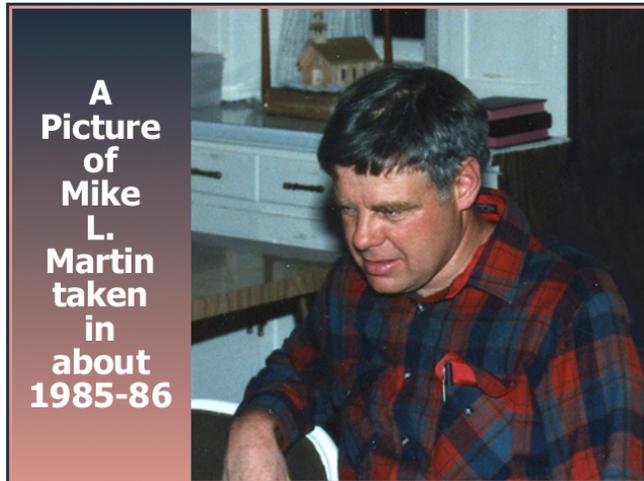


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"I WILL GUIDE THEE" (Psalm 32:8)
By Mike L. Martin

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01 -- INTRODUCTION TO THIS FILE

As Home Missionaries assigned to start a new church, on about July 1, 1984, Dorothea and I moved from Nampa, Idaho into a big, two-story house at 1103 N. 4th St., Coeur d' Alene, Idaho. The house was to serve both as our living quarters, with a portion of it on the main floor to serve as our chapel.

Perhaps about a year later, I first met Mike Martin in Post Falls, Idaho, a little town close to Coeur d' Alene. I forget the exact thing that it was which took me to the residence where he and his wife Pam and their children lived. Mechanical trouble with our little blue 1978 Subaru may have prompted the visit, for Mike was, and still is, an auto mechanic.

Whatever the reason of the visit, as I recall, Mike and I were standing out in his garage when he related the dramatic and marvelous story of his conversion -- a story so profound that it not only convinced me then and there that He had become

a genuine, born-again child of God, but a story that was so moving and miraculous that I have never forgotten it.

Last Monday night Dorothea and I had the opportunity to have dinner with Mike, his wife Pam, and their daughter Monica. The twenty-six years that had intervened between the time Mike first gave me his testimony and our dinner together had not erased his marvelous testimony from my memory -- and, I asked him to send it to me so that I could publish it to HDM users.

Mike L. Martin and his family still reside in Post Falls, Idaho, but at the time of his miraculous conversion he was living in southern Idaho, and, as I recall he told me that, the "dark country road" leading to a "precipice.. above the Snake River Canyon" (mentioned in his testimony) was near the little town of Melba, Idaho.

Without further introduction, here is the dramatic story of Mike Martin's conversion. -- Duane V. Maxey, Holiness Data Ministry, Surprise, Arizona, February 5, 2010.

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02 -- THE CONVERSION TESTIMONY OF MIKE L. MARTIN

"I WILL GUIDE THEE" (Psalm 32:8)

By Mike L. Martin

This is a true story. It's a story about how Jesus became my best friend.

I was twenty-five, had a wife and two kids, and had really seen just about all life and God had to offer, or so I thought. Although I had been raised a Christian, I had abandoned God and the Church and had given sin and self, full control of my life.

It was in May 1975 that my wife, Jackie, had had enough and gone to stay with her mother. Over a week passed before my heart and the pile of undone dishes started telling me I really needed her back. After work Saturday night, I called to see if she would meet me to work things out. Her mother, Edna, said that Jackie was not home and had gone out with someone on a date. I was stunned. Were things really that bad? I drove the 25 miles to town hoping to see her when she got home from her date. My head and my heart were reeling from the knowledge that my wife was out with another man. Waiting was driving me crazy and I decided to go find her before something happened with the other guy. She had gone to a popular nightclub and as I pulled into the parking lot she was coming out with him. I was too confused and emotional to get out of the car but just watched as they left. They had not seen me arrive so I followed them expecting them to go to her Mom's place. I was devastated when they led me to his apartment and went in together. I felt like the wind had been knocked out of me. I parked a

block from his apartment to wait. I had never felt such grief and rejection. My wife was with a stranger.

Eventually I returned to her Mom's place and waited in my car. What could I say? What would she say? I loved her! How could she do this to me? Could I forgive her? Would she forgive me? All I wanted was to have my family back together. It seemed like an eternity waiting for her to come home. Finally she was back. . . he left, and I persuaded her to get into my car. We talked as I drove. I pleaded... promised. . . and I begged. She would not be swayed. "It's over between us! I've filed for a divorce. You'll be served papers on Monday," she told me. "I'm never coming back to you!"

