

My God Story

I spent my childhood and adolescence in and out of church, always being told about God but rarely experiencing Him. I was said to be a “believer” though I had many questions that remained unanswered and my heart remained my own. I had not truly given my heart to Christ. I struggled through high school living a life that was sure to be displeasing to God at many times. As I battled with the realities of the sins of the world, I began thinking, “There’s got to be something more.” I spent quite some time feeling sorry for myself for lack of better words. I started replaying all of the things in my life that fell short of the glory of God and that would certainly make me unworthy in His sight. Little did I know at the time that God was calling me to confess to Him and call on Him to become my Lord and savior. I remember specifically in 1999, my sophomore year of college, feeling so overwhelmed by the realities of life’s imperfections—specifically my own. God had brought me to a place, so empty, so alone and so convicted, that I had nothing left but to call out to Him in hopes that he would answer. I remember not knowing who or what to believe in. After all there were so many different religions and ways of life out there. But I had always been told of Jesus. Could this Jesus really help me? No way. I was way too sinful for that. What would that mean? Following Jesus? What would people think? Would I be considered a Jesus freak? Would all of my fun be over? Wow, looking back I can see that Satan sure had a hold of me. He told me a lot of lies that I was believing. So I laid it on the line. I even wrote it. I said, “Jesus, if you are really out there, and you really love me like I have heard, I invite you to come live in this heart. I invite you to reign over me and help me to live for you. I can’t live for myself anymore. Let me live for you. Help me to know that you are real.” I cried out and He dramatically answered me. I literally felt a physical wash of sins. I felt cleansed. I had never felt so full. I was now filled with something that was bigger than me. Something with a greater purpose. Something that demanded my full attention. “What kinds of lies was I believing? How could I have thought that my fun was over?” Now I was free to live a life free from guilt. A life that I was meant to be living all along. A spirit filled life. A life with direction. Direction not of my own, but lead by the Spirit of God. A life so great that no party, no material thing or no other sinful act could ever compare to. A life so abundant and rich with the peace of my Father, my Lord and my ultimate Savior.

Oh, but this was only the start of what He would begin to do in my life. So much had yet to be determined. This was chapter one of the healing that He had brought. After the immediate healing came the work. The wonderful work that he would do in my heart.

Natalie