

He Circled the Boat... Just for Me

Mark 6:48-49

Personal testimony
of Lynda Hoskins

Saved October 9, 1999

Was I saved? I sure thought so until November of 1998 after being in church my entire life and believing for most of my life that I was. Then, just as surely as God “troubled the waters” in Genesis at Creation, He started to “trouble the waters” of my heart by allowing (or causing) some events in my life to force me to look at what He saw in me.

When I was three years old, my parents started attending a little church in Memphis, Tennessee where I and my sister were dedicated to the Lord by our parents. I was born in 1949 and from 1952 until the present, I have never been out of the church. I’ve never known anything but a love for the church, God’s people and His word and was taught a love and respect from my earliest memories. The little church I grew up in was a loving family and the teachings were right as far as I knew, as they were all I had ever known. I remember as a little girl sitting in revival meetings and hearing old saints talk of “praying through,” and staying until wee hours of the morning waiting for someone to “find the Lord.” I know there must have been some truth taught way back then because I remember it wasn’t easy from a “flesh” perspective to get saved. There were many people who would pray for long periods of time at the altar and go home unsaved, only to come back the next night and seek again. I always knew there was right and wrong, light and dark, black and white, the broad road and the narrow road. God had a standard - holiness, but the trouble was, I never seemed to be able to measure up to what was expected.

When I was around 8 years of age, I went to a church camp. Our services were held in a huge tent, a first for me. In one of the night services my little friends went to the front altar, which was a long bench. My heart was so stirred as the preacher explained to us about heaven and hell. I didn’t understand a lot but I certainly knew I didn’t want to go to hell, so when my friends went to the altar, in tears, so did I. I can still remember the smell of the sawdust and how it felt on my knees as I knelt in prayer, not even really understanding why I was there and certainly not knowing what to do. I just remember crying a lot and getting up after they told us we were now saved, and I believed it. I was as sincere as a little girl knew how to be.

That experience carried me to my teen years when I began to question everything. I would still go to church on Sunday, lead a children’s choir, teach Sunday School, sing solos and sing with my sister, and try to do all the “right” things. I was well-respected by most everyone who knew me and considered to be one of the “good girls” of the church. But my heart would not let me rest. Every time a revival would come, my heart would condemn me and I would go to the altar again, not for salvation because of course, I was already saved. I would go for “sanctification” - I needed my flesh crucified so I would not struggle with this anymore. I would cry and pour out my heart to Jesus and get up with a new resolve to “do better” but never one time did I feel a true change in my heart. It was the same feeling I had when I was a little girl at camp - I felt better, but knew nothing had really happened but chose to believe it must have because the preacher told me it did. I resolved myself to the struggle of the flesh as being a normal thing in the life of a Christian. I had no real understanding and I had a lot to learn.

I met Hank when I was 15 years old and loved him from the start because he taught me to laugh - my life had been much too serious. We were married in July of 1967 and all things were well for several years. We both went to church every service, paid our tithes, I continued to be involved in the work of the church, teaching, singing, anything they needed me to do. Our first two children were born and when my oldest daughter was five and the younger one two, I began to become very restless and unhappy. I couldn’t put my finger on why but I just was very discontented with everything so my

answer was to work more. I should have been very happy because I had everything I had dreamed of as a little girl but I was miserable and I didn't understand why.

I spent many hours wondering, 'what is wrong with me?' As time went by I became more and more distraught about my life - not because I had a bad life, but because I felt so bad about myself. I wanted to be different. I just couldn't be 'good enough,' no matter how hard I tried. I just wasn't measuring up and saw no way I ever could. Satan came and sat right on my shoulder and whispered in my ear, telling me I was not a good wife or mother and that my family deserved better than me. I couldn't stand the thought of going on the way I was with no hope for ever getting out of this pain. All I ever wanted in life was to be a good wife and a loving mother and be what God wanted me to be but I was failing at it all, and there was no one who could help me. I cried and asked God to confirm His love for me. I don't know if I expected to hear an audible voice or what, but there was nothing but silence and darkness and death hanging over me. If God didn't love me, nothing would be all-right. So, I went to the cabinet, took out every type of pill I could get my hands on, wrote my husband a letter explaining why I had to leave and some of the turmoil I was in, telling him that he and the girls deserved a better life than I could give them, and one by one, took every pill, believing with everything in me, this was the only way for them to be ok. The deception of Satan is a horrible thing.

