
Subject: Salvation Experience

Posted by [william](#) on Thu, 07 Feb 2013 04:05:01 GMT

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Tom, via a private message, asked me about whether or not I had posted a note describing my salvation experience. I may have shared bits and pieces over the years but I don't think I've ever posted the whole story so here it is:

When I was 5 or 6 my aunt introduced me to Jesus by teaching me to memorize John 3:16. At that point I'm not sure I really understood much about the ingredients of a salvation experience but her influence coupled with a fairly sheltered lifestyle kept me from agnostic tendencies -- i.e. I believed in Jesus Christ as God's Son.

When I was a freshman in HS I attended a revival at a local Baptist church and followed the obligatory routine of walking the aisle, repeating the 'sinners prayer', and joined the Church.

Again, this kept me from an outright rebellious lifestyle, but it wasn't until I was a senior that I came face to face with my sin and met Jesus on a level that demanded total commitment. I was baptized in the Holy Spirit in a small prayer meeting. At this point I ceased being merely one that acknowledged God's existence, and that His Son had died for sin, and became a believer in the fact that He had died for MY sin. By His grace I committed myself to following Him without reservation.

So there you have it... my salvation experience -- the beginning of it anyway!

Blessings,
William

Subject: Re: Salvation Experience

Posted by [Gary](#) on Thu, 07 Feb 2013 10:17:28 GMT

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Tom asked for my salvation experience as well in a PM. I also have only shared parts of it over the years.

My salvation experience is a very long road with a lot of details but I will just share the main parts here.

I was not raised in a Christian home so for roughly 23 years of my life I never knew about God or Jesus.

Of course I ran with the rebellious crowd especially with what was taking place in the sixties and seventies in this country had a huge impact on me.

I could highlight some times like when I was very young I went to a Baptist church with my Grandma, I remember the windows were open in the church with a breeze flowing thru it and I felt a great peace, now looking back I knew it was the presence of God. After the meeting was over I remember a lot of men going forward to the pulpit for prayer and as a young person I remember thinking why is so many people going forward.

Another time I was in Virginia with a friend partying, we picked up some hitchhikers who were going to some coffee house. I did not remember them saying to much but they did chat with us. After we dropped them off my buddy said, I think they were Jesus freaks. At the time I thought Jesus freaks, what is that?

Over the course of time people would share bits and pieces with me about the gospel but it was very minimal amount of information but I guess what was shared had some effect.

I always was afraid of death, and I thought when a man died he would drift off into darkness and just never exist again. It was very scary to say the least, so I would push it from my mind and followed the mindset that we should eat, drink, and be merry, what did it matter we were going to die.

Back in the early seventies there was a move of the Spirit going on in the hippie community in our area. I mean a community in general. I heard rumors of people getting saved and turning into Jesus freaks. That was just the terminology they used back then.

I remember going to a fair and seeing an old friend, we asked how he was doing and he said, I am doing great since I decided to go one way. I turned to my buddy and asked him did you see that. I could see something about him that was different it was like a glow all around him to explain in my words.

Another time we heard of several people becoming Christians and one man someone said was actually up in front of the church praising the Lord. Everyone who knew him was shocked.

Word was spreading everywhere on what was taking place in all these peoples lives. At this same time the Lord was dealing with me but I did not know or understand what was taking place.

Well without sharing a million more details, I was in my apartment one night and I remember it was very dark and I could see the darkness moving as though it was alive. I then cried out to God to forgive me of my sins, at that time a bright light filled the room and I could see clearly everything in it.

I was totally changed from that minute on. Even though I did not understand what had happened my friends even kept making comments that something was different about me.

I still needed a lot of deliverance and teaching which came over a period of weeks and months. God thru a set of circumstances separated me from those I ran with and led me to a brother who prayed with me for the Baptism of the Spirit. At that time we attended different churches that was involved with FA. And during this time we started witnessing on the streets to others especially at different colleges. People were getting saved everywhere.

