

# *My Testimony*

*by Ian Stevenson*



I grew up in a large family with three sisters, two brothers and loving parents. Although not saved, our family had a respect for God and we practiced the Catholic faith very sincerely.

My high school years were spent getting passing marks with air cadets and rugby. Following a three-year job at Safeway in 1995, my interest in rugby took me to New Zealand to thank the 1924 “invincible” All Blacks for the N Z shield on the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of high school competition.

In the summer of 1977–78 I saw myself working with a friend of my brother in the landscaping business, and it was there I met many born-again Christians from all across the country. A man and wife, Ray and Linda Sourisseau, took a particular interest in me. Their home was always open and the coffee was always a welcomed treat. From time to time a gospel tract or books were given to me. I left the landscaping business for a job with Air Canada, and was laid off four months later.

The winter of 1978 was a hard one for me being out of work, but I was able to get a job as a security guard. In January 1979 I became interested in reading the Bible and took an adult inquiry class from the Catholic center. God was directing my steps.

One day in March 1979 when I was a security guard at the Lansdowne Mall in Richmond, once again I met Ray and Linda. I told them I was reading a Bible and the things that I was taught was not in line with what I was reading. I began to get concerned about my soul. Because Ray’s parents were visiting, it was decided I should meet with them in Ray’s home on March 19, 1979. God was dealing with me, and when there Ray and I spoke about the teaching of the Catholic Church.

I read over some books on Catholic teachings and they read from his Bible. There were major wrestlings and I could not sleep wrestling over the distinction between God’s word and that which I had been taught. I wasn’t saved by morning’s light, but I settled on God’s word, the acceptance that God’s word was the final authority, not the church.

I phoned Ray and Linda and informed them that I made arrangements to go to the Gospel meeting the following Sunday, the 25<sup>th</sup>. I went to the Gospel meeting and met Mark Robinson who was one of the speakers whom I knew from high school.

Following a meeting in which everyone was singing except me, I went to Ray and Linda’s. The men there spoke to me from Psalm 22, Isaiah 53, and John 3:16 on the sufferings of Christ. For almost 2 hours I sat convicted of my sin. I cried all the way home to my apartment and decided to get this matter of my sin settled and know for sure I was going to heaven.

After three hours of presenting to God all my righteousness, I gave up and surrendered my lost condition to God, “I was going to hell”. It was then I remembered John 3:16 which came to me as though God himself was speaking to me. I saw by faith the Lord Jesus being nailed to the cross. As I looked I said: “the Lord for me” and invited Christ into my heart. The burden of my sin was removed, and the peace and joy came into my soul. I was saved.

***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***