

# TRUTH & RIGHT

*the bulletin of the Wellsburg church of Christ*

**WELLSBURG**  
CHURCH OF CHRIST



[www.wellsburgchurchofchrist.com](http://www.wellsburgchurchofchrist.com)

Volume 11 Issue 27

July 3, 2016

## WHY I BECAME A CHRISTIAN: PART ONE

I was baptized on July 24th, 1999, but as to how I got to that point? It is never just as simple as I read my Bible, I understood, and therefore, I became a Christian. You can say it is, but even the Ethiopian eunuch had more to his story than that.

The inspiration for my baptism began with attending church my whole life, literally since the week I was born. I grew-up with parents who were learning what it was like to be a Christian their self. I witnessed their struggles, their successes. I saw them research their Bible in times of trouble, as opposed to seeking out their own solutions. I still remember my parents deciding to leave the Waverly church of Christ, a church that was transitioning from conservative to liberal, because of the leadership it had received from the preacher at the time. I remember it being like any other Sunday morning, running around the parking lot after church with Trenton Hall, who is a cherished friend and brother-in-Christ to this day, but at this time, he was a curly headed child running around in diapers. There are moments in life when no matter how normal it all

seems, something just seems to be amiss. That was this Sunday morning. It was if the air itself had even morphed into this other worldly state. I remember my father and the preacher having a very serious discussion, and the next thing I knew, we were in our old station wagon driving home. My father said, "We aren't coming back here again."

Endings tend to leave a lasting mark on a child. I don't care how old they are. They realize when something is changing in their lives, and for me, that day I learned that the preacher is not always right, every church member can be fallible if they don't go by the Bible, and I learned what it was like to miss my Christian friends and family for the first time. I was separated from people that I had learned an invaluable amount from, my family, my home. I will never be able to repay the great ladies who had taught me about the Bible there. Sometimes we forget that, if they are fortunate enough to,

our little ones grow-up to be adults, and they taught me from the ground up like they knew that all along. They provided me with building blocks that I am unbelievably grateful for to this day, ones that began to build my faith and love for God.

We attended Winding Road church of Christ in Parkersburg, WV that Sunday night and after that, until we moved. There, church became an extension of the family based community I was a part of on a daily basis. You see my childhood was spent living on the family farm. We raised cows, sheep, had horses, dogs, barn cats. The earth was our playground. We caught salamanders, got way too dirty too many times, and had way more freedom than kids do today. From that freedom, we got bumps, scars (one under my chin if you would like to see it), and we made good and bad mistakes. We saw birth. We learned death. We saw the world working in perfect order without any man controlling it. My Grandma Sams' and Great-Grandma O'Dell's houses sat atop our hill and there we were exposed to an older woman (Grandma Sams) doing everything she could follow God's will and an old woman (Great-Grandma O'Dell) who really studied her Bible or went to church. I saw a woman in my Grandma, though she had lost her husband and her son at a very early age, who was always happy and worked for others without giving a second thought, and I saw another woman

in my Great-Grandma, though she was always kind to me because I was born on her birthday, was living an unsatisfied and remorseful life. Great-Grandma couldn't move very well at this time, and she had a lot of time to sit and think about her life, and even as a child, you could tell there was a lot of pain in her memories, a lot of regret. I learned from everyone, be they a member of church or not. The people who surround us impact us more than we ever know. In my Grandma I saw a woman who I wanted my life to emulate, and in my Great-Grandma, I saw a woman whose life I did not want mine to become, even if she did live to be well over 100. I knew I would rather have as many good years as God was going to grant me then to live 100 years not appreciate the daily blessings God provided me.

