

Testimony

Lynette Kremer Tells Her Story

A Summer Of Salvation

Saved: August 26, 1990

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (Matthew 24:42)

During the summer months in August 1990, the Christians in Saginaw decided to have a series of gospel meeting in a tent. That was a tortuous summer for me! It had been my first year at the junior high school and was very stressful. I wanted to fit in, but my plans for popularity and enjoyment hadn't worked out so far. Right down the street was the great big green and white tent; advertising gospel meetings throughout the month.

Every night mom and dad dragged all of us children out to the tent to hear the gospel message. I was positive that they had been ganging up on me, and telling the preacher's all my greatest sins. I thought this because every meeting I sat through was directed to me, every word pierced my thought life. The only way I could keep my composure was if I didn't make eye contact with the preacher, and didn't sing too heartily. (I loved to sing.)

Sitting through the meeting was bad, but worse was the ride home in the van. My brother Scott had just come home from the army, he was on a vacation. He had been saved for three years at that time and he loved to talk about it. And it seemed to be that Scott thought that the ride home was his dinnertime. He preyed on all us "ranting and raving" about the shortness of life and that how he knew the Lord was coming very soon. Of course that just terrified me! I didn't want to be left behind, but more than that I didn't want to be in hell for all eternity.

Then there came the flood of joy! My sister Vanessa professed salvation on the nineteenth of the month. To me this was no good, she shared a bedroom with me and I knew after I got home from school until the next day, for the rest of my life, I would be bombarded with the gospel message.

Then five days later my brother Aaron was reached and saved by the grace of God. Talk about pressure I was an emotional roller coaster! I would whimper through a hymn given out at the end of the meeting with tears in my eyes and then be "tortured" with the thoughts of death and hell every waking moment.

Vanessa tenderly told me that she was praying for me while Scott lectured me on the pains and agonies of hell, and Aaron would just cry as he tried to tell me whatever it was he said. I didn't want to hear them and so I tried not to listen. I would go to bed at night and cry myself to sleep. I would plead with God that I would be a good person and never sin if I could only stop thinking about the severity of hell. Then I would tip toe into the living room that is right off my parents bedroom, just to make sure they were still here on earth and living.

Everyday I felt more exhausted and helpless. I knew that if died I would be in hell alone. I hated going to sleep at night and going to the gospel meeting wasn't so bad after all.

One message was an illustration of the power of God. How He has my life in the grasp of His hand, to take when the time comes to have my soul lost forever in the depths below. At that point I knew there was nothing I could do, I was a sinner bound for hell with no hope. I could see my soul slip from the grasp of the Saviour's hand as He said, "It's too late, Lynette."

Once again it was time for bed and as I lay there, looking through the window at the stars, I realized that there was nothing for me to do. He had paid the price in full. Getting down on my knees in all my sins I found the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. (August 26, 1990)

Now I can in return praise His holy name for the work He finished at the Cross of Calvary, because His love is so powerful!