

Shalom Ministry Friend,

Below is the 2nd Testimony for our New Book

“ Real Life Stories Trucker’s Edition”

Christian Testimony Book .

We hope you enjoy reading it and are encouraged as you do. Please pass it on to encourage and bring hope to others!

I was a Workaholic and a Race-aholic!

I did anything for a quick high.

I was a spoiled little rich kid.

I went through a divorce and bankruptcy.

I just didn’t want to submit or commit.

I was brought up learning about God in the Catholic religion, as was my grandparents, aunts and uncles who were very strong Catholics. I was sprinkled as an infant and went to Catholic school in the first and second grades. I couldn't conform to it so after this I went to public school. My parents made sure I received my first communion and the confirmation of my faith, but that was about as far as it went. I always knew God was real and anytime I was knocked to my knees, I knew there was a God to pray to. I just didn't want to submit or commit my life to walking with Him at a personal level.

I led a very troubled teen and wild adolescent lifestyle with alcohol, drugs, and smoking in front of my parents at a young age. I was very rebellious, yet a hard worker. I knew how to manipulate people; I just always ran life the way I would have it. I always was searching for the next challenge or high. I started racing cars at a young age, snowmobiles and even boats later on. I did anything for a quick high. I was a spoiled little rich kid. My father was in the boat business and had a very successful business which was volatile with ups and downs of the recreation RV business. I was brought up a very poor steward of resources. We had money that did not help us; it actually caused us issues from being able to buy the alcohol, drugs and racing toys. I led a very fast lifestyle. It never brought me any lasting joy; it only brought a lot of misery and tragedy in my life.

At age 18, a young gal that I was dating was killed in my presence because we were in a place where we shouldn't have been. We were not supposed to be there, and a drunk driver hit us. I had time to pray a lot when I lost her and knew there was a God, but again, I didn't submit and didn't commit to be all in with God.

I went through a divorce in my late 30's. I had two sons that were not brought up knowing much Bible truth and I feel very sad that I was not the parent that they needed. I was a workaholic and a raceaholic. I was too busy for them and that's one of the reasons I went through a divorce. I am a truck driver and that's not a good field for marriage because of the separation of being gone all the time. I went through a divorce and bankruptcy. That's when I really got back to my knees and did a lot of praying at that time, but again, I didn't submit yet.

Yet I knew I needed to make a solid commitment to Jesus - to let Him become Lord over all of my life. I needed to let go of demanding my right to make my own decisions without including Him in my decision making (with the hope of Him blessing those decisions of course). I can remember pulling to the side of the road and praying a sinner's prayer with James Dobson after listening to a *Focus on the Family* message.

After that, I got involved in a church and the very first class they put me in was a finance class; they showed me how I needed to tithe (Honoring the Lord with the first fruits [See: Proverbs 3:9-10 for understanding] of my income, so He could bless the remaining ninety percent). I had race cars and race boats, but I sure couldn't afford to give ten percent of my income to that church. I had too much money, but God took care of that a short time later, and there again it was a submission issue.

I met my current wife at the age of 40. She was a career woman in the golf course country club business and I was in the boat business. We wanted to have a Christian wedding. She was brought up Reformed. I knew that we had to have God in the midst of our relationship. She never had any children, and wanted to have a child with me. I failed miserably at raising my own two boys because I didn't have the Lord in my life. We knew if we were going to do this, we were going to have to bring our child up in a Christian environment, so we committed to that in our marriage right from the beginning.

God blessed us with a church family; a small non-denominational church that really walked with us. I was still a truck driver and in

the boating business; my wife was managing the country club at the time when she got pregnant. It was tough for us to go to church but we did, because we were committed to it.

Again, we struggled with being involved in church and getting filled so we could be a blessing, but God took care of that. He brought me out of the boating business and into truck driving full-time. My wife's country club actually closed its doors and became a public golf course, so she was out of that business.

Eventually we started looking for a new home church. We were blessed to find a church that taught the balanced Word of God, and taught the absolute importance of having a daily, personal relationship with Jesus Christ, inviting and allowing Him to be LORD of our lives - every DAY - every HOUR of the day. We were baptized at that church about 6 months later; both of us fully immersed and came up out of that water a new spiritual creation -- hungry for Jesus and the Word. We haven't looked back since.

