

The Testimony of Kristin Pursley

O Boundless Salvation

By: Kristin Pursley

I grew up at a Baptist mega-church in Houston, Texas. When I was 6 years old, I prayed the sinner's prayer with my dad, but I don't actually remember saying the words, I just remember going into a back room at church and my dad being really happy afterwards. I continued most of my years in that church (except for about 3 or 4 years when we went to other churches), eventually getting into the youth group. When I was 15, one of my youth pastors preached a sermon on how you must "know that you know that you know" you are going to heaven when you die. I wasn't totally sure, so I prayed with another youth pastor that night to "rededicate" my life to Jesus. I was baptized a week or two later, though I didn't really desire to be, I just did it because I was told it was the next step in the process. I never felt conviction of sin, though, and I didn't really change much about my life. I was basically a good kid growing up, hardly ever getting into trouble. I didn't drink, do drugs, party, date a bunch of guys, etc, but I never took church or the Word of God seriously. It was always more of a social hour to me. I remember even after "rededicating" myself, I always prayed the sinner's prayer at the end of service every week, "just in case."

When I was just under 18, I met a Godly man at church named Daniel. He worked there on staff full time. We started dating, and then became engaged in October 2003. We were married January 9, 2004 and in December of that year met two men named Cory and Dylan. We began hanging out with them, going to Bible studies at Cory's apartment and learning about evangelizing through a set of videos Dylan had gotten.

As I began watching these videos, I started getting very convicted about my sin. These videos would show guys going out and witnessing to people on the streets, using the Ten Commandments to show them that they are not good people. *"For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For he that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law"* (James 2:10-11). I knew that I had not kept the whole law. I had spent my high school years flirting with boys: *"I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart"* (Matthew 5:28). This verse applies to both men and women. I also had a lot of anger. When Daniel and I would fight, I would yell and sometimes even throw things at him. *"But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment"* (Matthew 5:22).

The Lord began to slowly show me these things through these videos and through listening to Dylan and Cory's witnessing testimonies. I began to question my own "testimony" about my salvation, wondering if I had truly been saved when I prayed the sinner's prayer. If I had been truly saved, why did I always feel the need to pray the sinner's prayer at the end of church

service every week? And if I hadn't been truly saved, then the "rededication" at 15 meant nothing, because how can you rededicate something that was never truly dedicated in the first place? Why was I so mad at Daniel all the time over the smallest things? These questions (and more) went through my mind almost constantly for about 2 months, from December 2004 until about mid-February 2005. Then one night after a Wednesday night service, we were hanging out after church service with another couple and the wife was quoting this verse: "*Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven*" (Matthew 7:21). Her husband then talked about a verse in James 2 that says, "*Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble.*" He said that puts people who say they believe in God, but aren't truly saved, on the same level as devils. This stuck with me as we drove home from church that night. When we got home, I was still too scared to admit to Daniel that I might not be truly saved, so I tried to "beat around the bush" and ask indirect questions about being saved without actually saying the words. He answered my questions and I went into one of the bedrooms at our house, got down on the floor and started praying and crying, asking the Lord to forgive my sins and save me. I don't remember how long I was on the floor (maybe a couple of hours), but I remember Daniel coming in and praying with me for a little while and then he went to bed. Afterward, I felt different than I had before, but I never actually told anyone what happened. I was too proud to admit to anyone that I hadn't been saved all this time. This should have been my first clue that it still wasn't true salvation, because the Bible says in several places that God resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble. God can't save a proud person. He resists them. The Bible also says, "*Everyone that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord*" (Proverbs 16:5). I did not know this at the time, however, so I believed I was truly born again in February 2005. I began to get very zealous for sharing the Gospel, but most of the time it was to keep up with Daniel, Dylan and Cory. I would pass out tracts at the grocery stores, gas stations, etc. I remember witnessing to my brother over the phone (he was in the military at the time), and trying to explain to my parents why I didn't believe he was saved. Every once in a while, I would go out on the streets with the guys when they would open-air preach and hand out tracts. I never had a true concern for souls bound for Hell, though. It was always just works, something to do because the guys were doing it and that's what you do when you're a Christian. I remember one instance when Daniel and I were on weekend getaway to San Antonio for our second anniversary. We saw some people open-air preaching in front of the Alamo, using the Law and Gospel to plead with sinners. Daniel got really excited and wanted to join them, so I said ok, but in my heart I was a little bitter because this was supposed to be our weekend alone together, not spending time with people we didn't know sharing the Gospel. That is not a mark of a true Christian. I was selfish and idolatrous of my time with Daniel, not really caring that the people listening to the preachers were lost and bound for Hell. Mark 16:15-16 says, "*And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.*"

