

Letter 03  
**Salvation**  
2011-07-23

Dear Dan,

My Mom became a Christian early in her teenage life. She had gone Trick or Treating on Halloween and knocked on the door of a Christian family. They invited her to a Church meeting at Kirkland Assembly of God. She gave her heart to Jesus then, and attended at that Church for many years.

Because of her love for the Lord, my Mom looked for various church meetings she could attend. She found a Pentecostal Church in Seattle called Bethel Temple. Bethel Temple owned and operated a church retreat and campground property located near what is still called Mirror Lake, in what is now Federal Way. The Church also owned some beach-front property on Mirror Lake so the campers could go swimming.

I remember going to the camp with my mom every summer starting when I was five. In the summer of my seventh year I was old enough to attend youth camp on my own.

It was that summer -1966, that I heard the gospel preached by a Youth Evangelist. It was a powerful Gospel that focused on repentance and receiving Jesus as Lord and Savior. So it was that one night I heard the message, trod down the (literal) sawdust trail, knelt at the altar and repented of my sins. So great was the conviction of the (*Lord*) Holy Spirit on me that I wept for a long time, so that I was the last kid to leave the altar that night.

Little did I know then, but the seed of repentance that was planted in my heart that night, would bring forth the willingness to intercede and repent for those who do not know about repentance. And the ability and standing before the Lord to say "I'm Sorry" on behalf of those who don't even know they are guilty.

One thing that did change in my life then. At the previous summer camp, when I was 6, I took up the habit of crawling through open windows of other people's dorms to look for neat stuff. I was especially fond of Rice-Krispies, which I would pilfer by the handful. One time I saw a small transistor radio that looked cool. So I took it and hid it under the bed of our cabin so my mom would think I found it there. Someone must have observed me because I did get caught. But the next summer that we were at camp, I did not steal anything.

And I can say that now there is no record of those sins in Heaven.

Thank You Jesus.

Blessings...