



## *A Telephone Conversion*

*by Jean Easley*

I came to the Lord over the telephone and as a result of the testimony and the prayers of my Mother. She was saved when she was about 42 years of age. Hers was not a life of drugs and alcohol, yet there had been lots of troubles and trials of which I was aware as a girl growing up. After she came to Christ, she began to tell others of the mercy of the Lord, of the blood of Jesus, of sins forgiven, and of a new life in Christ. In fact, she became a real soul winner in her community. Several families were converted through her testimony and efforts.

During that time, in each letter that she wrote to me, she spoke concerning the Scriptures, salvation, and how one could be saved. Also, she exhibited in her personal life in many ways that Christ had changed her life. I could see in her, on her countenance, a life of peace that inspired me to know God.

Still, many times I threw her letters down in dismay. As devoted as I was to Mother, those letters had the tendency to make me uncomfortable. This was in spite of the fact that I also knew that God had given a special joy in her heart in the middle of her tribulations. When she invited me to attend services with her, usually I did not accept, but once in a while I did go. I wanted God, but I could not promise to give my life to Him because I did not believe I could keep such a promise.

One summer I was in Iowa on vacation, and I received the dreaded invitation to attend worship services. I found an excuse and didn't go on Sunday morning. But that night, I couldn't think of any more excuses. I had to attend. It turned out to be a turning point in my life.

I really don't remember the pastor's message, and I don't remember anything about the music in particular. What I do remember is the invitation. When the pastor called us to the altar, I didn't go. But Mother did. I was very moved to see her go to the altar, kneel down there, and pray. Though I wanted to be forgiven, to have what Mother had, I knew that my friends back home would mock me if I got very religious--especially in my Mother's church!

As I sat in the back of the church waiting for the altar service to conclude, the pastor surprised me. He came and sat next to me on the pew and asked me if I wanted to give my heart to Jesus that night. He said it was quite possible that there would be no more opportunities. In my heart, I knew that he was telling me the truth.

As my heart raced, still I said, "No." My hesitancy was based on the fact that I was not sure that responding to his invitation would have been my own decision. As such, I told the pastor that I would return to Colorado and give my heart to the Lord there, thus ensuring that the decision was my own and not based on these circumstances. And, though I was almost too afraid to do that, I assured the pastor that I believed God would understand and grant me permission to do that. So, Pastor Wakefield gave me his card with his telephone number and asked me to call him when I wanted to be saved. I agreed to do that.

Upon my return to Colorado, at first I tried to ignore the conviction that had rested upon me there in that church. Then, I did earnestly begin to pray about the matter. In fact, I began to pray a great deal and to read my long-neglected Bible. I hungrily read books such as "How Can I Find You, God?" by Marjorie Holmes and "World Aflame" by Billy Graham. Much good information was to be found there as I heard from these choice ones about how to be saved. I also began to search the Scriptures for myself (for the first time in my life) for answers and assurance about sin and salvation. By my 30th birthday in late July, I was deeply convicted that my years were wasted and that there must be more to life than the disappointments I had tasted.

So, after several weeks of reading and praying at every opportunity, I arrived at the conclusion that I must have this experience with God! This time, it was my decision. I was finally ready to accept Christ as my Savior and give the rest of my life to Him. I was quite aware that I could not keep the commitment in my own strength, but the Lord assured me that He would be the Enabler. At the end of my last session of prayer, the Lord sent a double rainbow thereby assuring me that He was not a God Who broke His covenants with mankind.

Now, fully convinced, I knew someone needed to hear me pray. I was considering going to a church near my home that I had attended a few times. Then I remembered that I had promised the

pastor in Iowa that I would call him when I was ready. I told myself that it would not be fair to call another but that I should keep my promise (after all, this was my first act as a believer).

After one more day of waiting in agony, that evening I called Pastor Wakefield and told him my name and that I was ready to be saved. I told him that I wanted to pray the sinners' prayer. On doing that, with him and his wife, I immediately knew I was now saved—born again. There was no lingering doubt.

I later picked up the telephone again, this time to let my Mother know of my decision. By the time I reached her on the phone, Bro. Wakefield (who lived next door) was knocking on her back door! What rejoicing we all enjoyed! The same pastor was to be able to attend my own graduation from Mid-Western Bible Institute and hear my complete testimony in the community in which he later retired.

By now, I have been living the majority of my life for Christ. These many years have seen my marriage to a wonderful minister of the Gospel, Bible School ministry, missionary adventures logged on our website, and many testimonies of our involvement in leading others to the Throne. I can truly testify that salvation is very real (when the heart has been thoroughly prepared by God) and that conversion can really take place over the telephone!