Over the next several years, I became very religious, always seeing fault and sin in other people and in the church, but never seeing it in myself. We were living with Dylan and Cory at this

time, and would have weekly Bible studies and prayer meetings. Once a month, we would have all night prayer meetings. No one else in our church was doing that, and it caused me to be very proud of my works. However, at home, I was still a very contentious wife, though I didn't see it at the time. I hated when Daniel would stay up late with the guys. I wanted him to spend all of his free time with me. I would read the Bible, but it was only so I could keep up in conversation with the guys at the dinner table. They were in ministry together, and desirous of starting a church together, and I tried my best to 'keep up'. Every Friday, the three men would meet together and pray, and on two different occasions (about six months apart), Dylan had a vision about me. In his vision, he saw me standing on one side of a fence, and Daniel was on the other side, beckoning me to come over. It was the same vision both times. At the time, we believed it was because I just wasn't 'on board' with their preaching ministry, so I tried to step it up and be more supportive of them. I was also very immodest, still dressing in tight clothing as a way to keep my husband's eyes on me (little did I know it was keeping other guys' eyes on me as well). One night, Dylan spoke to me about my immodesty and how it caused guys to stumble. I started dressing more conservatively, but it was still just works, doing it because that's just what good Christians do. There was never any true heart change.

In March 2007, we found out we were pregnant with our first baby. We decided to move out of the trailer we shared with Dylan and Cory and had a big fancy house built 30 minutes away from Daniel's job at the church. I had a few complications, was in and out of the hospital a couple times, and ended up on bed-rest for 10 weeks. Savannah was born December 1, 2007. She was full term, and very big and healthy. In March 2008, I found out I was 10 weeks pregnant with our second child. I was not really thrilled, because I never wanted children close in age, and I didn't want to go on bed-rest again. I started hearing all kinds of comments from people at church concerning this second pregnancy. I began to have a root of bitterness toward God, because it was embarrassing to hear these comments. I endured the comments publicly, but at home, I was miserable and my husband knew it. Annabelle was born October 22, 2008, 10 ½ months after Savannah. In spring 2009, I found out I was pregnant again. I became so bitter against God. I endured even more comments from people at church, and basically made Daniel's life miserable at home, complaining all the time and taking everything out on him. Levi was born 4 weeks early, on October 17, 2009, one week before Annabelle's 1st birthday. The Bible says, "*Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord; the fruit of the womb is His reward*" Psalm 127:3. I did not feel this way at all. My children became a burden to me, and I did not take delight in them. I was not grateful to the Lord for His blessings. So now I had 3 kids under 2 years old, my husband worked full-time and was in school, and I had no friends close by. I began to get very lonely.

In December 2010, I began to commit adultery in my heart. I was a very wicked and lustful person, and I justified my sin by blaming it on the fact that my husband was too busy for me. He was struggling to provide for our family and be a good husband, but in my ungrateful heart I was straying from him and our marriage. After a while, I felt convicted about this and knew it needed to stop, so I prayed and asked the Lord to help me with it.

During this time, (from June 2010-June 2011), I had 3 miscarriages, the last one requiring a D&C. That whole week after, Daniel and I spent a lot of time talking, repenting about not trusting the Lord with the womb, and realizing it was ridiculous for us to try and plan our pregnancies/babies around different trips and vacations that we wanted to take. Daniel also spent time confessing some things to me that no one else knew about. Then our friends Cory and Ashley came over to see us, and started preaching to us about how the Lord disciplines those who He loves. Immediately, red flags went up in my mind and I knew I didn't want to hear anything Cory had to say. God wouldn't cause me to miscarry as a form of punishment. God is a God of love. He wouldn't do this. The conversation took a different turn and Cory began talking about how the Lord had been showing him through much prayer everything Daniel had confessed to me 2 days earlier. How could he possibly know that? Daniel had never told anyone but me, yet Cory repeated it almost word for word. Daniel and I both began crying and at that point, my heart was open to hear any preaching the Lord might have for me concerning the miscarriages. I knew in my heart everything Cory was saying was from the Lord. He reminded us that the Lord had convicted us in times past about letting Him be in control of the womb; we stopped doing that and now we were having miscarriage after miscarriage. *"For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"* (Hebrews 12:6). *"For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required"* (Luke 12:48).

