

My Testimony

By Rob Spurlock

When I was in my early teens I started drinking and using drugs. When I joined the Army at seventeen I started getting deeper into drugs and ended up using the needle. Once I was kicked out of the military for selling drugs I spent the next ten years so drunk that most of my early twenties are only spots of memory. Getting locked up more times than I could ever count for drunk driving, fighting in the streets, disturbing the peace etc... I once tried AA (Alcoholics Anonymous) and that didn't do a thing because they said you had to put it into the hands of a higher power. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention, I was atheist. I did not believe in a higher power of any kind. I believed when we died it would be like turning off a light switch. So, I kept drinking and running from my destiny. One day when I had wrecked my car as well as my friends truck the same night and did not remember a thing I knew then I had to do something. I quit cold turkey. I went for about a month and a half scared out of my mind. Of what, I didn't know. It was as though some shadow was always there. I finally started a job K Mart where I met my wife. She had been in church for about four years and had a different way about her than I was used to. The churchy stuff was never for me but I was drawn to the woman overwhelmingly. Fast forward a few months we end up dating and out of respect I would listen to her Christian stories out of the Bible but only because I wanted to be with her. She wrestled with being with me and not spending enough time reading the Bible and suggested that we read together at least some and so we did. One Sunday morning I came to her house and waited while she went and taught Sunday school I was drawn to the Word and came across a verse that stood out in the Gospels. When she came home I was about to ask her about the verse but when I looked down the Bible was closed and I had no idea where it was, for some reason I flipped the page and it fell on the exact page and my eyes went straight to that very verse. When I saw it, I felt chills run through my entire being and the image of Jesus dying for me, He was alive and seated on the throne flooded my thoughts. There is a God! Yes! There is a God and He is alive and loves us so much that He died for our salvation. That was thirty-two years ago, since then He's made me a minister of the Gospel and I could never be more grateful. God chose me, a drunk, drug addict, scoundrel sinner and I am so thankful he did.