

New Member Applicants — The testimonies of **Ed and Pam Williams** and **Wayne Corapi** are featured in this week's bulletin insert as they have applied for membership at Village Church. Please take the time to read these wonderful stories of grace as it is an important step in the application process.

New Member Applicant Testimonies **Edward and Pamela Williams**



Edward - I was at a very low point in my life when I came to accept Jesus as my savior. I was addicted to cocaine and I really didn't have a place to live. My sister is a Christian and an evangelist, and she would pray for me every time I went to her house. I prayed that I would have a home and a family. Then I met my future wife, Pam. She took me into her home and encouraged me to see a better way and took me to church. I accepted Jesus and was baptized.



Pamela - I accepted Jesus Christ as my savior as a young teenager, after being led to Christ by my Uncle Mike, a Methodist preacher and my Aunt Alice. Though I was sincere in my belief, life circumstances led me in a direction that was not in the will of God. Through this time, God still protected me. I rededicated my life to God after meeting my husband.

New Member Applicant Testimony **Wayne Corapi**



I met Jesus as my savior when I was 19. I had dropped out of the University of Colorado at 18 after only one semester and returned home to New York City to figure out what I was doing with my life. That only led to more confusion and a number of strained relationships. A year later, on a whim, I returned to the college town I had left and tried to look for a job and a place to live. I had no desire to return home. I gave myself two weeks—the amount of time I had before my ride to New York was leaving. When the two weeks was nearly over, I had not found anything. Meanwhile, a friend from college was talking to me about Jesus. I had grown up Catholic, but what surprised me about what she was saying was that she believed Jesus was a real person. At 19, in spite of the fact that I had received religious education throughout elementary school, that was entirely new to me.

Growing up in New York City, I have always liked live theater. The college I attended has a well-known summer Shakespeare festival that takes place in an outdoor amphitheater. It was one of my favorite places on campus. I went there at night—February 23rd, 1973—sat by myself, and prayed to this person I had never met before. It was my first honest prayer. And I asked him for a job and a place to live. The next day I had a job, and the following day I had an apartment. My ride to New York left a day or two later without me.

That was how I met him. While he knew me, I had no idea who he was until a friend, talking about her own experience, introduced us. And I have spent the last 45 years getting to know him better.