



God Isn't Finished With You

Jacob Morgan's testimony

Big idea: Jacob's story reminds us that even when life feels broken, abandoned, or beyond repair, the Lord is near, He calls us to rest in Him, and He prepares good works for us to walk in.

Testimony at a Glance

Jacob grew up carrying deep pain, responsibility, loss, and the belief that he had to survive by his own strength. Through seasons of grief, homelessness, despair, and isolation, God was already at work—protecting him, speaking through others, and leading him to the Samaritan Center, where he met Pastor John. After receiving a Bible and reading Ephesians, Jacob encountered the Lord personally and heard the promise that he did not have to walk alone. His testimony points to a Savior who restores purpose, gives rest, and makes broken lives new.

Key Scriptures

When I feel abandoned	Psalms 27:10 — “When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take care of me.”
When I am weary	Matthew 11:28 — “Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”
When I need purpose	Ephesians 2:10 — “For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.”
When I am afraid	Isaiah 41:13 — “For I, the Lord your God, will hold your right hand, saying to you, ‘Fear not, I will help you.’”
When I need hope	Romans 8:38–39 — Nothing “shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Remember This

- God was present before Jacob knew Him, protecting and guiding him through pain.
- The Lord used ordinary people—family, volunteers, and Pastor John—to speak life and hope.
- Surrender did not erase every struggle, but it gave Jacob a new identity and purpose in Christ.
- No fall is too far for God's grace, and no life is beyond His redeeming work.

Reflect & Respond

Where do you need to stop carrying the weight of life alone?

What part of your story needs the rest, help, and purpose of Christ?

Today, consider praying: ***Lord Jesus, I come to You with what I cannot carry. Hold my hand, help me, and show me the good works You prepared for me. Amen.***

If you are in crisis or feel unsafe: Please tell someone immediately, speak with a pastor or trusted person, or call/text 988 for the Suicide & Crisis Lifeline in the U.S. You are not alone.

GOD ISN'T FINISHED WITH YOU

(JACOB MORGAN TESTIMONY LEAD-IN)

Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Last week we learned about the fast that God truly desires from His people.

That we consider the poor among us not as a ministry project, but simply as our own flesh, with something valuable to give this Body.

We saw that Abundant Life Church is a table where people, those with much and those with much less, become family sharing the Bread of life together.

That leads me to Jacob Morgan. Jacob is a young man that has been part of our Abundant Life family for a relatively short time but has had an inordinately large impact.

I feel it's not an exaggeration to say that since he's taken over much of the heavy lifting in the setup and teardown of the worship equipment, that my wife breathes easier because I am breathing easier.

Donna, Mama Ruth and I have been blessed to be able to spend a good bit of time with him outside of Church, and we think of him as family in every way.

When I finished the sermon about abundant life church being as Isaiah puts it, "Repairers of the breach" last week, Jacob asked if he might follow up on that sermon by giving his testimony this week.

I had heard Jacob give his testimony once before at a church that serves breakfast on Friday for our unhoused friends and was very

impressed with his ability to articulate what the Lord had done to draw him and eventually to seal him and complete him in Christ.

Therefore, when he asked me if he could give his testimony in church today, I enthusiastically said yes.

Everything that Jake says comes from his heart and I know him to be someone who has been a true ministry partner with us to make this church a family in the time that he has been with us.

That said, I introduce to you my dear brother in Christ, Jacob Morgan.

GOD ISN'T FINISHED WITH YOU

(Jacob Morgan's Testimony)

When Pastor John asked me to share my testimony, I wasn't really sure where it began. Part of me wanted to begin with the day I met him. But the truth is, my testimony started years before that.

For most of my life, I believed I had to be the lord of my own life. I had to make the right decisions, carry the responsibility, solve my own problems, and somehow build a life worth living on my own.

I was trying to become the person I thought I needed to be by my own strength, the person society tells you to be: successful, financially intelligent, and literarily intelligent.

I didn't know Christ then, and honestly, I wasn't interested in knowing Him.

I grew up surrounded by addiction. Both of my parents struggled with meth. Three of my four older sisters struggled with it as well.

Before I was even ten years old, I had nearly been killed on several occasions because of the people around me, and even tried once myself.

I had already reached a place where I didn't want to be alive anymore. I had to learn to be a person by watching my parents and figuring out what not to do.

But I see now that God was already there, as it says in **Psalm 27:10: When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take care of me.**

He gave me the wisdom I needed even then not to walk in their steps, but to eventually put myself in a place to help them.

