

A True Christian: by Joseph Zeiss

A
TRUE
CHRISTIAN

By: Joseph Zeiss

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All credit and honor and Glory to Jesus Christ the Only Wise God.

To The Lord Jesus Christ.

May His Name and His people be lifted up.

In Jesus name amen.

God please make us humble and keep us humble.

The only True Guide is Jesus who speaks by His Spirit and never goes against His Word.

The Holy Bible is the ultimate authority on all things, and/but it points to Jesus that we may go to Him to have life. The Bible does not save...Jesus saves when we give our all to Him in the Power of the Holy Spirit and are born again to Holiness.

Be Bereans and search the Scriptures to see if what is said by anyone is correct with the HOLY Spirit as your guide.

Thanks

God bless!!!

Love you!!!

I commit this to the Lord Jesus Christ!!!

The Goal of the book is to get all of Jesus and all of His LOVE. Taste and see that the Lord is Good and then eat all of Him...(repent and be born again to have all of Him and His Love)

And to bring Glory to God who is Jesus.

Jesus Is Lord!!!

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The Beginning

It all started back on December 26, 1984. That is where it all began. I am getting ahead of myself (on another note myself has taken on a whole new meaning since Jesus took over my life and entered my body, now it is Jesus living in me, but somehow I am still here). Ok so...it didn't actually start on December 26, 1984, it started in eternity past when Jesus thought of me. In a sense, I have always existed and always been Gods Child. In the mind of God I have always been with Him but it just came to be in time, when I got saved. Now I could go one of two directions. I could tell you about how, at the same time, I wasn't always a Child of God, in a sense. From conception till 26 years old I was a Child of Satan, who, sometimes followed God/sometimes followed Satan, and was always wondering if, in fact, I was saved and would go to Heaven when I died. Or the other direction I could go is to say that It All Goes Back even further than 1984, or even when I was in the mind of God. It all goes back

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to the very very beginning (if it exists) in eternity past when there was...God. Everything ALWAYS goes back to God.

God was, in eternity past, is now, and will ALWAYS BE.

And of course at the very center of who God is, is Jesus. At

the center of Jesus is the Cross and Resurrection. At the

center of Jesus is Love and Holiness. I am not the important

person in this book. I am in here as a pointer to Jesus. The

ultimate goal is that all things will be put under submission to

Jesus once and for all. And, all will be. Those who are in

Jesus, and Jesus in them, will be with Him, and all against

Him will be separated from Him forever in a literal, eternal,

conscious Hell. Although Jesus is far more important than

me, I will tell my story which illustrates how God works.

Sooo. I was in the mind of God in eternity past and I

was born in 1984. I was born to what I think is the, or one of

the best, families on planet earth. When I was little I would

follow my Mom around all the time. One time on a trip I

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waited outside the bathroom till my Mom got out when I was little. I REALLY LOVE my family that God has given me, and me to them. I would not go to Hell for many people but I would go to Hell for My Mom, Sister, Dad, Ehren, and Nicolai (last two my Sisters kids). So anyways I grew up all around Christianity. My family was Christian, my church was Christian, my schools were Christian. But I somehow always struggled with if I was a Christian. I always knew Jesus was the answer and to believe in Him. But how do I make Him mine. And what is belief. I used to think that everyone who went to church was a Christian and everyone who went to a Christian School was a Christian. And maybe, just maybe, there could be a Christian outside of that. When I graduated from high school in 2003 and started working in a “secular” environment, I realized I was not sure who was saved, what being saved was, or if I was saved. When I was in Christian School in Chapel, I felt God and His Presence, but in the secular environment I wasn’t sure if I just missed Chapel or if

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God was not with me. Two things kind of happened at the same time. Not only was I really thirsty for God and people who were loving, but after a year of working boring, low paying jobs I was thinking about college. Part of me wanted to go to University of Central Florida because it seemed cool and I could play soccer and maybe go professional (love soccer and played my whole life and am really good at it). So I called the School but they said my G.P.A. was too low and maybe I could transfer in, after two years at another school. My best friend, who I consider my brother, Zac, said I REALLY needed to go to college to succeed in life. God really used him to help me make the effort to go. I visited the Christian school he was going to but it seemed too secular and high speed. I also checked out Bryan College in Georgia (I think or nearby) and was promised a position on the soccer team. For some reason something in me said Covenant College was the “light on the hill”. That I would figure out this whole Jesus thing and be at peace while there. Also my

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Mom and Sister said it reminded them of our Christian elementary school...which was pretty good. I would not have a spot on the soccer team, which really upset me, but was set to go there. Covenant called and said they had a package for financial aid and it was far from what I could do, by thousands. I was very upset because I felt God leading me there, and hung up the phone in desperation. I guess God failed or I messed up. Now what do I do with my meaningless life. God had them call back later with an offer that was completely doable. I was ecstatic! The night before traveling to Covenant in North Georgia (I live in central Florida), I could not sleep and kept my Dad up, and kept asking him if it was a good idea to go and if I would be alright. I was REALLY scared to leave everything I knew and go 9 hours, of a drive away, for four years. Especially leaving my family, my rock. I remember, however, talking to my Dad outside the house a few weeks prior, when he was concerned about me

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going so far away, saying, that I had to settle this thing with
Jesus, no matter what.

Going to Covenant

So we left. My Sister did not go with us and wanted to give me her teddy bear (even though she was 17) to help me up there and remember her, but I did not want to defile the precious gift by taking it away from her, and home. We left the house early, early morning and went to Walmart to spend over 400 dollars on supplies, then we started toward Georgia. When we got there and went to my room I was in shock. I was sooo uncomfortable. The place was in chaos. People were blaring music and running around half naked on the hall my room was in. To me everyone I met seemed nuts. I was furiously going nuts and freaking out. My parents suggested I stay one night in the dorm room to see if I could do it and they would stay at a hotel. I said I can't even take it here one night. No way! So we made our way back to the car, taking all my stuff, all the way back. We were exhausted. By now it was the evening, and none of us really slept the night before, and

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had been driving all day. We were exhausted, tired, hungry and disappointed. We talked for hours on what I should do. They were ready to leave the campus if I didn't decide. More than anything I was scared. I felt like if I didn't go to Covenant, my life would be over. I wouldn't find God, I wouldn't find a good job, wouldn't succeed, and wouldn't have friends. I felt death waiting for me back in Florida. Finally, and I KNOW this was God, I prayed to Jesus. My Dad was going to take my dorm room key back to the office, to turn it in, and leave for Florida. I said no. If God has failed me by making me not find Him, and made me so uncomfortable that I can't stay, or if I have failed God by not being brave enough, I want to face God myself and tell Him, "you jerk I did my best here is your key". I took the key, left the car, and began walking up the stairs to the office, no turning back now. I prayed, "God please help me, and do something if you want me to go here, I can't do it if you don't help, otherwise I'm back in Florida". I opened the door and

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went up to, and gave the key, to a girl that worked there. She looked surprised and asked if everything was ok. I really give thanks to Jesus for her. I explained the situation, that my hall had a bunch of weird people on it, but I wanted to go there. She said she would check something out and took my number. My family and I left for a hotel not knowing the outcome. On the way I got a call, it was the Dean of Students. He asked me the problem and I told him. He asked if we could come in the next day to talk with him, I was elated and said yes, definitely. We got a hotel, finally got sleep, and met with him the next day. He asked me if I didn't like the hall, or if I didn't like the school. I said it was definitely the hall. He took us up to a different hall and showed us around. He said if I like I could have my own room without any weird roommates to bother me, on a hall that seemed more calm and normal. I was excited and took the offer thanking God in my heart. My parents left me later that day to go back to Florida. I remember long hugs and my Dad waving until I couldn't see

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him. I went in to the Great Hall for a beginning of the year meeting for freshmen. I remember feeling so alone and scared. Over the years I was there (3 full years and the start of a fourth) I did two things. I always talked to my family (mainly my Mom) multiple times a day, and I would talk to many, many people about how to be saved. It was my mission to get saved. A few things played into this. I was alone in a new place far from home and family so I was scared, and knew more my need of Jesus. Also the Christian environment, chapel, small groups, and all the Christians around me and all the singing and all the sermons made me want this Jesus, and to be SURE He was mine. I also wanted God to help me, and to help with the loneliness, lostness, and homework! I had many insanely cool conversations that really helped me towards Jesus and, at minimum, helped me at that moment in time. I also think because I was lonely, I wanted Jesus to fill me up, and it didn't hurt to talk to someone while He wasn't there. Anyways, I ended up in one the most amazing

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providential blessings of my life the second year there. I was talking with some random people about who I should take a Bible class from and someone insisted that I take at least one course with a radical teacher named Dr. Henry Krabbendam. Another person at the table suggested he was a little crazy and not to. But when the first person spoke about him, it seemed that maybe and hopefully there was a life and love and power about this Dr. Krabbendam. And that is what I needed. I needed someone who actually knew God. An expert. Who could help me find Him. I took New Testament from him the next semester and was blown away. Much like in the Bible, when Jesus spoke with Authority and amazed the people, when I listened to Dr. K I really felt like He knew what he was saying and it meant something. Well, that was it. After a few days or weeks in his class I started talking to him about if I was a Christian and how I could be saved. He was so Loving, gracious, knowledgeable, and holy. He would not only talk with me countless times, trying to help me, but he would pray

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with me a ton and even let me use his office to read Scripture and pray for God's help and Salvation. I really did and still do respect him so much. He had power, love, and Godliness.

