

Testimony – Eugene Bailey

First of all my dad was a minister before I was born. Although born into a Christian home I did not know Jesus Christ as my Lord as Savior. When I was in college I had a room mate that was a fighting Irishman named Mike Sullivan. He was the first one to accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. Mike and I were sinners in the world together. He told me that he never lost a fight before, and I told him after I learned how to fight I never lost another one either. So we became room mates in college.

Once he became a Christian he went back into to the dorms and started preaching Jesus Christ as Lord. One night after my gymnastics workouts I noticed guys jumping out of two story windows. I thought there was a fire in the dorms. When I arrived at the dorms, I asked one of the guys in flight what was going on? He quickly stated that Mike Sullivan was preaching Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. When I approached Mike, he said, “Are you going to run from me to?” I responded to Mike, and said, “Are you kidding? My Dad was a Fire and Brimstone Preacher - now what do have to say?” He gave Romans Chapter 10 verses 9 & 10. He then began to tell me about Love. I responded and said, “What’s love got to do with anything?” Mike told me that *He came after me*. This is something only the Lord and I know about. As I told the Lord, when He wants me, then he’ll have to come after me. I then remembered what my Dad said to me as a little guy that God’s spirit will not always stride with man. So I thought that this may be my last chance. Mike, told me that this is something that you do between you and God. Jumping ahead a little, after college on my way to work on the 55 Free Way, stuck in a traffic jam, I asked the Lord into my life. Nothing happened, so I asked one more time, but this time I told the Lord, now you know what type of church I came from; and you know what they are going to ask me. Like how do you know you are saved. I asked the Lord to give me something to combat that. At that point a small heated spot started in my chest and started to grow. That flame expanded and it was hot. I stood up in my car and beat my forearm on the roof of the car, and said that’s enough that’s enough. Then a little old lady jammed her car in front of me. I rolled down my window to curse at her, but then realized that I didn’t have to curse anymore. This was in 1974, on the 55 Free Way.