

Salvation Testimony – Jerry Truong

I was born in Vietnam and grew up in a Catholic family. When I was five years old, our family moved from the countryside to a house in Bien Hoa, about a block from a Catholic church. About twelve of us lived together in a 165 m² house.

Substandard would be the best word to describe our condition. Each Sunday, we attended church, but week after week we simply went through the motions. I understood that there was a great God who held authority over everything. That he had a son, Jesus, who died on a cross. But he was so distant from me.

Growing up, I always thought that whoever this God was, he certainly didn't care who I was, nor truly have control over everything. Because if he did, why would he allow so many evil things to happen? Our family struggled through life...my father abandoned our family for another woman. I felt like I was just an insignificant poor kid who did not really matter. I was rebellious and lived the way I thought would help me get ahead. I lied, stole, caused trouble, got into fights, neglected school, failed to appreciate what I had, etc.

I do not remember the exact day or month I came to accept Christ as my Savior, but I know it was sometime during the second semester of tenth grade. One day, after a serious fight with my stepdad, I left the house and started walking. I didn't really have a plan or care, but I was determined to leave; I wanted a new start. Somewhere along Glenn Road toward Davis Bridge Road, my friend Ben Liboon and his mother, Nina, picked me up and offered to let me stay at their house. They shared the gospel with me, took me to Lake Rim Baptist Church every Sunday—even after I returned home—and gave me a Bible. At church, I was all ears. I had never heard the Scripture preached like that before. I began reading the New Testament for myself and could not stop. As I read the Bible and attended church each Sunday over the next 3-4 months, I began to clearly see that I was sinning against God. It was my thoughts and actions that caused pain to those around me. Not only that, but it was what separated me from Him. The biggest sin was that, in my heart, I resented and rejected Him. But Christ already paid for all of

this. He called me before I even knew Him. After realizing this, the next Sunday I asked to be baptized.

Immediately after salvation, I felt a deep joy, as though a great weight had been lifted. Naturally, I thought life would become easier, but I soon learned otherwise. I was convicted by the Holy Spirit with a long list of my sins and struggled to overcome them through prayer. I saw the Holy Spirit transform every aspect of my life, even though the process was slow and difficult because of my rebellious nature. My desire became to “live in a manner worthy of the calling” and glorify Him in all that I did. Though I lost many friends along the way, I grew in Christlikeness as He helped me gain victory over sin. Without Christ and the constant conviction of the Holy Spirit, I do not think my marriage would have survived and thrived as it has today.