

Kamaria Coleman – Testimony

I've never been someone who enjoyed parties, drinking, or smoking. I also made the decision early on to save till marriage. In many ways, this was a blessing—but it also became a stumbling block. Because I avoided those things, I thought that alone made me a Christian. I believed my “good behavior” was enough. But deep down, I was empty. There were times when I struggled with thoughts of taking my own life, yet God kept saving me. He protected me from the wrong people, from destructive desires, and from paths that would have destroyed me. But still, I wasn't giving Him my whole heart. God didn't just want my outward appearance of purity—He wanted me. The real, raw, authentic me. And if I'm honest, for a long time I only wanted Him for the aesthetic. I would read my Bible and post a verse on Instagram, pretending I understood, when in reality I didn't. I would attend Bible studies and even lead them, only to come home feeling just as empty as before. The truth was, His Word wasn't rooted in me. One day, I was reading my Bible at home, and the loneliness hit me so hard. Dark thoughts clouded my mind. But instead of giving in, I broke down before God. Through tears, I cried out to Him, “Lord, please hold me, because I feel like I'm slipping away.” And in that broken moment, He touched my heart. I didn't hear an audible voice, but I knew in my spirit—He was telling me, “I've got you. Everything will be okay.” The next day, I reached out to Nicole Marvin, who had been a faithful example in my walk with Christ. I told her I wanted to attend Foundations. When I walked into that first lesson with Pastor Josh, I was eager but nervous. He asked each of us, “If you were to die today, and God asked why He should let you into heaven, what would you say?” My heart pounded. When it was my turn, I had rehearsed an answer in my head—but instead, the words “I don't know” came out. Pastor Josh looked at me and asked, “Mari, are you saved?” And though I thought I was, I found myself saying, “No.” It was as if Jesus Himself pulled those words out of my mouth. That moment exposed the truth: I had religion, but I didn't have a Savior. Pastor Josh

then asked me, “When do you want to be saved?” Without hesitation I said, “As soon as possible.” He reached out his hand and said, “If you truly want to be saved, take my hand.” And I did. With a heavy heart and tears welling up, I prayed with him and surrendered my life to Jesus Christ on July 6th, 2025. As soon as we prayed, I broke down in uncontrollable tears—but this time, it wasn’t out of despair. It was freedom. It felt like an elephant had been lifted off my shoulders. In that moment, shame and emptiness were replaced with joy and peace. I knew I had truly encountered the living God. Since that day, my life has not been the same. Jesus is no longer someone I just read about—He is the driver of my life. He is my rock at the bottom, my safe place to fall. Now, when I open my Bible, the words come alive. I understand, I remember, and I can share what I’ve learned with others. My values remain the same, but my heart is new. I am no longer striving to “look” like a Christian—I am living as one, because Christ Himself lives in me. And now I see clearly: He was with me the whole time, waiting for me to fully surrender. A verse that is meaningful to me is Exodus 14:14, The Lord will fight for you, and you must stay quiet. My testimony is simple but powerful: I thought I was saved, but I wasn’t. I thought I was alive, but I was dead. And now, through Jesus Christ, I am alive forevermore.