I found myself in the hospital realizing I really didn't want die - I just wanted to stop hurting. But now, I had really made a mess of things. I was put on a psychiatric ward in the hospital for approximately two weeks, assigned to a psychiatrist, and was petrified. After several days of sleeping, the reality of what I had done began to settle in. I asked Hank to bring my Bible to me. I read and prayed and remember saying to God, "All I wanted was for you to tell me you loved me," and I heard Him somewhere in my heart say to me, "I loved you enough to save you from yourself." My heart was instantly flooded with joy simply because God had talked to me. I couldn't believe that He really did love me, especially the mess I was in. When I told Hank, he told me that the night of the suicide attempt, he was in the bed asleep and he felt something on his arm. He thought it was one of the girls awake but when he looked, no one was there, so he went back to sleep. Then, he felt it again on his arm, this time a little harder. This time, he was awake and felt something was wrong. Something, or Someone, told him to get up and check on me and he found me in the hall floor. So, that was it - that was the answer I was looking for. God really did love me - He loved me enough to save me. So, I came to the conclusion that because He heard and answered prayers and talked to me, I must be saved - that was my proof but I later learned something very shocking. God talked to many people in the Bible who weren't saved and answered prayers for them, such as in Luke 17:11-19 which is the story of the 10 lepers. He saved men asking for mercy for their health. God heard and answered their prayer - unsaved! And what about Abraham, and Cornelius, and the Ethiopian eunuch? I had confused being "ok" with God with the fact that He talked to me and answered my prayers. I had a lot to learn.

From that point on, I fell right back into Satan's trap of "doing" to be righteous. No more crying, no more begging to be changed, but for the next 20 years of my life, I 'lived for the Lord,' doing all the same things I had done before, only better, determined to make up to my family and God all the pain I had caused them. There still was no one to help me understand what was going on. We changed churches in an effort to find "more of God." I was involved in everything you can possibly imagine concerning church life, but always looking for something more and feeling somewhat empty, convinced I was searching for more of His Spirit. More work, and with every step, convincing myself how valuable I was to God; after all, look at what I was doing for Him! I had many "experiences" with

God but I never could get away from the reality that my heart had never really changed, and always had this haunting feeling something was not right. I knew, under it all, I was still the same person but I was trying so hard to live a life that would please the Lord.

In those 20 years, there were countless times God let me see my heart and what was really down deep, under the “white-washed tomb.” The Bible says, “you are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men’s bones, and of all uncleanness.” The thought of being lost never crossed my mind because I was hanging onto my ‘experience,’ convinced I was saved, so this must be the devil. Oh, my actions did change. I had pulled myself up by my own bootstraps with a new determination to “live better.”

I would go to many pastors for counseling and help, only to be told it was either a flesh problem that needed to be crucified or a demonic problem. Not one time, in all these years did anyone ever ask me about my salvation experience or question it, not even a pastor, when I was crying out for help. I now stand amazed that no one even asked to hear a testimony or talk to me about my salvation experience. I suppose because I looked good, acted religious, was in the church and seemed to have a heart for pleasing God, that it was assumed I was saved. I asked people to pray for me repeatedly but never could find rest or peace.

Now, it’s the end of 1998, we’ve been extremely hurt and disappointed in a church situation and the joy and desire to be involved in church was gone. If the Bible speaks of lives being changed, becoming “new creatures” in Christ, why didn’t I see that lived out in people’s lives, let alone my own? I was willing to forget everything I’d ever been taught to find some answers. I knew one thing - somewhere there was ONE truth. I wanted to know and I began asking God to help me sort out what was wrong, why it was wrong, and to help me find the truth.

During this time, I literally had given up on organized church. We had plans to move to Dixon, Tennessee to ‘start over’, even after living in Memphis all of our lives. Our son Casey, had met the Moffitt family who lived across the street from us. Greg Moffitt pastored Lighthouse Baptist Church. We had allowed our son Casey to visit on Wednesday nights almost a year previous to our leaving our last church. Casey seemed to really enjoy it but we didn’t know anything about what these people believed. One Sunday night Hank decided to ‘go across the street’ to see what that little church was all about. When he came home he made a statement to me that made me very angry. He said, “I think God is telling me we need to stay here for a little while.” I couldn’t believe my ears. My heart was already detached and I wanted to leave. I had wanted God to talk to my husband for years on end and He never had so why now? Looking back, I know beyond a shadow of a doubt, God was beginning to work things out ‘His way’ for our family, starting with my husband.