When I finally left alone, I knew all hope was gone. I had lost my family, the only thing in this life that really meant anything to me. As I returned home, one desperate thought after another stabbed into my mind. "What can I do now?" "I have nothing to live for. . . I hate my life... and I want to die. "I hate you," I screamed at myself. "I'm going to kill you!"

My drive home was on an especially dark country road. About three miles from home, the road turned near the precipice of the Snake River Canyon. I drove with my elbows on the steering wheel so I could dig my nails into my face. My eyes blurred with tears. I'd made up my mind... "I'll drive into the canyon, pedal-to-the-metal, like Evel Knievel."*

[Robert Craig Knievel (October 17, 1938 – November 30, 2007), better known as Evel Knievel, was an American motorcycle daredevil and entertainer famous in the United States and elsewhere between the late 1960s and early 1980s.]

And then... a verse I'd memorized as a child came into my mind, ". . . the valley of the shadow of death". "Finish that verse!" I heard a voice say. A voice in my head. . . or was it? "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me," I spontaneously responded. "Oh, no you don't!" I answered myself. "You're not talking yourself out of this."

Then I heard the voice again. . . "Yes, tonight you will take your life. Why don't you give it to me instead?" "Oh yeah," I sneered, "I tried that once and look what it's brought me to!"

"Yes," He said, " but you never gave me everything and what you did give me you took back a little at a time until I had nothing. Why don't you give me everything this time and I will make a difference?"

With eyes still full of tears, I saw a vision:

A garbage can sat on the edge of the canyon, empty blackness beyond. I saw myself, arms full of trash, angrily approaching to discard the refuse of my life.

And standing next to the can. . . was Jesus. . . nail-scarred hands outstretched. . . pleading, "Why don't you give it to me instead?"

My heart was breaking inside. I really did want to die. I hated myself and all that my ugly life had become. But now Jesus stood before me and He wanted my trash. . . amazing. I considered for a moment, "What have I got to lose?" Then, from my breaking heart I said, "Yes, Lord. I will give you everything this time."

My remorse, self-loathing and sorrow instantly turned to joy as the burden of my guilt was replaced with Joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"How can this be?" I asked myself, "How can it be???" "How can I be so happy when I've lost everything I love?" I continued on home with new unexplainable joy filling my heart.

"When I get there," I thought to myself, "I want to find that verse. Psalm 23. . . the one that's changed my life... the reason I'm still alive."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me. . ." I had given Him everything and He gave me Joy. . . "Why?" I asked myself again. As I opened the dusty Bible I had set aside for so many years, it came to Psalm 32. I had this impulsive thought as I looked down. "If the Lord is God, then let the first thing I read be His words to me." The Bible had opened without flipping a page to Psalm 32.

PSALM 32:1-5, 8

1 Blessed (happy) is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah. (Think about that).

5 I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

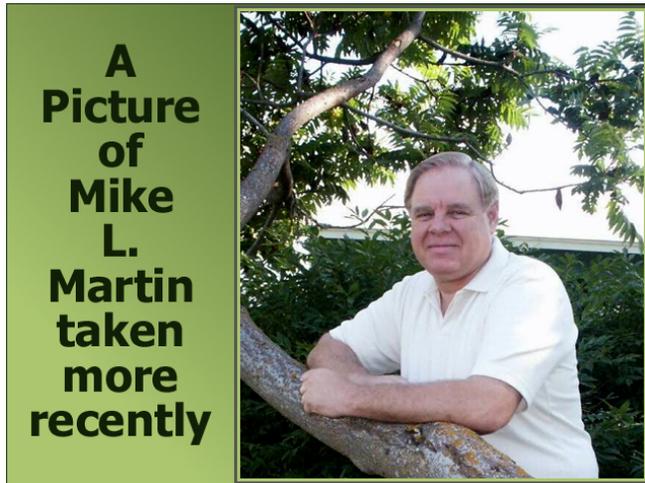
Yes, He had somehow, miraculously caused my Bible to open to these words and now I knew God would guide me. Verse 8 says: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."

How miraculous that He spoke to me, that He was waiting for me in the "valley of the shadow of death", and most of all. . . that He wanted me.

That night, Jesus changed me. He gave me a new life and, most of all, He became my best friend. I have never for a moment regretted giving Him everything. Neither will you.

Mike Martin

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03 -- THANK YOU, MIKE

Thanks Mike! for sharing your marvelous testimony with us for publication to HDM Users via email and on the HDM DVD -- and my God cause many thousands to read it, and find in it that which will help them make it into The Holy City! -- Duane

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THE END