According to the scriptures, salvation is deliverance from sin and its consequences by believing Jesus died for our sins and rose from the dead on the third day.

Allow me to take you back to how I grew up and how my life was before I came to know Jesus. One would think, since I grew up with two Christian parents, that I had this thing together. To my surprise, I didn't, and that’s when my search began. My new perspective on life began when I realized I didn’t find him, he found me.

I grew up in a religious home with both my parents, who were young and worked hard to provide for me and my four brothers. My dad was a prize fighter before he became a preacher, yet his motto was always “quitting is not an option.” There was never room for losing a fight. Daddy only went to the eighth grade. Of course, years later he graduated with his master’s in theology. He was a jack-of-all-trades. At times he was as mean as ever, but I was always my daddy’s baby girl. Mother was just the opposite. She stood about four-foot-six, and was an educator, chef, dean of Christian education, a praying woman, and the queen of servants.

As a child, I suffered from low self-esteem. My brothers teased me about my forehead and my dad reminded me of how skinny I was. He would say, “Girl, you gonna grow up to be a schoolteacher.”

I’d ask, “How do you know?”

And his response would be, “Because you are walking on pencils.” Everyone except me would laugh.

Daddy taught me to fight, change a tire, lay sheet rock, paint a house, and more. I excelled at them all. Mother taught me to cook, clean, and handle money as young as ten years old. I wasn’t allowed to go to parties like my friends. It was always school, family, and church. What they called protecting me, I called restricting me. Mother was our neighborhood schoolteacher at Elm Grove school. I was in trouble often, but I excelled in my grades.

At an early age, I possessed an entrepreneurial spirit. I would make belts and purses from snake skins and rabbit furs. As a child, that was my side hustle along with going door to door selling the cakes my mother baked. Mother taught me banking and daddy opened a bank account for me at fourteen years old. I worked with my mother at the cleaners she managed and later I got cooking jobs on my own. I loved doing repertory theater. I always said one day that I would become a millionaire from acting or modeling. Mother and Daddy worked hard. I knew someday I would be the one to make us rich.