After this, we began talking about visiting Cory and Ashley's church up in Dallas. They wanted us to move up there, but Daniel and I weren't convinced. He was still trying to finish school, and he didn't want to leave his cushy job at the mega-church. He finally graduated in August 2011, and we decided to go visit their church. Two weeks before we left, I had a conversation on facebook with a mutual friend of ours and Cory and Ashley, and she stated that she thought we should be careful around this group because it seemed very cultish. She gave me the impression that they had spent much time with the church, so I took her word for it and stated to her and my mom that "we would never become part of any cult." On Labor Day weekend, we walked into a house in Grand Prairie and instantly fell madly in love with everyone in the room. The Spirit of God was so evident, and the love everyone had for us--people we didn't even know--was just unbelievable. We spent the entire weekend getting to know everyone and finding out more about the church. Their church service on Sunday was like nothing I'd ever seen before. In Deuteronomy 16:8, it says *"Six days thou shalt eat unleavened bread: and on the seventh day shall be a solemn assembly to the Lord thy God."* It truly was a solemn assembly. There was no course jesting or idle chatter before the service like we were used to at our church. Everyone comes with a heart ready to worship the Lord. We still weren't convinced we needed to move there, but decided it would be nice to visit every couple of months. But as we drove home to Houston, the closer we got to our house, the sadder I was in my heart. I wanted so badly to be back in Dallas, among these true Christians, but I knew there were some doctrinal issues my husband was struggling with.

It was during this weekend that I felt lust and adultery rising up in my heart again. At the time I didn't really understand why, because Daniel was done with school and spending a lot more time with me and the kids. He was a good husband and good father, why should I be thinking about someone else? Then late one night he began to question me about my testimony, asking me why I had never said anything back in 2005 about being saved. I defended myself and blamed him for never bothering to ask, and always being too busy to care.

After that, I began to be very convicted about how I was raising my children and spending my time. I was letting them watch Disney movies pretty much all day while I spent time on the internet, shopping, looking up recipes, and watching TV online (we didn't have cable hooked up at our house, just a DVD player). I found a sermon on Disney, about how wicked it is because of the fairies and such, so I told Daniel about it. He began to feel convicted as well and we decided to get rid of all Disney movies, toys, etc. We informed my parents of this conviction and they took great offense to it, because they are major Disney fans. I began to be very haughty toward them, because the Lord was showing us things and they disagreed, so they must not love the Lord like I did. I began to notice all of their sin and the different sins in the mega-church, but still did not see my own. At the end of September 2011, we decided to go to a family camp in Missouri with the Church of Arlington instead of a beach vacation to Destin with my parents. That weekend we got to know the church brethren even more, and I continued in my secret sin of adultery of the heart. Over the next couple of months, we began to feel the Lord calling us to Dallas to be part of this church. Daniel was able to go through the doctrinal issues with one of the elders and it really cleared things up for him. I prayed and asked the Lord to forgive me of my adulterous heart and after that, didn't really have any feelings towards this certain man, but I still felt rotten about it. I also discovered around this time that our mutual friend who had warned us against this church hadn't spent hardly any time at all with them, just an hour or two, and had based her opinion on that. I emailed her to tell her that I thought she and her husband were wrong, that we had spent numerous weekends with these people (they had come down to Houston a couple times to visit us) and they were not a cult, they were simply living for the Lord in word and deed. *"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him"* (Colossians 3:17). I also tried to recant my "cult" statement to my mom on many occasions, but she didn't want to hear or believe it.

As we began packing up all of our belongings, the brethren came on many occasions to visit, and help us pack. The longer I spent with them, the more I noticed something different about them and me. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but I just couldn't seem to connect with them on more than just carnal conversation, nor did I want to, especially with the women of the church. I was too scared that they would question my testimony the way my husband did. I was really starting to question myself at this point, wondering if I was truly saved. I knew what had happened back in 2005, but why didn't I have any victory or power over sin? *"For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith"* (1 John 5:4). Why was I still so contentious toward Daniel? I was trying to play the Holy Spirit to him, telling him what I felt like the Lord wanted us to do in everything. *"Wives, submit yourselves*

unto your own husbands, as is fit in the Lord" (Colossians 3:18). I was definitely not submitting to Daniel, not to mention all these hidden sins were starting to get to me.

