

Why Me?

By Cindy Kloepner

I was born in Fairbanks, Alaska, while my father served on an army base. We traveled often, moving from base to base. At age 9 my parents divorced. My father disconnected from us for the next 17 years while he went on to start a new family. My mother raised my sister, my brother, and I as best she could, alone and often with very little income. We attended a Missouri Synod Lutheran Church, where I was confirmed. I learned all the facts about the Christian faith along with memorizing the books of the Bible and the Apostles Creed. I sang in the choir, taught Sunday school, helped with Vacation Bible school, etc. But as I got older, my attendance at church grew more and more sparse. By 10th grade I no longer attended at all.

This is where my “God Story” begins. In 9th grade I was a pretty typical teenager. I attended sporting events, school dances, went roller skating, and spent time hanging out with friends. But as time went on, my social choices began to change. I learned how to drive which gave my friends and I a little more freedom. Freedom to attend parties where we began to dabble with alcohol and drugs. There were so many doing the same thing that it seemed rather normal. But this freedom also made us all aware of how complicated the world was. We would get into deep discussions seeking answers to difficult questions looking for purpose in it all. Because we couldn’t find the answers to these difficult questions, life seemed bleak and hopeless. It was through this hopelessness that I cried out to God one lonely night in my room. I asked him to forgive me for all the bad things I had done and told him that I needed Him desperately, that I needed Him to help me navigate through this life.

That night I had a dream that seemed remarkably real. My entire room filled with a bright light, a light so bright and intense that it seemed to engulf me. I woke up the next morning forever changed, not quite sure what had happened. I awoke with such a peace that I felt completely overwhelmed by it, a peace that only God can generate. I had been reborn, even though at the time I had no idea what that meant.

I now had an unquenchable desire to read the Bible. The only Bible I had at the time was a King James Version, the one I got when I was confirmed. I read that Bible and I journaled until the wee hours of the night, every night. I couldn’t get enough; the Bible had come alive!! I also had a love for people that I had never experienced before. Everyone became my friend; I had no fear. I could talk to any person and would often share my new-found faith, how life without God was meaningless. He WAS the answer to all the difficult questions and He gave PURPOSE to it all.

Over time my passion for the Bible dwindled. There were times in my life where I didn’t give God much thought or any of my time. But God never gave up on me. He was always tugging at my heart. After my husband Kevin and I got married, we committed our life to God. God had begun a good work in me, and He will continue that work until the day I die. I know that I will never reach perfection, and I don’t quite understand why he gave me the gift of salvation and not others, but I am forever thankful that He did.

I’ve shared this story over the years. Once, I really felt that God was leading me to share a version of this story in a letter to my mother’s husband Mel. I added a very simplified version of the gospel, because Mel knew nothing of Jesus and His gift of salvation. My mother said that he cried when she read the letter to him. I had hoped to talk to Mel a few weeks after sending the letter, but I never got the chance. Two weeks after receiving my letter he became ill and died. I don’t know what impact my letter had on Mel’s eternal state, but I hope he is with the Lord right now.

One thing I started 20 years ago was a prayer journal. I started praying for all the people that came and went from my life. There are around 200 people listed in my prayer journal, some have found the Lord, others have not - YET. I guess you could call this my "FRANC" group. I also write down specific prayers for individuals and difficult situations in this journal. I love going back to see God at work through the many prayers He has answered.

I must admit that I have missed many opportunities to share my faith. My salvation is a gift from God and I should be willing to share that gift with every person that comes into my life.