Something very few people have even among a Christian college. He gave me a book to read that really helped. I say it helped, but it helped by hurting. When I read the book I would get more afraid of going to Hell. But that was good.

As Amazing Grace says, "it was grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved". The book was called "A Pastors Sketches" by Ichabod Spencer. It was about a Pastor trying to help convert a variety of people, some in his church, some not. Also when I started college, I started reading the Bible, mainly the New Testament, a chapter a day. In high school I was struggling and having a hard time, and many nights I would pray for help and read a Psalm, but did not get into the New Testament and its hard to hear teachings until college. That also made me afraid of Jesus and going to Hell.

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For many years I kind of hated Matthew because of all of

Jesuss parables that scared me.

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Going to Uganda

Anyways, as time went on, I came to find out about a trip to Uganda, Africa that Dr. Krabbendam could not shut up about. He would say that everyone should go, to anyone who would listen, inside class or out. He also personally, strongly recommended it to me. It was a mission's trip, aimed at evangelizing the people of Uganda, and telling them about Jesus. Dr. K said it would really help me and he could spend a lot more time with me, to try to assess me to see what I should do in regards to salvation. I was extremely scared about going to Uganda. A main reason being that it was in Africa! Far away and very different. I struggled with obsessive compulsiveness and was worried about the primitive conditions and how I would manage. Plus, it was very, very far away and I would not be able to talk with my family for a month while over there. So, going from several times a day, to nothing for a month would be crazy. My Mom especially,

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was my go to, for reassurance and ideas for anything that would go wrong. When I went from central Florida to north Georgia for college at Covenant, I went a little bit far away but still had comforts of America and a phone for family. It was a really tough decision. One thing that kept ringing in my head and the one thing that made me go was the feeling that if I didn't go to Africa, I wouldn't go to Heaven. I had the strong sensation that God was there. He is everywhere, but something about that trip, to that location, with that leader (Dr. K) seemed liked the closest thing to God and Heaven I could ever get. God was asking me on my insides, "Do you really want God, Do you want Jesus and to be close with God, know Him, and be a True Believer, it may be extremely difficult, more difficult than you can handle or imagine, how bad do you want it." But the idea of seeing God face to face, as it were, overwhelmed me into going. I had come too far to go back, or not go. I had had other opportunities to go on missions trips many times before, but this was different. It

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wasn't giving food out, or rebuilding a house. It was learning about Jesus, from the best (Dr. K) and then telling others about Jesus, all day, every day for a month. Plus, I remember in High School I watched a movie called "Death of a Salesman". In the movie a guy, that I swear looks exactly like Dr. K, says to the main character, "come to Africa, they have diamonds, we'll be rich". The movie made it seem like his whole life hinged on one decision to go with him to Africa and have a great life, or to be a wuss and coward, not go, and have a horrible life. He didn't go, and really suffered in his life. I couldn't get the movie out of my head. The older really tall confident white headed man in the movie was offering a changed life and destiny through riches and diamonds. My older, confident, very tall, white headed professor, and mentor, was offering me something that would change my life forever, literally. It was not diamonds that would last for a while, but Jesus who would last an eternity and love, lead, guide, and protect me, and never leave.

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I remember being in the airport in Atlanta, and our group began singing praise songs to and about Jesus. It was REALLY cool! People would walk by and look at us. And it seemed that they longed to have what we were singing about. It was really cool too, because a certain guy stopped to listen, and I went over to him (not even knowing if I was saved, but knowing that Jesus and His Love and Power were real and needed). I can't remember exactly what we said, but I was explaining that we were singing about Jesus and tried to tell him the Gospel as best I could. He was with another guy and I wondered if they were gay. That didn't bother me, because all people need Jesus. This guy seemed to long for Jesus and be hurting, possibly partly because of the gay aspect. We ended up boarding the same plane. What happened next was even more amazing. In mid-flight a cool guy with us, Andrew Russell, began singing some songs he made up about Jesus. They were so loving and soothing, and randomly placed

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members of our team on the plane, began to sing as well, no one seemed to object, really cool.

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In Uganda

When we landed (on final flight) it was also cool (I use that word a lot!). I looked at the odd trees and thought, man this is weird, I am in Africa! Our schedule was (lol) for Dr. K to walk upstairs (where the guys stayed) and say, “Good morning! Time to get up!” I tried not to hate him for this because he is so cool, but it was six in the morning! We usually didn’t get to sleep till 11 or 12 after going hard all day. It seemed as soon as I went to sleep he was saying in a kind authoritative voice, “Good morning! Get up!” I didn’t sleep that well sometimes, but it was cool knowing that we were, as it seemed, in God’s country. Some kind of different dimension where Jesus was more real and it’s all we thought about and worked about. Usually Dr. Krabbendam would teach/preach for the first half of the day and then we would go out for the second to tell people about Jesus, trying to remember what was said in the teaching. It was really good

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teaching. I met the most amazing person when we went out to witness. We were teamed up with local Christians to evangelize with us and to interpret for us, as some people spoke another language. His name was Nic. He was just a really cool guy. Very loving and respectful and deferent to me and what I wanted to communicate. He would know how to navigate the neighborhoods. Although I questioned if I was saved, I knew a lot about Jesus and the Bible and I was genuine. Jesus is the answer. It was absolutely amazing to feel like God is speaking through you even if you don't know exactly what you're doing. You know you are making a difference just by trying to glorify Jesus and save people. I had a sense of how Great Jesus was and how much people needed Him and to look into Him and the Bible. I loved witnessing. At a certain point, in the one month trip, I felt like God made me just specifically for witnessing. I felt more like me and like I was created to be. I thought, God made me for this. I wondered if I was supposed to stay in Africa or return

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someday or what. People are definitely more open to Jesus in Uganda than America. They will listen. One day as Nic and I were going along, we came across a guy that seemed angry and rough. I asked if he wanted to hear about Jesus, Nic interpreted, and the guy said no and began to ignore us doing other things. I told Nic to tell him I don't even know if I was saved. It was hilarious what followed. You should have seen Nic's face! He said he wouldn't tell the guy that. We argued back and forth for what seemed like 10 minutes. Finally I wore him down and Nic told him. I said I don't even know if I'm saved, but I know that Jesus Loves You and wants to save you from sin and Hell. It shocked Nic and I, when the guy asked to be saved! He seemed changed and softer and in need of Jesus. We went over and I began to pray with him repeating after me. Since I wasn't even sure what one had to do to be saved I wanted my prayer to be the best prayer ever to make sure he was really saved. Again, it seemed like I prayed for 10 minutes. I don't know what happened to him, I told

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him to keep seeking Jesus, but I will always remember him.

There was also a guy, about 16, who really seemed to hang on my words about Jesus.

Throughout the trip I struggled with my own salvation and wondered what it even meant. Jesus is God, He died and rose, I am supposed to believe. How do I believe? What does believing even mean? I believe the Bible. What is Believing in Jesus? There was something there I just couldn't get. I would talk to Dr. K and he would try to help, and would help, but I was still stuck. I would talk with everyone on the trip who seemed to know. I actually started doing that at Covenant. I would go from person to person trying to get saved or figure it out. One thing that I kept hearing from people was that there are no magical words to say. Some people would say go pray all night until you're saved. And I tried that 3 or 4 times. I went to my car, got in the front seat, put my knees on the floor facing the seat and would try to

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meet God and pray. I was just hoping for something to happen. I needed Jesus. I needed His love and acceptance. I needed a friend. I remember one night in the car praying, “Jesus save me”, over and over again for about a half hour. After that I went in and out of sleep and praying. It seemed like it went nowhere and now I was exhausted with chapel and classes starting soon. I went into chapel to hear the song, “Leaning on the Everlasting Arms”. I started to cry. Maybe God did see me in the car trying to get saved. And He loved me.

