

# How God Changed My Life

## A Personal Testimony

Matthew 6:33

I began my adventure in the mid-50's. My life was a mess - I had "lost it all"! I decided it was time I got serious about God. He responded! He soon led me to a man who convinced me that walking with Christ was a real possibility - all the time. No doubt among others who knew me that I was his. I also found that true Christian living was no bed of roses.

I was amazed at how much I didn't know about what God was telling me through his Bible. I took a lot of Bible courses. I studied hard. God made me hungry. Now I go through the Bible about once a year. It's always new. As I grow, it reveals more to me.

I learned about prayer and worship. I went at it with all my heart. I learned how my life related to God's plan. I had been showing God all I could do. Now I was learning what He was showing me. I learned how much He loved me in spite of all my wasted years.

Next came fellowship - getting involved with other believers. By now I had passed up a lot of them who still thought God was there to serve them. I got involved at church and in Bible studies. I joined a singles group. I learned what the church was all about, what I could do for it and soon saw what it did for me. I began tithing.

I soon realized a need to start sharing what I was learning – serving! (Ephesians 2:10) I tried many things – even ones I didn't think I would like. I kept working on what I had learned so far. I learned to trust Him. He was always faithful.

One day in the early 70's someone asked me if I was interested in serving in prison. No way! Why would I want to do that? I still had a lot to learn. I finally went, not because I wanted to – I just couldn't seem to get out of it. My life changed and I soon knew that was where the Lord wanted me.

I got involved with almost every adult prison in the state, and some in other states. God kept opening doors. The more we did it, the more I loved it. The Lord blessed it all as I continued to grow. The first year we ministered in prison about ten times. Now we are allowed some 400 programs a year. When we got started in 1988 I was teaching school. In my off-time I made arrangements to visit prisons, found people to help, and wrote tons of letters.

I talked it up a lot. God sent help. We started doing seminars and athletic events. Worship services. Some people who believed in what they saw began to support us. No fundraisers – God just sent it. I decided if the Lord wanted it to happen full time, He would provide. He has and still does. When He stops, I'll look on that as his telling me that maybe I (1) need to take a closer look at what I'm doing, or (2) perhaps it's time to move on to something else.

By Christmas of '88 I was so busy with the ministry I knew something had to give. My life was teaching, coming home, and working on the ministry and sleeping. On the weekends I caught up when I wasn't spending time in prison. God sent more people. I had to choose between teaching and this ministry. That choice was the easiest one I've ever made. Many people helped. The first year Brother Bob's Outreach barely scraped by. The second year was better. There has never been a lot of anything – yet there is always enough.

The Apostle Paul tell us to "Boast in the Lord" (2 Corinthians 10:17). We do. To Him be the glory, for us the privilege. He has brought me so far from the life I once had that when people who knew me "back then" see me now, they can't believe it. Neither can I.

Brother Bob