

# **My Journey to Christ**

By Dan Dombrowski

## **Preface:**

There's a very human tendency to want to compare testimonies. My testimony, I suspect, is much like many of yours. I've never been involved in drug or alcohol addiction. Praise the Lord. I try to do what I believe is right, and I help others when I can. But like everyone else on this planet, I was born with a sinful nature. As such, I sin. Though I try not to make a habit of it.

I've heard some remarkable testimonies about the miraculous work the Holy Spirit has done in the lives of others. Praise be to the Lord that we have such an intercessor. My own conversion, by comparison, might seem less remarkable — but I assure you, it's not. Whether it happens instantly or over many years, the redemptive work of the Holy Spirit is no less significant. For as we're reminded in the Book of Matthew, the gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life. What truly matters is that someone is won over for Christ, not the journey there.

## **Luke 15:7 (ESV)**

*"Just so, I tell you, there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who need no repentance."*

## **My Journey:**

My journey with Christ started at an early age. My mother was Catholic, and my father was Lutheran. I attended catechism in elementary school, although I don't recall much of it. After that, years went by with no religious instruction. It wasn't until my teenage years that I was reintroduced to the Word of God. This happened when my half-sister, Darlene, started taking my younger brother and me to her Pentecostal church. I enjoyed this. Though I suspect this had more to do with spending time with my sister than attending church. My father later decided that he didn't want us to go with her any longer. I'm uncertain of his reasoning, and he has since passed away, so I'm unable to ask him.

After that, my religious education took a hiatus until my early twenties, when a female coworker invited me to her Baptist church. It was here that I began studying the Word of God and eventually invited Christ into my life. There was no white light, no flickering flame, no dove descending from heaven, and certainly no voice from heaven calling down, trumpeting my

conversion. Simply the joyful sound of fellow parishioners celebrating my invitation to Jesus to be my Lord and Savior as I was baptized.

I attended this church and later others over the years, never really feeling that I was drawing any closer to God. My first real glimpse into the power of Christ didn't come until I attended Calvary South Denver. Gino Geraci was the pastor then, and I believe he still is. He's a wonderful pastor; if you ever get the opportunity to hear him, you'll appreciate his teachings. I arrived early one Sunday to pray for God to open my heart and mind to Him and the pastor's message. Something miraculous happened that day; I felt the presence of God in that church. It was unlike any experience I've ever had in church before or since. I say that not as an indictment of our churches or pastors. I'm sure there are many wonderful Christ-filled churches and pastors out there. I can't recall what the message was that day, but I believe with all my heart that God was present. In retrospect, I think my experience had less to do with the message than the preparation of my heart.

My next encounter with God didn't happen for many years. I was working overseas in Abu Dhabi at the time, running a metrology lab, when I had the good fortune to meet a remarkable young man named Tony Moise. It still saddens me to this day that I've lost touch with him after leaving there. In any event, this Christ-filled young man radiated God's love. Tony would enthrall me whenever he spoke of Jesus. He seemed to have a deep personal relationship with God. While discussing his relationship with Jesus, one day, I expressed a desire for the same kind of connection with Jesus. He asked, "When you pray, do you expect to hear from God?" After giving it some thought, I replied, "No. The conversation has always been one-sided." He went on to share with me, "That God loves me and wants a personal relationship with me." This was a revelation to me. Not so much the part of God loving me, but Him wanting a personal relationship with me. Since then, I have begun to pray with the belief that God wants to speak with me. And He has, not every day. He has since revealed Himself to me in several ways. You, too, can have a personal relationship with God. He loves you and wants to communicate with you as well.

**P.S.** Don't forget to give Him a chance to speak in the conversation; you never know when He has something to say to you.