

# Simply Christ

Gospel Newsletter

*Sharing the simplicity that is in Christ*

April 11, 2020

## **There is a Resurrection**

On February 5, 1984, after much resistance, I surrendered myself to Jesus Christ and was born again of the Spirit of Almighty God. My warfare with the Lord had lasted several years, but he prevailed and my strength came to its end. In the few years leading up to this hour, I sunk into such gross darkness and became the kind of person I had always despised. I had been married for only one year, but that was falling apart and we were on the verge of divorce.

I did not come to Christ in order to save my marriage. The truth is I was in so much darkness that I did not care if my marriage survived or not. I thought only of myself and how miserable I was. Discontent and immorality filled my heart and thoughts. As much as she tried, there was nothing my wife could do to make me happy ...and I let her know how unwanted she was.

It was no different at work. One morning I showed up at work with a hangover from the night before. A young man walked in singing "There is power in the blood." Glaring at him, I said, "Why don't you just shut up?" As I turned to walk away, I heard him say, "Conviction, conviction, conviction." Before he had the third "conviction" out of his mouth, I grabbed him by the collar and slammed him against the wall, shouting, "It is not!" I believe I was so angry

because in my heart I knew that he was right. It is hard to *"kick against the pricks."* Acts 26:14.

Even my closest family seemed to enrage me. I was helping my dad put a roof on his house when he started telling me about how God was moving in the church, a place I had not been in several years. He told me how the Spirit of God had settled in the place and of all the people who were being saved. My oldest brother had come to the Lord and a few weeks later his wife also was saved and baptized with the Spirit of God. As he began to tell me of others, he saw the "smirk" upon my face which revealed the "yeah right" thoughts of my mind. He looked at me and spoke sternly, saying, "Son, Your problem is that you don't even believe there is a God." Immediately, the anger arose inside of me. "How dare he question my belief in God? I know more about God than almost anyone I know." You see, I really thought this was true. There were times I even sat in a nightclub with a drunken "buzz" and "straightened" people out concerning their beliefs about God. What a fool I was!

My dad's statement pierced me like a dagger and caused my misery to increase a hundredfold. As I fought with the question of "Did I believe in God," I began a freefall into emptiness and darkness. As a child I had been in so many services where the presence of God filled the place. I saw miraculous healings and I had even received a miracle myself. I did not understand it, but God was beating down my walls of resistance. All I knew was that my life was unbearable.

In an attempt to save our marriage, my wife began to push me to go to church. I told her no, but she kept insisting. Finally, in order to get her

to be quiet about it, I said that I would go. The next Sunday morning she woke me up saying, "You need to get dressed so we can go to church." "I'm not going to church," I responded. "You told me you would last week," she said. "Well I'm not going," I replied. "You can at least be man enough to keep your word," she answered. Upon that I relented and begrudgingly said, "OK."

When it was time to leave the house, I asked, "Where are we going?" My wife suggested we try a particular church down the road. "No," I snapped, "If I am going to waste my time going to church, I'm going somewhere where God is." Looking back I have asked myself a hundred times, "How could such a statement come from such a blind fool as I was at the time?"

I do not remember if I heard anything the visiting evangelist said that day at Calvary Outreach Church. All I knew is how hopelessly lost I was and so ashamed at what kind of person I had become. Neither do I know how I ended up kneeling at the front pew during the altar service. I just know that Jesus met me there. In that hour he took my sin away, and washed it from my heart, mind, and nature. Never has there been a day since that I have had any desire for such things. In its place, righteousness, peace, love, and joy filled my entire being.

Since that day I have faced my share of trials, hardships, heartbreaks and uncertainties. In all of these I have found my Lord, Jesus Christ, to be healer, provider, comforter, and friend. Yet nothing has ever compared with what he did for this poor arrogant fool who was dead in sins, and too blind to see it. As the scripture says, *"But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith*

*he loved us, Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ..."* Ephesians 2:4-5.

When Jesus said, *"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live"* John 11:15, he was not just speaking of the day when he would call us out of the physical grave. Jesus was pointing to the hour when he would call us out of the grave of sin. Every person in whom sin dwells is in fact *"dead in sin."* When Christ resurrects us out of it, even the stench of the old life is left behind. I am not offering a theory when I tell you there is a resurrection. Jesus Christ is the resurrection ...and when he raised me up from such horrible death of sin, he placed his life within me!

The darkness of death takes many forms. The scripture speaks of those who are dead while they yet live. I Timothy 5:6. It does not matter what you face in this hour. Your circumstance or the condition of your heart may seem inescapable. My message to you is this: There is a resurrection! His name is JESUS CHRIST!