

ANDREW:

I accepted Jesus as my personal Savior when I was eight years old. I felt that tug at my heart Sunday after Sunday. When that invitation would start to play. When everybody would start to sing, "Just As I Am" ... "Softly and Tenderly" ... or "Pass Me Not Oh Gentle Savior", I'd feel that tug and I'd grip that pew. I didn't quite understand it. You know, accepting Jesus. Him entering your heart. It was a concept that was beyond my young years, but I knew that I needed to live my life for Jesus. And I didn't want to go to hell! Did not want to bum in the Lake of Fire. Where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. I didn't know exactly what "gnashing of teeth" was, but it did not sound like a good thing. So, Preacher told me I had reached the age of accountability. I was now accountable for my sins. Later on, I used to think ... just how many sins does an eight-year-old really have that he's accountable for? But Mama said it meant knowing right from wrong, which I did. I mean, I knew it was wrong when I lied to Mama to get out of stuff. But mostly, I was a good kid. And that day ... the day I walked down that aisle at Calvary Baptist Church - a feeling of peace, of joy and happiness flooded through my entire being. For that moment, I felt safe in the arms of Jesus because he had washed my sins away. All of them. The ones in the past and the ones to come. And Lord knows, there were plenty to come. That day ... I believed! That day it was easy. All the hard stuff came later.