

## I Am The Way, The Truth, The Life

-- By Brian B

That is the first part of John 14:6, and we'll leave it for a moment for doing so is appropriate for my understanding of Jesus until I was 39 years old.

I was born on the 24<sup>th</sup> of June, 1947 in Montreal, Quebec. Both sides of my parents families were quite pleased with that for you see it was very Catholic to be born on John the Baptist day. I didn't think it was so hot, because most of my friends were away, and later where I worked the offices was closed.

My Dad, Dermot was born in Bristol, England to initially Methodist parents, but his mom soon died bringing him to Canada when he was two years old. His Grandmother Ellen very Catholic, told my Grandfather he must be brought up as Catholic. They basically took in my Father & Grandfather. The family produced one Priest, two Brothers, and two Nuns along with four other children. The old family on my Grandfather's side in England has one lady Methodist Vicar, my Father's cousin Rev. Jackie.

My Mother, Laura was born in Sydney, Nova Scotia to very Catholic parents, although she was quite aloof, and didn't think religion was to be taken too seriously, much to the irritation of my Aunt Juliette, who was my mother's oldest sister and my Godmother. My Godmother insisted that I be named John and not Brian. My Mother won and caused quite a long rift between them.

My parents, to their credit, always insisted that my sister Susan and I go to church. I would have to say that they did a good job of Proverbs 22:6 "Train a child in the way he should go and he'll not depart from it". That pretty much held 'till the end of high school. My Father died though, when I was in sixth grade, and until I was fourteen I was a quite a withdrawn individual. Then one Saturday afternoon alone in my bedroom, suddenly came to the realization that my Father was just not going to be with me anymore as he was always there when he was alive. I had a huge cry and that was it. "You're all alone kid", was the prevailing mood of my life although I got along quite well with my Mother

My Mother herself became quite anti-social, drinking alone. I would go to the liquor store multiple times in a week. Very sad, she was my musical influence, my Dad too. In his teenage years he was whisked away to Shreveport, Louisiana where there were many blues/gospel singers, and home of Jerry Lee Lewis & Jimmy Swaggart. Getting back to my Mom, she learned the piano by mathematics, and would surprise everybody with their favorite tune in short order. The most influential song to me growing up was "We Shall Overcome", in the sixties of course.

After suffering for many years with liver and lung cancer, my Mom died on Labour Day Weekend 1983. All the O'Sullivan's remaining came to her wake, most of her family had passed away. In April 1984, with only my job to hold me in Montreal, now I was working 7:30am to 7:30pm instead of 9 to 5, I decided to go west and visit a high school friend in the Fraser Canyon BC by train. O great, my friend is doing drugs, big stuff. Stayed with him until Aug 1/84. When I decided to go to New Westminster. I had to lie to get an apartment with no job or Vancouver references for the next six months I was living on the back end of my UI claim, then in April/85 had to go on welfare.

May 1985, still no job, but the doorbell rings on a light Spring evening, "So and so from the ??? church, wondering if you like to take part in a survey." What kind, I asked. "Well a believe in God survey". Hmm, young people enthusiastic about God. "O why not, come in". As I'm buzzing them in, the manager of the building knocks on my door and says. "I'll get rid of them for you if you want". I said, "I think this is going to be alright."

George and Ruth, come into my living room. George the Bible answer man, and Ruth a bright & attractive young lady. In the discussion they asked if there was anything they could pray for, oh yeah, a job please.

Closing the door upon their leaving, I said to myself, "Imagine that a couple of young WASPS telling a Catholic about the Bible". I also said to myself, "How come you didn't know that".

The particular verse I didn't know about was the last half of John 14:6, "No one comes to the Father but by me" Knelt down that night, and asked Jesus for a job, asked my Saviour, rather than the Saviour of everyone in the world except me. Within a week I got a job which I was at for ten years. Went to the manager of my building and told him I had lied to him, but now had a job that I liked very much and asked his forgiveness, he said it was very good of me to tell him

Couldn't wait for the young people to come back with the survey to tell them the answer to prayer. They finally came in the Fall, much bigger group and did a Bible Study, offered an invite to the Church. I didn't go until Jan/86 when the Pastor made an altar call, which is a whole other story. Publicly accepted Christ as my Saviour, and what followed was the Life. Bible studies, seminars, outreach, singing all over the place, prisons, remand centers, banquets, weddings, memorial service, I even wanted to go to the ladies aerobics & bible study on Monday nights.

Thank you Lord Jesus that you are The Way, The Truth, and the Life and my life.

**You can receive Christ right now by faith through prayer.** Praying is simply talking to God. God knows your heart and is not so concerned with your words, as He is with the attitude of your heart. Here is a suggested prayer:

*Lord Jesus, I want to know you personally. Thank you for dying on the cross for my sins. I open the door of my life to*

*you and ask you to come in as my Savior and Lord. Take control of my life. Thank you for forgiving my sins and giving me eternal life. Make me the kind of person you want me to be.*

Does this prayer express the desire of your heart? You can pray it right now, and Jesus Christ will come into your life, just as He promised.