

My name is Cameron Lindsey and this is my testimony of how I came to faith in Christ:

My testimony is not unlike that of many professing Christians today. I was raised in a Bible-believing and God-fearing home. My grandparents have been believers for all of my life (though they were saved in their adult lives). My parents and sister have been believers for the majority of their lives and we attended a Bible-believing churches that preached the Word of God every Sunday.

At a very young age of 4 or 5, I can recall “praying the prayer.” I can remember coming out of my bedroom and excitedly telling my parents that I’d prayed this prayer to accept Jesus into my heart. Likewise, my parents were excited to hear that I was affirming what I was being taught. We continued going to church, I was always in Sunday school, and took part in AWANA memorizing Bible verses each week. Around the age of 7 or 8 I was baptized. I can’t remember any significant conversations, regarding what faith in Christ looked like, or why I wanted to be baptized; I just that I knew it was what I was supposed to do.

Around the age of 13 or 14 I can recall going to church camp in the summer with the youth group. During the trip there was a particular sermon that convicted me more than anything had in the past. I can recall as we walked back to our dorms beginning to cry as I was trying to understand why Jesus had died for me. I just couldn’t get over why he would die for me, a sinner.

Over the next couple of years I began to live two separate lives. On one hand I was the church going kid who had it all together. I knew how to answer questions in the church, I knew how to act like the “spiritual leader,” and yet behind the scenes was living a complete lie. I began living in the flesh in many different ways, and saw my heart grow harder and harder while my joy was continuing to shrink and shrink. I knew what I was doing was wrong, and each week I was praying and asking for forgiveness. Then I would return each week to the sins I couldn’t overcome. These sins continued to compound until the summer after my freshman year of college I decided to throw a party while my parents were out of town. Thankfully, word had gotten out to a man who was faithful enough to the Word to come and break up the party. In the aftermath I began to reflect on how I landed where I was. I wasn’t happy, the things I was pursuing weren’t satisfying, and I knew I wasn’t following God’s law. This is when I began to try and change the direction my life was going. I was trying to root out my sin the only way I knew how, go to church, read my Bible, and say no to sin. I believe the Spirit began working in me, though I did not feel the freedom or joy that I was expecting.

The next year I reached out to a man in the church about meeting together in a discipleship kind of relationship. We began going through the book Future Grace. This book radically changed my theology on what it meant to be saved. My whole life I had been taught that being saved meant believing Jesus died for my sins and to stop sinning. I finally realized it wasn’t enough to say no to sin, but that I had to find more satisfaction in Christ than I did in my sin. That was the only way to experience true and lasting victory over sin, and find lasting joy in life.

Now I can say that I have tasted and seen that the Lord is good. My joy and satisfaction in life now comes from living a life of obedience and service to my God. I don’t go to church on Sunday, pray, and read my Bible because I’m supposed to. I do it because, now, it’s the most enjoyable thing in life. I do it because pursuing Christ is better than anything else. I do it because I want to glorify my Lord more than I want to satisfy myself. The hope I now have in Christ is worth far more to me than the pleasure of this world. They satisfy for a moment, but nothing compares to the satisfaction that can be found in Christ.