The day that we moved to Dallas, we had all of our stuff loaded up in a huge Uhaul truck, but no place to go. We ended up staying in a room at one of the houses some the brethren lived in. One of the couples, Salvador and Tiffany, gave up their bedroom so that we would have a place to sleep. I was overwhelmed at their generosity--Tiffany was 7 ½ months pregnant at the time, but she was willing to sleep on the couch so that we could have their bed! Two days later, the Lord provided a house right across the street from where we were staying and we were able to unload our things from the truck.

As time went on and we got to know our new church body, I was still feeling different from everyone else, but wasn't willing to humble myself and admit that maybe I wasn't truly born again. I was really confused about the whole thing, because the "conversion" in 2005 seemed so real, but at the time I thought I was just extremely leavened from the doctrine of our Baptist mega-church back home: *"Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened"* (1 Corinthians 5:7).

On December 16, 2011, Daniel informed me that the elders wanted to examine me. I told him that was fine, I was ready, but deep down I was terrified because I knew I was about to be found out. That night, during my examination, I had a terrible migraine and ended running to the bathroom to throw up twice. The ones examining me and asking me questions about my testimony were two of our elders, Ryan and Sean (who is Cory's cousin and someone we'd been friends with for years), Cory, Ricky (who is one of our deacons), and Daniel. They heard my testimony, then started asking me questions about it, like why didn't I tell anyone what had happened, why didn't I desire to be baptized afterwards, and did I feel the power of God come upon me when I was on the floor praying back in 2005. I honestly couldn't answer that last question, because I didn't really know what it meant for the power of God to come upon someone. They also asked Daniel about me, as a wife, and he was honest and told them about how I was always hindering him from studying the Word or spending time with the Lord because I wanted him to spend time with me and the kids (which was true). Cory and Sean, who had known me for years, also testified that they had never seen the Lord in me, that everything I was doing was just works. It was all just religion. There was never any true heart change: *"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them"* (Matthew 7:16-20). *"For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"* (Matthew 12:34). I was never able to have conversations about the Bible or about God because I didn't know Him. I was so ashamed and felt so foolish, because why hadn't Daniel or Cory ever said anything if they thought I wasn't truly saved? But I knew that they were right. Everything I was doing was just for outward appearance, to look good in the eyes of man. I had grown up in the church, and was

now married to a church staff member, so I always tried to look polished and put together, like I had everything under control and that I was a better Christian than most because of my convictions. But all of that came crumbling down that night, as I realized through the Word of God, and through the testimonies of my husband and our friends, that I was not born again. I knew deep down, after months of thinking about it and being around true Christians, that I wasn't just leavened, I was lost.

I spent all the next day in bed crying, feeling embarrassed and foolish for trying to put on a show all this time, trying to be the good Christian wife when secretly I was in much sin. Cory came over with a few people from the church and explained to me that he believed it was the Lord's will for it to happen this way, because if he had said something years ago, I would have been subverted by friends and family; people would have spoken false peace to me: *"For they have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace"* (Jeremiah 8:11). He also stated that he believed I did have an encounter with the Lord back in 2005, but that I got up off the floor too soon. If I had kept praying, perhaps I would have been truly converted, but now I was going to have to basically start from scratch and ask the Lord to re-break up my fallow ground. *"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you"* (Hosea 10:12).

I spent the whole next week listening to sermons by our elders, and by preachers like Rolfe Barnard, Keith Daniel and Leonard Ravenhill. One sermon that really stuck out to me was a sermon called All Things New, by our pastor, Ryan, and this really helped me to understand why it wasn't true conversion in 2005 and showed me clearly how everything I was doing was just works. In this sermon, Brother Ryan goes through the Beatitudes in Matthew 5 and explains what each one means. I had never really known what they meant before; in fact, I barely knew where to even find them in Scripture. He talked about how true Christians have a joy and strong desire to please the Lord. I'd never really had that; I would just read my Bible for a few minutes every day and try to do good and be good because "that's how Christians should be". He also mentioned a quote by Charles Spurgeon: "Have you no desire to see others saved? Then you are not saved yourself!" That was so convicting to me, because I knew I didn't care about people's souls the way I should as a professing Christian. After going through the Beatitudes, Brother Ryan went through other fruits that should be evident in a Christian's life: *"For Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death. For behold this selfsame thing, that ye sorrowed after a Godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge! In all things ye have approved yourselves to be clear in this matter"* (2 Corinthians 7:9-11). I knew I did not have any vehement desire toward God, nor did I fear Him rightly. I spent time reading Scriptures and hearing sermons about Hell, trying to get a deeper grasp on the reality of it.

