



Chapter Twenty

Hell's Angel

by
Jerri Tuck

"I was found of them that sought
me not. I was made manifest
unto them that asked not after me."
Romans 11:20

I guess my story wouldn't be complete without recounting the tremendous job of fishing my step-mother Margie did. Naturally, I would think the job was great because it was her persistence, in the face of my terrible rebellion and resistance that brought me into the kingdom.



I first remember Margie when I was a young girl of about ten years of age. She quickly became the enemy to my brothers and me. My father had left my mother and eventually married the vivacious Portuguese beauty he had fallen in love with. No matter that he had three children and a wife to care for. She consequently deserved our hatred. Didn't she? At least that was our reasoning during those early formative years.

After the divorce, my mother, of German descent and temperament, turned her hard working abilities into hard living for self. She dated man after man, while the three of us grew more and more bitter towards the woman whom we believed had caused all of our trauma.

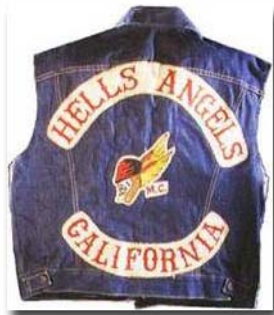
Striving to make our families whole, Margie turned to religion. She and my father joined the Lutheran church. She was determined to atone for all her misdeeds and somehow felt the church was the answer.

Forced to attend catechism classes, I ridiculed everything about the church. To show my dislike for all authority, I would steal a large bag of candy every Saturday morning before class and defiantly munch on the contents, ignoring the Pastor's stern looks and verbal reprimands.

Reaching my teen years, I began to follow my mother's footsteps and started seeing men. By fifteen I was married. I could just imagine Margie's relief when she found out I had married. One less kid to pay child support for.

Four days after we married, my husband was sent overseas. I was out on my own now and loving it. Soon my older step-sister, Starlene, moved in with me and we were living high. The monthly allotment I received gave us a degree of financial freedom. At age fifteen, a job was hard to find. Who wanted to work anyway? We had more important things

to do.



We hooked up with a gal named Becky and she introduced us to the fast side of life in a hurry. Becky rode with a motorcycle gang in Sacramento, the Hells Angels. This was just what I was looking for...fun, excitement, and no rules.

After we experienced a brush with the law, Starlene moved back home with my Dad and Margie. Not me. I was on my own and going to stay that way.

One summer afternoon in 1956 Star was watering some flowers in the back yard when the pest control man showed up. Don Morsey owned a pest control company, but he was first and foremost a soul winner. Always on the lookout for possible converts, he struck up a conversation with Star.

"Are you a Christian," he asked with a smile.

With an indignant look, Star said, "Sure. I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church several years ago." She went back to watering, and Don decided to wait before he pursued the issue.

Several months later Margie called Don back. Seems those pesky black widow spiders had appeared again, and she wanted him to come and spray for them.

This time Don knew that God was at work. It wasn't long before he had led my Dad and Margie to Christ. What excitement was now in their household. They had found that religion was not the answer. Christ was. They felt an urgency to get all their friends and relatives saved.

Margie became a dynamo for Jesus. She and my Dad began to attend weekly Bible studies at Don's house. Before long, they were bringing friends and relatives to Don's house, and people were getting saved left and right.

"Don, you just don't understand. Jerri is the wildest kid you've ever seen. I think she's hopeless," lamented Margie. "She's such a rebel."

"Let's not discount the fact that God is bigger than your daughter," said Don. "Prayer is a mighty tool. Just keep asking the Lord for her. You'll see. The word says when you get saved your whole household will come in."

And pray she did.

Unaware that anything spiritual was going on in my family, I kept getting into one situation after another. Life in the fast lane was getting hectic. I had progressed from riding with the Hell's Angel's to living with a gangster.

At night, when no one could see, I would pray a little prayer I had learned somewhere. "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray thee Lord my soul to keep." Just in case there really was a God I wanted to cover my bases.

Finally the man I was living with threatened to kill me if I left him. I had discovered he was committing robberies each evening and I knew I was in over my head. Escaping through a narrow window in our basement apartment, I returned home.

The dust had settled by this time, and my mother let me move back in. I knew I had to get a grip on my life. Writing



my husband, I asked him for a divorce. I felt filthy inside and was helpless to know how to rid myself of the conscience that was torturing me.

After his return from Okinawa, my husband and I decided to give our marriage another chance. My father hired him to work on his construction crew, and he helped me land a job in a bank.



