

# *Testimony*

by Charles Spataro

I was born in East Boston, Ma. into a family of six children. I'm the oldest son with four sisters and a younger brother.

We faithfully went to Sunday school services at a Methodist Episcopal church. We were taught many wonderful hymns and given a scripture card each week that had a picture on one side and the story on the other side. So I believed all about the Lord Jesus in my mind. I believed that He healed the sick, walked on the waves of the sea, raised the dead ones back to life, and was God's Son who came down from heaven. He was crucified, buried, and rose up from the dead. I wondered why the church was full of people on Palm Sunday, Easter, and Christmas. The rest of the year it was a small congregation.

My sisters, Anna, Phyllis, Violet, and Gloria went to a Thursday evening Sewing Class at the East Boston Gospel Hall. Sister Theresa Procopio showed the girls how to sew and gave a gospel message before the meeting was over. My sister Phyllis got saved and came home pleading with Mom and all of us to be sure of getting saved and having sins forgiven, and a home in heaven. I was invited to go and hear the Word of God from young people who "really" knew God's word. I told her that I knew all about the Bible and had no desire to go. She was persistent, so after a month I went to the "storefront" with a large Bible opened up and a marker at John 3:16. They had chairs in a circle or squared for classes. I sat in a class of young teenagers and before the class began, one of the young boys said to me:

"You know, you're a sinner!" I was not happy with that introduction and I began to defend myself. I stated that I did not swear or smoke, and he said:  
"Look at this verse, *All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.*"

Then the teacher commenced the class and all I could think of was the fact that I was sinner, and although I thought I knew all about the Bible, I had not known about that verse in Romans three. As an oldest son, I had thoughts of being in charge and caused my Mom some grief with my "bossy" ways over my sisters and younger brother.

One evening I was convicted of my ways and knew that if I died in my sins, I would go to hell and deserved to be there. I knew that Christ had died upon the cross for sinners, and I knew that His precious blood shed almost 2000 years ago had the power to wash away my sins. So I prayed to God and acknowledged my sins, telling God that I believed that the blood of Christ could take my sins away and I was accepting Christ as my Saviour. I thought to myself, "Can it be this easy? I'll ask God again to make sure". So I told God that I was accepting His Son as my Saviour because His blood that was shed at Calvary had the power to clean me of all my sins.

I felt as it were a relief and weight off my back. Then I wrote the date in my Bible since we were taught that a person that is saved has a place where it happened, when it happened, and how it happened. The date was January 1st 1945. The greatest event that ever happened by the Sovereign Grace of God.

I pray that the Spirit of God will reveal Christ Jesus as Lord and Saviour to many and become as myself, only a sinner saved by grace.

**"Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life:  
no one comes unto the Father, but by me"  
(Jn. 14:6)**