

# *My Testimony*

by Andrew Williamson

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My name is Andrew Williamson, I am 27 years old, and I live in Northern Ireland. From a young age I heard about my need to accept Jesus Christ's offer of salvation, but sadly, just like our first parents Adam and Eve who brought sin into the world when they disobeyed God, I also was disobedient to God by rejecting his ways and living for my own desires. The result of this was a selfish, pointless life that sank deeper and deeper into sin.

After experimenting with alcohol through my teenage years I left school, got a job, and settled into a life of living for the weekend. The next nine years would consist of working to get paid enough money to enjoy a weekend of parties, pubs and clubs, and other sins of the flesh. But the Bible warns us the pleasure of sin is only for a season and very often after a weekend of pleasure I would wake in the early hours of a Monday morning fearful, thinking, "Is this all there is to life?" and "What if I died now?" because in truth, I knew I wasn't prepared to die and meet God.

When I was 23 a church from a nearby town held a tent mission in a field not far from my house. I attended and after it was over I got into a conversation with a Christian guy who challenged me about my need of salvation. I found myself agreeing with him, but sadly I chose at the end of the night to listen to the devil who was busy convincing me that another time would be better, that if I got saved my friends would laugh at me, and every other lie he could use to prevent me giving my life to Christ.

Time passed and one night in March 2011, I was awakened from sleep by my Mother shouting in a panic because my Father had taken what we thought at the time was a heart attack. As he lay on the bathroom floor the situation seemed serious, and as I phoned the ambulance I pleaded with God that if he didn't die I would "change my ways". As dad recovered, to my shame I quickly forgot my promise and continued my sinful lifestyle.

At the close of 2012, I was starting to find that no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't run from God's voice and the constant thought, "Is this all there is to life?". No amount of parties, or alcohol, or anything else seemed to help. One Sunday afternoon as I got drunk in a pub, a man started to chat about how he feared the Lord could return soon. I woke on the Monday morning with a hangover and more depressed than ever. Then a thought clearly came to me, "It doesn't have to be this way". I drove to a Pastor's house but he wasn't home. Then doubt and the devils lies set in, but Praise God he is stronger than the devil and he spared and convicted me until the next Saturday afternoon when I finally bowed my head and surrendered my life to Jesus Christ.

Life as a Christian is often hard but the Lord is with us every step of the way. I let God down everyday, but he still loves me. I no longer wake up full of fear because I know my life has meaning because our chief aim is to glorify and enjoy Christ, and I know that when I die He has a home prepared for me with Him.

**"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."**

*Psalm 34:6*