For those yearning to be connected properly to God, there can only be one Truth and one way to God; not multiple. Satan has brainwashed many to believe there are multiple ways ... [as long as true Christianity **isn't** the ONE you chose!]. Jesus is that only way, truth, and life. He's the only One who paid the penalty for our sins to be totally forgiven, so they won't be held against us on the Judgment Day, so we would not have to pay for them by suffering for eternity in hell like others who reject the free gift of eternal salvation that He offers free to everyone. I pray that others would find that same truth and that more would be transformed by the Word and the Holy Spirit setting them free from the sin that separates them from God. God's unconditional love (unconditional acceptance) once we are connected with Christ -- the peace that surpasses all understanding and joy unspeakable He gives us is real. I've found a lot of things that brought temporary and unfulfilling happiness in my life. I've been very blessed and spoiled rotten, but nothing else brings the lasting joy of serving the Lord and seeing others come to know His saving grace. Nothing else brings the satisfaction of pouring your life into helping reach lost souls, and then helping them grow in their relationship with the Lord, because engaging in these activities is what blesses God the most in how we live our lives, and we not only bring HIM joy, but we will reap eternal blessings.

Several years ago God called me to become a chaplain for the ministry of *Transport For Christ*. Even though it took me a long time to come to Christ, along that journey I had stopped in other trucker chapels over the years when I was trucking. I would pick up a devotional, CD, had some fellowship, or just cried and prayed. It's just a blessing that these ministries are out there for truckers that can't get to a home church, or have a hard time finding a church they are comfortable with.

God has also called me to network with other truck drivers in distributing Christian literature for truckers to freely have at various truck stops around the nation. Our primary focus is to make free Bibles available for the truckers, but we also place other trustworthy Christian literature in truck stops for them as well.

John

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This One's For You!

**We had been having trouble with our marriage.
I told my wife to just leave. I'd had enough.
I was sitting on top of 46,000 lbs. of explosives.
I had visions of a big bolt of lightning shooting down from the sky.
Tears started running down my face.
The feeling that came over me was indescribable.**

It was August 1995, but I remember it like it was yesterday. My wife Linda was going to this little country church. We had been having trouble with our marriage, so I decided it might help if I was to start going to church with her. I had been going a few months and listening to the preacher, but it seemed like every week that preacher was standing up there talking about me. So I did what a lot of people do. I quit going. I didn't need that every week.

After I quit going, things got worse. We were arguing, and I told my wife to just leave. I'd had enough. Well, she did. She went to her pastor's house, and it wasn't long before he was calling me. He asked if he could come to my house and talk to me. I really didn't want to hear what he had to say, but I really did like the guy. So I told him I guess he could. It didn't take him long to get there, and when he showed up he had a little book with him called eternal life. He ask me if he could read the book to me. I didn't want to hear it, but I didn't want to be rude so I said, "Sure, go ahead." He opened that little book and started reading. As he was reading, I was looking at the TV, the ceiling, the walls, anywhere to keep from looking at that little book. Being the good servant of God that he was, he just kept on reading. When he came to the end of the book there was a prayer at the end. He read that little prayer to me and asked me if I would like to pray and ask Jesus in to my life. He said Jesus would give me this eternal life if I would just confess my sins to Jesus with my mouth and believe with my heart. I told him that I didn't think I was quite ready for that. He said that was fine and maybe I needed to think about it. Then, he left.

I went on to bed because I had to get up at 3am to make a run to northern Illinois the next day. The next morning I was up by 3 and on the road by 4 headed to Galena, Illinois. I'd been driving about an hour when the tears started pouring out of my eyes. I remember I couldn't stop crying, and I started talking to God. I said, "God, if there even is a God. I'm not sure if I even believe in God, but if you're real I need you to show me a sign. I need a sign from God." Well as I drove on the tears finally stopped. About daylight, I was driving up I-55 when I looked out in the field and there was this little blue sign that looked like it had been out there forever. As I looked at that old weather cracked sign, I read CHRIST IS THE ANSWER. When I read those words I thought, "That's a sign, that's a sign from God!"

