

*How a Jew Came to
Know and Put his Trust in*

**the Lord
Jesus Christ**



*By Tom Cantor
President, Founder and CEO
Scantibodies Laboratory, Inc.
Scantibodies Clinical Laboratory*

(Isaiah 9:6) For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

(Isaiah 40:9) ...Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

(John 1:29) ...Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

*How a Jew Came to
Know and Put his Trust in*

**the Lord
Jesus Christ**

*By Tom Cantor
President, Founder and CEO
Scantibodies Laboratory, Inc.
Scantibodies Clinical Laboratory*

*Scripture quotations are from the
King James Version of the Holy Bible.*

*Copyright © 2007, Tom Cantor
All Rights Reserved. Printed and
Published through Scantibodies Laboratory, Inc.
Santee, CA USA.*

*How a Jew Came to Know
and Put his Trust in
the Lord Jesus Christ*

My name is Tom Cantor and I am president and founder of Scantibodies Laboratory – a company which grew out of a tiny garage and a \$130 investment some 30 years ago, to a nearly 500-person, worldwide company today. You might think that business and science is my life's passion. But, I have one passion in life and His name is the Lord Jesus Christ. So, how did a Jew, the grandson of an orthodox Rabbi, come to have his life transformed by the Lord Jesus Christ? I would like to tell you.

I was born into a typical Los Angeles Jewish family. Even though my grandfather was an orthodox Cantor/Rabbi, I grew up as a secular Jew. Because of where we lived, all my friends were Jewish. My mom and dad were not good at marriage; they got divorced when I was one. My father was married and divorced five times and my mother, three

times. When I was young, I regularly attended synagogue and Hebrew school. During the early years I gave some passing thought as to whether or not God really existed, but God was not in my thoughts and I certainly did not want God to rule over my life. Judaism for me was essentially cultural.

Every year we celebrated the Passover in the home of family or friends and retold once again how the Egyptians had tried to exterminate the Jews and how God sent Moses to deliver the Jews from Egypt. Passover seemed to me to be a typical Jewish holiday of “the Gentiles tried to kill us, God saved us, let’s eat.” Every year we went to temple for the New Year (or Rosh Hashanah) and for the Day of Atonement (or Yom Kippur). At temple we were told that on Yom Kippur, all of our past year’s sins or everything we did wrong would be atoned for — the slate would be wiped clean. I used to wonder how bad could sins really be if they could be so easily wiped clean every year? As I sat in the synagogue auditorium, I looked around and

wondered what was wrong with everyone in that auditorium that they all had kept sinning every year; how could they be sure that they remembered every one of their sins from the last year; were they honest enough to admit all of their sins; and, was their sincerity adequate? I never wondered why I should have to return every year, because I knew I was a rotten kid who was always getting in trouble. When the time came during the service to remember all my sins, I really didn't know where to start and, moreover, I was not really serious about any kind of lasting life reformation.

That fact that I was a rotten kid was no secret. When I was seven, I was sent to the Urban Military Academy in West Los Angeles. Even while dressed in a sharply pressed military uniform, I still managed to get in plenty of trouble — like causing the whole school to shut down by causing the fire alarm to go off. When I was eight, I was dishonorably discharged from the Urban Military Academy. By the time I was 15,

there was no place for me to live anymore because, at that time, I just could not get along with either my stepfather or step-mother. I was sent to a prominent UCLA psychology professor to find out what was wrong with me. His evaluation of me was that I was really a good kid. Now, I knew that he was wrong and I was sure that if I wanted to, I could change his mind. He further determined that it was the Los Angeles environment that had corrupted my good nature. So, after consultation with my parents, it was decided that I should be sent to boarding school in Switzerland.

One evening I boarded the all night flight from Los Angeles to Kennedy Airport in New York City. Arriving in the early morning, I went to the Queen Mary ship and gave my trunk to the porter, filled mainly with my prized record albums. Exhilarated with this new freedom, I made off for the big city for a morning of solo sight seeing. In the afternoon, I boarded the Queen Mary. As the ship left port and all of the passengers

rushed to the back of the boat to wave good bye with white handkerchiefs, a strange fear came over me as I realized that no one was there to say good-bye to me and I had never been overseas before. I soon found four other students going to the same school on the ship and they were all girls, so things began to look up and I lost my feeling of loneliness.

