

# **No More Condemnation**

**Personal testimony  
of Cheryl Williams**

**Saved June 24, 1997**

I made a profession of faith at Cuba Baptist Church when I was nine years old. I know God was drawing me even then. At that time, they preached the fire of hell and damnation. What child wouldn't choose Jesus and heaven over hell? I did feel bad about some things I had done. Life went on as before. There was church and school and then marriage and children. God gave me a lot of good tools even then.

We attended large churches and if you were willing to work, you were always called on. So here I was, working my way to heaven. Busy at church, busy in school, the community, and the world. Oh, there was an occasional conscience attack along the way, and I would always sincerely ask for forgiveness like all good "once saved always saved" Baptists do, over and over. We moved to Fayette County and began building our home and in eighteen months we moved in. People from church would visit from time to time but we had so many "important" things to do. Finally, after a year and a half, we were in and relaxed a little, put on our Sunday best and went to church.

In a couple of weeks, we joined First Baptist in Somerville. We had a young lady teaching my Sunday School class and I know she prayed for all of us. God began helping me see Him. I always studied my lesson and I always had questions. After a few years, she had to resign and asked if I would teach. The good Baptist I was, I gave it a try. I was so afraid of the responsibility, but this meant I really had to dig and study and even then, I knew I couldn't do it without His guidance. That's when God really began to work in my life. He did

use me to teach. I read His word, studied and prayed earnestly. I had always known the fear but for the very first time, I began to learn of His love. The more I studied, the more I wanted to know. I talked to God all the time. I remember being convicted and repenting, again. We were so strung out between church, school, and work in Memphis. The church had gone through a pretty hard time and as weak, religious people we decided to visit a church close by and found the minister to preach the truth. So, here we were, joining another church and rededicating our lives, again.

I still studied all the time and prayed. It wasn't but about a year and that church had problems. I was very disillusioned. It seemed the cloud in the church just wouldn't go away. I still felt like a new member after a year plus. It seemed the more I studied and prayed, the heavier my load got. So "I" decided that the best thing to do was to go to work. I still didn't know I was lost. Our best friends lost their son. I was so grieved for them and disturbed about my own life. I decided to make an appointment to see the minister because by that time I knew I needed help. I explained things as best I could and asked if there was a possibility of me being lost. He reassured me I wasn't, so I picked my load up and continued on in my busy life. Joe and I began to draw apart. We began to get dissatisfied again with church. We visited one church after another. I was so disturbed with my life. I went to a church in town by myself and cried through the entire service. Not even one person talked to me. They would nod and smile and pass on. More friends of ours decided to call it quits with marriage and I wasn't sure we might be next. Everything seemed so dismal.

Joe and I were on vacation. He was at Deer Camp, and I was at home, miserable, and out of the blue I saw the cross with all my sin. I was devastated. I knew then and there the blood was for MY sin. God's timing is so perfect. He had me just in the right condition to hear the truth. So, we visited Arlington Baptist Church about the time Bro. Greg and Janet came. So, guess what? We joined the church again and rededicated our life again.

December came and by that time, I knew I was lost without even a doubt. It was time for Lottie Moon and people were going down front to give and all I wanted to do was fall on the altar and pour my heart out to Jesus. 1st John showed me for sure that I was lost but I wanted to know who He was through the Gospel's. I knew Bro. Greg preached the truth. I thought about it every day and work was a nightmare.

One February morning, lying on the floor, feeling so desperate, I was trying to pray when all at once, I felt His love. I don't know how to explain all the trust I felt. I just know I had peace and love I'd never had before. He had given it all to me. All my burden was gone.

For various reasons, I questioned my salvation. Bro. Greg was always saying, "ask the Lord to take you back to your true love." I always ended up back to that day in February, lying on the floor before the Lord.

One Sunday night in September, Bro. Greg asked if all hearts were clear, and I felt a gentle

nudge to tell everyone what He had done for me. When I didn't obey, God reminded me on the way home from church of Matthew 10:32-33. "Whoever acknowledges Me before men, I will acknowledge before My Father in heaven. But whoever disowns Me before men, I will disown him before My Father in heaven."

God confirmed in me what He had begun and finished in my life and gave clear directions of my need to obey. Janet was the first person I opened up to and she told me to tell Bro. Greg. The following Wednesday night I testified to God's saving grace in my life. He had given me peace, but now I felt free.

Praise God, I'm free!

I'm still a child; He's working on me, but He is real in my life, and He rebukes me with gentle love. Thank you, God!