Then I heard this voice inside my head saying, "That's not a sign from God. That old worn out sign has been there forever." Besides, when I asked for a sign from God, that's not what I meant. I didn't mean I wanted a sign. I meant I wanted something big something from God. So I started talking to God again, and I told God that wasn't good enough, that wasn't what I meant. I needed something else, something from God. So I wiped away my tears and drove on. I remember driving along and talking to God, and by this time I was on I-74 between Peoria and Galesburg, this little white van pulled up beside me. I looked down at this woman in the van. She looked up at me with a funny look on her face, rolled down her window, stuck her arm out the window, and pointed her thumb to the sky. I thought, "What is she doing? What's that supposed to mean?" Then, as the van went on by, I read on the back of the van it was a church van. When I read those words the first thought that came to my mind was that it was a sign from God.

Then I said, "No, God. That's not good enough either. That's not it. That's not what I wanted." I wanted something big, something that would leave no doubt that it was from God. I drove on with lots to think about, expecting at any moment something big would happen.

I made it to my destination a little past noon. I started unloading my bulk tanker of explosives. As I was unloading, sitting on top of 46,000 lbs. of explosives, I started talking to God again. I told God that I was still waiting for something big. I don't really know what I was looking for, but I would know it when I saw it. I had visions of a big bolt of lightning shooting down from the sky. When you're sitting on 23 tons of dynamite a bolt of lightning is the last thing you want to see, but I was ready and waiting. Well, nothing happened. I finished unloading and left. As I headed east toward Rockford on U.S. 20, I started talking to God again. I remember saying, "God I'm still waiting for my sign, for something big." I hit Rockford and headed south on I-39. About an hour later I looked to my left, and out in the field was a great big sign. On this sign was the face of Jesus and the words THIS ONE'S FOR YOU! As I looked into the eyes of Jesus and read those words, cold chills started running up and down my spine. Tears started running down my face. I started confessing my sins and trying to remember the prayer that was in the little book that Russ, my wife's pastor, had read to me. I prayed that prayer the best I could remember it. I prayed a whole lot more just in case that wasn't enough. The feeling that came over me was indescribable, but it was like I was floating the rest of the way home. Jesus had lifted all my burdens that day. I couldn't wait to get home, tell my wife, and call Russ who now is my pastor and best friend. The next day the sky was bluer and the grass was greener. Everything had changed! My and Linda's marriage gets better each and every day. The problems of everyday life are still there, but I don't have to face them alone. Jesus is always there with me.

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Truck Drivers Testimonies Wanted !

We are Looking for 19 more, on fire Witnessing Truck Drivers to share their Testimonies with a lost and dying world!

If you know any Christian Truck Drivers please pass this email on to them.

If you are a Christian Truck Driver please consider writing your testimony for Real Life Stories Trucker's Edition!

To be a part of this book you must agree to carry 2 books in hand every time You leave the door of Your home and every time you get out of Your truck and use them to give to lost people as the Holy Spirit directs you.

Your testimony will appear in a minimum of 20,000 books!

These books will Be distributed through Truck Stops across the United States and Canada

Here are some suggested guidelines for writing your testimony:

- Part 1 - Describe what your life was like before coming to the Lord.
- Part 2- Tell how you came to the Lord.
- Part 3- Describe what your life is like now. Describe the changes between part 1 and part 3 . Brag on God and what he has done for you!

Paint a picture with your words !

- Finish by signing your testimony with your first name.
- If you wish to give the reader your contact information, please use a phone number and e-mail that would remain active for many, many years ahead.

Do not worry about a title . we will take care of it .

Do not talk in Christian language. Talk or write in plain simple English. Remember your audience is a lost soul. Your purpose in writing this is to reach lost souls. Do not preach ! Do not teach! Do not share your pet doctrines ! Simply share what Jesus has done for you and will do for the reader.

Do not push or slam any denominations . Do not drop names of important people or places . Use only first names if you refer to other people in your story .

The length of your written testimony should be around 1000 – 1500 words.

Please request a “Release Form” and send it back to me.

If you have any questions or need any additional help please ask . jim@step-by-step.org or call [219-762-7589](tel:219-762-7589).

Thanks for Praying!!

Shalom

Jim and Carla

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