

My Testimony

by Ray Sourisseau



I was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba near the end of World War II. I had three other siblings and brought up in a Roman Catholic family. I was raised “In The Faith”, attended the Mass as a boy, and was taught the catechism by Nuns in a Catholic School up to high school age, as there were no Catholic High Schools at that time.

My adolescent years were pretty typical; parties, drinking, carousing, etc.

As time went on I found the Mass, being in a foreign language, boring. The confessional was tedious, as I would faithfully dump my load of sin on the priest, which consisted of doing my “penance”, a few trips around the rosary beads in repetitious prayers, and hail Mary’s. Most often I would then launch off into another week of sins. As I read almost weekly of priests who were being charged with child molestation, statutory rape, gambling, drunk driving, etc., I lost faith in “The Faith”. How could men like this take away my sins? They were worse than me!

I met my wife, got married, and as we both had dreams of going to British Columbia, that is where we went in June 1967.

We went into business in 1970, and a business colleague, who I admired and respected, gave me a copy of Hal Lindsay’s, “Late Great Planet Earth”. I had to admit what he wrote was all true and it scared me silly! I realized for the first time I was all wrong with God, and not ready for eternity. I told my colleague my thoughts and he invited me to his church, 10th Avenue Alliance, to hear the Gospel. That was my first exposure to it.

I had spent my life in the Catholic Church and never heard that the reason Christ died was not only for the sins of the world, but quite specifically for my sins! The preacher, Pastor Brooks, spoke on the prodigal son of Luke’s Gospel and it cut right to my soul! I was the poor sinner feeding on (or rather desiring) to feed on the swine’s husks! It was a very emotional experience for me, but emotions, however intense, do not save a soul! I answered an altar call, but was not yet saved!

Over the next few months the Holy Spirit led me through several encounters with His people, each telling me the old old story of Jesus and His love. I was meeting with a man in his home one night on business, and he showed me a remarkable book by Alfred Edersheim on: “The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah”. What caught my attention was that which was written on the inside front cover: “To my dear sister in Cranbrook B.C.,” but it was the words following that statement which riveted me: “*I know you will enjoy it (this copy of Edersheim’s book which I was holding) as I have, your dear brother, General George S. Patton, U.S. 3rd Army, somewhere in France October 1944*”. This book was a gift from General Patton to his sister! Having loved history, I wanted to borrow the book and read what it was that moved such a renowned American soldier. It has proven to be next to my Bible, my favorite book.

One night, about 1 A.M., I was in our family living room and couldn’t stop reading the Life of Christ. I got to the point where the scourged and bloodied Son of God was led out of Jerusalem to the place of crucifixion, and refused the drink of myrrh mixed with wine - a stupefying drink like morphine to help Him bear the terrible agony of the cross. It was the last act of mercy by the grieving women who followed Him! I finally realized He went to the cross clear headed, bearing ALL it’s shame and agony undiluted for me. I slid to the floor, got on my knees and thanked Him, and thanked Him, and thanked Him again!!!

I was saved that night in 1972, and I am so grateful. I began to tell everyone I met of God’s saving grace and great sacrifice for them!! I couldn’t stop reading my Bible, which not long ago I wouldn’t open because I knew instinctively it “was a scary book”! It is now God’s letter to me, my favorite read!!! Can I recommend it to you, in particular, John’s Gospel chapter 3?

May God bless you as He has me!!!