

Kevin's Testimony

Colossians 1:13—“Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son.” (My salvation verse)

I grew up outside Cork City in a small village called Cullen. My father's occupation was that of a dairy farmer. In many respects, mine was quite a pleasant upbringing. We lived directly across the way from the local Catholic church in that area. As most other youngsters did, I accepted many of the Catholic Church's doctrines without question. Besides, my parents were the result of several generations of Catholics, and they would not have tolerated any deviation from their faith.



A couple weeks prior to my thirteenth birthday, I took my first alcoholic drink. After that first encounter, I knew that alcohol would play a major role in my life. I became a regular at many of the local pubs in our village, as did most of my school friends.

After I finished school, I went to college in the town of Tralee to study engineering. For the most part, I liked my course, and it seemed as though things were going well. I always seemed to be able to balance my study with an excessively alcoholic social life.

Emigration being a quite common practice for my brothers and sisters, I travelled to New York City when I got the opportunity. I was twenty-one years of age by this time. I would now describe myself as having been more than a little rebellious. I loved music and lyrics that were not very popular — as well as anything that was different from the mainstream of society. As I decided for myself what I thought was morally right or wrong, I slid more downhill. The more I followed my own heart, the deeper I became entrenched in sin.

I had always felt that there was something missing in my life. It seemed as if nothing could ever fill that void. I remember that a heavy depression set in upon my life. My lifestyle seemed to be getting more and more heavily into sin; but I would excuse my behaviour by reasoning that everybody else lived in the same manner that I did. I figured that since I believed in a personal God, I had nothing to worry about.

Around this time, someone handed me a Gospel leaflet. Its message wasn't clear to me at first; but it seemed that there was something different about the Jesus of the Bible. I recall a night when I felt very empty. I didn't want to go out, even though it was a Saturday night. I just knew there must be something more to life than what I had experienced. I began to flick through the radio channels just to hear anything different. For the very first time in my life, I came across a preacher. He was speaking about Satan's being the “god of this world.” It had never occurred to me that the Bible expressed such a view as this. The more I thought about it, the more it made sense. It seemed to be a crucial piece of the puzzle. It gave validation to the Gospel message that I had heard previously.

This thought, however, caused an even greater level of depression. Around that time, I felt much hopelessness in every aspect of life. Feeling very low, I went out after work one Thursday night. On a usual night I would combine drugs and alcohol, and would suffer memory loss for most of the time. This particular night, I was going home in the early hours of the morning. I felt sick of everything in life. I leaned up

against a wall — and, for the first time in my life, I attempted to pray with all my heart. The only words I could come up with were, “God help.”

The next morning I woke up hung over. I had forgotten everything about the night before; and I was more concerned about recovering than I was about anything else. I had thought about purchasing a Bible many times previously, but I had never acted upon it. I decided to make this the day. On my way to the book shop, I came across a street evangelist who was preaching the same message that I had heard previously. I remember my agreeing with everything that He had to say. When he gave an invitation to come and receive the Lord as my personal Saviour, I continued to walk down the street. Thanks be unto the Lord, that preacher followed me. I am thankful for that man's boldness! He approached me and asked some related questions. He showed me from Scripture that all mankind has a sin problem — and that, by shedding His blood on the cross, Jesus made atonement for all my sin. The only thing I had to do was to repent and, by faith, believe on Him as my personal Saviour. Well, I didn't know how to pray; but he led me in a sinner's

prayer.

Now, it wasn't the words of that prayer that were important. What was important was a heart that desired forgiveness. There will never be another day that will surpass that day — at least, not on this side of eternity. More importantly, I know that I will never face judgment for my sins in the fires of Hell.

Not only has He given me eternal life, but He has blessed me with a beautiful wife named Eileen, and three blessed little girls named, Lydia, Rebekah, and Rachel.

I now want to follow the Lord in obedience to His call on my life. He has called me to preach His precious Word. What a high privilege He has given me! Amen. I will never understand the grace of God that reached down to a sinful man — to such a person as I.

AMEN!