



Lifelong

Echoes of Grace



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contents



3 Lifelong



6 I Used to Go to Church



10 I Believe in Jesus Too!

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Lifelong



Not everyone has life-changing experiences when they are young. When I was 15, I made the most important decision I will ever make in life. I accepted the Lord as my Saviour when I was at a young people's event in Canada where the Bible was opened and discussed. In my own home, the Bible was read every day and talked about, since my parents are Christians.

But why did it take so long to accept God's love when I grew up in a Christian home? When I was 8, my oldest brother had an accident that resulted in his death. I became bitter and angry against God. I would yell at Him and cry, but I did that when I was home alone. When I was with others, I acted happy and helped people. I also pretended to be a Christian. When people asked if I was a Christian, my answer was "yes." If they asked how to be saved, I gave the gospel. Almost everyone thought I was a Christian. But as time passed, my mother, one of my sisters, and one of my aunts knew the truth.



When four or five years had passed since my brother's death, I thought about suicide. My mother started praying even more. My parents sent me to a Christian therapist for a year, and then to an art therapist for a few sessions. My mother would show me how the Lord loved me and had a purpose for me. She opened the Word of God to show me. But life was still a mess.

Turning Point

When I was 14, I grew fed up with my bitterness and anger against God. I turned to the Lord for help. I asked Him to help me grow okay with my brother's death and not to be angry so often. At that time, one aunt and one grandmother passed away and went to be with the Lord. God did help, but some things didn't change.

On October 22, 2010, I was traveling to St. Thomas, Canada, for a young people's event. I went along with my brother and sister and a friend of ours. The next day, October 23, opened with breakfast. After the meal was a Bible meeting for young people together with singing hymns. The topic of that meeting was **"My [daughter], give Me thine heart"** (Proverbs 23:26). The Lord started



me thinking about how my life was still a mess and how I was not fully over my brother's death (though seven years had already passed). Two weeks before, I had been at a Bible conference in Chicago and heard about a young man who had committed suicide in Florida. His family was known at that Bible conference. One of the meetings was turned into a prayer meeting for that family. It hit me once again how people can die young. (My brother was 16.) But back to October 23. It hit me that I had never accepted Jesus into my heart. I started praying in my mind to the Lord to help me in different areas of my life. In the middle of that prayer, I opened myself (my heart) to the Lord. That day the Lord came into my heart after waiting for so long for me to open the door.

Psalms 51:7 says, **“Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.”** When we ask the Lord to save us (wash us), He cleans us till we are white in the heart. Sin blackens our heart. But how does He wash us? Revelation 1:5 says, **“Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.”** We find from many Bible verses that He died for us so we could become clean by His blood. His promise of **“The truth shall make you free”** (John 8:32) is true. You can experience that no matter what age you are.

In *I Used to Go to Church* you'll discover another life changed, not by a religion, but by a Person. ◀



I Used to Go to Church

I used to go to church fairly regularly, satisfied with the thought that I'd been christened and confirmed and that I'd never done anybody much harm. I believed the Bible—what little I knew about it. I believed about God and that Jesus Christ died for all. I said my prayers and considered I wasn't as bad as some people. I hoped I stood a chance of getting to heaven somehow or other, although it didn't seem worth thinking about very much.

But God didn't let things stop there—I became very conscious of my sins. Now, I knew that I'd been confirmed, but I wasn't sure whether I was

christened or not. So I began searching through old church records, and finally I found that I'd certainly been christened.

Now, I thought, I'll be satisfied.

But it wasn't enough.

I used to ask different people's opinions. One person said, "Christening doesn't make any difference; it's the life you lead."

This didn't help much.

Another said, "You must be born again."

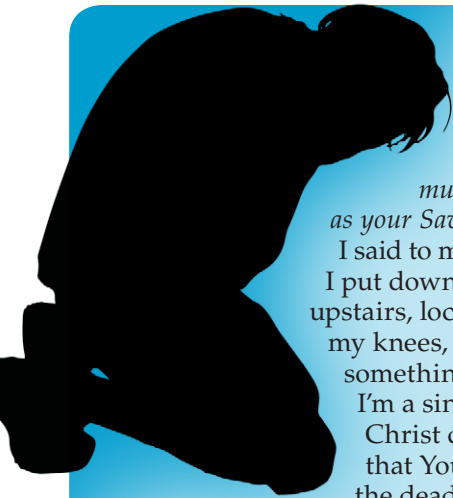
I thought, "That's all very well, but how can I be born again?"

