

## PASTOR DAN LINDSEY'S SALVATION TESTIMONY

**F**rom infancy, I was taken to church.

For the first 15 years of my life, our family attended a little Bible Chapel in Ottumwa, Iowa. There I heard the gospel and memorized portions of the Bible.

I cannot ever remember a time when I did not know the books of the Bible. Dad was a leader in the church, having become a Christian long before I was born. Mom trusted Christ when I was 12, and I saw the change God brought about in her life.

Our family housed visiting missionaries and evangelists. They sometimes lived with us for two weeks. I was moral, ethical, and most of my school friends were Christians.

When I was around 16 years old, our family began attending a fundamental Baptist Church, where the pastor preached fiery messages on various Biblical subjects.

Though I respected church and church leaders, I myself was not a Christian. I didn't even claim to be.

Once, when the Baptist preacher came to our house for a visit, being alone, I hid in an upstairs bedroom until I watched him return to his car.

When I had to miss Sunday church due to my job at a grocery store, the youth director would always come and visit me. That was something I dreaded horribly, especially if the subject came around to spiritual matters.

When invitation time rolled around at the end of church services (when people are invited to respond to the gospel and accept Jesus Christ as Savior), I hoped "Just as I Am" would be limited to just one verse.

Deep inside I struggled with wanting to know my sins were forgiven, yet I was fearful to do anything about it. Except run.

Hundreds of times, I heard and rejected the gospel of Christ – the most awful sin.



Here I am with my Dad, Mom and sister

**D**uring my teen years I began to become skeptical toward the Bible. “Science,” it seemed, supported macro-evolution, which I knew did not harmonize with Genesis. My dad began to notice what was happening. He began to leave creation-science books and pamphlets here and there in our house. These were the writings of men like Henry Morris and Duane Gish. Over time, as I compared these writings to evolutionary theories, I became convinced that the Creation account made more sense, based on the physical evidence than macro-evolution.

Dad was greatly concerned that I was still unsaved, lost. One Wednesday evening in the spring of 1975, when I was working at the grocery store, the pastor asked those attending the prayer and Bible service if there were any more prayer requests. Dad stood up, and in tears said, “Will you pray for my boy? He still is not saved.” I did not know about this until much later.

The Friday following that prayer meeting, an evangelist from Bible Chapel, and friend of the family, asked if he could stay overnight in our home.

I had the choice of a Baptist church youth activity, or an evening with an evangelist. Neither sounded good, but I reluctantly chose to stay home. Perhaps I could hide again.

However, we sat down in the living room, and within a few minutes Ray Routley turned to me and said, “Dan, have you been saved yet?”



Evangelist Ray Routley, who led me to Christ, and I met together again - 18 years later

My heart pounded as I shook my head, “No.”

He began to ask me simple questions about Jesus: “Where was he before His birth? What kind of life did He live? Who did He die for? What happened three days later? Is He Lord? Do you really believe these things?”

To each question I gave the correct Biblical response, and, yes, I believed. Mr. Routley then read to me from the Bible, “That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved (Romans 10:9).”

Suddenly, it was as if “Someone” had taken blinders off my eyes – Jesus was *my* Lord! *My* Savior! I was a Christian because Jesus had died for me; I was saved, saved from hell and judgment because the Bible said so.

Before, I had known the facts, but never trusted Jesus Christ and Him alone as my only hope of eternal life.

Brother Routley said, “Where would you go if you died right now?”

“Heaven,” I replied.

“How do you know that?” He asked.

And I quoted a verse that I had memorized years earlier – Romans 10:9!

Now, whenever we sing “Just as I Am” at invitation time, my heart always goes out to that fearful soul who is struggling with the Christian message.

I ask God to help him or her to understand that salvation, the way to the Father, is not in some church, or baptism, or communion, or keeping laws, or even knowing the Bible – but in trusting Jesus Christ as their personal Savior and Lord.

***That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus,  
and shalt believe in thine heart  
that God hath raised Him from the dead,  
thou shalt be saved.***

***For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness;  
and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.***

Romans 10:9-10