

Testimony of Jacob Bolton

Thank you everyone for being here. It means the world to me that I have you all here to witness me take this step of obedience.

I'm honoured to have you all as my brothers and sisters in Christ. I have received more love, care, and support from this church than I have in my whole life. I have truly witnessed the body of Christ in full effect.

I was raised as a Jehovah's Witness, and it shaped everything I believed about God for most of my life. What I was taught wasn't the true Gospel. I was led to believe that salvation depended on belonging to a man-made organization, following rules, and doing enough to earn God's approval. Jesus wasn't presented as God, and grace was replaced with pressure, fear, and works.

It left me feeling unworthy, confused, and spiritually exhausted. I believed in God, but I didn't know Him. I didn't know the love of the Father, the truth of Christ, or the peace of the Holy Spirit. Eventually I turned bitter and walked away. I rejected religion altogether and convinced myself God wasn't even real — and I carried deep wounds from what I'd been taught.

I started to think those who believed in God were fools. I was bitter, broken, and blind, drowning in negativity, selfishness, and sin.

I hated myself, hated others, and saw no point in life. I tried to numb the pain with substances and distractions, avoiding everything I didn't want to face. I didn't look after myself or care for my future, which led me into deep depression and anxiety. I was always stressed, always overwhelmed, and had no one to confide in. Whenever I tried reaching out, it only reminded me why I had isolated myself in the first place.

Even when I became a father — one of the greatest blessings of my life — I still felt lost. I carried everything alone and it crushed me. I had little joy, no peace, and no purpose. I didn't want to live. My son was the only thing I continued to hold on to.

But everything changed last year when I heard the true gospel of grace.

I wasn't looking for God, believe me — but He came after me. Jesus said in *John 6:44*,

“No one can come to Me unless the Father who sent Me draws him,”

and He was drawing me that night.

His presence hit me like a flood. I broke down in tears. For the first time in my life, I felt peace. It wasn't emotional hype — it was the Holy Spirit opening my heart. I knew with absolute certainty that Jesus is Lord.

The truth of the Gospel, the reality of the Trinity, the love of the Father — all of it was more real than anything I'd ever known. It felt like coming home after a lifetime of wandering, and I could almost hear Heaven rejoicing.

That night I gave my life to Christ, and nothing has been the same since.

I've come to know the true Jesus — not as a created being, but as my Lord and my God. Salvation isn't found in religion or organizations; it's found in Christ alone. He is the way, the truth, and the life. I don't need a governing body to speak for God. Jesus is my Mediator and my Savior, and the only one I trust to lead me in truth. I no longer strive to earn what has already been freely given. I live by grace.

Now I love people. Where hatred once lived there is now compassion. I long for all to know the grace that saved me. I care for myself and for others. I actually feel like a man worth being around. My confidence is no longer rooted in how I look or what I do, but in who I belong to.

Stress no longer controls me. I have a Father in heaven I can talk to — someone I can trust with my whole heart. I'm surrounded by people who genuinely love and care for me, which was once unthinkable. I now strive to be the best man I can be, not to earn love, but because I already have it eternally.

I find joy in life again — in learning, in growing, and simply in existing. I have new desires: to worship, to serve, and to grow in holiness. The Lord is teaching me to be patient, humble, and dependent on Him. He's even given me the strength to forgive those who deeply hurt me — something I never could have done myself — and it lifted a huge weight off my shoulders.

Being a father has taken on a whole new meaning. I now see it as God's plan. I believe He chose me to raise my son in Christ, and every day He's using that to build my character.

I long to know God more, to worship Him with my life, and to boldly share His love with others. I'm not afraid to look like a fool. I'd rather be mocked by man than be ashamed before God. Jesus gave everything for me, and so I give my life to Him.

I find myself especially drawn to the homeless — not just to feed or clothe them, but to offer hope. I know what it feels like to be lost and overlooked. I was once lost, but now I am found; I was once blind, but now I see.

I used to want death... but now I want to live for Christ.

He looked at me in my brokenness and said, "He's mine. I love him. I choose him."

That kind of love — I searched for it my whole life. Now I know it was Christ I was longing for all along.

Romans 6:4 says,

"Therefore, we were buried with Him through baptism into death, that just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

That's why I want to be baptised: not because it saves me, but because Jesus already has. I want to publicly declare that I belong to Him. I want to bury the old life and walk in the new life He's given me.

I give all the glory to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I am nothing without Him. I am nothing without the cross, and only through His grace and loving mercy am I a changed man.

Amen.