



## Lucy's Testimony

Raised in a Christian family, going to church and reading the Bible was the backbone of my life from the time I was born. At the age of 8, I made a profession of faith, and a year later I was baptised. I remember doing something naughty once, soon after I had prayed that prayer, and I was told off, being reminded that I was a Christian now. This made me angry. Rebellion was in my heart, even if, on the outside, I looked like a model believer.

For the next ten years, I was as good a Christian as the next fella – even better! I always thought. I prided myself on how diligent I was to read my Bible and pray each day, and on how well I knew the Scriptures. I was the “cream of the crop” - you couldn't get much better than me! Yes, I truly did want to please the Lord at times, and I couldn't imagine life without Him, but those prideful thoughts were never far away.

A few years after I'd made that profession of faith at the tender age of eight, I began to have serious doubts about my salvation. I remember lying in bed once, terrified that if I were to die that night I didn't know where I would go. Heaven, or Hell? Both were very real to me. I cried out to God, telling Him I wanted to go to Heaven, I didn't want these doubts, and where was that peace all Christians were supposed to have? I managed to get to sleep, but the doubts still lurked.

I couldn't bear this feeling of being so unsure for much longer, and one night summoned up the courage to talk to an older lady in the church about my doubts. She showed me some passages from the Bible, and was able to reassure me.

Over the years that followed, I continued to desire to please the Lord. I even ran a little Bible Club for children, and was able to lead many young girls to the Lord. However, the doubts would still crop up from time to time, especially when the subject of testimonies arose. I was never

comfortable with mine, and became increasingly sure that I had not truly accepted Christ. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed that circumstances and wrong motives had dictated that profession I made as a child, and that what I had managed to effectively do in the years following was to push down my doubts and convince myself of the authenticity of my conversion.

When my Dad and sister recently professed to have received salvation after years of trying to convince themselves that they, too, were truly saved, it really knocked me about. All the old doubts resurfaced with a vengeance. For two weeks I had no peace. I was miserable. I knew I had come to a crossroads, and felt the Spirit hounding me to get right with the Lord. Praise His Name for that! I was driven to the point where I could stand it no longer.

Thankfully, the Lord had prepared a good friend who I was able to talk to about all that was going on in my heart. She showed me many passages from Scripture, and we then kneeled down by the bed as I poured out my heart to the Lord, asking Him to forgive me for my sin, pride, and foolishness, and to have me as His child. What joy and peace followed! It was a joy and peace that could only come from the Lord. No more doubts! And if they do come, I know that He that promised is True, and I do not have to believe any lies whispered by the devil.

It is so good, so good, to know that I don't have to worry anymore! My salvation, and my place in Heaven, is HIS problem now, not mine! If I did not believe that this was so, I would be calling Him a liar, for He has promised in His Word to receive all those that come to Him believing.  
(John 6:37, 11:25,26)

If you do not have this peace and joy, there's no time to lose – I urge you to get right with the Lord today!

Lucy Murcott, June 2012