

Gina's Testimony

Just as most people in Ireland were brought up, I was brought up as a Roman Catholic. I was baptised as a baby, I took my communion, and I got confirmed. I always believed in God; but when I reached my teens, I rebelled and stopped going to mass. I didn't want to be a hypocrite by not living for God from Monday to Saturday, and then appearing at mass on Sunday.



I knew *about* Jesus, and I knew some stories from the Bible. However, I never understood why He died on the cross, why He is called “The Lamb of God,” or why He is called the “Saviour of the world.” I believed in heaven, and I thought that God would allow most people into heaven, as long as they were good, and didn't murder anybody.

After I'd finished college, I went to Australia for a year. While I was away, God was definitely working on my heart. I kept thinking that there must be more to life than just growing up, getting married, and raising a family. Then what? I tried to ignore those thoughts, but they resurfaced.

My dad had been saved a few years before; and he had tried to tell me that, according to God's Holy Word, I was on my way to Hell if I didn't have Jesus. I would not accept the fact that if I didn't ask Jesus to save me, I'd end up in Hell after I die.

By the time I arrived home in October 2004, I was ready for the Gospel. Dad was reading a tract in the kitchen, and I asked him what he was doing. He then began to quote to me again the words of Romans 3:23: “For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” I agreed that a person has only to look around to see the terrible state of this world. I could see the state I was in, too.

Romans 6:23 says, “The wages of sin is death.” This part I hadn't understood before. It means that what sin earns us is death. When our bodies die, our souls will either die spiritually, or live spiritually. We will either spend eternity in Hell, or spend eternity with God in heaven.

I realised that I was guilty of breaking God's laws. I had lied, stolen, taken the Lord's name in vain, and not honoured my parents; and I had *never* put God first in my life. I knew that on Judgment Day I must stand before God. What would I say? “Sorry?” It is not enough to be “sorry.” I now knew that I had to repent— turn away from sin and toward God.

Jesus paid the fine that I owed when He died on the cross of Calvary. He said, “It is finished”; and it *was* finished. No amount of good works, good deeds, or good efforts can earn you a place in heaven. Salvation is a gift, a free gift. I realised that Jesus died on the cross and suffered a terrible death to save me from a Devil's Hell. If you will ask Him to save you, He will save you, too.

On 16th October 2004, I asked Jesus to come into my heart and save me. He is the **ONLY** way to heaven. John 14:6 — “I am the way, the truth and the life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.”