

A Short Story of My Personal Life – by Randy

One warm and sunny day in 1972 my sister and I were very excited. We had just received the news that we had been invited by some close friends to go to California. We began begging our mother to let us go and finally although somewhat reluctantly, she agreed.

At the time, we were living in a small trailer in the countryside near Keen Texas and the air was fresh. I can't remember seeing any nearby neighbors, but I do remember that the cows used to eat grass in our yard. As a kid of 8 years old, I was often out exploring the things of nature and enjoyed my life.

The day soon arrived that my sister and I were to take our journey to California, and we were full of anticipation as to what we would see and learn. I can remember one day on the beach, a man showed me something that looked like a crystal full of sea water in the shape of a seashell. He had found many of them that he would dig out of the sand. To this day I have no idea what they were.

After about two weeks, our mother and her father arrived in California to take my sister and I back to our countryside home in Texas. Our mother spent a few days enjoying the beauty of the California coast with us before we began our journey back home.

Early one morning, we all got ready to go and were soon on our way. I can remember us stopping at a rest stop along the way at which time I professed my deepest love to my mother with the statement that I would die for her. My mother was my life which was totally wrapped up in the deepest love for her.

I can't remember if it was later that same day, but I do remember that it was very late at night and very dark too. At the time, my mother was driving, and it was my turn to sit up front between my mother and her father (my grandfather). You see, my sister and I would take turns sitting up front next to our mother who we loved so deeply.

Suddenly, I saw the bright lights of an oncoming car and was very afraid. In an instant, everything went black as if sudden death had occurred. When I came into consciousness, I found that I was still alive but understood that something very serious had occurred. I knew that we had been hit very hard by that car and my mother was in a very serious condition. I could see that she was in a lot of pain and that her right leg was badly broken.

Her father began trying to comfort her in earnest and encourage her to repent of her sins. As he was doing this, I was crying without remedy for there was nothing that could comfort me. I noticed that my lower lip had a hole completely through it and blood was pouring out and everything was an awful mess. I didn't know it at the time, but I would never see my mother alive again.

Perhaps I blacked out again, I'm not sure, but the next thing I remembered was being in a hospital room alone. I remember crying for what seemed like hours, mommy, mommy, mommy! After some time, a nurse entered my room and told me the sad news that my mother had died. As soon as she entered the room, she left in a burst of tears being unable to face my great sorrow. For days, I did nothing but cry over the awful loss of my mother, the one I loved so deeply.

The following three days after the accident, I was unable to walk, and I suppose it was thought that I would be a paraplegic, but after those days, I was healed and able to walk again. However, I was not yet out of danger of dying. Shortly after I was out of the hospital I was struck with meningitis and very nearly died. My life was very difficult and challenging for some time after the passing of my mother.

Now that I had no mother, I went to live with my mothers' mother (my grandmother). I don't remember how long my sister and I lived with her, but I remember it wasn't longer than a year. At some point, our father came and took us to live with him where we would remain for a few years.

It wasn't long before we learned that our father had some problems that lead to abusive treatment of my sister and I. When our grandmother found out, she took us back to live with her for a time. Later we would go to live with our grandfather for a few years, but he was also abusive and again we were taken to live with our grandmother.

It soon became clear to me that our grandmother was unable to take care of us and none of our other family members wanted to take on the burden of raising us, so it was decided that we would be placed in foster homes. This solution didn't last for very long and after living in the homes of two or three foster parents, my sister and I were separated to live far apart from each other.

I was now 13 and was sent to live on a ranch in Nebraska that housed other boys like me who came out of bad situations. Many of these boys were very unfriendly and it wasn't long before I learned some very bad and life changing habits that would lead me into a life of sin. I learned how to hate and how to watch out for myself, I learned how to self-abuse too.

The one who was supposed to be as a father to us boys showed us pornographic videos which we were all too eager to watch. You can't imagine how damaging these things became to my life, but I can tell you that after the experiences of those years, I would live the next 17 years in the practice of fornication in every form that felt good to me.