So anyways, while in Uganda, I talked to many people about salvation and how to get it. Another answer seemed to come up a bit. Talk to God, and not people about it. I think part of the reason I constantly asked about salvation was loneliness, wanting a friend and to feel connected, as well as Get Saved. One night I was really struggling with this and talked to a guy that said I should fast and pray and make sure I got saved

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soon, or I might go to Hell. I know it sounds weird but when I looked into his eyes they seemed like Jesus was telling me this with authority. So I determined to try and not eat until I was saved. It was Really hard. I felt horrible from not eating. Especially when we went to a certain house that had a practical feast for us about 5 or 6 days into not eating. They all seemed so happy and content and enjoying one another and EATING. And I was outside trying to keep my resolve. I kept thinking, “Do I want to eat one good meal and then go to Hell, or should I fight as hard as I can to escape certain death, judgment, and flames”. I was really scared. I also began to think of my Mother. We seemed alike. We did the right things. We did the Christian things. We loved Jesus. But it seemed like we were both lost. And if I didn’t get saved I would be pushing my Loving Mom, possibly the person I care most about, right into Hell. I could eat. Is a meal worth my Mommys life? I was sooo hungry and couldn’t take it, but managed, by talking to someone outside the house about

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salvation. I was very urgent, because I thought I would go insane with hunger, and didn't want me and my Mom going to Hell, but she seemed calm and like it was a simple matter. After another day or two Dr. K said I had to eat. Like a command. I took this as God telling me to eat, because I trusted Dr. K. Plus, I figured I would die before finding salvation. I was sooo happy to eat that meal. It could have been feces and I would have loved it. Actually the funny thing was, that that was one of the Worst meals I ever remember eating! It was some weird junk I didn't know what it was, and it tasted horrible, but I gladly ate and looked very much forward to every meal after that, forever! Soon after (I don't remember the exact sequence of events) I went outside Dr. Ks house to a half built house 50 yards away to pray for salvation. This time it was my Dad I thought about. My Dad loved me so much and would do anything to protect me, but he couldn't save me from Jesus's wrath. And I was scared for my Dads salvation also. I missed him so much right then. I wanted him

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to hug me and tell me everything was going to be okay and protect me. I spent a few hours praying, crying, and stressing out, as well as missing my Dad. I spent one night, up all night, praying and reading the Bible. I read a lot of the Bible, but where I turned it seemed I had never heard before. It was in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. Everywhere I turned in those books it seemed like God was saying yet again...you rebelled and I am going to kill you. I will torture you and you will go to Hell. That made me even more troubled knowing the bible said that. Then after asking Dr. K for someone to pray all night with, he sent me with a local pastor to the pastor's house. He prayed with me for a bit then went to bed. I was in agony about not being saved and felt completely lost and alone. I fought sleep, for the sake of my soul and also I couldn't sleep because I was so upset. I finally fell asleep and (get this) had one of the worst nightmares ever!! Shortly after falling asleep I had a dream. Myself, my Sister, and a close friend from Covenant were in a spaceship. The spaceship was

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about to launch. The problem was I knew, absolutely knew, that it would blow up. It was a matter of minutes before we would all be dead. The only problem was, I couldn't seem to speak. My friend was telling jokes, that were very funny, and my Sister was laughing hysterically. They both thought that everything was fine, or didn't care. I can't remember if I couldn't speak or they wouldn't listen. I think it was that I just couldn't move or figure out a way to get out. I got more and more scared. And they continued joking. I couldn't speak to warn them and I couldn't move or figure a way out. We were doomed. They were clueless. My friend was telling jokes, when we were about to die. What an idiot. Seemingly blatantly ignoring our destruction. My Sister seemed like she might have been slightly scared but had no clue and was rather interested in laughing. I knew and could do nothing. What scared me the most was that my Sister didn't know. I had to tell her. I had to save her. "I know we are in trouble! I know we are in trouble! That has to mean something! They don't

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have a clue, but I know!” But I was doomed just like they were. My mouth, mind, and body wouldn’t work. I couldn’t get out or save them. I just kept thinking, with all my knowledge I couldn’t save myself. But worse I was letting my Sister die, right in front of me when I could have done something. It was one of the worst feelings ever. I can’t save my Sister. I woke up right after the dream. I was probably asleep long enough to have the dream and wake up. Now I was really panicking. All three of us were going to Hell. I could have done something but didn’t or couldn’t. I prayed and literally yelled to God to save me and ESPECIALLY My Sister for a long time. The pastor woke up at some point eventually and took me to his vacant church and left. I went in a back room and cried and screamed and begged God to save me and My Sister. “God let me get saved so I can save her and warn her, please!” I yelled and prayed for hours. Even after people began going in and out of the church (not a service, I don’t know what it was). I still screamed and yelled.

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Finally I was desperate and thought someone at the church could help. I went out crying to this older lady and told her the story. She helped a good deal and then read to me from Isaiah. She said that it was God talking to me. It may have been around Isaiah 49:6 about God using me to save Israel and the gentiles, but I remember it was definitely about God raising me up and using me a lot. I was really encouraged, until I asked her if she told other people the same thing. She said yes. Then I was kind of mad at her. This could have nothing to do with me. But I still thought it might be true. Looking back on it now I do think it was of Jesus. And I think and hope He has and will raise me up and use me greatly for His Glory and so others tormented with salvation or not may finally be safe, saved, fully loved and have Jesus living in them and through them 24-7 with power.

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Leaving Covenant

I went to Uganda the summer after my second year at Covenant. I returned to Covenant the following year. The fourth year however was different. I began to struggle in many areas. My OCD (obsessive compulsive disorder) started getting out of control. I would wash my hands four or five times in a row, taking 5 or 10 minutes. I would shower for 45 minutes or longer. My hands were white like leprosy and started to bleed so I had to buy lotion on top of all the soap I was buying. My grades were horrible and I couldn't seem to study. Finally the school asked me to leave and get counseling. I was horrified. I felt like God had killed me. "I thought Jesus wanted me to go here. I struggled hard to get in and continue. Jesus taught me so much, and now I just get kicked out. Where do I go from here?" I packed my stuff and played one last ping pong game with my friend that I had the dream about, and left. As I drove away I started sobbing. I

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called my Dad and said how sad I was, and he encouraged me that it would be ok. I drove back to Florida. I remember pulling in the driveway. Normally on breaks from college, I would be absolutely thrilled to be HOME, but this time it was different. I felt like I had failed to find God and there wasn't much hope.

My Mom was amazing and did research on ocd and what to do. She bought books and called people, and finally got me in at the University of Florida/Shands Hospital to see some experts on treating OCD. Three weeks of Monday through Friday, an hour and a half a day. I drove two hours to get there. They definitely did all kinds of crazy stuff to help me. Anything that bothered me they would make me do something far worse. Not real, but an example would be, if someone hated to be dirty, they would show them a picture of dirt, show them real dirt, have them touch the dirt, and then dump two tons on their head! Sounds bad, but it was actually

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really cool and it really helped. I did two months of follow ups and it seemed to have completely cured me (thanks to God).

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More Problems

I began working at a couple of different jobs when I realized I had obtained a far greater problem (by the way this story gets better!!! Keep reading!). I began to wonder if different random people were angels or people from the Bible. One night at my job as a security officer I sensed God wanted me to immediately quite my job, train for two months, and go to a professional soccer tryout. I have always loved soccer since my Mom enrolled me at age 8. Not to brag, but I was amazing (lol)! I was always the best or close, on every team, club, recreational, and high school. I won many first place trophies, scored many key goals, was captain of the high school team, and won districts twice. I always wanted to go professional and really believe that I could have and even still could if it was God's will. But God had other plans. Anyways, I quit my job and began to train every day for two months for the upcoming Chicago Fire, professional team

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tryout, in Chicago. I left with enough money to get there and maybe make it back. I planned to sleep in my car. Being from Florida, I didn't know you could freeze to death in your sleep. When I got to the arena the night before tryouts I met a really nice Christian who said I could stay with him. To make a long story short, I didn't get selected, and started my angel thinking again. I went to an institution and was put on drugs. They made me feel horrible. After a few months I quit taking them. I got hired and fired from a good job. A couple days later I thought God wanted me to stay in the room I was in (in my Moms house) until I was saved. I prayed, then screamed, then started breaking things. The cops were called, and in an effort to stay in there and keep them out, I accidently hit a cop. I went to jail then an institution. I got out, and the next day went right back to a different institution. I got on other meds. The first few months were really hard. The meds make everything difficult. I could barely read for months and months. Then it started to get better.

FINALLY SALVATION!!!

