

God's journey to me began long before I can remember; before I was alive, before creation. My journey to God began in February of 2008. A friend & co-worker of mine, Joie Costa, invited me to attend his church on "family night". I respectfully declined, but my wife jumped at the opportunity to bring Christ into her and our kids' lives. Many Wednesday nights passed me by, but my wife always invited me, every Wednesday, diligently.

So one day, a Wednesday, I was staring into the fridge trying to find something unhealthy to eat...no such luck...Laura saw how bummed I was and with a slightly raised eyebrow said "how 'bout pizza?" With a big smile I thought "my wife's the best!"..."It's at church" she replied. She had me over a barrel. My stomach made the call and Laura's diligence paid off. I later found myself walking through a crowd of people, smiling, laughing, talking, and more importantly eating pizza.

That night I was formally introduced to Jesus Christ. It was very interesting to hear the words written in the Bible, but the answers I thought it would provide only proved to add more questions. The Bible seemed to drive an intellectual wedge between me and my savior.

I continued to attend but very sporadically. I began asking my dad questions, discussing and debating the truths of God and Christianity. He refuses religion but believes in a creator. He believes that after creation God left earth and hoped that humans would find him through trialed lives and to be gradually enlightened. I slowly found that my dad's opinions and beliefs were affecting my search *negatively* and his answers pushed me farther away than when I had started. My commitment to finding answers faded into frustration. Even as I came to church I shut out the Lord in bitterness. The answers were just questions in disguise.

Another Wednesday night came and I chose to stay home. After Laura and the kids got home we tucked in the children and began talking about the church lesson that night. I asked her a few of my tougher questions and she said "I don't know those answers". My stubborn reply was, "how can you believe in something you don't understand?" Without a second of pause she said, "What I do know is the love of God. The rest is a journey." Hmmm, not bad but she wasn't getting off that easy! Before I could pitch another hard hitter, Laura said, "why not ask God for the truth? What have you got to lose? What have you got to gain?"

Then began my real search for truth, I began a steady barrage of questions aimed at Pastor Brian. Some questions were very basic, simple clarifications. Others, I was sure if there was a God He was pretty close to hitting me with a bolt of lightning. But Pastor Brian was as determined to see me saved as God himself. Truth was slowly removing my doubts and frustrations. My pride and stubbornness made it a slow process. I made family night at New Journey Fellowship a priority and God began working in my heart. Despite my pride the wedge was slipping out and soon I would attend my first Sunday service in near a decade.

It was Easter Sunday. My wife was proving to be more stubborn than me and I used my better judgment and decided not to fight her on going to church that day. God's will was done. That day I heard a message of love, a message of grace. Through those messages I received an amazing gift. You hear it in stories and songs how finding the love of God brings peace and happiness and love everlasting; but I had never actually felt them, not from God. The happiness, the love they can only be felt by the grace of God.

Who could love *me*? Who could endure for *me*? Who could give mercy to *me*? GOD. And who would save a wretch like *me*? Who would suffer for *me*? Who would lay nailed to a cross for *me*? Who would die for me? JESUS CHRIST.