

I think I was five or six when I begin going to church with my mom every Sunday. In Sunday School I would hear that Jesus loved me but during the worship time I would usually sleep or draw pictures on paper.

As I got older I would hear that Jesus died on the cross for our sins. When I was twelve I had a terrible dream that I was in hell and there was fire all around me when I woke up I knew that when I died I did not want to go to hell. It was just a short time after that dream during a revival in our church that I felt my need to ask Jesus to forgive me of my sins and save me. He came into my life that night. Since that time He has walked with me through lots of joys and sorrows, including the deaths of so many loved ones giving me needed peace. He continues to bless me in so many ways, He allows me to walk, see, hear and do many other things that many people my age are no longer able to do. I know it is only because of His grace that I can enjoy life here on earth and know that when I leave this life. I will live eternally with Him.

Ladonna

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