If someone were to challenge me, "Hey, why do you believe in Jesus? That's nonsense. You can't see Him neither can you prove His existence." I would have to admit that I cannot prove His existence in any outward way. However, I have experiences throughout my life that I cannot refute.

My first recollection of coming to Christ was at the age of eleven or twelve. I had always "gone to church on Sunday" as is the tradition of so many so-called Christians. I received pins for Sunday School attendance and Mrs. L somehow kept all of us rambunctious little ones occupied each week for an hour. My brother and sister were getting baptized that year. I don't remember the ceremony, but I remember sitting in the car waiting for everyone to come out so we could go home. My siblings had to meet with the deacon board for church membership and that took a long time after the baptism meeting was over. So, there I sat in the car alone. It was unusual because I was contemplating the Lord probably for the first time in my life in a way that drew me. I recall blurting out, "Lord, I'd like to give my entire life to you." The amazing thing was that there was no service, no pastor, no music ... just me in the car. I had touched something so real, yet it was all in my heart.

I believe it was within a year or two that I experienced what I would call my first miracle. You see, my dad had a foul mouth. You know, lots of expletives and vulgarities. He was a deacon in our church; the usual hypocrite. As kids, we knew not to swear in front of dad, but we also had the same foul mouths when out of his sight. I had literally tried to stop swearing since the sixth grade. I asked friends to help me. I made resolution after resolution to stop, but it only got worse. I would tell filthy jokes and love it. One day, in eighth grade, I had an inner feeling to stop swearing and I did. From that time on I was able to hear swearing and not swear back. I was able to be with my normal friends and not swear. It was amazing.

That same year, I was on a school bus surrounded by friends. One of my buddies was a boxer and he and I were arguing over something silly. Somehow our argument got heated and we began to threaten one another physically. He struck first with a fist blow to my face. I was so angry that I wanted to tear him from limb to limb. I truly didn't expect him to actually hit me. Scared and filled with fury, I was about to rise up and attack with all my might ... yet something like an inner voice spoke to me, "Don't hit him." I was in shock and so were all my other friends sitting there who watched me get a jab to the jaw. So, as kids always do, someone asked the honest question, "why didn't you hit him back?" My response was not what I wanted to say, neither did it reveal what had transpired within me, but I reacted with, "I am a Christian and I don't fight." That went over real big to a bunch of immature boys. I walked away feeling humiliated by the punch in the face and by the statement I had made. But within me I had a peace from knowing that Someone had spoken to me and reached out to me.

There were lots of other experiences in high school. At the time, and even now, those experiences don't seem earth shattering or monumental, but they were real. I had deep hunger for God’s book, the Bible and carried it in school, and read it in school. I was called, "Father" in a mocking tone by my peers. Yet, I had an inner peace to keep doing it. I had a sense within to have my Bible handy in case anyone wanted to talk about God or the Bible. I would read through the Bible, especially the New Testament, when I had a study hall or spare time.

So, why do I believe in Jesus Christ? I believe because Jesus has been real IN me. CTR