After a few weeks, I agreed to visit with him, reluctantly, but mostly because I just missed being in church. One Sunday afternoon, I was talking to my family and said to them, “I just need God to restore to me my joy.” That night we decided to visit Lighthouse. There were just a few people there but we felt at home and enjoyed Bro. Greg’s preaching. In his sermon, he made the statement, “Some people want God to restore their joy, but they don’t read the first part of the verse which says, ‘create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me.’” (Psalm 51:10) I couldn’t believe my ears; it was as if he was a fly on the wall of my house and heard me say those words. I had no problem

believing and thanking God for speaking directly to me that night. Little did I know the bomb God was getting ready to drop on me!

After church that night, our son Casey, who was 19 at the time, came to me and put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Mom, I really want to come back here." For the first time in my son's life, I saw God touch him and even though I wanted nothing to do with another church right now, my heart went out to him. He had been in church all of his life too, but God had never really moved his heart, at least not like this. He had seen a lot of emotionalism but there seemed to be no passion or backbone to it. We sure didn't know what God had in store for us or our family.

We went to church a few more times at Lighthouse and one night Bro. Greg said God had laid it on his heart to preach on the scriptures in II Corinthians 13:5, "Test yourself to see if you are in the faith. Examine yourselves! Or do you not recognize this about yourselves, that Jesus Christ is in you - unless indeed you fail the test?" So, he called a three-day meeting for the purpose of examining these scriptures. No problem, or so I thought. Maybe this would finally give me the assurance I was looking for. This would just confirm I was ok, so I wasn't in the least afraid to take the test but during those three days I became really troubled. There was an emptiness inside I couldn't shake and I was afraid of going down just one more path of more of the same. I began to pick to pieces what I had called a salvation experience but I couldn't put my finger on what was wrong with it. That week, I also had been painting my kitchen. One day I painted the same spot 3 or 4 times and could not get the paint to cover. I heard the Lord say to me, "This is exactly what you've been doing all your life - trying to cover up, but we're not going to do this anymore." Bro. Greg said that in Genesis God stirred the waters and that He starts working in us by disturbing us and I had to admit He sure was doing a good job of that. I'd started talking to my family a little about my questions but tried to remain cool and collected. Then my daughter Amy started questioning. There was no way I could believe she wasn't saved. I had seen the Lord use her many, many times in miraculous ways, so that was just impossible. I even asked her one day, "Amy, if you aren't saved, how could you have heard so clearly the voice of God in your life? If that wasn't God, how will you know the difference?" No sooner had I gotten the question out of my mouth than God reminded me of Nicodemus in John 3:1-9. He had come to Jesus at night, asking some questions. He asked Jesus, "How can these things be?" and Jesus answered and said unto him, "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" It was as if God was saying to me, "You mean you have been in church all your life and you claim to be saved and you don't know the difference?" Good question, huh?

But, I still just could not accept that I wasn't saved. One of my biggest questions was, 'why would a loving God allow me to go all those years, blessing our family and answering prayers, knowing I was going to use that as proof I was saved?' He knew I would do that. (Now I see that He alone knew how long it was going to take to break me and get things in order in my circumstances so I would be able to hear Him. He gave me just enough to keep me at least faced toward Him, until He could help me, until I was really ready to listen.) I started asking God to help me be honest about my life. God answered that prayer and began to help me get honest, but oh, was it painful. Me - only religious? Me - a Pharisee? Me - lost?

All I knew was that my heart had never changed and my heart was still so restless, without peace. I didn't know what it meant to have a quiet mind and to lay my head down at night and truly rest. I thought I wanted more than anything to please God. My heart was beginning to soften to some extent

but I had not become a “new creature,” like in II Corinthians 5:17. “Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.” I started searching the Bible for answers and painfully saw myself in every sinner mentioned. No more hiding or justifying - I needed help. For the first time in my life, I became very honest and didn't care what anyone else thought.

