



LIFE LESSONS

TRUE CHRISTIANITY

A GUIDE FOR SUCCESSFUL
CHRISTIAN LIVING

WRITTEN BY:

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YOUR WORD IS A LAMP TO MY FEET AND A LIGHT TO MY PATH

PSALM 119:105



Written by:
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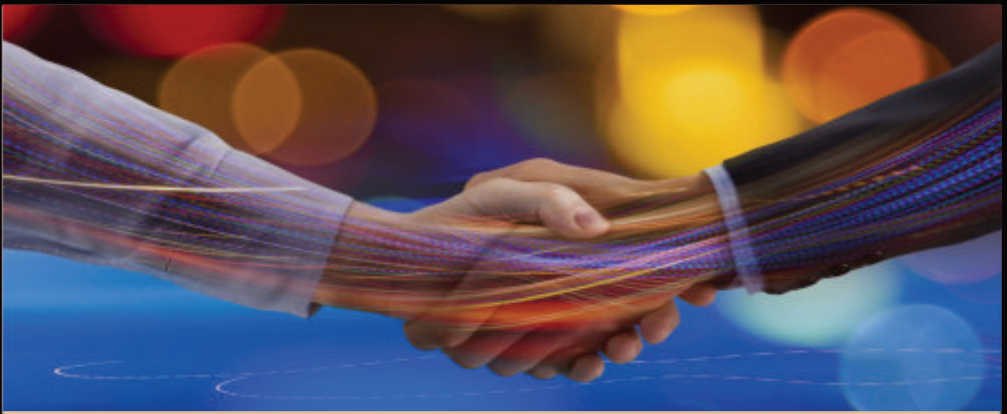
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Dedication

This book is dedicated to God first. Next to my children and grandchildren. Then to the rest of those that have impacted my life and journey with Jesus. I am appreciative of Mary Lain who aided me in part with the editing of this book. Because of my lack in proper English skills, she stepped up and took on this book on as a ministry from the Lord. I am forever indebted to God for all of you.

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Introduction

Since my conversion to Christianity in 1970, I have perpetually possessed an appetite for learning more about God and His ways. From the moment Jesus liberated me; I was fortunate to experience a God that allowed me the opportunity to discover His word directly from His Holy Spirit. After desperately allowing Jesus Christ to become the Lord of my life, the Holy Spirit gave me “Life Lessons.” I was devouring the Word of God for sixteen hours a day for the first year of my conversion non-stop. This is a small testimony as to why I needed Jesus Christ to intercede personally for me. Some may consider some of the things said hard to believe, and that is understandable. Others will possess the ability to relate completely because they have undergone similar circumstances in their lives. This testimony will start off from my childhood, so that you can discern how the mold was fashioned during those impressionable years.

I was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in the old St. Joseph’s Hospital in January 1951. My family resided in the “Old Town” section of Albuquerque for the first five or six years of my life with my mother

and brothers. My mother Margie and my father Fred were divorced apparently long before I could remember them even being together. The only reason why I knew he was my father was that he would pick up my brother Danny and me once in a while and spend a couple of hours with us. My memories of going to the five and ten store for ice cream cones with him always stuck in my memories. Both of us making a mess with these ice cream cones all over the car. My father being frustrated, would have to mop up the damage we did afterwards. I valued those times with my father, although I didn't recollect him that well. We lived in this little three bedroom apartment behind our grandfather and grandmother's house. My uncles and aunts lived in the main house with the grandparents which numbered quite a few. We were supposedly a Spanish family whose roots came from Seville, Spain as far as what I was told.

We lived in one of the most peculiar neighborhoods that I have known in my life. One of the residents that lived there was a girl named Pita Palone whose parents were deaf and dumb. The sole person who knew how to communicate with them was my grandmother. She did it making grunting sounds and body movements that were not conventional sign language used today. I was always thoroughly puzzled when we went over to their house with food to help to provide for them. We would stay for hours while this bizarre ritual took place. It was definitely a sight to behold. It demonstrated to me that although my grandmother was one tough cookie, she possessed an extremely generous heart for the downcast.