I was not in school long before I got in trouble for drinking and fighting. After seven weeks at school, I was expelled. I did not want to go home under those circumstances, so the day before I was to be sent home to Los Angeles, I feigned a fall down some stone stairs and pretended to have injured my kidney. I was taken to the hospital in Montreux, Switzerland. When they left me alone to provide a urine sample, I cut my finger tip and mixed a drop or two of blood into the urine specimen. The only problem with this plan was that after several days, the physician came to my room and told me that they were considering surgery. I then

had a sudden recovery and no more blood appeared in my urine.

During that week in the hospital, my father was able to locate another boarding school for me in Lausanne, Switzerland, where I managed to stay until I graduated two years later. During those years in Europe, I got involved in many sins that left me with a distinct sense of inner dirtiness. This sense of defilement was so strong that one night in the boarding school, I took a shower for two hours. Not surprisingly, I came out of that shower feeling just as dirty as when I went in.

When I was 17, I entered Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. At that point, I felt that I could not go on in life with that haunting sense of defilement that churned up my insides and I contemplated suicide. Then, I thought that maybe if I got a girlfriend, I could find relief.

In the basement of the university library

were small music listening rooms where the attendant would pipe selected music. Those rooms had windows in the doors, so, I thought – window shopping. I saw a pretty girl in one of the rooms (who is now my wife since 1970) and I knocked on the door and explained that I wanted to listen to exactly the same music that she was listening to and that there were no free rooms available and would she mind if I shared the room with her. I soon found that she was listening to African tribal music which created a challenge for me to explain why I liked African tribal music. I found out her name was Cheryl and that she was from Akron, Ohio. We began to speak and when I told her that I was Jewish, she told me that she was a Gentile who loved the Jews. I was suspicious and asked why she loved the Jews? She explained that every book in her Bible was written by a Jew and that her Savior was a Jew. Over the following months, our relationship became more serious.

When I returned home, I told my father that

I had met a girl. He asked me the typical three word question, “Is she Jewish?” When I said that she was not, he immediately organized for me to take a five hour drive to Las Vegas with him and his Jewish friend, Dr. Newman. During that drive they strongly lectured me on how all the Nazis were Christians and how a Jew cannot get involved with a Christian. But, silently I thought, “Cheryl does not look like a Nazi.”

When I returned to school, Cheryl, being three years older than me, was graduating. I was afraid that I might lose her on the open market and I knew that my father was trying to break up my relationship with her, so I impulsively proposed that we immediately get married. Cheryl was 21 and I was only 19. In Ohio, the minimum age for marriage without the signature of both sets of parents is 21—which meant that we could not get married in the State of Ohio. But, a short drive over the Ohio River into the State of Kentucky solved that problem as Kentucky did not have that age restriction. Though we

only had \$100, we got married.

After we were married, I called my mother and told her I was married and she asked me how I liked married life. I told her, “Great! I should have done it years before!” at which time she reminded me that I was only 19 years old.

On my father’s side of the family there was great anger. I received a call from my uncle who was a surgeon in Miami, Florida. He told me that he was calling me on behalf of the family and that he would speak to me calmly and without anger to present a proposal to me. He told me that I was to come into a certain room and on the table would be a large sum of money. I was to take the money and get a quick divorce and forget about marrying a Gentile. That, he explained, was option A. Option B was, “Have a nice life,” or good-bye from the family. I chose option B. I figured that marriage to the girl of my dreams would bring about a silence to the haunting inner feeling

of defilement and guilt. But, to my great disappointment, I did not find any relief.

Disappointed and desperate, I decided to try and see if God existed and if God could help me. I got a Bible with both the Old and New Testaments and told my wife that I had to work late. After work, I read the Bible for two hours every day desperately trying to find God. I did not know how to pray so I just said, "Oh God (if there is a God) help me." Having read some of the Old Testament in Hebrew school, I decided to start with the New Testament. As I read, I was not connecting with the Bible. I read what a good person the Lord Jesus Christ was. But, then I came to one statement made by the Lord Jesus Christ in Matthew 15:19-20 where He said,

(Matthew 15:19-20) For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These

are the things which defile a man.