I'd never been without guilt when somehow I didn't measure up. God was out to get me and I therefore viewed Him as angry and unloving because He hated sin and I thought He hated me. The only way to please Him was to read my Bible more, pray more, have quiet times every day, study consistently. There was no freedom, only bondage. Anytime I would try to talk to anyone about how I felt, I was told that I had to daily “crucify the flesh” and that all Christians struggled with those same problems. Underneath it all was the same message - just do the “right” things better and God would be pleased with my effort. I remember talking to Bro. Greg one day and he said something that rocked me on my heels. He said, “Lynda, if it had anything to do with ‘you’, Jesus’ death would have not been enough; it would have been His death on the cross, plus what Lynda could do.” I had never thought about it in those terms and it really got me thinking. That was a major turning point for me - to realize it wasn't what I did or didn't do at all - it was who I was without Him and it was all about God and what He did.

I began to get a little desperate and began going to talk to Bro. Greg even more. I began to see little cracks in my entire belief system. I wrote out what I thought was the testimony of my salvation and asked Bro. Greg to talk to me about it. By now, I was ready to listen. Bro. Greg shared with me that my recollection of what God said to me after my suicide attempt had been misunderstood. He believed that when God said to me, “I loved you enough to save you from yourself,” He meant that He loved me enough to snatch me right out of the hands of Satan - he had me, and God said, “No, not this one!” When Bro. Greg spoke those words to me, things began to make sense for the first time in my entire life and I was beginning to get a glimpse of His love and plan for my life; it was still out of my grasp but God wasn't through yet. God was building a case against me and I began to have a softened heart at the mercy of God in my life and the ‘close calls’ I had experienced on many occasions - how many times He had shown me love and undeserved mercy. I even began to see my parents’ restraints on me as a young person as tremendous blessings of God. I was just now beginning to understand the scripture that says, “the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.” Romans 2:4. Soon after that, Bro. Greg preached a sermon on “Godly Sorrow vs. Worldly Sorrow.” The text was II Corinthians 7:9-11. I had never noticed those words before. The instant I read the words, I knew in my heart what had happened to me when I was a little girl. I now was beginning to understand that there has to be some level of understanding to be saved; otherwise you don't understand repentance and you can't get saved without it. I knew all the right words to say and the answers to the Sunday school questions about why I was saved. But, I came to realize repeating a prayer doesn't save. I couldn't possibly have gotten saved as I had absolutely no understanding of what I was even doing or why. My parents and church family had been instrumental in God's hands to keep me somewhat straight on the outside but only God knew my heart. Turned toward God, yes, but saved, no.

I ran across a promise in the Bible that God put a prick in my heart to claim as my own: Ezekiel 36 - “I will sprinkle clean water on you and you will be clean...I will cleanse you...a new heart I will give you. That's what I wanted, a new heart, so I stood on my promise from God.

Amazingly, I was still asking God every day to show me if I was really lost. I had become a 'hard case.' My view of God was so wrong that I kept expecting Him to beat me over the head or make me feel even worse about myself. It was so sweet to me how God showed me I was lost. I would go to bed every night with the request, "God, please show me if I'm really lost; I don't want to be but if I am, I need to know it." I would wake up every single morning, as soon as my eyes would open, with the words very gently and softly spoken in my heart, "you're lost." God was so gentle with me, never angry and harsh like I expected. There are still those who would argue with me that it was the voice of Satan trying to confuse me but why would he do that? It seemed to me he would delight in me still thinking I was ok; he wouldn't want me to believe I was lost because I surely would try to get some help. For some strange reason, I was happy about the possibility of being lost - happy to finally understand what was really wrong with me. I understood for the first time the turmoil of my life.

Bro. Terry Owens came to Lighthouse and preached a revival during April and the sermon I remember was on "Contrary Winds." He talked of how Jesus came to the disciples walking on the water and "He would have passed by' had they not cried out to Him." (Mark 6:48-49) I didn't understand it then, but God was going to make that scripture clear to me and would prove to be another major turning point in my understanding.

I had always seen God as a big angry God, waiting to beat me over the head. Somewhere in this journey, Bro. Claude Mills preached a sermon on Judgment and Mercy. I remember the example he gave about shopping for a diamond, of how the salesman always puts the diamond on a backdrop of black to magnify it's beauty. He explained how God never ever wants to exercise His judgment, but He would not be a righteous judge if he did not exercise judgment for sin but he shows us mercy on the backdrop of judgment so we'll see how absolutely wonderful His mercy is. I'll never forget that moment when my heart felt like it was flooded with light. That truth changed my whole perspective of God.

