

Kathleen Dalton  
My Story

I don't remember when I actually first heard the name of Jesus. My family were church-goers from the time I was little, so it must have been then that I heard people talking about Him.

And I must have first heard the Gospel story – the story of Jesus' birth, life, death and resurrection – at some time in my growing up years, but again, I don't remember exactly when. I just know I grew up knowing the facts.

It was when I was a senior in High School, though, that I first realized the story of Jesus wasn't just a story. It was real. And Jesus was alive. And He cared personally for me.

It hit me like a ton of bricks one Sunday morning in 1965. I was visiting a little Baptist church in Tucson, Arizona. I sat in the congregation listening to a sermon preached by a Pastor Dick Buck. He was teaching from the Old Testament book of Nehemiah. He was talking about this man, Nehemiah, in Old Testament times, who was chosen of God to get the wall built around the crumbled-down city of Jerusalem.

I sat there that morning wondering if God had anything special He wanted me to do with my life. I was a senior in High School and thinking about where to go to college....and what to do with my life – and I just wondered...did God have anything He wanted for me?

That's when it hit me. If God did have anything He wanted for me, how in the world could I know what it was? I didn't even know God. I knew about Him. I knew His story. But I didn't know Him at all. He and I were strangers.

As Pastor Buck continued to preach, I remember talking to God for the first time in my life..."Lord, what is it You would like me to do with my life? I'm not much – just a plain girl who tells a few lies and isn't very good underneath the surface. I've heard the story... that when You died on the cross You paid the price for sin. But, Jesus....You died for me, didn't you?"

"You actually died for me, not just for everybody, but really for me. It was my sin you paid for? I haven't ever realized that You are real. Why did You die for me? I don't know why You did, but I would like to thank you for it. I don't know what to give back to You for doing that for me. I don't have anything You would want. But...here's my life. You can do anything You want with it. It's Yours. I'm Yours."

I'm 74. I've been His for 57 years. I'll be His forever. - Kathleen

*"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." John 3:16*