That statement arrested me. It was just like He spoke right to me with the most accurate description of the exact need that drove me to read the Bible in an effort to try and find God. He told me what no one had ever told me before—the true reason why I felt defiled. It was such a simple thing. The Lord Jesus Christ explained that I felt defiled because I was defiled, and that I was defiled because of the evil thoughts that came right from my own heart. His words came with the authority of someone who really knew me. With such an authoritative explanation, I was spurred on in the hope that I might further find the relief from my defilement within the Bible. But, as I read on, I was shocked to read about how the Lord Jesus Christ died. I did not understand why He was betrayed, despised, and tortured to death on a cross.

As I pondered that death, I remembered

something that my Jewish Uncle Pete had said two years before. Cheryl and I had joined his family for the Passover celebration dinner at his house in Cincinnati. He had just finished the reading of the Haggadah – a book that recited how God had delivered the Jews and we were about to start eating. My Aunt Mary, who was the more leading figure in the home, was in the kitchen. My Uncle Pete seemed to take pleasure in occasionally saying something that would annoy her. So, while my Aunt Mary was getting the chicken soup, Uncle Pete blurted out, “Christians believe that Christ was the Passover Lamb.”

Immediately my Aunt Mary shouted from the kitchen, “Pete, shut up!” But, my Uncle Pete’s statement stuck in my mind. I wondered what it meant to say that “Christ was the Passover Lamb.”

I decided to go back to the Old Testament book of Exodus, chapter 12, and read again about the Passover. I was surprised to see that in all my years of attending Passover

meals, I never saw the true meaning of the Passover as described in Exodus, chapter 12. The true meaning of Passover was centered in the lamb. There I read that God said that on one night, every first born son in every family was going to die and it did not matter whether the family was a Jewish or an Egyptian family. But, there was one way to avoid that death. If a family killed a lamb and placed its blood over the door and on the two doorposts of the house (in the shape of a cross) then that family would be spared the death. The reason that family would be spared was because God had said that when He saw the blood, He would pass over (or skip over) that house and not kill the first born.

(Exodus 12:13) And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite

the land of Egypt.

I saw clearly that if there were no lamb and no blood of the lamb over the door, there would be no mercy and no escape from the fatal judgment. Then I read in the New Testament what John the Baptist called the Lord Jesus Christ in John 1:29:

(John 1:29) John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

At that moment I had hope that the death of the Lord Jesus Christ might help me. I figured that my defilement meant I was a sinner and I deserved death, but maybe the Lord Jesus Christ could become my Passover Lamb to take away my sin. I wondered if I would be a Christian if the Lord Jesus Christ became my Passover lamb? That posed a dilemma for me because I had

been taught that Gentiles were either Christians or Moslems and that a Jew could not be a Christian. Because of what I had been taught in my upbringing, I needed to understand what a true Christian was.

At work I ate lunch with three Gentile co-workers. These were married men who all had mistresses that they talked about during lunch. I wondered if these Gentile men were true Christians. So, I decided to do an experiment to find out. One day the time for my experiment came. When they began to speak about their adultery, I announced to them, "You fellows need Jesus Christ." Even though I had not yet believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, I made that statement to them as an experiment to see their reaction. Immediately I was excluded from their group. Their reaction told me that not all Gentiles were true Christians.

Thereafter my wife and I moved to San Diego, where I told her that I thought that I was becoming "religious." Since I was

Jewish and had never attended church, I told her that I needed to return to the Jewish Synagogue. Consulting the newspaper I found the reform Jewish Temple in San Diego. I called the Rabbi and started by telling him that I had been reading what Moses wrote in the book of Exodus. When I mentioned Moses, the Rabbi interrupted me and told me that he did not believe that there was a literal person named Moses, but that he believed that the books of Moses were written by a series of writers using the pen name of Moses. Surprised, I told him that I thought I had the wrong number and apologized for bothering him.

