

Personal Testimony

of Douglas Chambers



The year was 1976 and I had just received my first managerial position with a Canadian Bank in Dawson City, Yukon Territory. Dawson City was the heart of the great Klondike gold rush of 1896, and at that time it was the largest city west of Chicago and north of San Francisco.

In 1976 this northern and historic town had a population of less than 3000 people, they were mostly government employees, tourist operators, and gold miners. Due to there being only one bank in town, and with me as the bank manager, I would have financial dealings with most of the population.

The First Event:

From the very beginning of my time in Dawson City there were three couples who unknowingly made a huge and unusual impact on me. One couple were small business owners involved in home construction and repairs. Another were an aboriginal couple. He was a heavy equipment operator for the territorial government. The third couple lived in the town fire station, and during the day he was a heavy duty mechanic. It was known in the community that these folks, along with others, were "Bible believing folks," but my dealings and observation of them was that they were different! Whatever they had was not a Sunday only event and over the months, and in this small town of 3,000 with its one bank, one grocery store, two gas stations, and a post office, I would run into them. How they presented themselves on Sunday was the same as on the other six days. They consistently showed a peacefulness, reflected a pleasant gladness, and demonstrated a calmness in life.

On self-examination and reflection, I had never thought of myself as a bad person, maybe a "C" plus person, but in reality a "C" minus, and to me that was okay. Yet, these six people exemplified something I knew I didn't have. God was opening my eyes.

The Second Event:

A year later Bill, a young Vietnam war veteran and a missionary from Alaska, came to Dawson City to speak at the local Gospel Hall. I never went to listen to Bill when he was speaking, but I did talk to him at the bank while conducting business. I immediately felt at ease with him. We were both the same age and he and I both had military experience. As my wife and our two children (under age 6) went frequently to the Gospel Hall, one day she asked me if it was okay to invite Bill over for lunch. I said I was okay with it as long as he did not bring along his Bible! I liked Bill as a person but I had no interest in listening to or discussing spiritual matters. However, there were always those nagging questions in my mind, such as, "What happens after one's last heartbeat?" "What?" So during supper I raised a question, I can't remember what it was, but Bill answered it from his Bible which he got from the trunk of his car. That led to a second question, and then a third, and so on. What impressed me was the answers came from the Bible not from Bill's opinion, and not from the denomination he represented, but the Bible.

The Third Event:

In 1979 after three years in the Yukon, I was promoted to a larger branch in the sunny Okanagan Valley, 3000 highway kilometers south of Dawson City. It was there I went to lunch one day with a Christian from Westbank Bible Chapel where my wife attended. Over lunch we discussed eternal things. I said, "I can now believe what the Bible says is true, but I just don't want to give up my party life-style and partying associates!" He mentioned to me, "Douglas don't worry about that, God will change you." I nearly laughed out loud! Oh sure! Likely story!

The Final Event:

It was in 1980 on a Sunday morning in my home it all happened. While my wife was at church that February morning I was watching an auto race on television, for me a normal occupation. While changing channels a gospel message was being broadcast. I stuck with it. I can't recall the speaker or content but it was God's Word being read and it stuck with me. So there, in our home, alone in our living room, I realized for the first time, "*I was wrong, and God is right!*" I was impacted by the lives lived of the people mentioned above, but more so it was the Word of God. The Bible opened my crusty heart. I was a sinner and in need of a Saviour. I wanted the Lord Jesus for my personal Saviour. There on my knees, against our sofa, *I put my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, believing His testimony, trusting His person. There on the Cross of Calvary He willingly laid down His life, shed His own blood that I might be redeemed back to God.* I believed and this was followed by an immediate change. The Lord did change me, my 'XXX rated' language was gone, other things took a little longer. From that moment I knew that Christ was *my* Saviour, *my* Sin-bearer, *my* Substitute. What about you? After I was saved I wrote Bill a letter letting him know and to tell him of his impact/involvement on introducing me to the Saviour.

**The Lord Jesus Christ is now my Saviour, my Sin-bearer, my Substitute. What about you?
God makes the offer, we make the choice!**

Matthew 12:v26

*For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?
or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*

Acts 4:v12

*Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men,
whereby we must be saved.*

John 3:v16

*For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,
that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

Ephesians 2:v8,9

*For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God:
Not of works, lest any man should boast.*

John 20:v31

*But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God;
and that believing ye might have life through his name.*

Heaven is not a reward for the righteous, but a gift for the guilty.

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