

# REVEREND JORDAN KANUHO

Pawnee/Navajo

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I remember at a young age sitting in a classroom at the church I grew up in and I recall that at the end of class the teacher had us bow our heads and close our eyes as she led us in a prayer. I wouldn't learn until later in life that this particular prayer she led was the "sinner's prayer." The teacher instructed those who prayed that prayer with her to raise their hand and I remember it was myself and one other kid. She dismissed the class and had us stay behind to ask us if we meant that prayer. At the time I really didn't know what I was doing. I just felt that I should give her the answer I thought she wanted to hear, so I answered "yes."

Shortly after that my pastor visited with me in the church office and I was nervous and somewhat scared of being with the pastor as he began to talk to me about the decision I made. He began to talk to me about Jesus and salvation and I can honestly say that I really do not remember too much from that conversation and I think some of it had to do with me being nervous and scared. He reassured me of my decision about accepting Christ as my Savior based on our conversation and I was baptized not too long after that.

My life was pretty much the same after that moment and my family was happy for me. I thought that's all that needed to be done. I prayed the prayer and got baptized so I didn't think much more of it for quite some time. I mean, what was there to worry about? I have that to fall back on if something were to happen to me, no need for any evidence of conversion, I did everything that is expected of me to get saved. Honestly, though, my life didn't look much different from before other than I went to church every now and then as I grew up and entered my teenage years. I ran with the wrong crowd and got into trouble at school and at home. I started to get into drugs my freshman year in high school and found myself buying drugs from classmates at school and going to parties as often as I could. The music and influences from friends were far from God honoring and instead spoke of sex, devil worship, and all things opposed to God. You would probably have a hard time being able to tell if I was a Christian or not by the way that I lived and for quite a while all I had to go on was that I "prayed a prayer" and got baptized, but there was definitely no evidence of conversion in my life.

At the end of the summer before my junior year in high school I remember being at a party the night before I was to go to a church camp in Davis, OK, not knowing that would be the last time I would ever do drugs in my life. I went to the camp and through the power of the Holy Spirit in the preaching, God was convicting me. But I didn't walk an aisle that week and didn't make any "decisions." Instead, I distinctly remember being overwhelmed the following Sunday, that God was convicting me of my sin and the brokenness I had that Sunday. I talked to the pastor after church about what I believe God was doing and he was happy to hear that and encouraged me and prayed with me that day.

### *Jesus Made the Difference*

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After I visited with him I went home and told my parents about all that God was doing in my life. Through tears and genuine brokenness I poured my heart out to them. Now I didn't grow up in a Christian home and something like this was very foreign to them. They tried to handle it the best way they knew how, but honestly I pretty much freaked them out.

I didn't know at the time that God was working in me the saving grace that was freely bestowed upon me. This was my struggle for some time, I always thought that I got saved in that classroom in our church as a child. I did every religious act that I thought was needed for salvation and that's all I knew. I believe that's a major reason why I struggled with knowing when I truly became a child of God. You see, I didn't walk an aisle or take a preacher by the hand or pray a "sinner's prayer." All I knew was there had been a genuine brokenness over my sins and that God was doing a work in my life that was real and everlasting. It wasn't until later in life that I realized my true salvation happened when I was a teen in high school.

Can I tell you exactly when it happened? The answer is no. All I can say is that my life is marked with evidence of repentance and forgiveness. A life that professes Jesus Christ as Lord and by God's grace I have been saved!

"The Lord does not delay His promise, as some understand delay, but is patient with you, not wanting any to perish but all to come to repentance." 2 Peter 3:9.