I then decided to go to the orthodox Jewish Synagogue and speak with that Rabbi. Again, after consulting the newspaper, I found the Orthodox Jewish Temple in San Diego and went to the Friday night service. During the Rabbi's message I listened carefully (though most others were socializing and speaking). Afterward, I said to the Rabbi that I believed that Jesus was the Messiah. The Rabbi

replied by making it very clear to me that if I ever said the name of Jesus again, I would not be allowed to come to his synagogue. This left me confused and not knowing where to go.

I saw in the newspaper that a Baptist church was showing a movie on Israel, so, I decided to go see the movie. After the movie, someone asked if I was Jewish and introduced me to the pastor who told me that his grandmother was Jewish and we agreed to meet. I explained to the pastor that I believed that Jesus was the Messiah. The pastor asked me if I had ever received the Lord Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. I told him that I did not know what he was talking about. He explained to me that it was similar to him offering to give me a book and holding the book out to me. I could say that I believed that he was offering to give me the book and I could even thank him for his kindness in offering to do so. But, as long as the book remained in his hand, I had not received the book, though I

believed that he was offering me the book. To receive the book, I needed to act on the belief that he was offering me the book and reach out and take the book into my hand. He explained that that was the difference between believing and receiving. To understand the difference between believing and receiving, he showed me in the Bible where this was stated in John 1:12

(John 1:12) But as many as received him, to them gave he power (authority) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.

I asked him how I could receive the Lord Jesus Christ? He replied that I only needed to pray from my heart a simple prayer, “Lord Jesus, I am a sinner. Please forgive me of my sins. Come into my heart and be my Lord and Savior.” I followed him praying that prayer and immediately that sense of debilitating defilement that had haunted me for years vanished. It has not been back

since. Since that time, I gained a confidence that, based on the authority of God's word — the Bible, I was now a child of God and fully forgiven by trusting in the all sufficient sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ for me and that God was now my friend. All fear of death left me as I saw and believed what the Bible stated: that death for the child of God trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, is like falling asleep only to awake in His presence who loved me and died for me. I quickly recognized and believed that the Lord Jesus Christ was who He said He was: God, very God and that God was made up of three distinct persons called by the plural Hebrew word, Elohim. A great comfort and assurance came when I saw and believed the Bible as it revealed the Lord Jesus Christ as both the only Creator and Judge of mankind. My life, which was one of hopelessness, turned to a life of wonderful hope on that day and it has remained that way ever since. I learned from the Bible what God meant when He forgave my sins when I received the Lord Jesus Christ as my Savior as:

**(Isaiah 38:17) for thou hast cast
all my sins behind thy back.**

That is the place of no standing.

**(Jeremiah 31:34) I will forgive
their iniquity, and I will remem-
ber their sin no more.**

That is the place of no memory.

**(Psalm 103:12) As far as the east
is from the west, so far hath he
removed our transgressions
from us.**

That is the place of no proximity.

**(Micah 7:19) thou wilt cast all
their sins into the depths of the
sea.**

That is the place of no recovery.

I have a special concern in my heart for my Jewish people because Heaven and Hell are real places. There are only two possibilities for all men. One is to die in sin without any remedy which is a certain road to hell or eternal judgment. The other possibility is to receive God's free gift of salvation through the sacrifice of Himself, the Lord Jesus Christ, on the Cross as a full payment for all sins; and then to be welcomed into Heaven, completely forgiven as a fully accepted child of God.

You might say, "But Jews do not believe in Jesus."

You might be asking yourself the question, "What is the purpose of this booklet?" You might be wondering, "Why is he trying to see me come to God as he did?" To answer this, let me tell you the story of my Israeli friend's father:

I have dear friends in Jerusalem named Avi and Tami. Tami's father's name was Simon

Wasserman. Simon Wasserman was born into a Jewish home in Berlin, Germany, in 1910. Simon's father was a Shoket (or Jewish butcher) just like my grandfather was in Petersburg, Virginia. Simon had a brother and two sisters and the family enjoyed a pleasant, happy life in Berlin. After all, Berlin at that time was one of the great world centers for the arts, music, cabaret, literature, business and science. It was a beautiful city of majestic buildings with parks, rivers, lakes and tree-lined avenues like "unter den linden strasse." Life for the Wasserman family was very comfortable as Simon's father enjoyed a respected position in the thriving Jewish community of Berlin. Simon was tall and with his blonde hair and blue eyes he did not look Jewish. As Simon was growing up he not only had Jewish friends, but he also had German friends.