I still remember talking with my cousin Nick after that first suicide attempt. I was seven years old and he was only eight.

We were standing in my driveway after a pretty intense round of hide n seek in the dark, looking up at the stars. I told him, "I don't want to be here anymore. I don't care if I die or if I just run away. I just know I don't want to be here".

He just said, I don't know what to say about that... but I know if you were gone, I'd miss you.

He probably doesn't even remember saying it. But I remember.

Those words, spoken by a child who had no idea what he was being confronted with, carried me through years of darkness. Whenever those thoughts to end my life came back, I remembered standing in that driveway, and that little boy telling me he would miss me.

Life kept moving forward. When I was eighteen, after four years of ROTC, I was preparing to enter the Air Force as an officer. Then,

my father was diagnosed with advanced COPD and given three years to live.

Something, someone, who I now know was the Lord, told me I couldn't leave this man to die alone.

I gave up that future I had planned because I couldn't leave my father to die alone.

Our relationship wasn't easy. My father had hurt me in a lot of ways growing up.

But those three years he was given to live turned into fifteen. During those fifteen years we worked through the hurt, the anger, the regrets, and by the end of his life I could honestly tell him that I loved him, and that I forgave him.

I watched my father truly repent. He wasn't perfect, but he loved the Lord. Everywhere we went he would pray for people.

Everywhere we went he would tell people, God bless, as we were leaving. At the time I thought religion was just a mask people hid behind after living bad lives. Today I know better, because I've experienced repentance myself.

Three years before my father passed away, I also lost my sister Heather. She was only thirty-two years old.

I used to drive by her work almost every day just to stop in, hug her, tell her I loved her, and see if she needed anything.

She was raising my nephew by herself, and I tried to be there whenever I could.

Losing her left a hole in my life that I think may always be there. Seven years later, and I still cry the entire week of her birthday.

So, when my father passed, the people I had spent so much of my life caring for were gone and it felt like I had lost my purpose.

I sold my house. I sold my cars. Then, anything I couldn't sell, I burned in a bonfire in my backyard.

I traveled for a while, but eventually, I found myself in Simi Valley, staying with my oldest sister.

I tried to give back, for everything I was receiving, doing the dishes, gardening, picking the kids up from school, even helping care for her mother as she passed away.

But I failed on my end of the bargain. I suffer from Bi-Polar disorder, and I couldn't stay medicated. I spiraled into a severe depression and eventually, I burned the last bridge I had, and on December 3rd of last year, I found myself on the streets.

After a few days of no food, and a dwindling water supply, I found out about the local Samaritan Center.

That is where Abundant Life holds a monthly Bible study on the last Wednesday of every month, if anyone would like to join us.

The Samaritan Center is a place where the homeless receive assistance here in Simi Valley. I started going there for breakfasts, dinner, and water.

I didn't know what I was going to do, but at least for the moment I didn't have to worry about being fed. I was trying really hard to seem okay those first few weeks.

I don't like to burden others with my troubles. But the weight of everything **I had gone through had** really started to get to me.

On December 15th of last year, I climbed a tree with a rope around my neck.

It was a beautiful spot overlooking the valley, everything was so green. But I didn't know how to tie a noose; I only knew a trucker's knot.

The thing about that knot is that it's very strong, but all it takes is pulling one string and it comes undone. I jumped, but the rope wasn't long enough to snap my neck.

After dangling for a bit, panic set in. I don't remember pulling the knot, but I must have, because I hit the ground gasping for air. I cried a lot that night. I really wanted it to be over.

The next morning, I found myself back at the Samaritan Center. I hadn't showered in two weeks. I'd spent those two weeks crying almost constantly.

One of the women working at the center stopped me before I left. She took me aside and said, "We're worried about you. We don't want you to hurt yourself".

I answered her honestly. I told her, Unfortunately... hurting myself is all I want to do. It's all I've wanted to do for most of my life.

She asked if I'd stay so they could pray with me. I told her no. I wasn't religious and more than anything I really wanted to be alone. I told her, "I just need to walk".

So then she asked if I would speak with a pastor that volunteers there on Wednesdays. He is a really good man, she said, "his name is John".

Again, I told her no. But about an hour and a half later, I found myself walking back to the Samaritan Center.

I don't know why. I didn't know it at the time, but this was the Lord asking me to stop bearing the weight alone.