On December 26, two of the church brothers, Jordan and Kevin, came over to see how I was doing. I told them what I had been reading and what sermons I'd heard. They began to preach to me the most fearful message on the wrath of God that I had ever heard. Matthew 3:10 says, *"And now also the axe is laid at the root of the tree: therefore every tree which bringeth forth not good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."* This scripture, along with 2 Thessalonians 1:8-9 (*"...in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power"*), hit me hard. I realized that these verses were talking about me, but I was still so prideful. The guys preached to me about humbling myself and crying out to the Lord, and I remember thinking, "Right now?? In front of two men I barely know?" But at the same time I was so fearful of what the Scriptures said, and how they were condemning me, I knew I needed to heed the warnings. I ended up on the floor, crying harder than I ever had before.

That night, I knew I needed to humble myself further and confess the sin of adultery of the heart to my husband. I still wasn't seeing the gravity of my sin, though, because I had two instances of this sin, but only confessed the first one. I kept thinking, "That's good enough. He doesn't really need to know about the other time." I had so much pride, and was such a hidden person, I felt like my husband of eight years didn't even know who I really was.

The next several days, I felt utterly hopeless. I was unsure of how to "seek God"; I had grown up in a church of easy-believism. I decided I would just start praying anyway, though I was uncertain of what to say. I just started asking God to show me my sin. On December 31, I spent all day on my face, crying out to the Lord. At the end of the day, a verse from a modern Christian song came into my mind, leading me to think maybe I had just been saved. I told Daniel about it, but I wasn't sure if it was true salvation or not. He told me I would know if it was. Jordan came over a few days later with another preacher, Masao. They asked me how I was doing, so I told them of this experience. Afterward, Jordan asked what I thought was keeping me from the kingdom of God. I honestly didn't know what to say, so I answered, "Pride, maybe?" They began to preach to me about how God resists the proud. I still wasn't humbling myself completely. They believed the experience I'd had was a strong delusion. *"And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: That they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness"* (2 Thessalonians 2:11-12).

Over the next days, I began to feel hopeless and confused again, wondering if the Lord even heard my prayers. Then one of the ladies of the church, Kalani, shared with me a verse from Isaiah: *"They shall be ashamed, and also confounded, all of them: they shall go to confusion together that are makers of idols"* (Is. 45:16). She said that this Scripture is referring to idols of the heart: this is what causes confusion. That night, I began asking the Lord to show me the idols in my heart. He began to show me many idols, namely easy-believism (not wanting this seeking to be hard, just wanting to pray a prayer and be "done"), and my husband and children. I have always been so terrified of losing them. I clung to my husband and kids with everything in me, every day. I always had to know where Daniel was and what he was doing. *"He that loveth father or mother*

more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me" Matthew 10:37. I loved my family more than anything, but the Lord can't/won't do anything when there's idols in the way. *"Son of man, these men have set up idols in their heart, and put the stumbling block of iniquity before their face: should I be required of at all by them"* (Ezekiel 14:3)?

