in love with the Lord, and I'd yearn to have such a love for God.

I had so many unanswered questions!! Sometimes I even questioned my salvation, but I'd quickly shove the thought away with an excuse of some sort. I'd assure myself that I did get saved as a young child, and therefore God is in my heart, and nothing can change that. Sometimes I'd tell myself that Satan put all these doubts into my head, and I should just ignore them.

Of course, if I put it that way, why would I want to share these “silly thoughts” with anyone else?? So they remained hidden in the back of my mind Until one Sunday morning, not very long ago, it all came to a head.

Pastor Charlie was preaching about what Jesus did for us on the cross; how He suffered for us because of our sins. The old salvation message again!! How many times had I heard it?”

You can imagine the conflict going on inside when he asked, “Are you really saved? Do you know, 100%, where you will spend eternity?”

Then he said something that really struck home. – “Your salvation is not something to play around with! It could mean the difference between spending eternity in Heaven or Hell.”

I realized then that, because of my pride, I would be going to Hell. My pride prevented me from surrendering, from realizing that I was headed down the wrong path.

As soon as I came to that realization, I wasn’t about to postpone the decision any longer – it had been too long already!!

I felt such conviction – in fact, my whole body was shaking, and it wasn’t from the cold!

I gave up trying to make excuses. I stopped resisting. I bowed my head and told the Lord about all my doubts and fears, of all the thoughts that had been plaguing me for so long. I told Him that I wanted to put an end to them once and for all. I asked Jesus to come into my heart and replace the troubling thoughts that had made themselves at home there.

What relief flooded through me!! I felt such peace, knowing that I no longer needed to fear about my future, knowing without a shadow of a doubt that Jesus lives in my heart, knowing that I will spend eternity with Him when I die. I’m so thankful that He didn’t give up on me!

Since that time, God has been working on me. I realise now how hard it can be as a Christian – hard to just trust Him when I think I know better, hard to live the way He wants me to live, hard not to get discouraged. But would I want to give up on Him? Would I be better off living like I used to live, not caring what He thinks of me, only what people think of me? No way!!! No matter how hard it gets, I know that He is close beside me, supporting me, guiding me, and patiently moulding me to be more like Him. I know that without Him I would be without hope or purpose. I know what He has done for me, how He has

saved me, and I want to live my life for Him! I want God to be not only my Saviour, but also the Lord and King of my life – and of course my closest friend

Perfect Peace

When life's burdens get so heavy, and it seems I'm all alone,
I cast my care on Jesus, and come boldly to His throne.
I find His grace sufficient when His promises I heed.
For His very life he sacrificed and he lives to intercede.

He is the Lord of Lords, and when He speaks,
Winds and waves obey.

When Jesus whispers "Peace be still"
Then darkness turns to day.
And as I trust in Him, my Saviour's word,
Doubts and fears all cease,
And beneath the shelter of His wings,
I'm at rest in perfect peace.

I will seek for souls in darkness,
Calvary's love with them to share.
Empowered by His Spirit
I will follow anywhere.
For I know, whate'er befall me,
My Lord is in control,
And as my mind is stayed on Him,
Perfect peace he gives my soul.