

All of my life I knew inside that God had something for me to do...something special. As a child, I attended Sunday school and Vacation Bible School; and even as a young child I was singing...my very first solo at the age of 9 was "Rock-a My Soul," an awesome spiritual. I knew who Jesus was, but I didn't know Him. At the age of twelve, with the sad droning organ music playing, I walked down a long aisle and repeated the words I was instructed to say. I had an emotional experience, but not a true change of heart.

I continued in music, instrumental and vocal, all throughout my school years, finally receiving a music scholarship to Texas Wesleyan University. I really felt like I had made it. I was under contract with many opera choruses, Fort Worth, San Antonio and Dallas to name a few, but still there was something missing. In my early 20's I became quite the life of the party. Of that I'm not proud.

Praise the Lord, in 1985, with a dear friend from the opera at my side, I repeated that prayer again...this time with a true and repentant heart. I turned my life over to Jesus and was truly saved by His blood and the grace of God the Father.

But, I allowed old thoughts and memories of certain happenings in my early teen years to come in and steal my joy. I left my first love behind...I went back to the world and the lies it had. And even though I was not serving the Lord, He never let go of me.

Now, to make a long story short, in 2004 He showed me the truth of His love, mercy and grace and allowed me, a prodigal, to come back home. I can tell you it hasn't been easy, but I know beyond a shadow of a doubt, that my name is written down in the Lamb's Book of Life!