

1-1-1990

## Let me Tell you God's Story in My Life

Duey Unbehaun

Tina Unbehaun

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### Recommended Citation

Unbehaun, Duey and Unbehaun, Tina (1990) "Let me Tell you God's Story in My Life," *Leaven*: Vol. 1: Iss. 4, Article 13.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.pepperdine.edu/leaven/vol1/iss4/13>

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# LET ME TELL YOU GOD'S STORY IN MY LIFE

**W**hen we were baptized as infants we never thought about baptism again until we had children. We did have our first daughter baptized, but when it came time to have our second daughter baptized we were a bit more challenged by that church. We didn't know what to do so we spent many months doing nothing. Through soccer we met some "different" people. We got to know Vic and his wife, Kay and asked what were their beliefs on baptism. They referred us to the Bible and together we started studying the Bible's views on baptism. A year later it became pretty clear that we should be thinking about getting baptized and not our young daughters. We were baptized and we hope that our children will come to know and see Christ through our lives.

**Duey & Tina Unbehaun**  
Oshkosk, WI

**P**rogressively I became enslaved by my own desires; no longer was I in control; I betrayed those I loved and destroyed all that was most important to me. No one would forgive me, especially me, myself. I was dead but I was too frightened to close my eyes. In

this emptiness, the condition of being lost took on its truest meaning and panic set in. I wanted out.

"Follow me." There it was again, "Follow me."

No I am too tired, and I don't know who you are.

"Follow me."

Can you change me? Can you heal me; can you take away this thing within me?

"Do you want to be healed?"

Yes! I saw before me truth and the pain tore through my very being and hope took hold of me. I understood for the first time; I understood as I mourned at the cross. It's true! God loves me and he understands my condition, so much so, he took it within himself so it would die on that cross. His compassion and forgiveness consumed my pain and guilt. I told him I was sorry. He kissed me and life filled my heart; I ran into the water to embrace him at the cross. No words can express it; I held him so tight that I didn't want to let go.

Something died in that water, and we became one. I was free. His resurrection became mine. His church took me within them and

have loved this sinner ever since.

**Mike Pedicini**  
Stamford church of Christ

**I**t seems impossible to believe that twelve years ago, my husband Ed was a cocaine dealer. It was quite a lucrative business, and we enjoyed all the travel and excitement that the lifestyle afforded. Our children, Matt and Lee were very young and didn't know or understand any of what was going on at the time. (Praise God!) Everything was going along quite well until one October night some then unknown person shot Ed through the glass window in our back door, no doubt looking for money and cocaine. The artery was severed in his left arm and as a result, he almost bled to death. The only doctor in town qualified to do arterial surgery informed me that it might not be possible to save Ed's life let alone his arm. Well, his life and arm were spared. You would think that an experience like that would cause some great change in direction, wouldn't you? After several months of physical therapy and recuperation, we decided to move to Colorado, where Ed's cocaine contacts were.

We rented a beautiful home in Boulder and enrolled Matt in school and waited for business to continue as usual. However, there was no cocaine to be had in all of Colorado at that time; a very rare occurrence.

After we had been there for a month, Ed and I decided to find a church for the children to attend - someplace close. One Saturday evening, we were looking through the yellow pages of the phone book for a church. The doorbell rang. Two college boys were at the door to invite us and the whole neighborhood to hear a Mr. John Clayton speak at the

University on "the existence of God." They said their church, simply the "church of Christ," planned to knock on every door in Boulder for the event. Well, we didn't make it to the program, but the two boys came back to visit several times and brought the youth minister, Craig Pierce, with them. They asked if we could start a Bible study. After just one study we knew that there was a lot that God had said that we didn't know and hadn't cared about knowing for a long time. The first time we went to church with them, we knew we were in the right place. We were amazed (and still are) at how the Word worked to convict us of the sin in our lives. It was as if someone had been following us for years and knew every aspect of our lives. We started being hungry for even more, so we spent every night of the week at either a prayer group or a Bible study, except Saturday night and that was spent getting ready for Sunday! We definitely were exchanging some old habits for new ones. After five or six weeks of study, prayer and fellowship with the most loving, caring and spirit filled people we had ever met, Ed and I decided to be baptized. What a joy to know that instead of just "cleaning up our act," we were FORGIVEN!

I believe it was God's will that we return to the midwest, and finances deemed it necessary. Now some gainful means of employment was needed and our house was in Illinois. We hated to leave the people who had shared the gospel and their lives with us, but they gave us the foundation of a loyalty to God and His Word that has seen us through many tough times since then. We found a wonderful congregation of Christians in our home town and have continued to grow and mature in our faith ever since. These people love us because of who we are in Christ Jesus. There are many more marvelous experiences that we have had as Christians and it is always a delight to share them. I Peter 2:9 says: "...you are a people belonging to God, that you may

declare the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light." God has been so gracious to our family because of what his Son did for us and what those who loved Him shared with us. How can we help but do likewise and seek out those who are lost?

Pam Janssen  
Bloomington, IL

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**I** was reached through the ministry of Camp Yamhill in Oregon and the Hill Street church in Albany, OR. A friend from Hill Street invited me to camp when I was 14 years old, under the premise that there were beautiful girls everywhere at church camp. I

couldn't resist! My only knowledge of Jesus was as a very nominal Catholic, so Jesus wasn't as attractive to me, at that point, as beautiful women. I barely knew who Jesus was. After a week at camp I was totally convinced that I wanted to be a Christian. The love of the campers and the story of Christ's sacrifice had captured my heart. I went home to Albany and discussed it with my parents. Thank God they let me make my own decision! Two weeks later another camp was being held at Yamhill, so I went out to camp to be baptized. I, at first, had gone to camp to meet girls, and had found something so much more important! The ironic thing is that on the night I was baptized at Camp Yamhill, I actually met and talked to a girl whom I immediately liked. Six years and one week later, she married me!

**Kelly Carter**  
Victoria, B.C.,  
Canada