

October 25, 2024, Teri Conover's Journey to Faith - (The Journey of Faith continues, with God's help)

There were many people in my life that were believers, my grandparents, my mom, aunts and uncles and yes even some neighbors. At a very early age my sisters and I would stay with my grandmother Diaz, for weeks at a time during the summer. Before bed Grandma would put us on our knees and prayed with tears in Spanish. I just knew she was talking to God, I thought maybe when I am older I will get to talk to God too! My grandparents were very godly. As a teenager I wondered why there were so many religions, my dad was Catholic, my mother Baptist, I babysat for Mormons and Jehovah Witnesses. The kindest neighbors next door were Christians, my sister Eleanor went to church with them often, as they had a daughter her age. In high school my boyfriend, who later became my husband asked me one day "have you ever stopped to think of who Jesus Christ really was?" At that point I felt a knife go through me, as I look back I realize it was the Holy Spirit convicting me. I told my boyfriend that if he tried to change my religion (Catholic), I would break up with him. A close friend in high school asked me if I wanted to go to a new church where just young people attend, she said, "It was really cool". In my heart I didn't think that was a really good reason for going to church, and I thought why do I need to go to church, I haven't killed anyone, so I said "no". Shortly thereafter she called me on the phone one Sunday morning and said "I will be there in fifteen minutes and hung up!" Well, I decided I could no longer evade her and got dressed. First of all, this church was huge, lots of young people milling about and chatting, etc. Unlike the Catholic church I had grown up in, young people sang up on the stage and sang about Jesus, several people lifted up their hands, I had never witnessed anything like it! I went several Sundays and at the end of every service Pastor Chuck Smith (Calvary Chapel, Costa Mesa, CA) would invite anyone to come up and **accept Jesus Christ as their Savior**, and each Sunday several people would walk forward to the altar. I flashed back to staying with my grandparents and their favorite programs were: wrestling, westerns and Billy Graham. I remembered seeing throngs of people come forward at the Billy Graham crusades. (Now that was me!) **Several weeks later after I understood the gospel message I accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior, (1973). As the years have gone by, Jesus has become my Lord and King.**

I look forward to seeing Jesus, face to face one day. My Father and many relatives and friends have come to saving faith!) They have crossed the finish line and are now in God's presence. I asked my Uncle Louie, my dad's brother if he had ever accepted Jesus as his Savior, he said "no". I asked him if he wanted to, he said "yes". I asked him to repeat after me; "Jesus, thank you for dying on the cross for my sins, please forgive me. I now accept you as my Savior." Have you accepted Jesus as your Savior?

For God so loved the world, [you] that he gave his only Son, [for you] that whoever [you] believes in him [you] should not perish [you] **but have eternal life [you]. John 3:16**