

HOW I CAME TO CHRIST

Tom Eads, M.D.

So there I was. I didn't know what was happening in my heart—but I knew I had only one choice—and that was to stand up, go down and ask Jesus to enter into my life.

Twelve years ago, I left home to go to college. I met my future wife and my relationship with my parents began to be strained. None of the four of us were saved (although I thought I was just fine). Things went from bad to worse. The four of us fought constantly, and I no longer loved my parents. Neither my wife nor I ever wanted to see them. We would say, "You can pick your friends, but you can't pick your parents." Six years ago, at our wedding, there was quite a scene. Cursing, slander, and ultimatums were the conversation for the day. We didn't think it could get worse, but it did. I was indifferent to my parents. Three years ago, had they died, I told my wife I would not go to the funeral.

But something happened. About that time, my mom called and she sounded different. She began to apologize for past issues, and she was sincere. We no longer argued on the phone, because all she did was to confess her sins to me and ask for forgiveness. She wanted nothing in return, and did not want even the first apology from me! She was kind, gentle, and patient. My dad no longer was given to outbursts of anger. They were obviously changed people. What had happened?

I told my wife about the change, she doubted the sincerity of the change. I even began to question the difference. But after more than a year of unilateral kindness, repentance, and love, there was no denying the change. I began to ask them what had happened. Although my mom now tells me that at that time she gave me the full gospel message plus their conversion testimony, all I heard was "we're getting religious". Surely this will not last, I thought. But it did. I began to ask them questions about God. I even said, "What is the 'bare-bones' minimum I have to do to get into heaven?" When trouble arose, I called them and asked them to pray. Although I never prayed, and neither did my wife. We reluctantly attended a church semi-regularly, leaving quickly after the service and never paid any attention while we were there. I was a scientist, believed whole-heartedly in evolution, and if there was a God, he certainly played no role in my life. I was lost.

Then the 1999 NBA playoffs began. My dad invited me to the Indiana Pacers' first home game. I had a great time. Then he invited me to another home game. Then he decided to take me to every home playoff game. Then June 1999 approached and I saw a sign on the side of a bus that said, "The beginning is near" and it had a picture of an older man's face on the sign. What did that mean? Don't signs usually say that the *end* is near? Who was this man? My dad invited me to the Billy Graham Crusade. I was reluctant because it sounded religious. I eventually conceded, because my dad had been so kind to take me the NBA games and the four of us were meeting for dinner before every game and enjoying each other's company. My wife and I agreed to go, although we had no idea what it was. I had never heard of an evangelist *or* an altar call for that matter. So we went to see Billy Graham. To my chagrin, all we did was sing hymns, listen to people talk about their religion, and listen to music. It was June 4, 1999. I leaned over to my wife, and with irritation, told her that this was boring. I came to see

Billy Graham! Finally he came out, and began to talk. I gradually became transfixed with his face on the large TV screen. I was thinking of nothing else, and I concentrated on his words. He told me that I was running a race and that my gas tank was empty. He told me that God made me with an empty hole in my soul that only Jesus could fill. He said that I was a sinner, and that *that* was the source of my problems. He was talking directly to me! How could that happen with 50,000 people in the building? When he asked me to come down, I began to stand up and saw that my wife was already standing. I saw how black my heart was and how sinful I am. I asked Jesus to change me, to forgive me, and to come into my heart. And He did! I couldn't hold back the tears. I had never ever cried before, even at funerals, but now my face was red, I was sweating, and crying. Something wonderful was happening to me!! Through the tears, I told my parents right then and there how sorry I was, and how I had lived my entire life for myself. I saw the destiny of hell that I had so narrowly escaped because of Jesus and I vowed to live my life for Him and use my God-given talents for His glory. The next morning my parents bought Bibles for me and my wife and brought them to us. That was a year ago. Today I love reading my Bible every chance I get. Our great God and Savior has blessed my family more than I could ever ask. Instant healing took place on June 4th. My wife said that there was a moment that night, while we were listening to Dr. Graham talk, that her heart was healed and she felt love for my parents. I can tell you that my parents are now very special people in my life, and we are very close. I love them so much. They prayed for my salvation for over two years. I am forever thankful to them for their love.

It is my prayer that anyone who reads this, who does not have Jesus in his or her heart, will by faith ask Him to forgive your sins and come into your heart forever. For those of you who share in the blessings of the Holy Spirit: I pray that you will live a life worthy of your calling and that you will fix your eyes on Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of your faith. May God bless you.

Tom Eads is a young medical doctor, specializing in diseases of the skin. After he met Christ about a year ago, he immediately started to devour the Scriptures and to witness to his neighbors and co-workers. The result is that God has used his testimony to bring two of his medical colleagues to Christ. He has also been teaching Bible classes and has preached a number of times. Tom and his wife, Misha, attend College Park Church of Indianapolis. They have two preschool children.

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