

Testimony

by Christine Moulaison

I was brought up in a Roman Catholic home. From a very young age I would confess my sins, firmly believing they were forgiven upon confession. Often my burden of sins was so great that after confession I hoped to die immediately before I sinned again. But this was short lived, as it was only minutes before I sinned again.

At Easter time, during the reading of the passion of Christ and His suffering and death, I would think, "But why did He let them kill Him? Why didn't He get out of there?" I had no answer.

Many times, I thought as a teenager, "What will I tell God when I meet Him with all my sins?" I could not find peace.

After I married it was the same. Then I thought of the Bible. Even though I had never looked inside one, I knew the Word of God would have the answer to my questions.

Finally, in November of 1975, I voiced my desire to have a Bible and to read the Word of God for myself. My husband promised to get me one for Christmas.

On December 8, two men came to our door and talked to us about the Lord Jesus. They said they knew for sure they were going to heaven according to Scripture. They showed us a verse or two from the Bible, left us a Gospel of John, and were gone. One of the verses was, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24). I thought of how happy those people must be, knowing for sure they would be in heaven.

On December 15, late at night, I read another booklet called, "God's Way of Salvation." I understood that even though salvation was free, it certainly cost God very much. He had given His only beloved Son to die for sin on the cross. Still, I was puzzled as to how to obtain this salvation.

Then, I thought of what I was trusting. My religion? Religion could not help. My baptism? Baptism could not give me peace. My good life? Even my goodness could not take away my burden of sin. My prayers? Prayers were "my" doing also, and that was no answer. My church? Even my church could not get me one bit closer to heaven. Isaiah 64:6 states that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." I had nothing and threw all these things aside.

Right then, I knew that if I died, I would be in hell. I knew God was right and I was wrong. I was going to hell, and I deserved it because, "The wages of sin is death" (Romans 6:23).

I went to my bedroom knowing I was one breath from hell. Then suddenly, I imagined the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross in agony and blood. I understood that it was my sins that put Him there. He was dying for me. I simply rested in His finished work at Calvary. I knew that because He died and paid for my sins, I was free. My burden fell away. There was nothing for me to do. He had done it all.

There alone in my bedroom, on December 16, 1975, I became a child of God, a true Christian. I finally had peace with God because my sins were gone. I knew that when death came, I would be in Heaven.

A long time has passed, and yet He grows sweeter to me all the time. I will never forget that moment when He saved my soul from hell, and saved me for eternity. My heart's desire and prayer to God for you is that you might be saved too.

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