

## *Journey to No End*

*Growing up we moved around a lot, my Dad worked highway construction. I was in approximately eighteen different schools, some of those two or three times, different grades. As a young boy living in Paducah Texas I became friends with a preacher's son and started going to church with him. His dad, "the Preacher", preached hell fire and brimstone on a regular basis. Needless to say it scared the "Hell" out of me as a young boy, at one of the evening services I went down at invitation and accepted Christ as my Lord and Savior and the next week was baptized.*

*Shortly thereafter we moved again and because none of my family went to church, I didn't stay in church. I had no guidance, I didn't fully appreciate or understand what Christ had done for me when I accepted Him as my Savior. I didn't know at that time my parents and sister weren't saved. As a young boy knowing hell is a bad place one would assume that your parents would know and maybe even your older sister. They didn't seem to be worried about not being in church.*

*In my late teens my parents settled down in Amarillo, my Dad quit highway construction and went to work for a local company, no more moving around. By this time I had been well introduced to alcohol, drugs and the good life. While I was partying God was convicting my Dad's heart that he should get into church. Dad and my Mother started going to Sunrise Baptist Church where God spoke to my Dad's heart at invitation to come, come and accept Christ, to accept Christ as his Lord and Savior.*

*I am sad to say that I wasn't there to witness this glorious and life altering event in my Dad's life. Christ had such an impact in Dad's life it altered mine. My Dad told me how God had spoken to him just as one person might speak to another, he heard him that clearly. He said that he heard God say come and he couldn't get to the alter quick enough. He told me how he fell at Christ's feet and cried like a baby and how Christ picked him up a new man. He surely was a new man, he didn't walk the same, he didn't talk the same, and he didn't live the same.*

*Also sad to say by this time my friends, alcohol, and drugs had impacted my life. Growing up I had a choke hold on reality, I knew what I wanted, where I was going, I had dreams. Shortly after smoking pot for awhile I started to settle for less and my dreams faded away. Then I moved on to acid aka LSD, so much for the choke hold on reality. But God had such an impact on my Dad and it was real, I needed some reality. I started going to church with my parents, I rededicated my life to Lord, and joined the church.*

*The whole time I was in church it was a living nightmare, I felt torn in half, mentally messed up. Half wanted the old life and the other wanted what my dad had. O I tried I thought, told my friends I quit drinking and doing drugs, I'm going to church now, couldn't bring myself to tell them I was looking for the Christ my Dad knew. I prayed some, went to church some, never could bring myself to open the Bible and seriously study. After several months of torment, talking with my Dad, talking with the Pastor, praying with both, I gave up. I gave up on ever knowing God or Christ Jesus. See my Dad didn't believe in God or Jesus, he knew them*

*personally, he had a personal encounter with Christ at that alter. He went from lost to found, from unbelieving to knowing, skipped right over believing.*

*Looking back now from here, I know that Christ was with me all the way. He denied me nothing, I never wanted for anything, and not once did I go hungry. Some might say I wasn't saved as a young boy knowing my whole life's story, I disagree. But what about that one thing, that thing your Dad had, that thing you couldn't find, you might ask. Thank God, Christ Jesus, and the Holy Spirit I know now I was denying God the one thing he wanted. You see God didn't want my worship, my praise, or me to throw money at him. He wanted my heart, for if God truly has your heart you'll give Him everything else. You'll know He is worthy of all your worship and praise, you will truly know and appreciate what Christ did for us all on the Cross, what a guiding light the Holy Spirit is during your darkest hour. Praise God that He has allowed me to live, to live long enough to come home, with open arms welcome me home, to have daily personal encounters with the living God, Christ my Lord my Savior, and forever blessed with fullness of the Holy Spirit.*

*If you haven't had a personal encounter with Christ Jesus check your heart and be sure to bring it all, for it is your heart God desires.*

*Praise God, I know this very day that my Mom and Dad are walking the streets of Gold with our Heavenly Father, Christ our Lord and Savior.*

*In loving memory of Cecil Gilbert Love and Betty Pearl Love*

*All Praise and Glory to our Heavenly Father, Christ our Lord and Savior, and Holy Ghost*

*Allen Love*