

I wrote the following in my diary on Monday, July 27:

Celyce and I were talking in my room when my mom called. She was weeping. She really wanted us to come and help. I decided to leave right away.

I arrived at the house at 5:30 p.m. (Monday, July 27, 2009). The front door was locked, so I went through the backdoor. I found mom sitting on the bed right next to dad speaking into his ear. Mom seemed to be talking about God to him. Dad was so weak and his speech was less than a whisper. The congestive heart failure has slowed his functions down to a crawl.

So dad greets me. Mom continues to talk about God to dad, and mom basically drew me into the God-conversation. I was hesitant, thinking to myself, "I want to spend some time talking to dad before talking about God because I had just arrived." But the opportunity was pushing me forward. Mom said something like, "And Tom, we want you to know that God loves you and He is in control." I kept on thinking of God's sovereign grace and then said, "Yes, dad, and we would love to pray for you to receive Jesus right now." Dad in a very quiet voice said something to the effect, "I'd like to do it just with you and your mother."

"Okay," I said, I'd like you to pray to receive Jesus. So I prayed for him and then I had him repeat the prayer after me. "I believe that Jesus died for me and rose again," he repeated. "And I ask the Holy Spirit to come in me and make me his child," etc. Of course his voice was trailing off at times.

I then prayed for him once again. I don't remember what happened after that. I think I congratulated him. Again, he's very weak. Later, in the evening, I read him some Max Lucado to him and some Psalms. More than once I said, "dad, I'm so glad you received God/Jesus." Of course, he's very weak to even respond energetically.

One good sign so far. It's 11 p.m. our time. I'm keeping watch and dad has awakened a couple times. Mom is asleep in the other room. Dad sits up in bed and wants to talk. Eventually I say, "I'm so glad you accepted Christ tonight." He says, "I should have done that long ago" and a few other great phrases that I forgot. He finished with, "I feel like a failure." I chimed in, "Jesus took all your failures and sins."

Another solid confirmation today. Dad came out into the living room and my daughters and I were talking to dad (small talk). Then Nicole signaled to me that perhaps it was the moment for me to bring up dad's salvation experience in the presence of all the girls. So I said, "And we're so excited that dad accepted Jesus last night." Dad said, "yes, did you hear the big announcement. And I even told Jay." We just affirmed him and eventually moved on to something else.