Anyways, back to the salvation story. So my family was going to a certain church when I got out, and continued to go there for a bit. Then my Mom heard about a new church from a coworker, and we checked it out. It seemed to have a little more life in it. We continued going there. I had a couple different successful jobs, began playing and refereeing soccer, and reading Christian books, as well as the Bible. One of the books I began reading was “The Gospel According To Jesus”. I bought it when I was in college. I heard on the radio, “if you are wondering about your Salvation, who better to tell you what salvation is than Jesus”. After I read that, I read the sequel, “The Gospel According to the Apostles”. When I read these two books (two of the best books ever written), I was scared at first, and then skeptical. I was scared because when I started reading them, Mr. Macarthur talks about what the Bible really teaches and what Jesus actually said, including the

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parables. The books talk about the hard sayings of Jesus, to leave all and follow Him. They talk about that if your life doesn't line up with Jesus, you're not saved. In my life I was taught a lot about God's love, forgiveness, and grace, and not as much about His demands and hard sayings and our holiness. A lot of people say that these books are incorrect and teach works righteousness. The opponents say that a simple prayer or slight belief at one point in a person's life, guarantee Heaven. The opponents say that your actions might not line up with belief. You've probably heard by grace alone, through faith alone, in Christ alone. They would say that salvation is easy, just believe. These books made me begin to think that there was more to it, than that. And that also gave me hope, because I was looking for more. I needed Jesus more in my life. The books seemed to make sense. I also learned from Dr. Krabbendam that life is about Holiness first, not happiness, and that we needed to die to ourselves, actually kind of die, so that Jesus could reign in us. "Unless a kernel

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of seed dies it cannot produce fruit”. I kind of went back and forth between thinking I wasn’t saved to thinking I was a pretty good Christian.

Around the same time a guest speaker came to preach at our new church. He was a traveling evangelist named Ken Freeman. He was in town to preach for three or four days. I do not remember the exact sequence of his sermons. One was about how horrible his childhood was. It sound like one of the worst abuse cases. Another sermon was about how a Christian guy was annoyingly persistent on Mr. Freeman getting saved. Mr. Freeman finally went to church, cried, and prayed a prayer for salvation. His story really got to me about how bad he had it. Another sermon he preached was, “Final Exam”. Five questions, you have to get all of them right, or you go to Hell. He talked about repentance, the Holy Spirit being the One to save you, and three other things. What got to me the most about this preacher was that he preached loudly with authority

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and confidence. And he would often have the whole crowd repeat a word or phrase. He would say, “this is a test, say test (crowd repeated “test”), final, say final (crowd repeated “final”), exam, say exam (crowd said “exam”). The way he talked was very moving and commanding, calling us to see if we were, in fact, saved. And he talked about actually living the life, and Jesus being Lord. I talked with him one night to congratulate him on getting it right. As I did, I sensed that maybe I wasn’t saved. I made up my mind to FOR SURE read the Bible every night no matter what until I knew I was saved. One of the nights he was in town I read in Romans 10:1-4 where God says through Paul, “Brothers, my heart’s desire and prayer is that they may be saved. For I bear them witness that they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. For being ignorant of the righteousness of God, and seeking to establish their own, they did not submit to God’s righteousness. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone who believes.” When I read this I

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thought I “have a zeal for God”, and “I am righteous”. I struggled over what it said. I figured that I needed God’s righteousness. One of the nights, after Mr. Freeman preached, I called Dr. Krabbendam, and said it was really good and I wanted to get saved. I asked him if I should turn around and go back and talk to Mr. Freeman about it. He said, as usual, go far fast and furious for Jesus. So I went back and talked with him a little, then I walk to my car. I realized that I had tried everything I could to be saved and to get God to save me. I constantly prayed to be saved. I read my Bible a ton. I fasted on different occasions. I talked to countless people about how to be saved. I read books on it. I went to Christian schools my whole life. I went to a Christian college. I went to Africa to learn, seek, and preach for a month with Dr. K, the best. I had asked sought and knocked for many years and I finally realized I was stuck. If Jesus didn’t do something to save me I would never be saved. I had to trust Him completely that He would do it. Bank on Him doing it. I went

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back to Mr. Freeman and asked him, “If I keep seeking God will He for sure save me?” He said that God would save me. I called Dr. Krabbendam and said I have to do something. I either need to get saved or recommit my life or something. He said, “Why don’t you recommit your life”. The next day I went to hear Mr. Freeman again. THIS WAS IT. I made up my mind that I was walking down the aisle. I don’t even remember what he said. I was just waiting for the invitation. When he said does anyone want to get saved walk the aisle.....I SAID IN MY HEART, “JESUS FROM NOW ON I WILL DO WHATEVER YOU TELL ME TO DO!!!” I began walking the aisle and went down front. I think he said a prayer for us to repeat, then we went outside to talk with counselors (a lot of people went forward). Outside it was chaotic. I started to look for a counselor, but then instead began to try to find someone else to help. MY WHOLE LIFE CHANGED THAT DAY! Just in the simple words to Jesus, that I will follow Him regardless. Something I also remember

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strongly about Mr. Freeman's sermons was that I felt something strongly tugging on my heart. I needed this. I was in danger. I was self-righteous, and yet very sinful. Jesus loved me and I could feel Him. I realized the feeling I had and the tugging on my heart, WAS JESUS. It was His Holy Spirit pointing me to Jesus. Jesus and the Holy Spirit are different but the same. But to be saved you have to give your life fully to Jesus alone. "There is no other name under Heaven given among men by whom you can be saved." What I was searching for my whole life I finally had living in me. I trusted that Jesus was strong enough to guide me from then on. I had felt the Holy Spirit before in my life, but never as strong as the nights I heard Mr. Freeman. The Holy Spirit made me seek Him all my life in varying degrees at different times. So two things came together. Strong conviction on my heart, like Jesus pulling on me, and what only God could have done because no one told me. I decided to combine getting saved with recommitting my life. I was getting ALL IN. God

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had me put this together in my heart without my brain realizing what I was doing. If I had just tried to get saved...it may not have held (I have probably prayed the sinners prayer 200 times). If I had tried to recommit my life, it wouldn't have worked, because I needed something deeper...I needed all of Jesus, in all of me, right then. The two keys are to feel Jesus pulling on you and to give Him everything and get all of Him.

After Salvation

Two days after I completely, and for real, gave my life to Jesus, and it worked because Jesus did it, I was cleared of all charges in court for my battery on the police officer. That was really cool how Jesus set me free to Himself, Holiness, and Love, and now I was free of an earthly hurdle. I was working at pizza hut at the time and I began to talk to EVERYONE about Jesus. I was a dishwasher in the back, so it was mainly the employees. I told them to give everything and themselves to Jesus. I had witnessed in the past before being saved, but this was different, I was on fire with an Unquenchable Fire, Jesus. When anyone at work, or anywhere, would ask how I was doing, I would say, “Great because of Jesus”. Because if you have Jesus you are in Good Hands regardless of anything. After a while of telling people to give all to Jesus. I began to wonder if I was saying works righteousness (that you get to Heaven by YOU doing good),

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instead of “just believing in Jesus”. I remember helping a coworker move to an apartment. He said he was a Christian and worried about his girlfriend going to Hell because she was another religion. They were living together. So I witnessed to her. Then I told him he should be worried about Hell because he was also going there also, because sexual sin of any kind results in Hell. I was still unsure if what I had said was true but thought it was correct. Can you just “believe in Jesus” and not give all, and not live right the rest of your life? So for a while I really struggled with this because from preachers’ sermons and Christians’ lives, it seemed believing had nothing to do with actions and lives. So I began to back off telling people to surrender all. But I persistently said just about every time a coworker left work, “Jesus Is The Way”. I wasn’t sure about one thing, but I knew they needed Jesus. I was definitely positive that I was saved and that something radical had happened and that I gave all. So I kept praying about it. I said, “God I prayed for Salvation for years and you gave it to

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me, and that is the main thing, but how am I supposed to do something so important, the reason why I exist, if I don't know how to explain salvation". Finally after a while, while driving you wouldn't believe what I heard! "The Gospel According to Jesus" on the radio! And I was reminded of what I did, and that that is the ONLY WAY TO BE SAVED. I am so thankful Jesus showed me that, because I have been confident since then. Plus, I also heard, a very rare couple of times, a Christian say that you have to give your life to Jesus. Salvation IS complete surrender and Jesus WILL keep you practically, everyday Holy. Also, some people may look at it as a second level and not salvation. I say just give all to Jesus regardless of how you look at it and you will get something you will NEVER forget, ALL of Jesus in you. I say look at it as both and DO IT. But I do think it is important to stress if you're not All In you are lukewarm and as Jesus said, you will go to Hell. As I have said, I am trying to show the Truth in Love. Be a Berean and search scriptures daily to see if it is

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true, if it isn't throw it out. Even if there is a chance of it being true, look at it. You don't want to, and won't be able to search for truth on the Day of Judgment. Think about it. You absolutely refuse to give all to Jesus, you're sinning, lukewarm, not being born again like Jesus said. That sounds like a very dangerous place to be!!!! An atheist said that if he believed in Hell, he would walk across the country bleeding, on his knees, over broken glass to convince one person. I write this book in love. Make sure the reason you disagree, is Truth, not just what you believe or have been taught. Muslims believe very strongly, and would be just as angry. I would have been angry with my own book, and self, before I was saved. Anyways, LoveYou!!!

