

Frank's Story

Death stared me in the face three different ways before God saved my soul.

One of these times God saved me from being pushed out a fifth-story dorm window on the campus of Michigan State University. The “harmless” fun of a pillow fight almost killed me.

An overly aggressive fellow dormie’s cushioned blows came in rapid-fire, and had me backing up just as quickly. I had both arms up to protect my face.

A final upward-strike knocked me backwards into a large plate glass window. The window broke and bowed out behind me. But the next thing I knew, my hands had gone instantly from a high, defensive posture to slap down on the window seat, allowing me to regain my balance.

I assure you I never have shown lightning like reflexes at any other time in my life. Something beyond the natural was at work.

What a Good Boy Am I?

I had been raised by Christian parents and went to church with them growing up. I think as little kid I had a relationship with God.

But even as an eight-year-old, I was reading comic books, magazines and other materials with a slant that got me into some very wrong thinking and started me on some addictive sexual behaviors. And as things got busier with grade school and then high school I had less talks with God and more and more focus on making my way in the world. Once in college had the idea that I’d first make my money as an ad writer, then once I had become practiced, I’d write the great American Novel and retire to a life of ease.

Someone got me a subscription to Playboy to further loosen my straight-laced approaches to life.

I still attended church once in a while when I was away at college, but the campus pastor at that time wasn’t much of a guide, as he had been long ago co-opted by cool intellectual attitudes of the college scene. I remember him preaching on social issues like the Black struggle as seen in plays like “Porgy and Bess” and Movies like “Raisin in the Sun.”

God was becoming more and more distant to me as I plunged headlong into my creative writing course of study and my duties as floor social-chairman. Yes, I was the one who had planned the pillow fight that almost killed me.

Then, God used the unexpected deaths of my Godfather and a young friend of mine to further shake me. Somewhere sandwiched in between all of this, some Christians had invited me to join a Bible study in the dorm. Three weeks and three chapters in the Book of John later, they shared Jesus was The Bridge one could trust to cross over to be with God. When they asked me where I thought I was on the diagram they drew I fell back to my old religious standard. I said, "I'm over here on God's side."

I Make an Adult Decision to Cross Over

Consequences of some bad choices I had been making recently forced me to consider if my thoroughly strained relationship with God was really solid enough to save me. I decided to pray to clear the air. I figured if I had a true relationship it wouldn't hurt, but if I didn't, I certainly didn't want to go to hell. Earlier that same day, one of the Christians that led the Bible study had confronted me. He said they didn't think I had yet crossed over the Bridge. I backed out of the fellow's room real quick. But now I found myself praying, "Jesus, if you're there, come into my heart and change me."

Jesus came in and let me know immediately He had done so!

The Life After

Since then, I have seen God working directly in my life. And I've seen Jesus make changes — in me and in those around me. God's Spirit has given me countless clear words to people, which God used to heal their bodies and souls.

The Holy Spirit has led me through a store to drop his bombshell on kids stealing recordings. I was able to say they couldn't steal enough to be fully satisfied, but Jesus wanted to give them the good life.

Jesus used me to help a drug dealer turn from his wrongs to become a healer and pillar in the community. Years later, I proudly watched as he became an ordained deacon in his church.

Folks, this is real. I've been walking with God in the Spirit for more than 35 years. I still have a lot to learn about doing it the best way possible, but my Father has been patient with me and He's not through making me more and more like Jesus.