Their daughter Pita had some kind of mental illness. She had what I would consider super strength. She was able to toss adults around and inflict some real bodily damage if she got out of her house and loose in the neighborhood. The only thing that would bring her under control was her deathly fear of cotton balls which were hanging on her windows and doors. Why she displayed a fear of cotton balls is just one of the countless mysteries that would cause me to question for the rest of my life. When Pita was loose and running the neighborhoods I would witness people trying to get away from her as fast as they could. In one case she went to a neighbor's house through the front door. The people that lived there started jumping out the windows and sprinting out the other doors as insanely fast as they could. It wasn't until after surrendering my life to Jesus that I realized she was possessed with a demon. Thinking back, it had to

be likened in the same manner of the Gergesenes man who was possessed in Matthew 8:28. No one fathomed what to do with her because she was violent and exceptionally strong, even the priest didn't desire to have any part of that. It had been an extremely peculiar time in my life.

Two uncles that lived on the property were terribly cruel to my cousin L.V. and our family. I had an older brother Leonard, he and L.V. (Leon V. Montoya) were constantly beaten by uncle Irwin and Kinney. Danny and I, another brother two years older, were forced to stand there and watch if we didn't want the identical thing to happen to us. I was 4-5 years old at the time if my memory serves me right. My grandfather and I were extremely close, and he would protect me from those two twisted uncles. We would go do chores around the house and then take an afternoon nap together every day. It was the one memorable experience I recall growing up apart from my Uncle Fred and Aunt Sally.

One afternoon while my grandfather and I were chopping off chicken heads for dinner, the ax hit the clothes line that was above him. The butt of the ax struck him in the head, and he went down. Terrified, I ran to get some help as quickly as possible. My grandfather was rushed to the hospital where he stayed for about two or three weeks. I was excited to hear he was coming home. I couldn't wait until he did. When he walked through the door, it made my day. I knew as long as grandpa was there I was safe. It was awesome doing chores with him again. Being able to talk to him all day like before. About three days after he came home from the hospital, we laid down to take our usual nap. After waking I announced "time to get up" as done customarily in the past. He never woke up again. That was the last time I would ever see him. One of the most valuable men in my life and I can't recall what he looked like.

It wasn't long after even stranger things developed in the apartment out back. My mother at that time was on a quest to secure a new husband. Wanting to get away from this totally dysfunctional family, she started going out at night and not coming home until really late. One night while she was ironing her clothes to go out, these two hideous creatures materialized from thin air. Not more than two feet away from her behind the corner. I was terrified completely. The most horrifying things that I have ever witnessed in my life. They were taunting and threatening me with what they were going to do. I

tried informing my mother what they were saying, but she could not detect or hear them. Mom blew it off as my overactive imagination that was trying to deter her from going dancing that night. She was not having any of it. I didn't comprehend what they were. From that moment on, for the next couple of years, they would torment me at night nonstop and relentlessly. On top of that my most elderly brother would present his "Green Eyed Monster" stories. Therefore, it is no wonder why the night was the most terrifying time for me. Compared to the two creatures that were showing up at night, my brother's Green Eyed Monster would be better likened to Big Bird from Sesame Street. It wasn't until another event happened a little later, ending that nightmare forever.

To understand this, you have to recognize some history about one of my twisted uncles named Irwin. He was a completely wicked man. One day my mother brought home a black wiener dog for us to have as a pet. I absolutely loved that dog. My Uncle Irwin decided he was going to strangle it. The dog was discovered dead and I identified who was responsible. I was so furious I learned about hate for the first time in my life. I was about four at the time. A few months after that he caught me petting a cat that wandered into our yard. It was extremely affectionate with orange stripes. He said to me with the most hateful look on his face, "Can I pet your cat?" I said "No, don't touch him! Naturally Irwin snatched him out of my hands. "I think he needs a bath". Pouring gasoline on him then taking a match, the cat was lit on fire. The cat ran screaming in a massive blaze until he dropped dead. I stood there in sadness and shock while looking helplessly as it died. I stood there looking at my uncle with this broad smile on his face. My spirit was broken.