My whole life my thinking had been great and normal with the exception of about six months or so (which I mentioned above), when I wondered if certain people were angels and hit a cop. My extreme worry over my Salvation,

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was of God, helping me to seek, see my need for Him in me, and for me to draw near to Him. My thinking cleared up again shortly after medication, but I questioned if that was the whole, part, or none of the reason why. So after figuring out that it is Surrender I began to feel bad on the meds after a year or so at pizza hut. Plus I was getting sick of not having much work and doing the job itself (I don't like repetitive things like washing hundreds of dishes over and over). So I left there and continued on with my classes at the community college, toward Business.

The Police Academy

After a bit, a new opportunity arose. Through talking with a friend and seeing some advertisement I began to want to be a police officer. I always thought the police and military were pretty cool. So I signed up and began my training in the police academy. It was a really amazing experience. I enjoyed almost the entire thing. It was four and a half hours a day during the week, and a lot of all day Saturdays. It was mostly listening to instructors teach and taking tests (which I was happy I did so well on). That was cool learning the police lingo. But the cool part was physical training. We would play sports, run, and do defensive tactics. A favorite thing was when our whole group would run in formation and sing cadence. In one of the defensive tactics simulations we were the cops and the instructors were the criminals and we had to successfully deal with them. This was nerve racking because we had some huge instructors with military/police

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background. Not to mention we were covered in protective gear, all in one room nervously waiting to be called by name, to go in blind, to a completely unknown situation. And a large part of the nervousness (obviously performance also) was the fact that we knew there was probably a reason we had pads from head to toe. When they called my name I entered the room where the instructor was doing something illegal. I walked toward him and told him to put his hands behind his back and to do it now. He turned around and punched me in the face with all his might! Lol! He hit me so hard he knocked me to the ground. I remember thinking, “holy crap!” I immediately got up and in my mind was thinking I am going to kill him! I was determined to beat the crap out of him and get him in submission on the ground with the handcuffs on. It was hard, seeing as how he was ripped. But I did it. That has helped me sometimes walking at night. I just think, “If anybody tries to kill me I will fight with 200% energy and probably win, and if not, oh well!” We also got to drive real

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fully equipped police cars! Now that was fun! Lighting up the lights, turning the siren on full blast, pushing the pedal to the medal, flying down the strip, and then slamming on the brakes to try and land it between four cones! I also remember two other things from the police academy. One was the phrase, “Do It Now!”. I heard it like a hundred times about how we are to direct people who committed crimes. Also I remember the people. They were really cool. And as usual I always tried to bring them to Jesus in any way I could. After six months in the academy, with three months to graduation, someone was angry at me for calling them on their sin, even though I did nothing wrong, they knew I was in the academy and so to get back at me they called them and told them my past. The Academy asked me, and told them about the past situation, and they kicked me out. I was kind of crushed because it really seemed like God was blessing me there.

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The Perfect Job

After a couple months, I jokingly told my Mom that I wanted a job where I got paid to talk on the phone and walk around! God answered my prayer! Lol! I got a job as a hotel desk clerk! I answered phones and entered info in a computer. It was great. Most of the time I would watch TV (you have to be very careful with television, for a while after becoming a Christian I didn't watch anything, and now I am still very careful!), listen to sermons, or witness on Facebook. One thing that happened after my Amazing Salvation, is that I don't take crap from people. If someone is just being evil I don't act flowery. In the past I was a people pleaser and would act drippy sweet. But now I don't. I don't think it is good for the other person, for me to ignore their blatant evil like it's cool. I would do my job and get them a room, but would be silent. If they yelled something at me, for me to do something, I would ignore them, and say, "what's that?" I

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would slowly, eventually get to what they were yelling about and if they continued yelling I would completely ignore them. It was very freeing! Lol! If they changed their attitude I would respond in kind. I really think that God does not want us to let people walk on us. The Bible says to turn the other cheek. So I apply this as, the person yells and curses at you, you tolerate it. Then when they do it again, that is the other cheek and its game on! Lol! Some people probably think I am completely unbiblical, but the religious leaders said Jesus had demons in Him, and He replied with, “Your FATHER is the Devil”. See that is the problem with trying to follow the law. It’s like trying to read a language you don’t understand. If you have an interpreter, Who wrote the Book, living in you, then HE will guide you in the Bible and Life. People without the Holy Spirit living in them (which if He’s in you, you will automatically BE HOLY), may be following Jesus to a degree but it would be a GREAT HELP to have THE AUTHOR IN YOU!!!

After a year at the hotel, the owner began to not like me and made up some excuse, that I had caused some huge computer error, and fired me. Interestingly enough, a month or so later I was working for his brother at a hotel down the road. The manager there was a drill sergeant with a bad temper having a bad day, every day. He was just mean to everyone. At one point he was insulting the maintenance man, when the worker said back to him, “I do not like to hit old people, but if you say I am a liar one more time I will drop you! The next day the manager apologized. I however was not so lucky. I put up with his crap the whole time there until one day he was “teaching” me something on the computer. He said, “Are you just ignorant or just plain stupid.” I looked directly at him with fire in my eyes, for me and my coworkers (male and female) and loudly and confidently said, “NEITHER.” He waited until he denied my day off work for something really important, I came to work that day, the next day he fired me.

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Other Troubles

I was out of work for a couple months, when I had my second brush with the law. My medication was bugging me more and more, making me feel really sick, and like I had a massive migraine. I would look to my Mom and Sister (I was living with them), to talk and alleviate the pain. They slowly got more and more annoyed and basically ignored me. So I was in massive pain with nothing to do and no one to talk to. One day my Sister was being a complete jerk, I responded, she threw something at me and then went into the garage to destroy my last cigarettes. (People always think cigarettes are wrong, because it just seems that way, I know I did before. There is absolutely nothing in the Bible about cigarettes and the author of The Gospel According to Jesus said in one of his sermons that they are not wrong, but could harm you. People quote the Bible about your body being the Temple and not to defile it, while eating sugar, fat, caffeine (nothing wrong with

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these either), and these people sin sexually, which is what the verse is actually about. So while they are going to Hell for the sexual sin the verse is talking about, which the Bible says will land you in Hell, they are sending me to Hell for something that is, at best, a grey area. I have the Holy Spirit in me, the Bible doesn't condemn it, and it actually REALLY helps my medication not feel so bad. I started smoking at the first hotel. Some people think drugs are ok, that falls under the condemnation of "not getting drunk". If you take something that impairs your ability to follow Jesus, at all times and show Holiness and love to people, it is wrong. Drunk and high are the same. Anyways... So my Sister (one of five I would go to Hell for right now, others I would have to consider...even though obviously not possible) went in a rage to destroy one of the only means that helped my medication not give me massive headaches. So I followed her and tried to pull her out of the garage. We did tug of war for a little, she screamed at me, and called the police. I was a bit worried but they just

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said I should leave for a while. My Mom had wanted me to get my own place anyway (and was getting sick of me!) so she decided, that was it. She drove me to my grandma's place, where I should stay until we found a place. This lovely event, so happily happened two days before Christmas with my birthday the day after Christmas! I felt completely rejected and hopeless. My medication was so bad that I didn't even think I could work anymore. So I was in silent torture. God who is Jesus (Jesus had the fullness of God in Him and is God (Bible)), really is amazing!!! Jesus used this to bring me and my family very close! My Sister actually called me crying on Christmas and said she was sorry and sad about me being away from them on Christmas! That made my day, to know she still loved me deeply! We grew closer and closer as time went on. After a month had passed my Mom (the amazing Mother she is!), found me a low income apartment nearby, with dirt cheap rent. I had disability because of the prior events, which wasn't much, but it could afford this.