At Winding Road, I got to worship with not only my mom and dad, sisters, and Grandma, but I was also fortunate enough to worship with my cousins and my aunt and uncle, which I thought was so great. To this day, I can see why it is hard for people who were not raised in the church to leave their family's belief, even when the scriptures clearly state a practice contrary to God's will that their family's congregation is practicing. I am not saying that it is right. I am just saying it is harder than people give it credit for. I could see that if I attended a church surrounded with a large part of my family for my entire

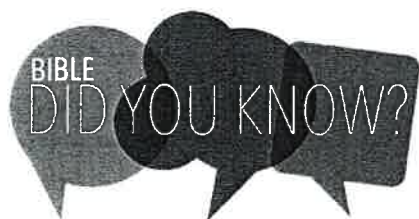
life why it would be so difficult to see an error if they taught it, because as children, we don't think our families can do wrong, and sadly, that sometimes bleeds into adulthood. The examples I got from my limited time spent at Winding Road weren't innumerable, because they were things and people I had been learning from my whole life. It is easy to take advantage of something you have always had in your life and you believe you will always have. The lessons I learned there I am still learning as I grow older. Never take people for granted, and never take the time you have with them for granted either. One thing you can't replicate in life is moments, so why throw them away so carelessly?

We moved shortly after we started attending the Winding Road church of Christ, an hour up the river to Sistersville, WV. While we were there, I remember I tried to be baptized once when I was in the sixth grade. I say tried because it didn't really work out. We were attending the Elk Fork church of Christ at that time, and I remember I would sit-up at night in a cold sweat fearing that I might die and be found less than favorable to God. Some people might have you believe that it isn't healthy for little children to sit-up at night in their beds and fear for the afterlife. Contrary to what their 21st century Americana brainwashed minds might tell them, a healthy fear is a good thing to have. I have learned

more from moments when I have been afraid then moments where I coast through things. Just like a child shouldn't rule their parents, a person shouldn't attempt to rule God. I only feared God because I loved Him and respected Him enough to not want to let Him down, and truthfully, that mindset has been one of the greatest blessings of my entire life. This is what I believe is meant by the term reaching the age of accountability. I had reached it because I knew what was right, but for any young person, doing what is right is sometimes way more difficult than it should be. The night I "attempted" to be baptized was one of moments where it was difficult.

*TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!*

-Nathan Marshall



***The longest verse in the Bible is Esther 8:9 with 90 words. The shortest verse is John 11:35 with only 2 words, "Jesus wept."***

# MONTHLY CHALLENGES



**DIRECTIONS:** *Each first Sunday of the month, we will have challenges that you should attempt to complete by the end of the month. If we all, as members, complete these challenges, our church will grow in spirit and in number.*

## 1) SHARE YOUR SALVATION STORY WITH ANOTHER

*Psalms 96:3 "Tell of His glory among the nations, His wonderful deeds among all the people."*

Sharing your personal salvation story is one of the most powerful ways to share the Gospel. Not only because everyone loves a good story, but when it comes personal or friendship evangelism, a lot of people learn from hearing from other's experiences.

Some of us came to faith like the Apostle Paul – it was a night and day life-changing moment and you know the exact date of your defining moment. Others came to faith gradually. It was a decision made over a process of time. Whatever the way, the coming to Christ is what is truly important.

Still, some people believe your conversion to Christ has to be "dramatic..." Maybe, they grew up in a Christian family and they think their conversion was uneventful and boring. That's because in today's "Christian" circles we have a kind of "celebrity culture" – people think that to be truly inspiring to others you needed to convert from being a drug pusher, drug-user, or gang member. This is a ridiculous thought. Any conversion to Christianity is worth sharing!

In reality, not everyone can relate to drug abuse or gang violence. Everybody is different and if you are honest and open in telling your story, people will identify with you and hopefully they'll move one step closer to being baptized their self.

Just remember, **your story is worth telling!** So don't hide your love of Christ. Be like the early church converts and share your joy with those around you before it is too late.

## 2) USING YOUR BIBLE IN THE WORLD

Share the following verses with someone who does not attend this congregation at least twice this month:

*Isaiah 40:28-31*

28 Do you not know? Have you not heard?

The Everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth  
Does not become weary or tired.

His understanding is inscrutable.

29 He gives strength to the weary,

And to him who lacks might He increases power.

30 Though youths grow weary and tired,

And vigorous young men stumble badly,

31 Yet those who wait for the Lord

Will gain new strength;

They will mount up with wings like eagles,

They will run and not get tired,

They will walk and not become weary.