All I remember thinking was, how can anyone be so cruel?

At that moment, for the first time, the fear for Erwin departed from me in my anger. Looking at him while thinking in my mind, "when I grow up, I'm going to get you." He mocked me for a while until I ran away from him. When I was five, we came out into the yard where we had a big turtle that would scamper around. My older brother noticed that Uncle Irwin had placed him on the roof of our house, so he could fall off and die. Consequently, my brother Leonard climbed the ladder to bring the turtle down safely. Following him up the ladder to the top of the roof, I began hearing music coming from the clear blue sky above. I kept looking up in amazement. The notes and

melody got louder and louder until it was deafening. It was a flowing harmony, unlike anything I had heard or would ever hear again to this day. The entire sky was filled with this music penetrating everything. I was screaming at the top of my lungs “the angels are singing, the angels are singing.” Enduring so loudly until the exact moment, my brother slapped me on the head, and it stopped instantly. Looking at him confused while saying in a low voice “the angels were singing.” He said to me “get off this roof before you kill yourself.” So I did. After that moment the tormenting that those two hateful creatures were doing to me every night, stopped.

After inviting Jesus into my life, I realized at that moment on the rooftop; God had a calling on my life. Even though possessing no knowledge of who or what he was. We were Catholics. We went to church on a rare Sunday, Ash Wednesday, or Midnight Mass Christmas Eve and that was about it. My first Holy Communion and Confirmation were done in Saint Anthony’s Catholic Church in National City, CA. The only acknowledgement about God was I was going to a place identified as Purgatory. Where you suffer and pray for thousands of years until paroled after enough prayers have been made.

So my thinking was, why be good if I’m going to suffer for it anyway?

All the events that happened in my life from early youth up until the day Jesus freed me from myself, I was tormented and angry for the way it had gone. To keep from killing myself, I discovered pot, drugs and L.S.D. I started taking dope while I was a sophomore in high school. It wasn’t even popular yet. Starting off with a half of a tab of acid (L.S.D.), I liked the insanity that came with it. No matter how bad things were, this was a way forget. After a while I started increasing the amounts. Equally consuming multiple caps of speed which we referred to as blackbirds, made the acid even crazier. Towards the end around the age of twenty, I was dropping sometimes up to fifty fifteen way hits along with speed to see what would happen. Unfortunately, the answer came directly afterwards, insanity. There were many frightening things on the road I was on during those years. They all paled in comparison to the fact that there was no longer any control of my mind. Being completely incompetent to utter a finished sentence without forgetting what was being talked about. The hallucinations were never stopping. Most likely ending up like those guys you read about who are in

sanitariums for the rest of their lives. Because they never came back down from the L.S.D.

At that moment in my life, I knew I had abused myself past the point of no return. I was terrified and lost hope. I tried to get help from my friends, but all they would say was quit acting crazy. Then they would blow me off and ignore me. I was crazy and needed help. There was no one that I could talk to who would understand what I was going through. There were five of us living at that small house. Not really a house but a shack. Everyone around the city called it the "Hippy House" because so many people were partying all the time. After a while it got so bad with parties that we had to run away whenever someone who lived in the house tried sneaking in if they needed getting something. Never knowing when the house was going to be raided by the many numerous law enforcement agencies that had jurisdiction there. No one wanted to be there if that happened. If while trying to sneak in, the guy who was stuck with the house identified you, all he had to do was run off the property. Then scream as he was fleeing, "you're in charge." That was it; you were stuck there. The person in charge would be responsible for all the illegal insanity that was going on. If you happen to get raided, that's the guy that was going to jail. After about six months of being in this condition, a little blond lady and her friends drove up to our small house. They pulled into the parking area in front of the house. Right away we were chomping at the bit because of the new fresh blood that just parked in front.

