

# Testimony of Dry Bones

Personal testimony  
of Colin Cash

The love of God was always apparent to me when I was growing up. I always knew there was a higher being (God) even from as a little boy. My parents started going to a Methodist church in Lake Panasoffkee FL, when I was around nine years old. There were six different pastors that came and left within five years. There were no real men of God that I remember. Ms. Brenda Locklear was the youth leader of the church. She was the spiritual leader of my youth. She worked with me through devotions, bible studies and puppet show ministries. She was the one who taught me everything I knew about Christ and the devil. I can recall being in the choir and in the play productions with puppets and musicals, fish fries, car washes, rock the universe and a lot of other works in the church. It felt great to be a part of something bigger than me and I felt like if I didn't I would end up in Hell. Years later there was a United Methodist Men's group that would meet once a month there was no one in the group except very old men and my brother and myself. There was a camp they had once a year and when I turned thirteen, I was allowed to go. The last day of the camp there was a movie that my brother and I watched about the life of Christ through the gospel of Luke (it was made in the seventies I think I've tried to find it and can't). Well shortly after watching the film and seeing what I did to Jesus I started feeling guilty of what I had done to him. Later that night after the preaching (that I slept through) everyone stood up holding hands and singing a song. Then the preacher did an altar call for the sinner's and said the sinners prayer and I said it Lord Jesus please come into my heart. All of a sudden, I started to cry uncontrollably and feeling something, I could not describe. Everyone told me I was saved. The next day I went to church and told everyone. They all rejoiced what had happened and I got baptized. I now know what true salvation is and I could not have been saved then but it was my first glimpse into repentance.

Years went on and most left the church looking for something else. I left looking for girls not for God. I didn't know God but I sure thought I did. I left the church as soon as my parents stopped going. After High School I got a job in construction with fellow (friends), or so I thought they were. The friends I had were not good and they introduced me into many different drugs. All of which I took part in while being so called- saved. I can recall preaching to my friends while being high and they would say "Why would I want what you have? You're no different than us". I never realized how foolish I was. When I was almost twenty, I was so tired of my life. I was ready to quit. I can recall I was in my bed, begging God to send me my companion, a help meet, anyone who could fix me. I was finished being here on earth. The very next day I got off of work and my mom invited me to a fish fry at the Methodist church. I said ok -not wanting to show my face there ever again. When I got there that's when I met Tina. She caught my eye from the second I walked in the room. I think my mom kind of noticed so she introduced us. It was love at first sight and I was head over heels for her and her 4 year old daughter. We were married almost 2 years later in the same church. After we got married, we were looking for something more bible based. We both thought we were saved at the Methodist church, but there had to be something more than what we were being taught there. It felt like we were going nowhere with our walk with God.

Our daughter Christina was on a soccer team when she was six and we were introduced to her coach Marc Capps where we fell in love with him and his family. Marc was a pastor and they had just started a home church. So we went and never looked back at the Methodist church. I saw how I wanted to be a father like Marc was and how he raised his family. I longed for that so I imitated him the best way I knew how. While we were at marcs church we had 3 more kids, Trinity, David and Timothy. We stayed for there for seven years until we had some conflict and I went searching for another church. Marc was

going somewhere out of town, so I asked him where a good church that spoke the word of God would be and he told me about Landmark Baptist Church. So, I left without even saying goodbye. When we got to Landmark Baptist, there was a revival and I wanted it. I could feel the excitement in their singing and in the preaching and thought it was the Spirit of God. I knew that I was in the will of God for us to be there. So, I thought we agreed with everything he preached except he was divorced and remarried. We were pretty sure the bible spoke against that, especially as a pastor. His doctrine seemed good to us, so we stayed. The pastor wanted us to get baptized again saying that it was his responsibility that it be done right. We thought Christina got saved at 15 and then the Sunday school teacher said Trinity was saved when she 7 and then David when he was 5. They were all baptized. So I thought everything was great. The same familiar conflict came up that separated us from Marc's church. A friend invited us to an event at Hope Baptist Church. We went and had a blast but it was too far to drive for me and I didn't want to be heartbroken again so we stayed at Landmark for another six months. Until the things just got unbearable and we left Landmark and went on the search again. So, we ended up committing to attend Hope but I hated it. The drive was too far for me in my V8 express van and in my heart. The preaching seemed like it went on forever. Hours or more at a time and always out of the Bible. Like it had something worth reading in it, and I hated it, I wanted out. Brother Scott asked me to write my testimony out and I refused to for months and months. Then I wrote it out and he said that it didn't line up with the word of God. I was ready to run, run, run, far away from this crazy guy. I kept looking for a way out so I even sought counsel in another pastor. I fought hard that I was saved, and it felt like he was preaching poison. But Brother Scott kept saying "so you're right and the word of God is wrong" and that would make me so angry to the extreme. I wanted to leave so, so bad but God kept me there by my pride, I think. My wife wanted to stay so we did, then my Christina got saved and then my wife got saved so I knew there was something going on here and it seemed like I should stay. But I still made a million excuses in my head. There was no way I could be lost- no way. Brother Scott just kept on saying "so the word of God is wrong and you're right". It was enough to put a small doubt in my mind that what I had wasn't right.

