



Maggie's Testimony

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” **Acts 16:31**

I grew up in a Christian family. Mum and Dad had taught me and my siblings about Jesus when we were very little, and continued to as we grew. I can remember attending Church together, and enjoying the lollies and biscuits we were given in Sunday School. 😊

It was not until I was about seven years old, and we had moved from Australia to a new home, Church, etc. in New Zealand, that I started thinking seriously about my life, and what would happen when I died. I knew if I just kept living my own life without Jesus in my heart, that I would go to hell. So I decided that if there was an opportunity for some one-on-one time with Mum or Dad, I would talk it over with them. I would often think about it, but it was always a long way from my mind when an opportunity came to talk about it.

It wasn't until quite a few months later that the subject came up again – and in quite an unexpected way. At that time, I considered myself to be a pretty good “inventor”. I was always inventing things like cubby houses, swing chairs, a contraption of strings to open the bedroom curtains without getting out of bed, etc. etc. One day, I invented a song about Jesus and the Bible. I was quite proud of it, and went to show Dad. He listened, and when I had finished, he asked me if I believed it. I told him I did, and after talking about it for a while, I prayed to God, admitting that I was a sinner, that I believed that Jesus died on the cross for MY sins, and finally, asking Jesus to come into my heart.

From that day on, I knew that I was on my way to heaven. However, I didn't really grow in my walk with the Lord. I had a lot of head knowledge, always being among the best in my Sunday School class, and learning all of the memory verses, but I had no real heart knowledge of Jesus Christ, and my personal walk with Him didn't grow. I must admit that the main reason that I enjoyed going to Church, was to be with my friends.

In March, 2009, my family and I moved to Vanuatu, to serve the Lord as Missionaries there for two years. I was 12 years old. That move took me out of

my comfort zone, away from all of my friends, and allowed me just to step back and view everything from an “out of the box” perspective. I realized that I was not right with the Lord, and I was not living as a Christian should. But I STILL didn't do anything about it.

In the end, the thing that turned me back to God, was the fact that I was very often angry and rebellious toward my parents, my older sister, and to Him. I didn't want to be that kind of a person, so I tried to fix the problem on my own, which of course I couldn't. But my loving Heavenly Father gently brought me around to the realization that there was no way I could do it on my own – I needed His help. So I finally submitted, and asked Him to help me, which He did. From then on, my life slowly but surely changed for the better. I started spending time with Him in the morning reading my Bible, and enjoying it more than I ever had before. The Bible had new meaning for me.

God had prepared for this change in my life, by bringing us to Vanuatu. The Church that we were attending whilst over there was a very baby Church, as I was a baby Christian, and in that Church I was taught the milk of the Word, which I desperately needed. God used the Pastor, Jeremy Pinero, as well to keep me from slipping back into my lethargy. He was a very good story teller, and the illustrations that he used in his sermons made them easy to understand, and kept me on the edge of my seat, wanting to learn more.

So the Lord lovingly brought me to a new knowledge and understanding of Him, and I love Him for what He has done in my life. I have learned, I am learning, and I will never stop learning all of the wonderful things that He has to teach me.

“Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.” Psalms 139:23,24