What was the first thing that came out of her mouth?

Hi, my name is Judy and Jesus loves you and I'm here to tell you about Him. We were confused as well as stunned. None of us had never heard that before. By that time my personality had changed. Becoming so withdrawn that I wasn't talking to people. Still, she seemed to zero in on me. I was trapped. To make a long story short, Judy started talking to my girlfriend. My girl prayed with her and got saved. Nevertheless not understand what that even meant. After a little while my girlfriend quit seeing me and moved away. She was the only thing keeping me attached to what was left of my world. I was lost without her. Judy kept coming solely to see me. When her car would pulled up, all I knew was to run. Out the back door and gone. Behind where we lived there was a corral with a very huge, mean bull in it. To get away from Judy, I would have to jump into the

corral then run for my life to cut across to the other side. All before the bull annihilated me. Standing there laughing with my friends. She would be saying to them, "look at that, he's 6'5" tall and I'm 4'11" and he's scared to death of me." That petite woman was relentless, never giving up. After a while the seeds that were planted definitely started to sprout. One day I quit running. I went over to my former girlfriend's house, where she lived with her friend Judy and prayed that God would save me from destroying myself even further.

He did. After I had prayed, the insanity was gone, my mind was lucid. It was superior to what it was before being ravaged with drugs. The drug addiction to the speed was gone that exact moment. Knowing something had happened, never to be the same person ever again. Been down many roads since then. At this point in life, witnessing so many miracles that it is hard to can't count them all. My attention now focused on the word of God so much that it has saturated my innermost being.

Presently in my senior years, God has instructed me to compose some books that I am confident will help disciple young Christians. Even refresh more mature Christians as well. Each book will be called Life Lessons with a subtitle. They will deal with areas in which we all have struggled at. With the mentality of the modern progressive liberalism that is destroying the moral nature of this country. Exposing some prophetic glimpses into the time we find ourselves living in. My hope is that whoever decides to read this book will be blessed and grounded in scripture by the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of God that will usher us into all truth if we want Him to. God Bless You in Wisdom, Truth and Strength in The Holy Spirit.



Chapter 1:

Technology & Social Media

Technology and social media that have exploded in the last thirty years. Much has been in the United States to be specific. There so many venues of information gaining their way into business, home and families that you could call it incredible. It is more than ever before. No other time in the existence of mankind since the creation has so much been achieved in education, science, religion and medicine. The most astonishing thing is this has happened primarily within the last fifty years of our history. Anything that you are apt to imagine in your mind can be discovered on the worldwide web. You can achieve it at speeds never performed in the past. Technology has gone beyond what mankind thought would be possible only in our remote future. It is at our finger tips in just milliseconds. The Internet's worldwide web has become a feeding ground for truth and deception alike. There is much misinformation and pervasiveness invading our synagogues, churches and places of worship. This technology draws attention away from Godly values and virtues because people are so gripped by it. It is challenging to communicate with someone who is always looking down into their phones while texting the person standing feet away from them.

Include to that a Progressive Secular Humanist movement in this country. That has not helped. It has championed an onslaught of propaganda, deception and outright lies that have caused many to disavow or declare war on Christianity. Progressives using technology to fuel their idealist thinking and distorted perception of right and wrong. They have stepped up their attacks more aggressively than ever before. Trying to transform the one true living God into the image of man or a fairy tale that is not to be taken seriously by anyone. Nowhere is that more evident than what we here in the United States and Europe.

