

# Personal Testimony Of James J. Green

I was born, August 2, 1947 in South Bend Indiana of parents James Jerry Green and Stella Green. I have a sister Corinne Ann Green 2 years younger born August 8, 1949. I was raised Roman Catholic, was an altar boy, and attended catholic schools until 1962 in Niles Michigan. My father was a graduate of Notre Dame with PhD in Philosophy. My mother was a full time Domestic Engineer (Housewife and Mom). In 1962 my father got a new job with the ASTM Corporation as personnel manager in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The family relocated to a suburb called Rosemont on the Main Line of Philadelphia. Rosemont is located near Villanova University and Bryn Mawr, PA. I attended a private school called Devon Prep in Devon, PA., about 20 miles from Rosemont through my sophomore year. In June of 1963 my father at age 46 suffered a fatal heart attack at work in his office.



Needless to say, my whole life changed at that time. At fifteen, I became the man of the house and because my mother was not employed, she could not afford to keep both my sister and myself in private schools any longer. I graduated from public school in 1965 and attended Temple University studying Mortuary Science with plans on becoming a Funeral Director. After 1 year, I got my Army Draft notice and decided to join the Navy as a Hospital Corpsman, intending to stay close to the mortuary side of the Medical field, assuming I would be sent to Viet Nam where the conflict was really starting to escalate. I trained in Great Lakes and was ordered to Jacksonville, Florida, where I met my wife Janice and got married 2 years later. I worked in the Naval Air Station Hospital as an EKG technician until I received my orders to Viet Nam.

In the process of the move my wife, who was pregnant, gave birth to our first baby girl, Julie, in the front seat of the car outside the Valley Forge Army Hospital back in PA. Life was getting exciting at age 21. Four weeks later I was sent for Field Medical Training in California before going over seas. On arriving in Viet Nam, the reality that I could be killed started to set in, and I decided to attend field Catholic mass as often as I could, hoping God would be there for me just in case things went bad. I did believe in Heaven and Hell and I wanted to go to heaven, if at all possible. Without going into details of war, I did survive unscathed to return home to my wife and baby that I had not seen for over 13 months. After 2 weeks, I landed a job as an X-ray Technician. Two years later my

wife delivered our second girl, Joyce, on a stretcher in the hallway outside the Delivery Room of the local hospital in which I was working. Isn't life full of excitement and challenges?

I decided I needed to make more income to support my growing family. I became an insurance agent for State Farm Insurance Companies at age 25 and have been an agent for 37 years. But, I don't want to jump the gun. For my first 8 years as a State Farm Agent Independent Contractor, I did very well and prospered in this world's terms of success. At age 30, my wife became pregnant with our third girl, Jacqueline. This time I got her to the hospital in time for a normal birth. Whew! Made it! At age 33 I had the world by the tail, a new house, car, all the toys, but was totally empty inside! I had left the Catholic Church after our second daughter's birth, because the priest had his hand out at her baptism waiting for his time and services pay. I just couldn't stomach it anymore and left the church. There was no God in this religion; only money hungry, so called, "men of the cloth."

I continued for several more years without any spiritual direction or cares. I became less fulfilled with everything in my life, until I was alone one Saturday afternoon. My wife had gone somewhere with the kids and a girl friend shopping or something. I turned on the TV and the "700 Club" came on. Let me add, I never watched religious programs at all, but this one caught my attention, because a guest on the show was a very well known insurance figure that I had met personally at a conference a few months earlier. I was very keen to hear what he was talking about. He was sharing his personal testimony on how he came to know the Lord. This guy sold a "billion dollars" worth of life insurance in one year, and all I could think was, "What was his secret and what place did God have in all this." After he talked for a while, the host Ben Kenchlow pointed his finger at me and said, "Hey you out there!" I was startled because I felt like he was actually talking to me. He said "You have the world by the tail and all the success most people could ask for and yet you are empty and lost! You need the Lord Jesus Christ to come into your life! You need to be saved because you are a lost sinner and destined for Hell!" He told me Christ died for my sin that I might have eternal life in Christ Jesus who is the Savior of the world. I was shaken!

I always wanted to know I would go to heaven and I felt I was destined to Hell. He said, "Get down on your knees and pray this prayer with me." I got down immediately and cried out to the Lord to save my miserable soul and forgive me all my sins! Instantly, I felt the Spirit of God rush through me and I wept and wept! Ben said, "Now if you believe in your heart that the Lord came to die for your sins and rose again you are saved!" This all happened like clock work. He then said, "I want you to get a Bible and read the Gospel of John chapter 3." I had no Bible, so I went out to the local store and bought a Bible and began to read and read! I knew the Lord had saved me.

I had new life and when my wife saw me sitting reading the Bible she said, "What are you doing?" I told her that God just saved me and if she wanted to get to heaven she better get saved as well. A week later she came to me

and said she had accepted Christ as her savior and we have been walking with the Lord ever since. Within three years my daughters were of the age of understanding they also accepted the Lord as well.

I was fortunate to become affiliated with a strong bible believing church initially. I walked with the Plymouth Brethren for twenty years. We drove to Detroit, 104 miles each way, every Sunday to meet with the brethren and remember the Lord in the Lords Supper every Lords Day. We left, due to a church schism, and were isolated until we finally started our own Bible Study. We hope to continue in the work of the Lord as He leads.

I will not meet with denominations ruled by a one man ministry. I believe in a plurality of elders to watch over the flock as the New Testament pattern to follow. I believe the Lord is the only Head of the Body of Christ, the Christian assembly. I lead a Tea Party and use its platform to share the Gospel and bring Our Lord into the lives of many lost folks. Folks are searching for the Truth & Hope. I hope to develop other brethren in a group as a testimony for the Lord. That is how I see my calling. By Grace I was saved through Faith! *“Amazing Grace how sweet the sound that saved a Wretch like me!”*

Now, thirty years later and 42 years married to one wife, I am still on fire for the Lord.

I am an *“Ambassador for Christ!”* I pray for Divine leading in the short time that still remains.

Yours in Christ,

Jim Green