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I was now buying the even more unhealthy cigar/cigarettes because they were cheaper (about a dollar a pack, compared to 3 to 6 dollars a pack)(by the way famous preacher Spurgeon heavily smoked cigars...just sayin☺). I think in a very small part the cigarettes were making it worse, but the benefit far outweighed. My feeling sick on the medication got horribly worse and worse over the next few months. I remember constantly telling my Mom, Sister, and Dad that I felt like killing myself most of the time. I am positive that Jesus would keep me from that, but I was feeling horrible 90 % of the time. My schedule started rotating without me being able to change it (believe me I tried!). One week I would be up all night for a week, the next during the day. I was really desperate and constantly prayed. I really felt like what the Bible says about widows, who have nothing and no one, they pray day and night. And so did I. I constantly asked God for help, sometimes for 5 hours straight, walking around town in the middle of the night. One HUGE thing I

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learned, in practical application, is I or II Peter where Jesus says that after being tested, or the trial, Jesus will again strengthen, confirm, and establish you. And that we are not tempted to sin, beyond our ability and we will not fail (if we are Born Again.) EVERY SINGLE TIME that I was at my lowest point and really struggling, God would always help me and encourage me. A certain song would play on the radio. I would talk to someone on the phone. The sun would rise. I would feel better. A verse in the Bible. Jesus always helped me eventually. I would struggle for a while, and God would always come through. I think Jesus does that with each day and each season we are in. You may have a rough three weeks, then something cool happens to help you.

I switched to a much healthier electronic cigarette and went way down on my medication. This helped me a ton. I was finally able to think more clearly, focus, and be more productive. I began holding a sign that says, "JESUS IS

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LORD". I walk down the street with it and walk up and down the busy highway, praying, singing, waving, for Jesus. I used to want to be rich and famous. But when I started carrying the sign I told God, that it was for Him and I didn't care if anyone else cared. I then began to pray that God would use it, but am ok either way.

Another huge benefit was I am able to write what you are now reading. I was able to write this book.

Dreams

In the Gospel of John God says through John that John wrote his Gospel so that people would believe on Jesus and have LIFE in His name. We have to make sure we have saving faith, and that we have Jesus's LIFE in us.

But John also said, were all the things written, that Jesus did, he supposed the world could not contain them. I have come to know a bit about what this means. First of all, God, before He created the world, existed always and forever and for eternity past. When you think about that you see How BIG God is. He just IS. I've wondered, what the heck do you do if you aren't creating the universe, for a whole eternity. That is how separate from us that He is. He just Is. Nothing created Him. He doesn't need anything. He is just this ball of power and Holiness. And personal and loving. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit may have just been satisfied in themselves forever. I can't grasp how eternity ended and then they made

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the universe. Then they will close it. And another eternity.

God is outside time and everything, He is HUGE. That should show you how much power He has and how much He loves you and is with you. He just exists. He just IS. I AM THAT I AM. WOW!!!

So if we recorded everything about Jesus from all eternity...!!!! Yeah, that could fill a few books! Plus the fact that He Himself is infinite...He has no end to who He is and His power! That could fill a few books!

But I also think that His activity since He created the Universe, less than 10 or 12,000 years could also fill the world. Something I want you to know though, is that, I think JESUS'S ACTIVITY IN JUST ONE OF HIS CHILD'S LIFE COULD FILL THE WORLD!!! Looking back on my life, especially after I was Born Again and gave all/surrendered all to Jesus, after feeling Him tug on my heart and recognizing it was Him, and was Him pulling on me my whole life, I realize

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just how many miracles He has done and does, just with me, every hour of everyday. A lot of people miss it, because they don't pray or wait on God, or look for Him or need Him or aren't a Christian. God does so much in my life, EVERYDAY, and that is just what I see Him miraculously doing, not to mention what I don't see.

All of that to say this. We have to be very careful about people who say God told them something, or they went to Heaven/Hell, or saw an angel or vision, or had a dream. I got really intrigued by a guy who said he regularly saw an angel, and I wanted to see an angel. Thankfully God stopped me in my tracks and I thought what if this guy was seeing a demon pretending to be an angel. We don't worship angels or the supernatural. We follow Jesus. And believe me, if you follow, you will see some amazing things, just make sure they are from Jesus. Draw near to God and He will draw near to you. And "wait on God". That means He will answer and

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help us, in His time. If you follow God for the miracles and for Him to serve you...you are in for a surprise on Judgment day. You are His slave not His Master. You follow Him and do what He tells you to do (again make sure its Jesus not Satan)(pray and read and follow the Bible) and God will lead you along a cool path, the way He wants. If you're in it for yourself you will quickly stop following because sometimes it's really hard. There are many famous pastors who think they are serving Jesus when it is Satan whispering in their ears, and people follow them, so they think they are safe and right.

Anyways... to get to my dreams, that God used to wake me up to following Him.

The scariest dream I have ever had, is also the scariest event in my life. I lived through a tornado hitting my house when I was little, and remembered thinking/praying that I didn't want to go to Hell. In this dream, I WENT to Hell!!!

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You would think I would immediately repent and get saved, but I didn't for about five years. I was at Covenant, and when I woke up, I felt like the dream was more real than when I was awake like I was still going to Hell. When I woke up I was terrified. It was between three and six in the morning and I was still very tired and exhausted and would have slept for many more hours, if I wasn't scared of eternal destruction of my soul forever!!! I am not lying when I say I prayed in my car, for what seemed three straight hours! I begged Jesus to save me, and show me how to be saved, and to do whatever He had to do so I didn't go there!!! The whole day I was petrified. I didn't even want to go eat in the cafeteria because everyone was so carefree and eating and enjoying life, I was worried I would forget about the dream, and not seek God, and go to Hell. I talked to my Mom, and Zac Chase for hours to try and feel calm again, but it didn't work. I was scared to death to go to sleep the next night. In my dream, I was at Covenant, and I began to be very scared. I heard what seemed

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to be the Chariot of God coming down Heavens steps and I just had this feeling in all of me and my heart and soul, that I was so sinful and not worthy and not ready. Then I began to see two people that I recognized start to go upward. And I went upward. I was scared but took comfort in these other two people, I knew, going with me, along with hundreds of others. This is when the dream got really horrible. I noticed to my eternal dismay, that all the other people were going in a different direction than me. I looked at I could see this Light where they were going and I knew it was God and His Glory. Then I realized something. Everything good is from God. My flipping amazing family was from God, my friends were from God, food, shelter, electricity, Love, goodness, mercy. Everything good is from God. Everything we need and want is from Him. Then I looked where I was going. It looked like a hurricane looks from a satellite. Except it was a scary glowing green color and was scarily going counterclockwise. It was like a spiral. It was wide at the top and the further you

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went down the spiral the narrower darker scarier and more permanent it became. I looked and could see a single file line of people, floating, slowly descending one at a time down this endless spiral. I didn't get any comfort whatsoever from seeing other people, we were all too focused on how alone and permanently ruined we were. I was going toward the spiral that ended in Hell and the length of the spiral made me realize I was never getting out again, if I entered that spiral. I realized that God/Jesus was the ONLY GOOD ONE and all good came from Him and all good returned to Him when we die. If we are Born Again we go to Him. If not all goodness is taken from us and way go the opposite way forever! So the spiral was like blackness, aloneness, and the scariest part, no goodness, or love or light ever again. So I began in the dream to plead with God for help. I begged and begged God for a second chance, and then I woke up still going towards the inescapable spiral of death. I then prayed for hours. And was ruined for a while. But it kind of faded. God used it in my life to

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eventually bring me to me. But there are many people who fear death or Hell, or have a dream, or die on an operating table and scream in pain from the flames, but they go on to live and die without giving all to Jesus and making it their only ambition, to guarantee they will be in Heaven. They go back to “just living”. The Bible says the complacency of fools will kill them. And God will laugh at people in Hell (Proverbs 2) because He called and called and they wouldn’t make it their only driving force, to seek after it like gold (Proverbs). Jesus Loves You!!! Guarantee you will be there, in Heaven! Don’t guess!!! Seek Jesus and find Him when you seek with all your heart!

Another dream I also had before I gave all to Christ was this. I remember being really worried that the world was ending and I saw really weird things in the sky. I tried to wake my parents up, but they wouldn’t listen and went back to sleep. Aliens started to invade. They finally decided to wake

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up! The aliens were attacking the planet. I remember my Sister stepped out of a high building into darkness. My aunt was trying to medically help people and my cousin thought the military would help us. I knew it was the end of the world and we had to get out of there. I remember my uncle standing in line to agree with and sign up with the aliens. I tried to convince him not to and he became very angry. There was a long line of people in single file committing their lives to the evil aliens. Then I remember being in a car with my family driving very fast and scared toward a group of people that seemed to be safe. It seemed a nuclear blast was about to go off and we drove the car off a short cliff into a pit that had surrounding rocks for protection just in time before the blast. I think the aliens were just demons taking over. I think the end of the world is near and we must give our lives to Jesus and follow Him before it's too late.

