

## **My Story**

### **By Tim Jones**

I was born in a small Midwestern town in 1951. In my town there was not much to do, so my two buddies and we did things we knew we weren't supposed to do just for the thrill of getting away with it. The thrill of getting away with minor crimes was fun to us, but unfortunately as we got older our behavior got worse. I began to get into, trouble with my parents, at school, and with the cops. I left home when I was 16 years old and headed to San Francisco. Nobody could tell me what to do or how to do it, it was my life and I was going to live my life to the fullest and San Francisco was the place to do it.

It was the 60's when I started my trip to San Francisco and my mode of transportation was hitchhiking. It was easy, fun, and cheap. I got turned on to sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Frisco was a wild trip with people wandering all over the place on acid, hash and weed. Drugs were everywhere and very easy to get. It was a party 24 hours a day and that was just fine with me. I started dealing drugs and found out that I was pretty good at it. I made some good connections and that was important for my line of work. The money was good, but I just wasn't satisfied at selling drugs. As time went on I became more evil and wanting more. I would do anything to anyone to get it. I was selling stolen cars, guns, and anything I could make a buck on. I didn't care about

anyone as long as I got mine because nothing else mattered. Eventually, the law was on my trail, but they were no match for Tim Jones. I was always one step ahead of the cops, but my luck ran out. I got caught in Texas for possession and was thrown into the county jail for 90 days. As soon as I got out I took off for a place where the cops didn't have my number, so to speak. However, I got caught again for possession with intent to sell and this time I was sentenced to 32 months in prison.

The year is now 1976 and I am once again a free man. My buddy and I are riding our Harley's in Louisiana. Today is July 7<sup>th</sup> and it is the start of Bicentennial weekend. It is a day I will never forget, because today was the day God knocked on my door to try and get my attention by having a Chevy pull across the interstate right in front of us. Since I was on the left, and my partner Rocco was on the right, he went to the right and went over the trunk. He scraped a few pounds of meat off of him, but didn't break any bones. I went to the left and knew I wasn't going to make it around him, so I tried to throw the Harley to the ground and slide in. I got about half way to the ground when I started to climb on top of it and hit the car in the driver's door. I woke up in the hospital in a plaster body cast with a broken back, right leg, arm, and hand. The doctors told me my injuries would leave me in a wheelchair. For seven months all I could do was lay there and think how I could possibly live my life. Fortunately I was able to rehab so

that I was able to use crutches. They slowed me down, but didn't stop me. In 2002 God tried to get my attention. I wish I would have listened the first time. I was living in San Diego when someone stole my truck and left me with the wheelchair as my only mode of transportation. It was slow, but at least it had wheels. I remember like it was yesterday, it was July 14<sup>th</sup> and as I was crossing the street I looked both ways a couple of time and it looked clear, so I went for it. As I crossed the street with my wheelchair I was hit by a car. I woke up in the hospital to find out I had broken my legs in 26 compound fractures. I spent two years in hospitals and nursing homes getting surgeries and recovering and then going into another surgery. The pain was unbearable and I couldn't understand why I was still alive.

One night I was watching TV while I was in my hospital bed and the evangelist Billy Graham came on. They announced he was coming to our city. The program was about half way over when the phone rang, it was my mom and I told her about it. She said "Well thank you Jesus." I asked her if she wanted to come over and get me out on a pass to go and see him. Apparently, I didn't have to ask twice because she flew into town. The hospital gave me a pass so we could go see him. It was very different for me because I never thought about Jesus before. I knew that I needed help and that I couldn't go on living the way I had been or I would be dead before long...and dead is a long time. I knew enough to know that

I would spend eternity in hell and that just was not on my bucket list of things to do. I finally realized that those awful things I had to endure was Jesus knocking on my door. How could I be so blind and not see that the One who created me wanted to be my friend...my Savior. I look back at all the things that happened at just the right time that called me to Jesus. So I sat there listening to what Jesus did for the World. Here is a man who had no sin, he brought the Word of God to the world, and He went to The Cross and was nailed by His hands and feet and suffered beyond imagination. My suffering at that moment felt like a splinter in my finger compared to what He endured for ME. He took our sins and sickness on Himself and then he asked The Father to forgive them for they know not what they do. Billy Graham went on saying that Jesus was crucified and suffered on The Cross and the blood he shed while He hung there redeemed and reconciled us sinners to God the Father. Something was happening to me. He went on to say when it was almost time for Jesus to die He called out, "It is finished and Father into your hands I commit my Spirit" and then He died for us. I thought that was it, but Dr. Graham continued and told us on the third day, the Father raised The Lord and Savior Jesus Christ from the dead. What?! When I heard that, something touched my heart that was so beautiful that I had never felt before. It was The Holy Spirit. Billy Graham said "If you have just a little tug in your heart come down front now because you may not get another chance."

I just knew this was God's final time knocking on my door and this time I am opening that door for Him, so I went up front and prayed to Jesus that I was a sinner and asked him to forgive me. By the Father's Grace and Jesus being just and true, He forgave me. No matter what my circumstances are, I have peace. Now as I pray, I ask that the Holy Spirit that dwells within me guide my thoughts, words and deeds because The Son of God guides me. I pray that my testimony touches another person that they have the peace that passes all understanding that Jesus gives to me. God Bless you all. My life is difficult at times; the car accident left me in a wheelchair and in a lot of pain at times. I know one day God will call me home and I will get a new body, I will be with The Father, The Son and the Holy Spirit. There will be no more pain or sadness, just the light of our King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Brothers and Sisters don't be afraid to open the door when you feel Jesus knocking. God bless you all.

Lucky Dawg

I hope this Tract has been a blessing to you. If you would like to read how others have experienced the life transforming power of God please write to me at the address below. We now have over 100 testimonies of those whose lives have been transformed by God's amazing Grace. Please send us your testimony as well.

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## Biker Tim's Story