FA is the only real church that I knew of and I felt we were closer to a NT church then any of them that are out there but I never had been to any others.

One more thing, now I know salvation is not a one time experience but the older you get the importance of it becomes a greater reality. Its constant warfare against the flesh, the devil, and the world.

Subject: Re: Salvation Experience
Posted by [JWBTI](#) on Fri, 08 Feb 2013 02:47:38 GMT
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My story also,

I grew up in a non Christian home, I had very kind an loving parents. They never attended church, but they would make away for us to attend Sunday school and The morning services and during the summer VBS at the local southern Baptist church. I went forward and repeated the words of the sinners prayer many times, I raised my hand every time there came a call to repent (weekly) I got baptize in water many times.

But there was no change in my heart or life. I lived as the world lived, full of sin !

That all changed in 1975, I was 25yrs old with good job, nice home and a wonderful family. By the worlds standards we were doing well. Not so, I was empty and dying on the inside, my heart was broken and I was granted repentance and forgiveness of My sinsâ€¦Thank you Jesus !

A year later I received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Soon after that a friend give me some cassette tapes on Faith an told me about a Place called the Glory Barn! â€ˆâ€ˆâ€ˆnow you know that part of the story !

It has been a wonderful and an amazing journey full of Mercy and Grace!

Thank you Jesus !

Subject: Re: Salvation Experience

Posted by [GWB](#) on Fri, 08 Feb 2013 04:09:10 GMT

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I was raised in a Baptist home. All five kids had to go to church at least three times a week. My mom told me that she did everything she could to teach us about God and she knew that God knew that too. I was even baptized at one point.

Oh my, we were five feisty kids growing up in the 60's and 70's. I kind of considered myself a Jesus Freak, but looking back, I was not saved. Even at twelve years old, I tried to figure out how to not go to Hell, but did not know how. I remember looking all over our house for a book telling me how to not go to Hell. Kind of ironic, huh!?!

At twenty years old, a friend ask me if I had repented of my sins and ask Jesus into my heart. I then knew that I was not saved. We knealt and prayed for my salvation and the Baptism of the HS.

We both started going to a house meeting with twelve people who were listening to FA tapes. A few house meetings would meet in our area. Tom Hamilton was still coaching at the time and came as well. We all eventually were meeting in the basement of a bank in Sellersburg, IN. before I moved "up North."

I had many supernatural experiences. I had a dream about revival in New Albany, IN. I knew why I was born and that was for laying my life down for revival in this area. I wanted it all, so to speak, and moved to FA at the Barn. The rest is history in "My Story."

BTW, the book is coming along very well!

Subject: Re: Salvation Experience
Posted by [Mark L](#) on Sat, 09 Feb 2013 22:48:27 GMT
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What a great idea for a thread!

I got saved at a summer camp when I was 14. The counselor talked to me about Jesus. I was hurting (inside) so badly that all I could do was cry. The Lord just reached past everything and opened my heart. Looking back at it years later I realized that everything in my life may not have gotten better but I was never lonely again after that.

At the time we were part of an evangelical Mennonite church and I went to get baptized in front of the church. There was a very old man after I got baptized who came up to me in front of everyone and hugged me and kissed me on the cheek. I think he recognized that something real had happened to me. It certainly made a big impression on him. Actually thinking about it now I wonder if he had been praying for me.

I eventually fell away because I had no real fellowship. I had just turned 21 when my parents invited the girlfriend and I (now wife) to go watch a David Wilkerson film about the end of the world. That would have been 1974. It must have had a tremendous impact on me because at the altar call I stood in my seat crying. The local standing beside me asked if I wanted to go up.

The difference in me was night and day. Road to Damascus kind of thing. I started going to some Catholic charismatic meetings designed to get you baptized in the HS. I didn't want to wait until the 5 meetings were over to get it so went and asked. That really threw them and they refused.

Apparently the Lord liked it though because in bed that night the HS baptized me himself.
