

## Salvation Testimony – Sean Harris

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**Before I came to saving faith in Christ**, my life revolved around myself. God was not part of my life. I was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church as an infant, but there wasn't anything religious of any sort in my life. We didn't go to church, not even on Christmas or Easter. If I ever went with my grandparents, I don't remember it. Somewhere around 8 years old, my dad, divorced from my mom, moved my family to a 40-acre farm in a small holler in Bozoo, WV. Our mail was General Delivery, Bozoo, WV. We had a two-seater outhouse and no running water. It was quite primitive. We collected rainwater in trash cans and got water from a small creek.

My dad, Jim, was working as a carpenter's helper for a man who was crazy about Jesus. He was relentless in witnessing to my lost dad. Finally, Dad relented, and we began attending a tiny church now called Coulters Chapel in Lindside, WV. In that church building, we heard the Word of God—the gospel—and under the ministry of Roy Keebler, our family was changed. Nearly overnight, we were a Christian family. Everything was different.

**For my salvation**, I have vivid memories of hearing the gospel in what is now called Rock Creek Missionary Baptist Church. I am not sure if the church had the same name then as it does now. I remember hearing about hell. I knew I did not want to go to hell. As an elementary-aged child, I trusted in Christ as my Savior. I don't know if I walked an aisle. I don't know if I prayed a sinner's prayer. I know we were there for a revival; I know it was winter and cold. That is my first and oldest memory of trusting in Christ for the forgiveness of sin and the hope of eternal life.

**Since then**, God, Christ, the Spirit, Scripture, and the church have been part of my life and my fight against the flesh and sin. I was baptized in the creek that ran alongside the road where Coulters Chapel is located. My dad's conversion had a profound impact on me. He believed he was called to preach and pursued that calling. As the firstborn, I was old enough to see and remember everything involved in attending Bible college and pastoring churches. During my formative years, he was a conservative evangelical follower of Christ, though he would have never used those labels.

I was a Christian in school. I went to college as a follower of Christ and nearly lost my way at Lynchburg College, except for the ministry of Thomas Road Baptist Church. When I sinned, I knew I was sinning. When I was out of church, I knew I needed to get reconnected. When I moved back to Boston to be with my family on my mom's side, I plugged into a Methodist church with my aunt. I knew when I was sinning, when I was not pleasing Christ in my choices

and behavior. Nothing has changed; the Spirit still convicts me of sin, making me ever aware of my need for Christ. Each day, I strive to surrender to the Lordship of Christ.

One area of my life where I can see a Christlike transformation is that I am striving to be a people person. That is to love people the way Christ loves them. By default, I am not a gracious person. But each day I am striving to be more like Jesus in this area and in many others as the Spirit convicts me. For those of you who know me, I hope you have seen evidence of that transformation.