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Another dream I had right after conversion. I was listening to a famous Bible teacher on the radio, and he was talking about something to do with grace, free gift, and you don't have to do anything. And it was really bothering me. I think this was shortly after conversion when I was still unsure of the "All In salvation conversion idea" and that you had to be Holy. I went to sleep after I heard the sermon and I had a dream. I was on a bus with family and they were eating Chinese food. And there were disgusting bloody aborted babies all around us. No one seemed to mind but me. The bus pulled over at this huge garage kind of out in the woods. I was on the backside going around the side when I saw a terrifying tiger who looked like it wanted to kill many people. I prayed it wouldn't kill me and hid behind a car. The tiger went around the front to the other side where I think it killed some of my family. I was trying to get out of there and went up to the main highway and started walking away from the garage. I was walking about a foot off the road with dense woods a

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few feet to the side of me. Then I got even more scared. A lion was roaring right near me and coming closer. I knew I was dead. The lion was roaring furiously. I got on my hands and knees with my face in the dirt and began praying.

Suddenly with the lion literally right over me, He stopped roaring and seemed to love me and encourage me. He had me stand up and took a tongue ring out of my mouth. It was the most exhilarating feeling ever. I felt all my sins leave. I felt pure. I felt clean. I felt love and power. I was now next to the lion and wasn't afraid at all, I love Him and He loved me! I think that God used this dream to show me that He had saved me and it was because I surrendered all. And the tongue ring being taken out I think meant that now I could speak to people and help them and tell them how to be saved. No one knows anymore how to be saved. Preachers just ask if you believe. You say yes. They say you're saved. But what is believing? Is their saving faith and non-saving faith? The demons believe in Jesus and His Word and Work. Problem: they

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haven't committed all to Him in a moment of time to follow Him forever, thus receiving the Holy Spirit to live Holy and follow. You want all of God In You? ... He wants all of you. It's supernatural so God must do it and grant it, so look to Him. But we are also commanded to seek with all our hearts and we will find. Like the parable Jesus told of the pearl gatherer. He spent his life looking for quality pearls. This probably means He was looking for pieces of God, His goodness, love, Holiness, truth. Then he found One of Great Value, and sold everything to buy it. We must give up all to be saved and forgiven and get the Holy Spirit IN US. The Holy Spirit was probably leading that man to the pearls BUT if he didn't find the Great Pearl...he would have gone to Hell. People think because they love God and experience Him in their lives they are saved. They are just finding small pearls. Don't be content until you have the Pearl of Great Value in you. Many are called (and find a lot of small pearls of God), but few are chosen (and find the pearl of Great Value). God

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IS the free gift of Salvation...do you think God is going to give you Himself and His whole heart and whole devotion... to someone who isn't serious and holds on to some sins? Do you think God wants to spend eternity with someone who isn't wholly devoted to Him? Someone who isn't 24-7 on fire for Him? God would be an idiot if He did that.

Another dream I had post conversion was this. I dreamt I was in front of a big audience trying to Preach and evangelize and get people saved. It was very chaotic and people weren't pay attention at all or even if they were they weren't grasping it. It was like they were blind and I couldn't help them. They left with a sense of church and God's Love, but going to Hell. Then I was outside the building where people were leaving the church event. I talked to one or two people I knew from my past, and told them I cared about them but I was positive they would go to Hell, guaranteed, if they didn't repent. This shocked them, like they didn't have a clue

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and thought they were safe and saved, and it gave them a sense of urgency and like they would seek God and maybe find Him. This encouraged me that there might be hope for them and others. People must realize that they are lost, and feel a need for a HUGE GOD. People have a very small God or pieces of Him. They need the Real True Living Awesome All Powerful Jesus, living in them. The kind of God that actually changes people instantly, and actually makes a difference in their life and on the world. A God who WILL LEAD. A God WITH POWER. A God who actually can fill the void in their lives. A God Who really CAN make someone pure and Holy practically, and completely 24-7 till death. A God who moves in like an atom Bomb, and YOU KNOW YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!!! God bless!!!!

Another dream I had was of me in a giant warehouse. I don't remember if anyone was there, or if there were a few

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people or many people. All I remember was, either my last words, or my only words....., “JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!.

And then I woke up. But it was really cool how I felt when I said that to whoever, or no one! I felt strongly the Holy Spirit leaping out of me! On to them. It was like a dying man’s last words, “JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!” Jesus is all that matters.

Get Him. Get ALL of Him in you! That’s all that matters.

Our goal on earth is to get Jesus. All of us, for all of Him, and then to get other people to get Jesus.

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Miracles

Miracles happen thousands if not millions or billions of times every day. God/Jesus is constantly working upholding every molecule of the Universe. He is not only upholding every molecule, but is very closely involved with every inch of Creation. He does billions of things that go unnoticed every day. Our breathing is because He causes us to be able to. But it is more than that. A person may be doing one thing, but because of an event, allowed or caused by God, they go a completely different direction. He is holding EVERYTHING, but we don't always see it. Here is a big one that I remember:

After my missions trip to Uganda, I returned to Florida and began working for the summer, before school started, at a local restaurant. I was inspired to start sharing Jesus with more people, but wasn't sure how to approach it in the work place. I didn't have God IN ME at that point, so I was

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fumbling around. Now that I'm saved, God (thankfully!!!) works in me and guides me by His Holy Spirit. Anyways, I began to try to talk with people. I ended up talking with two women and we started to argue. I was not harsh at all, I just said what I thought was true and was very kind. They ended up complaining and I was fired. God really used this though. I went south to work for my uncle in construction. One of my first days at my Uncle's house, I was looking through their bookshelf (a large one) and came across something that interested me and really caught my eye. Definitely God. I opened the book of sermons, and the first one I came to was about preachers who preach, but aren't saved. It really got to me. I was on a spiritual high from Uganda, thinking I could really be used by Jesus and reach lost people, and then it hit me, maybe I'm not even saved. My testimony should be ample evidence that a person can be very confident of salvation without being saved. And as you have seen many, many times I went back and forth, between serving God,

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thinking I was a Christian, and scared that I wasn't. Anyways, that night I stayed up all night praying, hoping for salvation, or some realization. Those didn't happen, but I drew closer to God and sought Him, which is good. And I think all of my seeking and then going back and forth, God used to ultimately bring me to Himself. God heard all of my prayers, and fasting, and seeking, and eventually answered me. We must not put it off though. We must seek with all our heart, IMMEDIATELY. Get saved NOW. And if NOW takes a year, DO IT! So I continued working for my Uncle then, at summer's end, headed north toward home to get ready to go back to Covenant. I prayed in the car that God would do something now or at Covenant to save me. I prayed this very fervently and with all my heart. It was a four hour drive. After about two hours, the huge highways got confusing, and I got off on the wrong exit in a big, busy, not so Godly city. I was driving around trying to get on the right road (kind of funny, right "street", and Right Spiritual Road!), when I drove

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by something extremely odd and rare. I had seen this a bit in Africa, but never in America. A man was in front of a liquor store, at a busy four way intersection, with a megaphone, yelling to people, that they were sinners going straight to Hell and they better repent because Jesus who loved them, was the only way. It was definitely Hell Fire preaching. The main things that he emphasized were HELL and SIN! I was debating on blowing it off, but I felt something VERY STRONG pulling on my heart (Jesus)(through the Holy Spirit). It reminded me of strong feelings in Uganda. I had to pull over. I felt like an absolute idiot for doing it, like people would think I was weird and stupid, but the pull and need in my heart was way stronger. So I pulled into the liquor store in a dangerous part of town. I wasn't sure what to expect. This was a total stranger. I made myself get out and walk over to him. He had a table with books and papers, and when he saw me, he put down the megaphone, and came over. He asked me if I was saved. I told him I had been trying to get saved for

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a long time and had said the sinner's prayer a lot, but nothing seemed to work. He asked me if we could pray, I said sure. I was going to flip out if he led me in one more sinner's prayer. But he didn't. He said an amazing prayer and was very loving and kind. He said he thought I would eventually get saved, and asked if he could anoint my head with oil. I was ok with it and glad to do it, and said yes. So he did. Then he told me to MAKE SURE I DID TWO THINGS. HE SAID, READ THE NEW TESTAMENT AND GENESIS, AND BE AROUND CHRISTIANS WHO REALLY ACT LIKE CHRISTIANS NOT JUST PEOPLE WHO CLAIM IT AND THERE ISNT AMPLE EVIDENCE. BE AROUND REAL TRUE ACTUAL CHRISTIANS AND READ THE NEW TESTAMENT AND GENESIS. I really took this to heart and followed his advice. I began reading everyday a chapter in the New Testament, and still do to this day. The whole Bible is important and the Word of God and very useful and helpful, but the New Testament REALLY gets into JESUS AND

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SALVATION. I have recently, after my salvation, began to try to also incorporate the Old Testament. I ABSOLUTELY LOVE ISAIAH, and often read and look to Psalms for help and encouragement. Proverbs helps guide me sometimes too. I really think God aided, in me getting “lost” that day. This man seemed like the real deal.....stop sinning or you will go to HELL (Holiness), and when I talked with him, very loving and encouraging (Love). Plus he was actually trying to witness, something very rare and needed. He said he was huge into drugs and hit rock bottom. He had a gun to his head and said I am either going to kill myself and be done with it or Give Everything to Jesus. So he gave everything to Jesus. He said he worked during the day at the local hospital and felt God calling him to preach on the street corner while he wasn't working. I Love that man!!! Thank you God! And thank you to him! (Also suicide is never the answer no matter where you are Spiritually, trust that God will get you through and save you!!!!).