Now all this started me praying very earnestly. I confessed my sins, changed my ways, and tried to do what was right, but my sins just seemed to get worse. At last I thought, "If the Bible is God's Word, I ought to be able to find what I need in it," and so I made up my mind to read the New Testament every Sunday. I would go into a room by myself and read it very carefully.

I also read any tract that I could get hold of. I remember in one of them it said, "You may go to church regularly and not be a Christian." I thought, "That sounds like me."

Another said, "There is salvation for you if you want it." I thought to myself, "I want it, but how can I get it?"

This went on for nearly a year, and one Sunday afternoon while reading the Bible I heard in my mind, "*You must accept Jesus as your Saviour,*" just as clearly as if it had been spoken.



Decisive Moment

I began to think about this, when it came again, "*You must accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour.*"

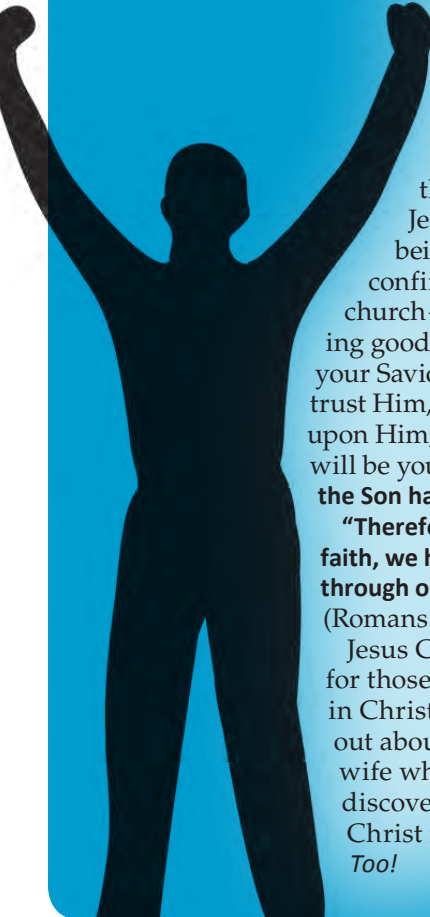
I said to myself, "So I will!"

I put down my Bible, went upstairs, locked the door, got on my knees, and my prayer was something like this: "O God, I'm a sinner; I believe Jesus Christ died for sinners and that You raised Him from the dead. I will accept Him

as my Saviour, and with Your help I will do what is right."

Tears came into my eyes; I felt myself praising God and saying, "O God, my Father!" I felt I could say "my Father" without a doubt. I could've cried like a baby, and the Spirit of God gave me assurance that I had become a child of God.

Everything seemed different. I was born again; I was a new creation in Christ Jesus, and I knew it. Then in a flash it came to me that there must be thousands like me who don't know God's way of salvation. I thought to myself, "Tracts helped me; I will help others, and with God's help I will give them out as long as I can." Since then I have given away thousands of tracts and can honestly say



that the last few years have been the happiest time of my life.

I learned that we become children of God through faith in Jesus Christ, not by being christened or confirmed or going to church—not even in “being good.” Accept Christ as your Saviour; believe Him, trust Him, rest your soul upon Him, and this new life will be yours. **“He that hath the Son hath life”** (1 John 5:12).

“Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Romans 5:1).

Jesus Christ isn't just for those who grew up in Christian homes. Find out about a husband and wife who independently discovered their need of Christ in *I Believe in Jesus Too!* ◀

I BELIEVE IN JESUS TOO!

I was studying the Old Testament, and the more I read it, the more I saw that just being a Jew would never save me. I must have something better than my fastings and prayers. God told me in His Word what I deeply realized—I was a sinful creature—and I often prayed to Him to **“wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin”** (Psalm 51:2).

