

Testimony

Mindy McCandless Tells Her Story

I was very privileged to be born into a Christian home. I had parents who loved the Lord, had a heart for the assembly and knew the importance of getting their children under the sound of the Gospel. So from a very young age it was nothing new for us to be “going to meeting”. My parents made it a special point to get us to special Gospel Services and that we were there every night. Not being saved always bothered me. I feared the Lord’s coming and being left behind. I believed what the Bible said about a real place called Hell, and it scared me.



In November of 1992, my Grandfather passed away suddenly. It was the first recollection that I had, that I had to face death. I was grieved with his passing, not only because we were very close, but also it bothered me that I was not ready to die.

A series of Gospel meetings came to our area in February of 1993 with Murray McCandless and Jonathan Procopio. The second week into the meetings, my best friend got saved, and that bothered me so much. It was then that I started to get serious about being saved. I wanted it more than anything, and couldn’t figure out why I wasn’t “getting it”. I believed that Jesus died for me, so why wasn’t I saved?

Not long after that, my younger brother professed, and that really bothered me because he was 8 and I was 12, and I said to myself, “How can he get this? He is younger than me!!” Those meetings went on for 8 weeks, and there were a good number of souls that professed. The last night of the meetings came, and I wanted salvation so bad! Out of all the meetings that I went to, the last night was always the hardest. It would hit home that I had sat through another Gospel series and still wasn’t saved. Normally by the time I woke up the next morning, those thoughts had passed and I got on with life. But this was different. I wanted salvation more than anything. And as I walked out of the Hitesville Gospel Hall that night, I thought to myself, you have missed it. I went home and got out my Bible and started reading. I read tracts and cried. But it was all dark, I couldn’t see a thing. The next day I woke up, had hardly slept that night and my dad said to me “Mindy, do you want to stay home from school today and get this matter settled? I said “YES!”

So all day, I read my Bible, tracts, anything I could get my hands on, but it still was darkness. The next day, the same thing happened, I didn’t go to school, my other Grandpa came over to visit with me, read some verses to me and prayed. But I couldn’t see a thing. Finally, I gave up. I remember it as clear as if it were yesterday. Frustrated, I sat down on the couch in the living room and lifted my head to God, and told him I was a guilty sinner and I deserved to go to hell and He would be right in putting me there. In that very instant the thought came into my mind: That is why Christ died, for me!! My burden of sin was lifted and I rested in HIM.

I had always heard in preaching that a person who is saved has a TIME WHEN, a PLACE WHERE, and a MANNER HOW. So I got up and ran to the clock to see what time it was and it read 1:58 pm. So at 1:58pm on March 30th, 1993, I was saved by the grace of God

. Gleaned from Sussex Gospel Hall