Working for my dad threw us into weekly meetings with them to get my husband's paycheck. Soon Margie was witnessing to me. I was outraged. "How dare she talk religion to me!" I ranted to my husband. I blew my smoke in her face, cussed her out, and called her a fanatic.

But she didn't give up.

Exasperated, she would go to the Bible study each week and ask Don and the group to pray for me. I must admit I looked pretty hopeless.

One day Margie asked me if I knew that the Bible talked about cars. Intrigued I answered, "Really?" She had gotten a bite and knew it.

Taking her Bible she opened to the book of Nahum, and I read where the chariots were jostling in the highways.

"Hmmm. That does sound a little like California freeways. What else does the Bible say?"

She began to reel me in.

Using scriptures about the Lord's second coming, she showed me passages in the book of Revelation that scared me out of my wits. I had never heard about these things before. She assured me I would be left behind when Jesus came again if I didn't accept Christ as my Savior.

Week after week she pressured me with the Bible, asking me to come to Don's Bible study. Finally, grudgingly, I said I would go. Inwardly I thought, "I'll go just this one time and get her off my back."

Well you guessed it. I took it, hook, line and sinker!

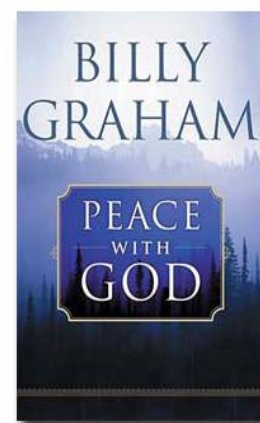
Sitting in Don's living room, I could see clearly for the first time in my life. Christ was not just a picture on a stained glass window. He was real. He was alive.

I left his house that night, clutching a little book written by Billy Graham....*Peace With God*. The night air had never smelled so good. I had learned in an instant, in that moment of conversion, where I came from, why I was here and where I was going. I was clean. Forgiven!

Arriving at our apartment I told my husband I was going back next week. I wanted to learn more about this God who had invaded my entire being.

Totally shocked, my husband said, "Absolutely not! We're not going back to any Bible study with Margie." You know it was really strange. All of my hatred and bitterness had melted away, and I wanted to be with her. She had cared enough about me to endure my hatred. She had looked past my foul language and abuse. I had to go back!

As the evening wore on, my husband continued to drink. The alcohol blinded all sense of reality about the situation, and he began to hit me. Running into another room of the apartment, I took shelter behind a wing back chair. Incensed that I had eluded him, he began throwing things and



cursing loudly. I peeked around the chair in time to see a lamp hit the wall.

Squatting down behind the chair, I clutched Billy Graham's book and with all the intensity of conviction I could muster, I vowed to God in a low, whisper, "I'll never deny You. I'll never deny You."

His rage finally spent, my husband passed out. Tearfully, I picked up the broken things in the apartment. But in my heart I was rejoicing. I knew I had been found by God. I was no longer lost. He was mine, and I was His. What joy. What rapture. What peace.

It has been nearly forty years since I clutched that little book behind the wing back chair. Nearly forty years of peace with God. Peace that has passed all my human understanding. Peace that has kept me sane when it seemed many times my world was falling apart.

After sixteen turbulent years, my husband left me for another woman, but the peace has continued. I have been married over twenty years to my present husband, Charlie Tuck. Together we have eight beautiful children and eleven grandchildren.

Dear reader, I wasn't looking for God. I was happy going my own way. I wasn't seeking help. I wasn't interested in spiritual things.



But someone cared. Someone saw my need.

God used a person in my life whom I hated.

What about you? Do you know someone who seems unconcerned about the state of their soul? Have they given you a hard time? Do you see people who could care less if they ever attended a Bible study? Are you trying to reach them?

Grab your pole and let's go fishing!

**Peace With God*, by Dr. Billy Graham (Copyright 1953, Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y.)

Prayer for Today

Dear Lord,

I will never, never forget the day you reached down and saved me. The joy of knowing you in a personal way defies human description. There are no words to express my gratitude to you... and to the one who brought me the Good News! How beautiful are her feet, dear Lord. I'm so glad she looked beyond my roughness, Lord. Father, please tell her for me that I appreciate her and that I will be looking forward to a great reunion with her when I get to heaven. Tell her I'm reaching others, Lord. I'm going to try and bring a lot of people with me. Tell her I'm carrying on where she left off... fishing for men!

In Jesus name,

Amen

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