Then, in 1930 when Simon was 20 years old, Simon's sister who had married a Jewish Zionist shocked the family with her

announcement that she and her husband were moving to Palestine. At that time, moving from the highly civilized city of Berlin to the undeveloped and dangerous territory of Palestine was strange and only for the most bizarre nonconformists. Meanwhile, Simon had begun to watch carefully a new rising politician named Adolf Hitler. Simon read Hitler's book *Mein Kampf* and was aware of Hitler's anti-Semitic intentions. Simon became convinced that Adolf Hitler was very dangerous for the Jews. After careful consideration Simon decided that he would also leave Germany and join his sister and her husband in Palestine.

So, in 1932, Simon applied to the British government for permission to immigrate to Palestine. The British government informed Simon that they had enough Jews in Palestine and that no more Jews were being given permission to immigrate there. However, there was a new technology of elevators in Palestine and there was a shortage of elevator technicians. This meant that if a

Jew was an elevator technician, he would be given permission to immigrate to Palestine. So, in 1932, Simon Wasserman enrolled in a one year elevator technician course at the Berlin Technical Institute. Finally, in 1933, with his elevator technician certificate in hand, Simon Wasserman was given permission by the British government to immigrate to Palestine. (1933 was also the year that Hitler became chancellor and gained power over Germany.)

In Palestine, life was rewarding for Simon, as Jews were filled with the vision of creating a homeland. Meanwhile Tami's mother was beautiful and had come from Latvia also with the intention to immigrate into Palestine. But, at the border the British took a large sum of money from her and told her to leave the country in three months or forfeit the money and be hunted down as an illegal alien. Desperate to stay, Tami's mother found an old Yemenite Jew who agreed to marry her for convenience so she could stay in the country. One day on the beach in Tel

Aviv, Simon met Tami's mother and they fell in love. The couple went to the old Yemenite Jew to ask for a divorce and the old Yemenite Jew refused—explaining that he had fallen in love with Tami. Finally, they convinced him to give the divorce and Tami's father and mother were married. Together the young, happy couple built their life in the Jewish homeland. But they, like all Jews, watched carefully the troubling clouds of anti-Semitism as Hitler's goal of exterminating Jews progressed unstopped.

In November of 1938 was the horrible "crystal night" when all throughout Germany, store windows of Jewish shops were broken, Jewish houses and apartments were destroyed, and synagogues were demolished and set on fire. Many Jews were arrested, some were beaten, and some were even killed. By 1939, all the world knew that Jews in Germany were being taken from their homes in the middle of the night and never seen again. There were terrifying eye witness reports of mass exterminations of

Jews in horrible camps. In that same year, (1939), Simon Wasserman received a letter from Berlin. When he opened the letter, he was surprised to see that it came from one of his former German friends. The letter read:

“My Dear Simon,

I have risen to a very high position in the Gestapo and SS and I am now looking at a list of Jews to be murdered. Your mother, father, sister and brother are on the list. Simon, because you are my dear friend, I am going to stick my neck out for you and your family. The second page of this letter is a two-week pass. With this pass you will be able to come back into Germany, back to Berlin and back to your home. With this pass you will be allowed to leave Germany and to take with you your father, mother, sister and brother in order to save them alive.”

Simon showed the letter to his wife and

friends who told him that he was out of his mind if he even considered going back to Germany. They reasoned with him that it was a trap and that when he arrived in Germany, the pass would be taken away from him. Then what would he be? He would be just another Jew on his way to the death camps. They told Simon that he could not trust a person who sold his soul to Hitler's Gestapo and SS Squad as they were the very ones destroying the Jews. They pleaded with Simon not to walk into the "mouth of the lion." Simon struggled with these thoughts, but the hopeless plight of his family was too great a pull on his heart. Simon had decided that cost what it would, he had no choice. Simon concluded that he would never be able to live with himself if he did not go to his family's rescue. He thought that if he died trying to save his family, he would die meeting the same end as his family in Berlin. He only knew that he must try to rescue them.

