

Testimony

Janeen Sutko Tells Her Story

I came from a non-Christian home. I was baptized Catholic at birth and went to church on Sundays, off and on, until I was about 7 years old. The Sundays I attended church dwindled after that and by the age of 16 I had stopped believing in God altogether. I ran around, did as I pleased, and eventually got into drugs. I married when I was barely twenty to another non-believer and I grew more and more unhappy as time went by.

In August of 1999 I began a new job and that is where I met a Christian man that brought the Gospel to me. I met him about a week after I starting working. I noticed there was something different about him than the other people in the office. I couldn't put my finger on what it was, but it was like he had a sense of peace that other's did not have. I remember wishing I had whatever it was that he had. That is when I believe the Lord started speaking to me. A short time later this Christian man started talking to me about the Gospel. At first I didn't really want to hear what he had to say and kind of put it in the back of my mind. Every day he would tell me a little more and soon I became interested. As a Catholic I had never heard that you had to be saved in order to go to heaven. Still I was finding it difficult to believe God actually existed. Then one day I was sitting in my room thinking about some of the verses he gave me: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16) and "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and not that of yourselves: it is the gift of God" (Ephesians 2:18). I can't say for sure why it happened, except it was the power of God, but I saw how unhappy I was and I realized that the more I tried to control my life to make me happy the worse I became. Then I began thinking about the forgiveness of my sins. I didn't understand how Jesus could forgive me for such horrible things I had done. I struggled with that for many months.

In March of 2000 I was given my first Bible and I started searching the scriptures. Shortly after that I started attending different churches to find one that was right for me, but was unsuccessful. Then in the middle of May I was asked to attend a meeting at the Garfield assembly. I heard the Gospel for the first time and knew I wanted to be saved and I knew there wasn't anything I HAD to do to get saved but I still couldn't grasp how to get it.

Finally on June 4th , my third time out to a Gospel meeting, the message spoke clearly to me. The message was on John 19:30. "...It is finished...". The brother that was preaching explained that those three words meant that the suffering for all of man's sins had been completed. God said it, Jesus did it, and it is finished. I didn't get saved at the hall that evening but on my drive home I was thinking long and hard about what had been preached. The verse "It is finished" ran over and over in my head. Then, finally, it clicked. I simply accepted the fact that Jesus died so I would be safe from the punishment of my sins and I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour.

Getting saved has turned my life from uncertainty and emptiness to contentment and peacefulness knowing that one day I will be able to see and praise my precious Saviour.

*"How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?"
(Hebrews 2:3)*

. . . . Gleaned from saved.com