Bro. Greg preached on Abraham and how he heard from God and walked in obedience to him many years before he was saved. I had never seen that before. Then another Sunday he told the story of Cornelius, "Religious, but Lost" - how he was a devout and religious man, he and all his household, but not saved, and how God sent a man to him in an answer to his prayer (an unsaved man!) so that he and his household could be saved. That sermon pierced my heart because God let me see, that's what I had been all these years, religious, but lost. I had heard many preachers preach on "religious" people before and I always knew who 'they' were but this day, I really heard and I had to agree with God again. I was one of those people. I went through a short period of being angry at God for waiting until I was 50 years old to show me. Why now, after my children were grown and I had lost my opportunity to help them? Was that a loving God? But, He soon brought me up short to the realization that He didn't have to tell me anything - He didn't owe me anything. He could have let me go right on and never know the difference. I still don't understand it all but I know His timing is perfect. I wasn't meant to be the answer to my family and I know if I could have been the answer, I would have taken the credit for it. God wanted to shine, not share His glory with me. If my children ever were to find God, it would be His work. I was beginning to understand that we all are at the mercy of God's goodness and love. If He doesn't move on us, there is no hope.

I was getting very discouraged and began to doubt that I would ever be saved. One Sunday morning, I was depressed and had planned to stay home from church with the covers pulled up under my chin. I

was tired of trying. But, I awoke to Hank saying, “Get up, get up, get up — this could be the day, this could be the day!” For some reason, hope filled my heart and I became afraid God might come that day and I’d be home in bed. So I didn’t miss another service after that.

One other person who helped on my journey was Bro. Tim Rutherford. One afternoon I went to talk to him - I was struggling with feeling like I had lived such a good “religious” life all these past 20 years and wondering if I was going to have to go back and be sorry all over again for all the sins I had committed, knowing that I had not felt guilty for ‘those’ sins for years. I didn’t realize at the time that when God begins a work in your life, it can take years. My repentance for my life had begun years before. I just didn’t know the truth about salvation and didn’t have the understanding about what was going on. I thought that because I had named every single sin I could possibly think of and asked God to forgive me that somehow I must be missing something and that’s why I wasn’t saved. Bro. Tim’s statement rocked me on my heels. He said, “You need to understand something; if you are convinced you have never been saved, your sin still remains. You don’t have a past...your past is still your present.” I didn’t yet realize that it wasn’t about the individual sins I had committed. It was about ‘who I was’. It was my nature, my “appearance” of being good, of being something I wasn’t, my attitudes, my secret rebellion against His control over my life. Bro. Tim looked at me and said, “a light came on, didn’t it?” All of a sudden, it all made sense. Even if I could have lived a totally perfect, sinless life for the past 20 years, because I had never been forgiven, I was still guilty because it was who I was without Him. I was the Pharisee, the religious one and my own righteousness was all I had.

One Sunday afternoon, some old friends came to visit. I shared with them what God had been showing me about my lostness. While talking with them, somehow faith and hope began to build in my heart. I knew now that I wanted what was real this time and I would wait for it. I didn’t know how or when God would save me but I was beginning to see His love and mercy in even showing me my condition, and I couldn’t help but believe He would finish what He started because His word said He would. Bro. Greg would always tell me, “Lynda, God would have never shown you that you were lost if He didn’t want to save you.” Sometimes that hope was all I had to hang on to.

I don’t remember a thing about the sermon that night, but at the end I asked Bro. Greg if I could say something. All I said was, “this is the first day I have actually been able to believe that God wanted to save me.” Looking back on the situation now, it’s almost funny to me. The instant I said that it was like watching a cartoon or something. The entire church almost simultaneously, bent over and bowed their heads and started praying for me. They knew God was around! I didn’t expect that so I bowed my head too. Everything happened so quickly it’s almost hard to believe it’s possible to have so many thoughts instantly go through your mind. But, in a flash I remembered the sermon about the contrary winds and Jesus walking on the water. I knew He had passed by me many times before - I had felt Him come and felt Him leave, without me, and I did not understand that verse that said “He would have passed by if they had not cried out” but all of a sudden I became aware that yes, He had passed by but He had always come back around. I could almost feel myself looking out of the corner of my eye, waiting for Him to circle that boat I was in, frantically rowing. Then, in my heart, I became perfectly still. He was there and I knew it - He was coming around again and this time I wasn’t going to miss Him. If He came around again, I was getting out of that boat and going with Him! In a split second, I became aware of a most important element of salvation. Jesus had always been a story in the Bible, a character in someone’s mind. But that day, in the twinkling of an eye, He became a real person to me. He was there for me that day - just for me! I had not said a word. I didn’t cry. I didn’t ask Him to save