Simon set off from Palestine for Germany.

When he entered Germany, he was shocked to see how his fellow Jews were treated as despised animals. The pass protected Simon as he was allowed to return to his family's home.

When he arrived, he showed his family the letter and explained the reason for his coming. What do you suppose that his family told him? They said, "Simon, we are Germans! Palestine? Simon, are you out of your mind? It is dangerous in Palestine – there are Arabs in Palestine, bullets, plus it's dirty – look at how beautiful it is here in Berlin! You want us to leave the beauty of this city for the sand, dust and dirt of Palestine? Simon, look at the beauty of our house and all our possessions! You want us to leave all of this? The letter is a trap to get us to abandon our possessions to your so-called "friend" who is really just a thief. To leave all of our possessions is a terrible price to pay. Don't speak such foolishness, Simon – we are Germans." Simon again showed them the letter and they reiterated

that it was only a trick to confiscate their nice home and possessions. Simon told them of the reports of concentration camps and mass exterminations and they replied with “Rumors, Simon – did you see these camps yourself? Did you see any of these mass exterminations? We are talking about Germany, the highest civilization in the world – don’t talk such nonsense.” Simon pleaded with them to consider Adolf Hitler to which they replied, “Hitler? He’s a mad man – he will be assassinated. He will be overthrown or voted out of office – he is a temporary problem.” Simon pleaded with his family for two weeks and was finally forced to leave Germany empty handed. All of his family were murdered.

Do you know, my friend, why I am writing all this to you? It is because I am Simon Wasserman in the sense that I am pleading with you about the reality of the danger of hell. Without trusting in God’s sacrifice (the Lord Jesus Christ) the Bible describes you as still in your sins and as such, going

straight down the middle of the road to hell; a certain massacre. Just as Simon Wasserman pleaded with his family to be saved, I am pleading with you to avoid certain destruction and be saved by the Lord Jesus Christ. To be saved, all you need to do is to come to the Lord Jesus Christ who loves you and has a hand stretched out to you now to save you. God is not willing for you to perish.

(2 Peter 3:9) The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

By receiving or refusing the Lord Jesus Christ, there is so much to gain or lose. Your eternity is at stake. Right now, you, my friend are being invited by the Lord Jesus Christ to come to Him. Respond to His call.

(Matthew 11:28) Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

You are being called by Him to be saved from your sins. The Lord Jesus Christ, Himself is your maker and He knows that unless you flee to Him now for shelter from the judgment you deserve, there is no hope of avoiding hell.

(John 1:3) All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

(1 Timothy 2:4-6) Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ

Jesus; Who gave himself a ransom for all.

(Acts 4:12) Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

(John 14:6) Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

My friend, just think that God is calling you now. Think of this call as a phone call from God. God is on the line, will you take the call? All God requires of you is to throw down the weapons of your warfare and pride against Him and surrender to His love expressed on the Cross where He died for your sins.

(James 4:6) God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.

(Hebrews 3:15) While it is said, Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation.

(Romans 5:8) But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

(1 Corinthians 15:3) Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;

Humble yourself, open your heart, agree with God that you are a sinner, ask God to forgive you and tell Him that you want to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior. He has promised to save anyone

and everyone who calls on Him to be saved; just believe and act on His promise to save you if you call on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to save you from your sins.

(Romans 3:23) For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;

(Romans 6:23) For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(Romans 10:13) For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

(John 6:37)...him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

(John 3:16-17) For God so loved the world, that he gave

his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

Will you surrender and pray to God—asking Him to forgive you on the basis of the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for your sins? Will you do it today? Will you do it now?

(2 Corinthians 6:2) For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.

*For prayer or more information on becoming a Child of God through the Lord Jesus Christ, contact author Tom Cantor at:
tom.cantor@scantibodies.com
(619) 258-9300 or 1-800-279-9181*



2-27-08 vs 01