A year after I got the news that my testimony didn't match up with scripture, I was in even more despair and couldn't do it on my own. I had no hope of even being saved. God began convincing me through the word by His Spirit.

- Isaiah 50 vs 10 and 11- God made me lay down in sorrow I had kindled a fire of my own sparks and my vessel can't hold water and it broke, I needed living water to fill it, my way didn't work. Brother Scott preached no man straight way desire the new and it was ever clear to me. God had to show me I was lost and that my way was not working. That I needed to rely on Him and there was no profit in my way of thinking. I needed God's way not my own.
- John 9 they could not see- that was me- I was blind but I thought I could see.
- Revelation 3 I thought I could see I really couldn't. I desired my own ways not His. He showed me my ways are wrong -His ways are truth and light. Brother Terry came down for a meeting and preached hope and understanding to me during his messages.
- Proverbs 3 vs 5 trust in the Lord, don't lean on your own understanding, that God will direct our paths to dwell in and lift up the old paths.
- Hebrews 4 that God wants rest for your soul, and we all have gone our own ways, and He will not forsake us He will lead us, and to trust in the Lord. There was just so much hope and understanding for me
- Proverbs 21 the man that wanders out of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.

- Proverbs 9 forsake the foolish and go in the ways of understanding in God.
- Romans 3 vs 10 the nature of men - there is none righteous, and none seek the kingdom of God. I had hope again and understanding of what God was saying to me.

Fast forward more time, Brother Scott had been preaching on dry bones and how salvation is a work of God. He was preaching on bringing your own cattle in front of God from Saul when Samuel told him to kill everything, leave nothing behind. It was like God was showing me how my religious acts were my cattle. I was trying to bring to God a sacrifice and how God wasn't pleased with them. He showed me that I had a field full of dead, rotting, maggot infested carcasses and that was what I was trying to bring Him. He was only pleased with one sacrifice and that was His Son's sacrifice on the cross. It was like He was pointing to His son on the cross on Calvary. A week later he was preaching on the bones again and how God was wanting a dead man. He wanted no life left in them and I was taking this as I could bring nothing to God to sacrifice. There was nothing in me that was not tainted, that was even worthy of sacrifice. By this point my bones were dry-stinking and I was just really wanting to listen to what God had to say next.

Then Brother Claude came and was preaching on the church needing to help the lost- that it wasn't just Brother Scott's responsibility to have faith. The next day I got a text from Brother Harold and Helen, both telling me to listen to the preaching- it will lead you to Him. I had hope that God was here with us and anxious to hear what He wanted to say. In the song service God was talking to the saved. I could hear Josh pray and in the singing give his heart to God and all I could think of is God I need your Mercy! How could you love me - the most religious pharisee in the whole church? Then Brother Claude went to Luke 5 vs 17 about the man with palsy how the faithful men carried him down to Jesus and I was in the story. I was the palsy man. Brother Scott, Brother Harold, Brother Josh and Brother Marc were the faithfully carrying me to Christ in the worship. I felt like I had an anvil on my chest, and that God was going to let me stay lost and I was going to mess it up again. Then he was talking about Emma and Luke getting married and how a bride and husband are to have reciprocating love and then he said Christ was not going to force himself on anybody. Then it was like God told me how much He loves me, and He wanted me to love Him like He loves me, and I lost it. He was showing me all the times He loved me. Then He said I just want you and that I'm not wanting anything you can produce. No more of my cattle, my righteousness that I've been trying to produce - something that doesn't exist. God said to me that the faith that I've been producing had been based in me and not in Him. Then the anvil blew off my chest and God said He had forgiven me, not for my righteousness but Christ's righteousness. That's what God was wanting to say all along. Christ was the only sacrifice that God was pleased with. During the rest of the preaching, I was not giving my cows (sacrifices) to God but agreeing with what He was saying. Trusting in His works, none of mine, trusting in Him alone. God has proven He is trustworthy my whole life. As the preaching was still going on, He then told me "man thy sins have been forgiven" from the story of the palsy man, and I finally trusted in Christ's work alone as my substitute.