

A Word Of Testimony

"Do you want to be saved?" I was asked that question over 50 years ago, yet I can recall it as though it was just yesterday. As a teenager I knew I was a sinner and had come short of God's glory (Romans 3:23); that I needed my sins forgiven and for this to happen I needed to trust the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. That's what I understood by that question. The answer was easy, "Yes, of course I wanted all this", the subsequent question was more difficult, "What about now?"

That summer of 1956 I saw many of my friends being saved, who had not the privileges I had. I was reared under the sound of the Gospel, attended Sunday School faithfully and had "known the Holy Scriptures that were able to make me wise unto salvation." These friends spoke to me about salvation and I promised to attend a Fellowship Meeting with them and speak to a Boys Brigade Captain about it.

I recall it was a beautiful summer's evening in July 1956 and I attended the meeting in Jennymount Methodist Church, Belfast. Anyone seeing me that evening would say that I had a lot going for me - a young man in the best of health, cash in my pocket and in a good job, what they didn't see was the struggle taking place within. A struggle about salvation and what I should say when asked about it.

During the meeting no one brought up the subject and when it was over I left it with a sigh of relief as I thought that I did not have to decide that evening. I recall lingering for a short while in the church hallway and was about to leave, when Mr Cowan, the B.B. Captain came from somewhere in the building, I didn't see him or hear him until he was beside me and touched my arm and asked that vital question, "Bob, do you want to be saved?", I replied, "Yes" and then he asked, "What about now?". The struggle

inside me intensified, questions about how I would face my work mates raged. I had witnessed in my work place Christians being mocked and even assaulted. Had I the courage to witness for Christ in such circumstances? During the struggle I heard myself say, "Why not now?" I then accompanied Mr Cowan into a nearby room and we both bowed down and I asked God to forgive my sins and save me. The struggle within ceased. I believe that at that moment I was saved, my sins were forgiven and I became a child of God and I had the assurance of eternal life which God had promised.

The question now was how would I witness of my new found faith? God is faithful and He undertook for me. The next morning I entered the large workshop, in absolute fear and trembling and a friend tossed a cigarette across for me. I simply said, "No thanks, I have stopped smoking." He looked at me, snapped the cigarette back and said, "Don't tell me you've become a Bishop" (the nickname given to Christians), I replied, "Yes, I have." My friend then turned and walked away and never spoke to me again. I didn't have to tell anyone else. The news soon spread and praise God the Christians rallied round to encourage and support me.

That was over 52 years ago and you may ask, "Do I regret the decision I made that evening?", The answer is an emphatic, "No, not for one moment". The Lord God in Whom I put my trust, has proved His faithfulness, in keeping and sustaining me throughout my life.

He has provided me with a wonderful family, fellowship with His people and protected me, not only in that work place but throughout 30 years in my job in helping to restore peace to our province. I can therefore wholeheartedly recommend my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, trust Him now, He has promised, "Whoever calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Bob Weir.