Not only fornication but I also got into drug use too. I began carrying a gun and was ready to shoot anyone that I felt threatened by. I got into trouble with the law and went to jail too. I wanted to commit suicide on several occasions during those years and there were times that I almost died when I wasn't seeking to commit suicide. One such time was when I was smoking crack cocaine in an extreme and excessive way and it almost ended my life.

The next day when I awoke and found myself still alive, I was totally done with that drug and never touched it again.

I was 27 years old when I met my first girlfriend. She was an American born Korean girl and I was so excited with her. Our relationship only lasted 7 months and then suddenly, it ended. My girlfriend chose to engage in a new relationship with another man.

Second to the death of my mother, the loss of my girlfriend would bring me into 3 months of deep depression. I had little desire for life or food and lived from day to day in the deepest misery.

In 1994 at the age of 29 I would meet my long-lost cousin (Morgan) who I hadn't seen in many years. He came to live with me for a short time and my life would begin to change. One day, Morgan talked to me about things of a religious nature which deeply impressed me. In fact, it brought about a decision in me to burn all the pornographic magazines and movies that I had in my collection.

Later that year I was to take a job at a ministry called "Our Firm Foundation". While there, I learned how to work in a print shop. I learned how to run a printing press and how to print things, I also learned how to operate a paper folder, cutter, and binder too. While there, I gave my heart to God and came into a conversion experience that for me was absolutely profound. I had no desire for fornication or anything else that would hurt my relationship with God. I didn't care if people hated me or wanted to hurt me either. All I really cared about was walking with Jesus and doing His will.

Sadly, this conversion experience only lasted about two years. During this time, I spent three months in Canada at a Bible College. I also spent time with my grandfather's wife in Texas and later helped my cousin Dan on a home remodeling project.

I guess it was sometime in 1997 that I met a Christian brother and proposed to him that we get into the property development business. I was to find a suitable property for remodel and soon, what I thought was a suitable place was located.

I began work on this building, but it was soon discovered that it would have to be removed and another new building erected in its place. The ultimate outcome of this brought me into a debt situation that until recently, I was forgiven of due to a lack of ability to repay.

I should also mention that during this project, I began losing my first love experience with God and soon found that I had wandered back into the world where I would remain, at least partly, for another 20 years. I fell back into a life of fornication on various levels which was not fully broken until the springtime of 2017. I say partly because although I was struggling with fornication which included the occasional viewing of internet porn and other sexual misconduct, I still prayed and went to church. The first half of those years, I was extremely involved in acts of fornication and I guess it was my greatest struggle in life.

Something happened in the springtime of 2017 though that would change my life forever. I was so sick in and of sin and found that I couldn't bear my life. I was always angry and wanted to find new activities to take part in that would give me some new thrill as it related to my lifelong struggle.

I remember that it was during the Chinese New Year and my wife's father had come to visit. She wanted her father and I to travel with her to Shenzhen which I understood was very important to her, yet due to my struggle I asked her to excuse me. My wife was angry that I wouldn't go with her and her father during this important time, but I felt that my spiritual illness was unto death and I just didn't care for life any longer if it was to be lived in bondage to sin and Satan. I wanted to be free from this life. I told her that I was very sick unto death and needed to be alone. At the time, she didn't fully understand, and I am certain that to this day, she still doesn't fully understand what I was feeling at that time.

This was to be the first of two times in recent years that I would want to end my life. The second time I wanted to end my life was in the late summer of 2019 at the train station in

Shenzhen, which is another story. These two times represent extreme struggles in my life in the battle with Spiritual Warfare.

For three days after my wife left for Shenzhen, I struggled with thoughts of suicide and made it very clear to God that if I could not live a life that had purpose and was free from bondage to sexual lust, I no longer wanted to live. I felt that to live any longer in this life of sin would be absolutely pointless and I wanted to be totally delivered or die. The struggle during those three days was absolutely overwhelming and somewhat terrifying. I was uncertain if I would live to see my lovely wife again.

