

Testimony

by Nadine Kuiken

I was saved as a child of eleven years old. The word 'saved' has a special place in my heart; not only is it Biblical, but it gives the assurance of being delivered. As a child, it carried the utmost significance.

I was born of parents with opposite spiritual backgrounds, with my Dad being raised on the prairies of Saskatchewan under the sound of the Gospel and my Mom never so much as hearing John 3:16. Dad spoke fondly of his maternal grandfather who evidently had a profound spiritual interest in his grandchildren. He encouraged them to pay close attention to the Gospel by preaching and by radio messages, particularly at that time, by William Aberhart.

Dad and Mom met in Red Deer, Alberta. They were married in 1940. I was the second of three girls born into the family; several years later followed by a brother and another sister. The three girls attended Sunday school at a large denominational church. As time wore on, Dad discussed with Mom the fact that he thought we should be attending the Red Deer Gospel Hall, as, in his words, "I think they have the truth there". Dad's parents had followed him to Red Deer with his siblings and families and a number of the family were in fellowship there. Being the Gospel Hall was a short walk from our home, we began to attend. Mom was saved six years later and Dad the next year.

We were very privileged to have many gifted Gospel preachers during those years. I grew especially fond of a gentleman, Mr. Bert Olton from Vancouver who often came to preach and then began a Children's Outreach in Alix, Alberta. Mr. Olton held Children's Meetings once a week after school at the Gospel Hall in Red Deer. He had a countenance that beamed the joy that filled his soul and his love for children embodied his whole being.

It wasn't long after my parents were saved (and perhaps even before), I felt the conviction of my sin weighing very heavy on my soul. I was acutely aware that if the Lord Jesus returned, I was not ready to meet Him and this was a greater fear than physical death for me. His return consumed me; my young mind not computing that if I died unsaved, the result would be the same. I was a lost sinner that would be left behind for judgment. I would perish in my sin. The weight was unbearable.

I well remember coming home from a Gospel meeting with determination in every step to get this matter settled that night. I knew I had the greatest need that man could ever realize. I went to my bedroom, and closed the door. Barely reaching the end of my bed, I dropped to my knees telling the Lord that I was a lost sinner, I need the Lord Jesus to wash me from my sin, to forgive me and take me as His own child. It was an earnest plea from a very sincere child. ("him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.") John 6:37. I will never forget that burden lifted! To me it was like having wings, not weight. I was saved! After telling my parents and hugs all around, I went to my bed. Gathering all my dolls around me, with tears streaming down my face, I told them all, "I'm saved, I'm saved, isn't that wonderful! They just stared straight ahead but I know if they could have responded, they would have been as happy as I.

Fifty-five years have come and gone since then and even though I've failed the Lord so often, He has NEVER failed me. When I've passed through the water, through the river, through the fire, through the flame, true to His Word, He has never left me nor forsaken me. His Word is Faithful and True and always will be until I see His face.

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