me. I didn't repent anymore and God didn't bring up one single sin. All that was over with! Before I could get anything out of my mouth, I felt this tremendous heaviness on my shoulders lift and a calm I'd never known before. My heart felt as light as a butterfly wings. After a few seconds, I started laughing. I was a little embarrassed because I was taught that was irreverent, (I wouldn't have dared ever laugh out loud at a time like that in church) but I couldn't stop! I felt as light as a feather and just laughed and laughed, and then I began to hear people around me get tickled too. Then I stopped to think about what had happened, but still was afraid to believe salvation could have happened so 'quickly.' It couldn't actually be over, could it?

The whole tone of the service seemed to lighten; nobody moved, and finally Bro. Greg motioned for me to come to the front and talk to him. He was so careful not to tell me anything but wanted to know what was going on. I told him what happened and he asked me if I still felt that same heavy burden on me and I told him "no". He asked me what I wanted to do and I told him I didn't know. So, he said if I didn't feel like there was anything else to be done tonight, he would just go on and dismiss everybody. He wanted God to be my confirmation. I asked him if it would be all-right if Janet sang a song I had heard her sing a few times that said something about Satan singling you out. I had always felt 'singled out' by Satan and my escape had been to run from the attacks and the pain. He recognized the song as "Under His Wings" and had her sing it. The first of the song says,

My way was filled with danger, I felt alone
The enemy had singled me out to do me wrong
And when he drew near, my heart filled with fear
Then I heard someone dear calling me to His side
And I ran under His wings
There He covered me and now I can see
And the enemy still looks for me
But what he can't see
Is that I'm under my Lord's wings
Under His wings!

Then, all of a sudden, God flooded my heart with joy and I started laughing and crying again, all at the same time. Bro. Greg later helped me to understand that this was the "sealing" of my salvation. In all of my 50 years I've never known what it was like to have a mind at rest and for the first time, my mind was still and at peace. To me, 'peace' is one of the sweetest words there is.

The morning of my salvation, October 10, 1999, Bro. Greg had baptized several church members. He said that afternoon he went over to let the water out of the Baptismal and he heard God say, "Why are you letting the water out?" He said he just made a turn and went right back and put the plug back in, not knowing why. He remembered the man in the Bible who said, "What hinders me to be baptized?" He laughingly said that if anyone asked that question he didn't want to have to say, "because there is no water." I asked him if he would be willing to baptize me right then. He just grinned and said, "Let's do it." So to top off my wonderful salvation day, I was able to be baptized as a glorious witness to the new life God had given me. I now have that changed heart that I had always wanted. One of the best parts of all is found in Romans 10:4. "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth." No more law! No more trying to measure up. Jesus had done it in my place!

My biggest grief is that we didn't know the truth when our children were small. It possibly could have saved our family from lots of hurt. But, I have to believe that God in His sovereignty has a purpose for it all. Our children have to walk their own journey and I know God hasn't forgotten them either. He just wants the praise for putting their lives in order as well.

My heart's desire is that somehow, this testimony of what God did for me will be used to help someone else find Him. I know I wasn't unique in my lostness; I was more of the norm. If He ever "troubles your water," it's because He wants to help you, not hurt. And, like Bro. Greg says, "He always has more people in mind when He saves one." It's all His work and He gets all the praise! Thanks be to God for all the people He brought across my path to freely give what God had given them.

Now, I can say, like the blind man in John 9:25,
(Paraphrase)

'I don't know about all that,' ... "but one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Troubled & Questioning November 1998

Lost - February 1999

In Labor - April thru October

Birth Day - October 10, 1999

Saved at 50 years of age

Baptized - Same evening

For more information, please contact

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