You can be sure of one thing; Satan was determined to hold me fast in sin. He considered me his captive and would not easily let me go. Thankfully, God had other plans for my life, and He determined to rescue me from the clutches of Satan and sin. The path of righteousness over the last three years has been difficult for me but I have (through the power of God) remained determined to fight this spiritual battle until the victory could be mine.

During the past three years and especially since the major problem I had in Shenzhen, I have learned to depend on God more through prayer. I hadn't understood the extreme importance of prayer until that incident in Shenzhen. After that time, I began to be very faithful in my prayer life and it has been life changing.

Today, I have totally gained the victory over sexual lust in all its forms and anger, two things that were insurmountable struggles in my life. I say totally gained the victory, but this is only true if I continue my morning prayer life for victory and make a surrender of my life to the Lovely Jesus daily. As Paul said, I die daily.

I am very happy in Jesus and I now fully understand the importance of a habitual prayer life and the power of prayer. Prayer is one of the most important activities and the only activity that can account for such a complete and total deliverance from sin. Even through my first conversion experience, I have never experienced such a complete deliverance from sin as at this time.

Morning prayer and the study of God's word have become my rock and sure foundation and I won't be beguiled to give up this very important activity in my life in the future. It is to me, one of the only activities I have found that can bring me into and sustain a victorious life in Jesus and I have learned this lesson well, a lesson that has taken me a lifetime to learn.

The reason I write this short story of my life is to share with you the history of just one life in this world, in the hopes that it will both encourage you and help you to understand that every individual in this world has very specific reasons for why they act, talk, and think as they do.

I think the story of my life and its extreme struggles can make a very strong appeal for the need to exercise love, understanding, and acceptance towards others. We must always remember that we don't have any idea what another has passed through in their lifetime.

This short story is just a small example of how my life unfolded and the things I had to face, some of which I had no choice in.

Unlike others who lived in a loving family and enjoyed the company of their parents throughout much of their life. Those who have a good education and the guidance of mother and father. Those who were raised in a Christian home and were taught to love and honor God. Many who have lived with these or similar circumstances, have no idea what it is to live a life like I had to live. I had almost none of that normal and good life. That said, I am certain that I have not had to suffer as much as some and certainly not as much as the Lovely Jesus.

All of us have our story but let it be known that for whatever reason, some have to suffer much more than do others during their lifetime. Let this not be a source of complaint for God knows what we must pass through in the development of a Holy and happy Character, and He very much wants to save us. Instead, when bad things happen that you did not contribute to in some way, praise God. Most likely, He is allowing things like this to happen that will prepare you to walk the path of a true Christian and cleanse you from sin.

I have absolutely no resentment towards God for the life I have lived for much of it was due to my own poor choices and I know that God is able to make something good come out of something bad. In fact, it is only God that has the power to bring about such a transformation of character in one's life.

People are hurting in this world and all they need is an understanding friend.

If, after my conversion experience in 1994 I could have found a faithful friend who loved God and had the capacity to love and care for others, I would have never fallen away from God.

One can see how important it is to respect others and be willing to engage with them in prayer and acts of kind regard. I consider it to be very important that we take an interest in the lives of each other and others and to do what we can to encourage and strengthen one another.

If, time after time, we receive this or that from others, for example, a request to look at a document or to share an opinion or a request for advice which is ignored, it can lead to feelings of bewilderment and the one who is asking, coming to the conclusion that the one who is being asked isn't really his friend because he doesn't care enough to take time to respond in a timely and adequate manner.

Sometimes, these questions are coming from a person that just wants to be a friend or be useful in some way. To not hear their plea for friendship or their looking for of a way to fit in and be useful in something, but rather to just ignore that plea will not end with a good result.

We must be like a family and never ignore the needs of others for it is God's purpose that we become the family of God and everyone is important to God, otherwise He wouldn't have sent His son to die for mankind and to deliver them from sin.