As He began showing me this, I asked Him to help me cast them down. But my old enemy, pride, kept creeping back up. I kept thinking, "Look how good my seeking is going!" As I began thinking this, and recognizing it as pride, I decided to talk to Daniel about it. Cory came over, and began to tell me that he had been praying for me and the Lord had shown him that I wasn't seeing and understanding my form of pride. It wasn't necessarily the pride of exalting myself (though I did this a lot), but rather it was the pride of being a hidden person, unwilling to humble myself. I would never confess sin until I was caught and called out on it. Cory told me that in order to humble myself, I needed to confess sins to people I had sinned against. I felt so scared and convicted, but I knew he was right. The Lord can't save a proud person. He resists them. I didn't want to be resisted anymore. *"But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."* 2 Corinthians 4:2. Cory then prayed for me, and I confessed a sin to him. After he left, I knew I needed to confess the second sin of adultery of the heart to Daniel. He forgave me. I began confessing sins to other people as well, but then the Lord gave multiple people in the church the same Scripture for me: *"And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before Him, she declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately"* (Luke 8:47). I realized, by this Scripture and a few others, that the Lord wanted me to confess my sins before the whole congregation. But before I did that, I confessed to the elders first and explained why I felt led to confess to the whole church. They shared with me 2 Timothy 3:2-5: *"For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."* They explained to me that this is who I was. I knew it was true, because I could relate to everything on that list. I believe this was the first I saw my sin in full. The next day, I cried out to the Lord, so upset that I had hurt my husband. The Lord spoke very clearly to me that day and said, "He's already forgiven you; what about me?" Psalm 51 says, *"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."* I began to have Godly sorrow for the first time. I was so distraught at how much I had grieved the Lord.

We met with my parents that weekend as well, who happened to be in town. I explained to them that I had realized, through the Scriptures condemning me, that I was lost, and confessed sin to them in an effort to humble myself as the Lord had called me to do. At the time, they told me this was between me and God, that I should do whatever I needed to, to "make it clear in my mind". Daniel then tried to explain to them why he couldn't just sit back and have conversations with them about carnal things without addressing the rift we'd had between us

since the conversation we'd had about Disney the previous September. They began to get very upset; the meeting escalated to my dad, who is usually a peacemaker, almost punching my husband in front of our children, while my mom stood there yelling for my dad to not back down, to hold his ground. All because Daniel wanted to go through the Scripture. As I began to seek out the true God of the Bible, I started to really see how true the Scripture was, where it states, *"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household"* Matthew 10:36. They also threatened to take us to court for 'grandparent rights' and claimed 'we serve a different Jesus than you'. It was so grieving. I felt like they honestly didn't care about the fact that I was bound for Hell; and I was beginning to see, for the first time, that they were too. To read more concerning our dealings with my parents, please follow this link to my husband's testimony:

<http://www.thechurchofwells.com/his-road-is-strait-and-narrow-the-testimony-of-daniel-pursley-concerning-his-dealings-with-the-deans-and-his-exodus-from-the-modern-mega-church.html>

After that weekend (which was the same weekend I confessed my sin to the church), I began crying out to the Lord for mercy. I began to realize that there was nothing good in me, that I was a wretched sinner and I knew I didn't deserve God's mercy. *"For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy"* Romans 9:15-16. *"Salvation belongeth unto the Lord"* Psalm 3:8.

For the next couple of weeks, I continued to try different ways to be saved, but the Lord showed me that there was still hidden sin. *"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth"* (John 10:1). It was around this time that the Lord kept bringing a certain sin to my mind. I was confused by this, because it was something I had already confessed to Daniel; but the Lord showed me that I hadn't confessed the full extent of it. I was so grieved by this, by the fact that I was such a hidden person that I couldn't even be honest with myself anymore. *"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: Who can know it"* (Jeremiah 17:9)? I immediately texted Daniel and asked him to come home (he was at a prayer meeting). He came, I confessed, and we both just cried out to the Lord together for a couple of hours.

A few days later, the Lord showed me again the sin of idolizing my husband and children. I have always been extremely fearful of losing one and/or all of them to death. I was terrified that they would get into a wreck or something. But the Lord started helping me to realize that these idols, these people that I was holding so tightly to, were not worth burning in Hell over.

That weekend, Daniel and the kids left, leaving me a quiet house to seek the Lord. I went to a hymn sing without them and felt so uncomfortable around the church body because I didn't have my husband or children to hide behind. One of the ladies, Nickie, asked me how I was doing, and I told her. She explained that this is how it would be on the day of judgment; there

will be no one to hide behind. We will be exposed and bare before that great Throne. *“Fear them not therefore: for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known”* (Matthew 10:26). That night I cried out to the Lord with everything in me. The next day I began feeling extremely joyful, and was unsure of these feelings. I didn’t want to be deceived, but I just couldn’t help feeling joyful, couldn’t stop singing hymns. The church had a baptism that night for Luke, who had just been saved. As I watched him going into the water, I remember feeling a strong desire to get baptized myself, despite the fact that I didn’t know for sure if I was saved, and my husband and children weren’t there. I didn’t care, I just wanted to be baptized, a desire I’d never had before.