He was calling me to do what it says in **Matthew 11:28: Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.**

He was inviting me to come to one of His vessels and finally take rest from my anxiety.

I'd never talked to a pastor, a priest, a rabbi, anything like that. But I thought, I'm planning on killing myself, why not try talking to a pastor once?

So after showing back up to the center, I asked them to give him a call. Pastor John showed up about ten minutes later.

We sat in his car for several hours, and he listened to everything. He listened to all the wrong I've done, all the good I've tried to do, and all the pain I'd been holding on to.

He didn't just listen, he also told me about his own life, his own experience. The question someone had once asked him, and how he had finally surrendered.

At the end, he handed me a New King James Bible. He wrote one verse inside the cover, a verse I know everyone here is very familiar with:

Ephesians 2:10 - For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.

After that he asked me a question: Do you accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior?

I had to be honest with him. I told him, "I want to say yes, I want to do that and just believe things will be better, but I don't know Him. I don't know his word, I have never read this Bible".

At that point in time, I didn't know where I was going to be in 24 hours, I didn't know when the next time I would see John was, I didn't know if there would be a next time, so I gave him the best answer I could. I told him, "the next time I see you, I'll have an answer for you". I just didn't know how true that would be, or how soon I would have the opportunity.

That night when I got back to where I had been sleeping in the brush in the hills, I read the entire book of Ephesians and sobbed like a baby the whole time.

It was like a handwritten letter from God, to me, through Paul.

When I finished, it was too dark to read anymore, I held the Bible in my left hand clutched against my chest and prayed, really prayed, for the first time in my life.

I wasn't asking God to fix everything. I wasn't arguing with Him. I wasn't yelling at him telling him what's what. I simply spoke from my heart.

As I lay there looking up through the branches at the stars with my physical eyes, I saw the image of the Lord in my mind's eye.

I heard Him say, "This is why I did what I did for you, so you would not have to walk this path that you have chosen to walk, alone. I have always been here. I will always be here. Are you ready to change?"

I broke down, tears streaming down my face. Out loud, looking up at the sky, I said, "Yes. You know I want to. You know I've tried. I just don't know how. I don't know how to do it on my own anymore. I need help. I need Your help".

Then something I can only describe as supernatural happened. A literal ball of golden energy descended from the sky, laid down next to me, took my right hand and told me that I was going to be okay.

And since then, I have been.

It was a literal fulfillment of **Isaiah 41:13: For I, the Lord your God, will hold your right hand, saying to you, Fear not, I will help you.**

I've learned since then that in the ancient world, the right hand was the hand of status, strength, and legal standing.

To take someone's right hand was a way of saying: "I am giving you my strength. I am testifying that you belong to me. You are no longer alone in the fight".

In that brush, in the dark, God was telling me I wasn't just okay, He was telling me I was His.

The promise I felt that night began to show up in very real ways.

A week or two later, on a Friday morning, I found myself limping toward the Church of the Living Christ for a breakfast they used to hold there for the community.

My body was still in a lot of pain from the fall in that tree and everything I had put it through. A gentleman stopped and offered me a ride, and during that short trip, we talked.

By the time I got out of that car, the pain was completely gone. It was a miraculous, physical healing. The Lord didn't just tell me I was going to be okay; He showed me.

Since then, I haven't watched all my problems disappear. I'm still homeless. I still have struggles. But I have watched the Lord move.

Helping people has always been the only thing that brought me joy, but I never knew why. Now I do. It isn't just something I do because I have nothing else left; it's part of who God created me to be.

Following Christ hasn't taken away my desire to serve.

It redeemed it.

I don't serve because I'm trying to earn my worth anymore; I'm not serving because I feel obligated to. I serve because I know who I am, whose workmanship I am.

It's what **2 Corinthians 5:17** explains: **Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new.**

My obligation was washed away. I serve others not because it is what is expected or what will make me seem useful, but because it is what fills me up with purpose, with the feeling that this is the path that God had prepared for me beforehand.

So, if there's one thing I hope you remember from my story, it's this: No matter how far you might fall, no matter how broken you feel, no matter how convinced you are that your life has no purpose... God isn't finished with you.

I know that now. There was a time when I didn't care whether He was or not, and that's the truth. But the deeper truth is this: I know He isn't finished with me... and now neither am I.

So today, by His grace, I'm standing here to tell you that He wasn't done with me. And He's not done with you, either.

As Paul writes in **Romans 8:38-39**: **For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.**