

My Faith Story

Hello, I'm Bonnie. My faith story began with a Godly mother who took me to Sunday School and Church whether or not I wanted to go.

I accepted Christ as a young girl. I was 9 years old and knew my heart was not right with God because I disliked church and I didn't like hearing or singing hymns. One Sunday morning, my Sunday School teacher gave an invitation for any of us who wanted Jesus to come into our heart. I responded and my life was never the same. I knew that day that Jesus found a home in my heart for a long time to come.

Important Christian people helped me grow in my faith. My Aunt Evelyn was my mentor. She taught me a lot about the Bible and how to share my faith with others.

Another mentor I had was Miss Scott. She was my "go to person" if I felt like I failed Jesus in some way. She explained to me **as a new Christian I was like a rough stone on the side of a brook.** When a rough stone falls into a brook, the water flowing over it smooths it out. She said that is what Jesus will do with me if I trusted Him and if I was obedient. He would smooth out my rough edges as my faith matured.

Using my gifts has made my faith grow.... teaching, preaching, mentoring, leading small groups, and music. These things require opening God's Word or reading words of a song which lead to scripture many times.

Always attending a Bible-based church where the Gospel is taught was always a must for me. Christian friends and family have always helped to strengthen my faith.

I have learned the importance and power of prayer.

I became ill in 1987 and was diagnosed with CNS Sjogren's Syndrome in 2001. I had many complications from this illness to include a pulmonary embolism and lung problems. As an inpatient at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, they didn't know what caused my lung problem. My CT scan did not look promising.

I learned that someone opened up our church so people could pray for me. It was on a Monday. The doctor noticed, by the end of the day Monday, that I was doing better and he repeated the CT scan finding it to be 85% better than the day before. He said, "I can't explain this because lungs do not improve that quickly." I told him about the day of prayer and he said "That's a better explanation than I can give you."

God is the reason I've made it this far. I've made mistakes in my walk with Him, but when I fell, he was there to pick me up, forgive me, and put me back on his righteous path because that's the kind of God he is.

PSALM 46:10a (NIV) Be still and know that I am God;