This progressive secular wave has influenced the minds and thoughts of the people young and old alike. It has infiltrated its way into our schools, universities and government. This is evidenced by what we observe in the hearts of so many of the people living in these countries today. A humanist wave that has caused this in such a negative way that it has muddled up the areas of common sense thought. Between sound reasoning and distorted perception. People have had their thinking become totally obscured in the areas of fiction and reality. Their consciousnesses distorted between general sense and mere speculation. So much, that even our government is paralyzed being all things to all people. The culture has become so politically correct that it has divided this nation to its very core. This has caused much division that it has polarized people trying to live their lives in peace and security. They want to be far from those who have the entitlement mentality or a lawless nature.

Interference from these outside forces are trying to redefine who and what Christians are required to stand for. Trying to redefine how Christians are supposed to experience our lives while defining for us what we are to believe. How we are supposed to interact in this world so as not to offend the various factions that exist around us. Imposing their definition of Christianity on true believers who are genuinely trying to experience the life that Jesus Christ himself defined. Doing this even though they have never experienced their own lives corresponding to sound biblical doctrine.

If we look in other parts of the world, we identify brutal forms of religion like Islam which are responsible for torture, murder, carnage and unthinkable acts. Heinous acts against men, women and children. These represent teachings of a hateful religion that

disregards human rights, dignity, freedom and self-expression. They have also displayed these acts and crimes against humanity on the Internet to intimidate enemies. To bring fear to those who are in opposition to their false teachings like Christians, Jews and more moderate thinking Muslims, if there is such a thing. Even in India, a country that has been associated in the last one hundred years as a peaceful place of meditation, love and acceptance. It has become a setting for brutal attacks. Some have been against Christians right in the local streets. They have been as evil as the attacks from those who are radicalized in Islam. It is a terrible trend that I feel is gaining ground. Only because of the ability people have to access the horrifying images they see posted on the World Wide Web. In some cases, I believe it is helping to recruit people who suffer mental disorders, distorted views of life and prejudice. Against those in this world that they have been indoctrinated to hate. We are definitely living in a time of what some may view as uncertainty and hopelessness with no end in sight. Technology is progressing so rapidly it becomes outdated the effective date you buy it, or promptly afterwards.

With all this information and technology that is bombarding impressionable minds, there comes with it confusion, deceit and distortion. Overabundance's that have caused distractions that have made them lose focus on the realities of life. They become dependent. They have come to being completely reliant on that technology. Technology has become the tools of deception, propaganda and a form of slavery. You can even go so far as to say it is idol worship as well. You will discover this especially among our youth today while many parents stand by helplessly watching as their kids are swept away in it. They are turning their backs from all decency and moral guidance. They are turning away from the teachings and life lessons their parents have tried so hard to instill in them. It is heart-rending to see. In some cases this technology is becoming an odd form of nanny or babysitter. Notably for parents that are working at their home full or part time and don't need the distractions, while they are managing to conduct business. Or if they are employed full-time for companies that are demanding of their time. Who can't afford child care after school because their pay is insufficient for the amount of work the job demands. Their kids end up in the house alone and unwatched. They while away hours playing video games or entertaining themselves in some other way. These we know as latch key kids.

With all this distraction and propaganda that is so prevalent these days, what represents True Christianity and what does it bear a resemblance to?

I will try explaining these questions in a satisfactory way while relying in my 48 years as a devout follower of Christ. While composing this book, it also reveals to me not only how far I have come in Christ, but how much more there is to go. My hope is you will see that obstacles represent nothing more than opportunities for your own miraculous victories. The goal is to bring to light solutions in this book that will help everyone to identify clearly where they are in their relationship with Christ. My hope is you will see the genuine value of a personal relationship with Jesus and what it means to your success. There will be setbacks in your walk. Stumbling blocks arise as a standard way of life in this journey. Allow these setbacks to become your victories. I likewise have had to learn these Life Lessons the unpleasant way just as many have before me. My hope is you will find the encouragement needed for your own success in Christ Jesus as we move on to the following chapter.