After eight months of studying the Old Testament, I resolved to read the New Testament also, and during this reading it pleased God to open my eyes to see and my heart to receive the Lord Jesus as my Redeemer. Nothing can adequately describe the intense joy of my soul—I



was just overcome with the love of the lovely Jesus. I fell on my knees, but my heart was so full with the consciousness that all my sins were forgiven that all I could say was, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

What About My Wife?

Two months passed after this happy experience of being born again. Now I felt deeply for my wife, and I earnestly prayed for her conversion. I prayed with tears that she would feel her sins

and come to the Friend of sinners, the Lord Jesus Christ.

I felt I must tell her of the great change which had taken place in me and of my need to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I didn't know how to do it!

I knew her bitter opposition to the Lord Jesus Christ. The loving smiles she once gave me when I came home in the evening were now few and far between. At last one evening when





I came home, she was more cheerful and like herself. She welcomed me with her usual loving greeting, and I thought that the time had come when I could best communicate to her the desire of my heart. I asked the Lord to help me.

After the children were in bed and we were quietly talking together, I said, "My dear, I have something to tell you which I hope won't hurt or upset you. You must have seen that I'm not what I once was; in fact, I'm a Christian, and I am anxious to confess Jesus publicly."

She looked in my face and gave me one of her



own loving smiles, and said, "How very strange! This very evening I planned to talk to you on the very same subject. About a month ago I found the hiding place of your New Testament, and at first I said to myself, 'He'll never see that again; it'll go into the fire.'



...while I was reading and weeping, it was as if a loving voice said, 'It's all for you; I've endured all this for you.'



"As I was about to throw it into the flames, I thought I would just see what rubbish there was in it, and the first words my eyes fell on were these: **'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me'** (John 14:1). I could not believe my own eyes, and I looked again.

"'Yes,' I said, 'they're there!' I was in 'trouble,' and I 'believed in God,' and, must I believe in Jesus too? I cannot tell what comforting thoughts these were to my heart. I read the whole chapter and I felt so happy that, instead of putting it into the fire, I replaced it where I found it. I've read it again every day since then, and all I have discovered in it has been wisdom and love.

"This morning I read Matthew 27. I wept bitterly over what Jesus suffered for sinners, and while I



For the first time we knelt together to praise God for His matchless love towards us. I could hardly sleep for joy!

was reading and weeping, it was as if a loving voice said, 'It's all for you; I've endured all this for you.' 'For me, Lord?' I asked. 'Then I will believe.

Help Thou my unbelief!' I then cried for joy, and I felt such peace in my

soul as I had never felt before," and here my dear wife burst into tears again.

I was not in the least prepared for this unexpected and joyful news. My cup of blessing seemed to be too full for me, and we wept together like children. For the first time we knelt together to praise God

for His matchless love towards us. I could hardly sleep for joy!

I woke early the next morning with a peace in my soul which I'd never known before, and I went to the office feeling that I was the happiest man in the world. "What more do I want?" I repeated to myself as I was hurrying along the busy streets: "I'm a Christian; I know I am. God's Spirit bears witness with my spirit that I am a child of God. Now my only desire and prayer to God is to see our children loving and serving that precious Jesus whom we love."

Jesus, Only Jesus

Be our joyful song today,
 Jesus, only Jesus;
He who took our sins away,
 Jesus, only Jesus;
Name with every blessing rife,
Be our joy and hope through life,
Be our strength in every strife,
 Jesus, only Jesus.

Once we wandered far from God,
 Knowing not of Jesus,
Treading still the downward road,
 Leading far from Jesus,
Till the Spirit taught us how,
Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
And we fain would follow now,
 Jesus, only Jesus.

Be our trust through years to come,
 Jesus, only Jesus;
Password to the heavenly home,
 Jesus, only Jesus;
When from sin and sorrow free,
On through all eternity,
This our theme and song shall be:
 Jesus, only Jesus.

ECHOES OF GRACE

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*“O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man
that trusteth in Him” (Psalm 34:8).*

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