

# *My Testimony*

by Chris Perver



I was born on November 25th, 1980 into a home where both my parents were born again Christians. This is a great blessing and privilege, for I will never have to experience the anguish of some of my family not being in heaven. I live in a town called Bangor, in the North of Ireland, and it was there that I was brought to Sunday School in Bethesda Gospel Hall. From a young age my mother also took time to teach us the Scriptures.

From an early age I was aware of my need of salvation. While I don't remember doing anything particularly bad, I knew I was a sinner, and that as a result I could never be in heaven. I still remember my sister telling me, that when Jesus came back they would be taken with Him in heaven and I would be left behind, and that troubled me. Although I was very young at the time, I can vaguely remember several occasions when the thought that the Lord may have already returned caused me to panic.

One day, while I was coloring pictures with my sister at the dining room table, she asked me if I wanted to be saved. I told her that I did, and she said that I should just pray to God and tell Him that I was sorry for my sins, and ask Him to save me. I don't particularly remember the words that I spoke, but after I prayed that prayer, I remember feeling completely different inside, and having a knowledge that God had saved me. I ran and told my mum what had happened. That was on the 14th of January 1985.

After my conversion and several years of attending Sunday School and meetings, I had a desire to be baptized. Because of my desire to obey the Lord I was baptized on the 23rd of December 1987.

In my teens I started to drift away from God, not getting into bad company, I just grew cold. I stopped attending meetings but still attended the Sunday School. I started attending Campbell College but left before gaining any qualifications due to bullying.

It was in my teenage years I contracted eczema, which spread all over my body. It spread over my legs, chest, back, feet and hands. Because of this I was confined to my bedroom for a whole year.

Later I was to see that this illness had a beneficial affect on my life. I started to go on the internet and program my "EvenMore Textviewer" for the Amiga computer. I used this tool to witness to other people across the world, and also enjoyed visiting the various prophecy sites for news.

A year later we were planning on changing from our house to a bungalow as my mother is crippled with arthritis. Our house was on the market for a year before being sold, but God, in His own time, provided us with a bungalow overlooking a park. Eventually I got the courage to attend a Chinese doctor about my illness, which cleared up after approximately 12 months.

I started attending the meetings again, and eventually, through the encouragement of my friend Helen, I ended up in her dad's Sunday School class, studying to become a Sunday School teacher. For a year I sat in his class, until some other ones in our assembly left. This left us without two Sunday School teachers just weeks before the season started again. After a lot of prayer, I began taking one of the classes. I still enjoy taking the Sunday School class, and use my God-given appreciation for art to help illustrate the lessons.

Around 1999, a man in our assembly, called Roy Thompson, was praying that I would get a job. Remember, I have no qualifications apart from passing the 11 plus test. One day when some of us were travelling up to meetings in Belfast, we were talking about jobs and what we would like to do. I said I would like to work on

computers but thought nothing more about that. A few days later my uncle Desi Brown came to visit us and He asked me what sort of job I would like to do, and I told him the same thing. He then said that the firm he worked for was looking for an IT Technician and would I be interested? I said "I would", and he said he would speak to the boss, Kieran Beattie. Kieran gave Desi a list of things I would be required to know about the computer system. I told Desi I didn't know any of these things, but I believed that if God wanted me to be in that job, He would make a way. On Friday, Desi called again, and asked if I would like to go for an interview the next day! So I got together some of the work I had done, including magazine reviews of EvenMore, and went down to Belfast. Kieran interviewed me, and everything seemed to go really well. He asked me if I would like to start on Monday, and I said "yes"! God is good. That was on the 13th of December 1999.

A few years later I bought a little motorbike. I enjoyed using it to go to meetings and travel around Bangor. For approximately 5 years I went to work in Belfast by bus, but a number of years ago the company moved premises. There was no bus transportation to where they moved so I started travelling by motorbike.

Six months of travelling to work via the motorbike passed. On the 6th of January 2004, I slept in late. I quickly got ready and jumped on the motorbike to go to work. As I was travelling down the carriage way (freeway), about 5 minutes away from work I was praying that I might make it around a particularly dangerous roundabout where I had nearly slipped off the bike in the rain before. I was heading up the slip road around 60 mph towards the bridge leading into the roundabout. The two lanes to my right were completely jammed. I started to slow down to take the turning onto the bridge, then a car suddenly cut across my lane into a road just before the bridge. I just had time to think about putting on the brakes when I hit the back passenger side of the car. I remember seeing the sky spinning round for around three-seconds and then getting up off the road in extreme pain. I don't remember coming off the bike or hitting the ground. The man stopped his car and came over to see if I was hurt, and a number of other people stopped their cars to see if I was all right, and one kind person let me use her mobile to call work and home. I felt something was wrong with my groin area and my left elbow. As I was phoning home, an ambulance came blaring down my lane. They checked me out, and it was decided to take me to the Ulster hospital.

I was wheeled into the hospital in a wheel chair, with full leathers still on! It was discovered that I had burst blood vessels in my inside legs, and obtained several cuts and bruises on my arms and legs.

While I was lying in my hospital bed I was contemplating whether this was my last day on earth. I was absolutely terrified by that thought. My grandmother had died just a few months before, and I was wondering if it was now my turn. I thank and praise God that He had other plans. Although they were convinced I had no internal injuries, they decided to keep me overnight. It was an extremely trying, soul searching experience, and helped me realize just how fragile my life is. It also helped me realize that the most important things in life are those things that are eternal.

So that's where I am, and where I have come from.

*Friend, if you aren't saved, you won't be in heaven.*

*Jesus said to Nicodemus, an extremely religious man, "Ye must be born again" (John 3:7).*

*The events around us prove what the Bible has foretold will shortly come to pass, possibly within years if not months. The time is now to give your life to Him. He created you, He gave His Son to die for you on the cross.*

*He wants to help you in your life, as He has done with me.*

*Trust Him today, He will not turn you away.*