
Caught Up!
Love
that found
me

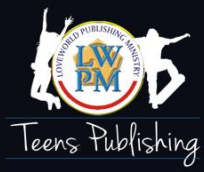
LOVE THAT FOUND ME

I wasn't seeking God. In truth, I was running—from guilt, from failure, from the person I had become. I wore a smile in public but carried deep emptiness within. My heart was burdened with regrets I couldn't erase.

I had heard that God loved people. But I couldn't imagine that included me—not after all I had done.
Then one night, alone in the quiet, I found myself at the end of my strength. With barely a whisper, I said, "God, if You're real, I need You."

I expected silence. But what met me was something I cannot explain—an undeniable sense that I was not alone. A presence. A call. Not to be judged, but to come home. In that moment, I encountered not religion, but a Person—Jesus Christ.

I didn't find Him. Love found me. The Bible says, "But God demonstrates His own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans 5:8). He saw me in my brokenness and still chose the cross. He died for my sins and rose again to give me a new life.
Now I know—no one is too far gone. No one is beyond the reach of His love.



END OF THE FREE SAMPLE

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