Daniel and the children came home from their trip, and it was so distracting, and I wanted so desperately to seek after God, that I asked Daniel to take the kids to the park for the day, despite the fact that they had just returned home! That night, Masao and another brother, Justin, came over to see how I was doing. I told them everything that had happened over the weekend, how I had cried out to the Lord, and then began feeling joyful, but that I was nervous that it might just be my heart deceiving me. Masao began asking me questions to try and clear things up for me. He asked me if I felt like I had access to grace by faith (Romans 5:2), and if I could come boldly before the throne of grace (Hebrews 4:16). I couldn’t say yes with a clear conscience; I believed that God had granted me repentance of idolizing Daniel but not the kids. I was still clinging to them in my heart (without realizing it). Ezekiel 14:6 says, *“Therefore say unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God; Repent, and turn yourselves from your idols; and turn away your faces from all your abominations.”* A few days later, as I was thinking upon these things, and I slowly began to realize that I have no control over what happens to my husband or children. If the Lord allowed them to get in a car wreck or something, there’s absolutely nothing I could do to stop it. Life is not in my hands; every breath belongs to God. The moment I realized this, and prayed for the Lord to remove these idols, joy so flooded my soul that I began tearing up and smiling at the same time. I didn’t want to be deceived though, so I kept asking the Lord, “Is this it, Lord? Is this true salvation?” The Lord brought to mind the question that I had been asked weeks earlier: What is it that keeping from the kingdom? I felt like I could say with a clear conscience, Nothing! Then I remembered the questions that Masao had asked me as well, about coming to the throne of grace boldly, and did I believe I had access to grace by faith? I knew that the answer was yes!! Then the Lord brought to mind two hymns that I had previously been unable to sing with a clear conscience, Blessed Assurance and It Is Well With My Soul, but now I was able to sing them with a smile. In that moment, I knew I was truly born again.

I told Daniel about it, and he just said, “Okay”. I could tell he didn’t want to give me any false assurance in case it was not true salvation. The Lord then brought to my mind two scriptures: *“Nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day”* (2 Timothy 1:12); and *“Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroy, and where thieves*

do not break through nor steal: for where you treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matthew 6:19-21). I knew I could say for the first time, with a clear conscience, that Daniel and the children were no longer my treasures. The Lord Jesus Christ was (and still is) my treasure. That evening, while Daniel and the children were at a prayer meeting, the Lord gave me another confirmation: It was a vision of me standing on one side of a fence, and Daniel was on the other side, beckoning me to come over. I passed through a gate and joined him on the other side of the fence, and we began walking down a sidewalk together, side by side, holding hands. The sidewalk began to narrow, and I had to walk behind Daniel and allow him to lead the way. It was the exact same vision the Lord had given Dylan six years ago, a vision that I had not thought about since then! It was very clear to me then that the vision obviously had nothing to do with the ministry back then as I had originally thought; the Lord had been trying to show us that I wasn't saved! After that, I knew without a doubt that the Lord had saved me.

The Lord kept filling me with so much joy that I knew for a fact that I didn't need anyone's assurance!! The next day I met with one of the elders, Brother Ryan, and another man in church, brother Mike. I told them my whole (new) testimony of what the Lord had done, and was not afraid, like I had been at the first meeting in December. I was baptized in the pouring rain at a lake in Dallas. Praise the Lord!

Since my salvation in February 2012, the Lord has taken me through many trials. Family has slandered our church; and the Lord has allowed the thing I feared most before I was saved to happen: On May 26th, 2012, the Lord took our three-day-old baby girl home to Him. *"The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up"* (2 Samuel 2:6). The Lord has been so merciful to us in bringing through this trial, and drawing us closer to Him in the process. *"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"* (Job 1:21b). I know now that every trial that He sends my way is sent because "He knoweth how I best shall reach the mark" (Hymn: My Goal is God Himself).

I hope and pray this testimony causes you to stop and examine yourself: *"Examine yourselves, whether you be in the faith; prove your own selves"* (2 Corinthians 13:5). If you faced death right now, would you die loving your sin more than your soul?

To all the slanderers, *"come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord"* (Isaiah 1:18).

To everyone reading the slander, please don't believe everything you hear or read online. It is not truth. Jesus Christ and His Word are the only things true. *"Yea, let God be found true, but every man a liar"* (Romans 3:4).

*I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land;
O who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.*