

Testimony – Brendan A. McMillan

I was born and raised in southern California and it was quite natural for my family to attend church every Sunday morning. My father played the organ/piano for our church choir and my uncle (mother's side) was the pastor of our church. Therefore even as a toddler, I was nursed on fire & brimstone messages as if it were milk coming from a bottle. Nevertheless, it wasn't until I was 11-years-old that I was baptized. The love of Jesus didn't influence me nor did the desire to go to heaven. It was the fear of spending eternity in hell.

Many years later, after my family switched churches when my uncle moved to Kansas, we joined another church and I became heavily involved. Little did I know that bible study, youth choir, and all the stuff in between were adding to my foundation and faith in God. When I graduated from high school, I prayed earnestly for God to get me accepted into college. Somehow, Cal. State University Fullerton accepted my application with a 2.3 high school GPA. It was at this time when I discovered that God actually cared about little ol' me. On the contrary, when I began my college career, I paid God back with a filthy behavior a sin filled life. My church attendance dropped to once a month and even then. I would normally make it to a pew five minutes into the pastor's sermon.

During this time I would occasionally pray (when I was in trouble) but my interest really struck me when I started reading Proverbs from a Bible my parents had given me 6-7 years ago. I was amazed at how much wisdom and knowledge were filled in these pages. Every since then, I have had a burning desire to want to learn more. Weeks later, I remember looking in a mirror and for some reason all I could see was my sin. At this point I remembered all the evil I was involved in and how wicked my life was. I remember a feeling like a corkscrew was driving through my chest. I later found out that this was my overwhelming guilt because I was standing in the mirror and couldn't even look at myself in the face. I began to cry and ask for forgiveness. This was the first time I ever wept.

My mother caught me crying so she showed me her love and explained that God was trying to get my attention and that I needed to change. We prayed together, and on that day, July 27, 1997, I gave my ENTIRE life to the Lord. Every since that day I decided to follow Jesus, my life.....has never.....been the same!

I am currently one of two ministers over the young adult department at St. Stephen Missionary Baptist Church. I preach occasionally but most of my activity is split between teaching young adult Sunday school, Bible study and small church projects. God has blessed me with a wife, an expecting child, a degree from CSUF, a job at Boeing, a town house, and much much more, all at the young age of 27. I am currently enrolled at Golden Gate Baptist Theological Seminary and hope to be called into full-time ministry doing Christian administration and or teaching at the college level or higher. All my praises belongs to God for giving me His Son JESUS.

Psalms 34:1-8

P.S. I wouldn't trade Him for the World!