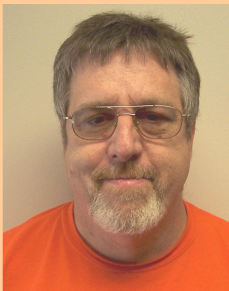


# TESTIMONIES

"Always be prepared to make a defense to any one who calls you to account for the hope that is in you..."

I Peter 3:15

SOME WORDS FROM ONES WHO WORSHIP AT BROADMAN



**KARL WORTMAN** (born 1957) Thanks [to a conversation with another believer, I now] realize how important it is for me to share. So here it is.

When a youth attends church at the age of 14 or so, the last thing that he or she wants was to be led to the Lord. ( Well that's how I felt at the time ). To me back then, going to church on Sundays meant two things. #1. It kept my Mom off-my-back, and #2. It was time for me to hang out with my friends. Boy I couldn't have been so wrong about either of them. I realize that #1 was done so my Mom could ensure that I lead a wonderful and worry-free life and that I was given an eternal life when I left this world. And #2, made me realize I had friends at Church, but not the real type of friendship I was in need of, or in search of. Please don't get me wrong, I had a bunch of wonderful friends at church, but in growing up I realized that most of their friendships were structured within the walls of the church I was attending.



Now please don't ask me about dates, I am very bad at remembering the calendar. Ask Marilyn [,my wife, ] she will verify that other than Christmas,I knew no other dates. However I do know now that Valentines day is Feb 14th. And for those who might ask, yes, I know the birthdate of our kids. ( Still working on the grandkids though).

Now I mention this because like I said earlier, dates escape me, but I know of a very important day in my life. It was the day Reverend John Neal lead me to the Lord. I remember it being a Sunday. (You know, it was that *Please my Mom and hang out with my friends day*) that I talked about earlier. His words touched me and as if something (or **Someone**), told me it was time.

So there I went to the Altar, falling to my knees, asking God to save me as a sinner and to forgive me of my sins. My mom in all her wisdom was right. She brought me to Church for all the RIGHT reasons, and I think that's the first time I ever saw my Mom shed tears of Joy. Thanks Mom.

So after all these years since that wonderful day, do I feel the way I did back then? No, not at all. I feel since growing from a child to an adult, I like to think my maturity level has grown with me. (Sometimes Marilyn would disagree with that knowing how I act). I've gone from feeling that God loves me, to KNOWING God loves me and knowing people I barely know love me and care. I've learned this is the type of friendship that comes from being associated with BORN AGAIN and saved-by-the-blood-of-Jesus type of people. I feel Jesus put me first when he gave his life for me on the Cross. And finally realizing the God's love is not just a Sunday and Wednesday night relationship but a 24/7 loving commitment for the rest of my life. So I know that the Lord is, and always will be first in my heart. And through him may I become a better person, husband, father, grandfather, sibling to my brothers and sisters, and lastly a true caring and loving friend to all that cross my path through life.

Thank you God for what You are doing with me.