Donna,

I can certainly understand the awful pain you have suffered in your life with the loss of Morgan. I guess, everyone who knew and loved Morgan suffered from that day and onward.

I could never have imagined that Morgan of all people would die so young, but I believe that God had His purpose in allowing this tragedy to happen. I personally believe most fully that God sometimes allows some of us to die that He might save us. I believe that this is why my mother and father died too. It was God's way of saving them for He knew if they would fall into sin later in life and be lost.

Morgan was very special and when he died, I suddenly began to think about my own mortality. I realized that Morgan was a far better man than I and sometimes wondered why I was still alive. One thing I was certain of though, is that my life had purpose and was to be lived free from sin.

I don't need to say much about Morgan as you knew him as well, and in some ways better than I did.

The purpose of this letter is to ask for your forgiveness for I have been guilty of a terrible crime against Morgan and God. That crime you are well aware of and I suspect that it has perhaps caused you to hate me and to experience a heart full of disdain towards me. I suppose it's well deserved too.

You have been extremely protective of Morgan's son too and I'm grateful for that. It is not my intent to contact him however, for I know that this can never be in light of my past crime against Morgan.

Even so, I believe that God has truly delivered me from the past and I am extremely grateful for this, but understand that in order to remain delivered, I must make a surrender of my life to God faithfully and on a daily basis, which has been my practice for some time now.

Please understand that you will always be the go-to person and I will never try to contact Morgan's son except I contact you first. In fact, as of the writing of this letter, I can't think of any reason to contact Morgan's son or even you for that matter in the future. The only way in my mind that this can change is if you reach out to contact me in the future. I want to make it very clear that I totally respect your decision in this matter and will always leave the ball in your court.

The reason I am making such a strong point on this is because I had tried to contact you several years ago through a friend in Texas who informed me that you didn't want to be contacted by me. At that time, I understood clearly that my crime against Morgan was very serious in your eyes. In fact, it is serious in my eyes too, but I can't change the past. I can, however, choose to walk uprightly before God and by His grace that will be my firm choice.

My greatest burden is that you and your son's Enoch and Karsten will be saved because Morgan will want to be reunited with his family in Heaven soon. The one thing I can do is pray for you and your family and your name has gone up to heaven hundreds of times now in my daily prayers.

Donna, I have a lot of regrets and sincerely hope that this letter finds you well. I am sending you this letter in hopes that I can gain your forgiveness for my many past shortcomings. Also, I assure you that you have my forgiveness for any hurt you may have caused me in the past too, however, I can think of nothing.

The important thing moving forward is that we lead others to Jesus. I don't want there to be any bad feelings between us and sincerely hope that today will be a new beginning in Christ.

Today and moving forward, by the grace of God, I hold no animosity towards you and wish for you only the best in life. So many of those I have known in the past have wondered far from God and this has concerned me as I believe that Jesus must return very soon. The time to get ready is, now! Probation will soon close...

Our hearts are selfish in ways that we don't understand, and God wants to deliver us from that selfishness. One simple example of selfishness is when morning time comes, and we know that we should get up to pray but we just want to sleep a little longer and pray later. This never works out well, for when we neglect to make morning prayer the first thing we do when we get up, the devil is able to get a foot hold in our lives and overcome us. Perhaps in little ways at first, such as being annoyed with something someone else says or in other small ways, but these problems get bigger and bigger and soon they totally overcome us.

We must, by determined effort, and willing surrender to God, be emptied of every trace of selfishness, self-serving, and self-importance. Basically, SELF! Satan has definitely found a way to overcome us through self and we must be extremely mindful of this fact.

God is so good and patient and kind to us. Let us always remember this and determine in our hearts to be more like Jesus. This cannot happen unless it happens through an act of earnest prayer. We must learn to pray for God's help in those areas of our lives where we fall short if we are to become more like Jesus.

sooltha@yahoo.com