STEFFON BARNETT

My testimony is one that's plan and simple in my opinion, but I'll shared with you guys my brothers and sister in Christ Jesus. I'm the 2nd of 4 siblings to Robert and the late Jeanette Barnett. I didn't grow up in A Christian home, but my home, my childhood was pretty typical. We didn't read the Bible together or really communicate with one another very well. Our love was great towards one another but we didn't show it very well. My childhood was like Everybody hates Chris the tv show. Like his mom on the show my was the vocal outspoken parent and like his Dad, my daddy was the strong borderline angry father that was tough and fair at the same time. He had realistic expectations for me and I better do what he told me the 1st time. He was a military man and he believed in hard work and no excuses for laziness. My mother was the apple of my eye. She was tough but full of love and encouragement. She always knew what to say and how to say it. We never really went to church as a family because all the people we knew that when to church was doing any and everything like the unGodly people were doing. So I developed I bit of a dislike for the church. The times I did got to church vacation bible school Easter Sunday, Christmas service I hated it because everyone in the church had to testify and it took forever to get on. I was raised to be a thinking man, and it didn't make sense to me that Deacon Joe Blow and Sister gossip can cry out to God from 30-45 min and then run around with with one another, cuss, fight and drink corn liquor and say they are saved and going to heaven. So in my worldview thinking I said to myself  that if they live like that devil and make it to heaven, I surely can make it into heaven because I didn't do any of those things they were doing, so became a self seeking kid. I looked at other religions and said they are more committed to their faith then so-called Christians, because there works add up to there talk.So I notice Jehovah witness kids put actions behind what they talked so I began listing to them and reading those pamphlets they left behind every Saturday morning as They came to our home sharing what they believed in. I can't every recall a Christian coming to my home sharing the gospel with me and my family like those people did. The only Christian that came around was the ones that told me I was going to hell because I didn't go to church cussed like Peter the disciple of Jesus so I was at a lost place. On top of that a was a bit socially awkward because I was smoking and drinking or into the type of music my peers were into. But despite all my shortcomings and judgmental attitude I still knew something was missing in my life. Even though I don't know Jesus or the things about him I always pray to God or had a God Conscience for as long as I can remember. As I got older I things started to become my complicated, girls girls girls lol, and I found myself starting to compromise some of my thoughts and attitudes, if you know what I mean. Things didn't make sense to me. I didn't understand why things are the way they where. By the time I graduated high school I begin to go to some church things after 8 or 9 yrs of no going unless it was a funeral I had to go to I started going back. My neighborhood church gave me a Bible for my graduation gift with my name on it and it touch me in a way I never felt before. So one hot summer afternoon in 1997 I picked up the Bible and started reading it, words like Holy Spirit, born again, baptism was becoming more interesting words vs 8 or 9 yrs previously it infuriated me. But I didn't have anyone to explain it to me or make it make sense, so I went to the person I know that will give me so answer and that was my Mom. She told that, she didn't know anything about the Bible and encourage me
To go talk to someone like a pastor or people that are in the Bible. So I laid aside my pride and arrogant and I stopped by a local pastor home and he ask me to tell him my story, so I began talking about myself as if I was the closest thing to perfection in the world, with all my list things that I don't do like sister and brother hypocrites does. So after I said what I had to say about that I thought he would tell me how proud of me for being such a fine young man, but he told that without the blood shed of Jesus and believing on his name if you died tonight, I'll bust Hell wide open and open up his bible and turn to John 3:16 and right there I believe on the name of Jesus and my life change at that moment. Not only that I was able to help lead my mother to Christ and she severed him to the day God called he home. I'm no longer the angry pessimistic judge mental guy anymore, I love people and I allow people to make mistakes and show grace to people that I use to show contentment towards. I have done everything right since 1997 no I've made many mistakes but I can say that I'm in a far better place in my faith walk than I was 19yr ago. I've seen brothers in Christ come and go, I've seen some walk away from the faith and some brother faith grow in Leaps and Bounds but I'm learning that The race isn't to the Swift and Strong but to the one that enduranceth to the end so i learn on that scripture.