

My name is Malcolm, I grew up in a Christian home, my father was the pastor of a little church in my home town. We were a pretty conservative church almost to the point of being legalistic. In other words, I grew up in a very, very strict household. I went to Christian school in my early years and had a very good basic foundation and understanding of the Bible. We were required to memorize what seemed like tons of Bible verses and studied many, many Bible stories. Between Christian school and church three times a week, I knew a lot about God. You could ask me anything you wanted to and most of the time I could show you the answer in the Bible. For the most part, I was a very good kid and an excellent student in school. I thought everything was great and was sort of proud of my knowledge of spiritual things. Then one day something began to bother me, just a nagging feeling that would not go away. I didn't like it a bit. I would go to bed thinking about it. It was really bad during the preaching hour when the scriptures were being explained. Something in my heart was telling me I was not saved, but how could that be? I couldn't understand it, surely, I'm saved. I prayed a prayer one day and even though I didn't fully understand what I was doing when I prayed it, I thought that I was good. I mean, look at all the Bible I knew and the verses I had memorized. Even from a young age, everyone called me the "Little Preacher Boy", but the more time went by the more it bothered me. Then God opened my eyes to the fact that knowing "ABOUT" Him was not the same as "Knowing" Him. I needed to have a personal relationship with Jesus, not just try to live by a set of rules the best I could. I asked Jesus to forgive me and to truly save me. I didn't just want to know about Him, I wanted to really know Him personally. That day changed my life. It wasn't that I acted better or quit this or that sin cause like I said, I was a pretty good kid; I wasn't perfect, but really tried my best to be what I thought I was supposed to be. The difference though was instead of struggling hard to follow the rules I had the help of the Holy Spirt to live the way God wanted me to. It wasn't such a fight or struggle to live righteously according to the scriptures. I had more joy and peace in my life because I felt Jesus comforting me and guiding me through times in my life where before, I was trying on my own. To make a long story short, I found out that religion was not enough. In other words, being good at following a list of rules was not real salvation. It is when you begin a real genuine relationship with Jesus that makes all the difference in the world. This is my story, but I hope you read the rest of this letter to hear about God's story and His love for you and how you too can know Jesus personally, not just a few facts about Him. Then you can have a story of your own. God Bless You!!!