Friends Are Friends Forever If The Lord Is The Lord Of Them

Jesus Is Lord. But He is also truly my Best Friend. He is my Older Brother and My Captain. I Love Jesus so Much!!!!!!! I love the Father and the Holy Spirit, but I love Jesus the most. I have always wanted an older brother to look up to and to get into fights with, knowing He always had my back. If there was a war in Heaven and the three in one, split up I would be fighting on Jesus's side. Of course that wouldn't happen because they are One God and one and the same God and being. But Jesus is the face of God. He is the closest to us (coming in flesh) and we see Him the clearest in Scripture. And no one has ever died for me, never left me, and had all power. We must honor the Son, to get the Holy Spirit, or see the Father. The Universe was made by Him and for Him. Jesus is the Key. I Love God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit so much, but I just can't get over Jesus.

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God is my best friend and sometimes I get mad at Him for not showing up to me personally, physically, in all His Glory and just talking with me and giving me a hug. We walk by faith and not sight. I know Jesus lives in me and ALWAYS walks with and beside me. One day I will see Him face to face. But I am on mission, with a commission from God to call His people to Jesus and lay down their lives for Him, like He did them, in order to really truly LIVE. God wants to use me to show His Love and how you can ALWAYS walk in it. Not just occasionally. God called Paul to be a slave of Jesus and an apostle for the sake of the Gospel, to bring people permanently into fellowship with God and have His love in their hearts overflowing. I am not an apostle, but I have been chosen by God to bring the Gospel to my world that is now. We had the great reformation that said it is by grace alone through faith alone in Christ alone. And that reformation stated that one person cannot earn their way to Heaven. It said good works will not get you into Heaven. I

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believe that God has sent me here to have an even bigger reformation. We did good to make the first, but as in a lot of things we have gone too far, even denying our Lord. Now we say no works are required, when Jesus clearly said, only the Holy will go to Heaven, and in I John says, we will know who His children are because they LIVE Righteous lives. Works do not save a person... We follow Jesus until we give up ourselves fully to Him and are saved, then God in us WILL DO GOOD WORKS. We do work towards God. It's called seeking. Then when we are saved we live righteously and do good. All is from God and His Holy Spirit. Back to friends.

Jesus is my Best Friend but God has graciously given me some of the most amazing people in my life, who have been Jesus to me when I couldn't see God and really needed them.

It is interesting what I have experienced since becoming a Christian and giving my life fully to Jesus. It

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seems that my love for certain people especially overflows so much that I cant contain it.

Anyways...(I do that a lot!), the first person I would like to talk about is my brother. We have different parents but he is kind of like my best friend on earth. We grew up together and went to high school together. There is just something about him that makes me love him so much! I moved schools after seventh grade, and didn't have any friends. I remember listening to songs in my room by myself, like the old rugged cross, and Ill fly away, and I clearly remember asking God with all my heart for a friend, a best friend. It is one of a very few, big prayers I prayed. Within a couple days or weeks, I looked around the room in the class and thought, "who could be my friend". I saw this guy sitting to my left and thought he could be. And I started talking with him. The feelings I have for him are like what the Bible says about David and Jonathan, "that they loved each other more

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than women”. It is hard to rank or rate who you love more or less because I love certain people the same, but there is a closeness and a sharing of emotions with this guy that I haven’t had with anyone else. This guy is the coolest ever! His name is Zac Chase. I love that kid!!! I always looked up to him to help me and lead me and one time he told me that I need to get my STUFF together because one day he might need me. I pray for him and hope I can be that for him, because Jesus FINALLY got me!!!! I love you Zac!

The next guy I will talk about is an idiot! Just kidding!!! I met him in seventh grade at my first school. I didn’t have any close friends from preschool through sixth grade. And then this weird kid from Africa showed up with an equally weird accent! I thought he was the coolest thing ever. We would always be laughing and joking and trying to get into fights with stupid people! Lol! I remember one time we tried to virtually take on the whole eighth grade! Needless to

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say we lost! After seventh grade he moved a couple hours away and so did I. We would still visit each other a couple times a year. And I think God limited us to that, for the world's safety! We were kind of rebellious! I couldn't wait to see him every time. He is a really cool guy and very competitive! We competed constantly against each other and against other people, in sports and other things. His name is Keith Bogart! He also has a really cool older brother (the lucky jerk!) named Pete. I really love his family! Speaking of which I also love Zacs family!

The next guy I met up at Covenant. We instantly became friends when we realized that the soccer team sucked and didn't know anything about soccer!!! That became our constant conversation piece (other than me always asking how to be saved!) The Covenant soccer team was more like a football team attempting something new. They would try to force the ball up the field and everyone was his own individual

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team and would make solo efforts. They didn't have a clue of the spirit of soccer which is teamwork, passing, dropping, and working the ball around the field (obviously dribbling when needed). The funny thing is, is that he was actually supposed to be my roommate the first year! Remember when I said earlier that when I arrived at Covenant, the dorm I was on, was in chaos and I couldn't take it, Will was supposed to be my roommate! God is cool! We ended up rooming together for a year, the third year. He was an insanely good soccer player! I would get so angry when he beat me, which was most of the time! I still think if I played on a team regularly and got in shape, he would be a goner!! He is a really cool guy his name is (Lol...I think) William Painter Green III! Lol! Big name! Will and I also played ping pong a lot!

Next I would like to talk about a group of people that really had an impact on me at Covenant. There were so many loving people who talked with me, hung out with, and loved

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me that I can't even name them all. There are also other people I care about from high school and grammar school and other places that I care about and affected me. These three people stand out though. And they are all girls! They are some of the coolest people I've met. They seem to have extra love for God and people. One is a girl named Carly Evans. Another is Sadie Corbett. And the third is Amy Mchenry. They really stick out to me as really cool loving people. Also a girl named Jillian Farmer. I remember my second year I was really struggling and scared to leave home again, and go back, and wouldn't you know it God sent His messengers and daughters to rescue me. They called me up and begged me to come back! Which I will be forever grateful. The girls who called me who I hung out with were Cara Childers, Sadie Corbett, Jillian Farmer, and Sarina Dendulk. My third year it took Dr. Krabbendam calling to get me back to room with Will. There are many other people I care about and deeply affected me some who I talked with a lot, and others who I

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only briefly met. I know it was Jesus working through them, was why they meant so much.

I would also like to mention a faggot! Lol! I was informed by Sadie Corbett that I shouldn't call people gay, or things gay!!! I never took the advice!!!! Still not sure if I should, but it is fun calling someone you care about names! David Schulker! He was a really cool guy in high school. He was not upset if he made a B. He would be upset if he made an A, and it wasn't a high A! I really respected him for his character and diligence and wish I would've spent more time with him. We kind of had a gang going in high school. There were four of us. And the fourth would be Eric Proffit. I spent a lot of time with him being an absolute idiot and laughing our butts off! Chris and Austin Roth amazing soccer players in high school.

Anyways as I've said there are too many cool people to name so please don't be upset if you didn't read your name... what

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you should do is call me!!! And we can hang out!!!! I would love that! Or call me and tell me you're pissed! Lol! 352-426-1821. JosephZeiss@gmail.com.

And last but not least is my family. My Mom, Sister, Dad, Ehren, and Nicolai (my two nephews, or as I call them my kids!!!!). If it weren't for these people I wouldn't be here today. I love them almost too much!!!

I love all of the friends I've made at schools or wherever, and all my family and hope that we will spend eternity together!!! I don't think I could make it there without the people that God has used in my life mentioned or not. If your name didn't appear don't worry it's not, THE LIST!

Jesus has the list in Heaven, do whatever you have to do to give your life to Jesus and ACTUALLY see the change the atom bomb makes in you and your life. Jesus has a blank space and He will write YOUR NAME!!!!

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Friends Are Friends Forever If The Lord Is The Lord Of
Them!!!!!!

Jesus Is Lord

JESUS JESUS JESUS!!!

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