

The Light on Jackson Avenue inspired by Acts 22:3-15

Raymond was known throughout the city as a man who got things done. As a respected community leader, he was passionate, intelligent, and fiercely committed to defending what he believed was right.

The problem was that Raymond believed everyone who disagreed with him was wrong.

He spent much of his time criticizing a growing group of local Christians who regularly gathered downtown to pray, serve the homeless, and share their faith. Whenever their names came up, Raymond spoke against them.

"They're misleading people," Raymond said one evening at a town meeting. "Someone has to stop them."

His longtime friend Dooley shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"Raymond," he said carefully, "have you ever actually talked with them?"

"I don't need to," Raymond replied. "I already know enough."

Across the room, an elderly woman named Mozelle quietly shook her head.

"Sometimes," she said softly, "we're most blind when we're certain we can see."

Raymond dismissed her words.

"Respectfully, Mozelle, you're mistaken."

Mozelle smiled kindly.

"Maybe. Or maybe God still has something to teach you."

Raymond laughed and walked away.



A few weeks later, Raymond was driving across town to attend a meeting where he planned to organize opposition against the Christian group.

The afternoon sky was clear.

Traffic moved steadily.

Suddenly, without warning, an intense light flashed before him.

It was unlike anything he had ever seen.

Raymond slammed on his brakes and pulled onto the shoulder of Jackson Avenue.

His heart pounded.

The light seemed to surround him.

"What's happening?" he whispered.

Then he heard a voice.

"Raymond."

He froze.

The voice spoke again.

"Raymond, why do you fight against the people who belong to Me?"

His hands trembled on the steering wheel.

"Who are You?" Raymond asked.

The answer came clearly.

"I am Jesus, whom you are opposing."

Raymond felt as though the foundations of his life were cracking apart.

Everything he had believed.

Everything he had assumed.

Everything he had built his identity upon.

In that moment, he realized he had been wrong.

Not merely mistaken.

Wrong.

Tears filled his eyes.

"What do You want me to do?" he asked.

The voice replied,

"Go into the city. There you will be shown what you must do."

The light disappeared.

But Raymond's vision had become blurred.

He struggled to see clearly enough to drive.



Shaken and confused, he called Dooley.

"Can you come get me?" Raymond asked.

"Of course. What happened?"

"I don't know how to explain it."

When Dooley arrived, Raymond climbed into the passenger seat.

For several minutes neither man spoke.

Finally, Raymond said, "Dooley, I think Jesus spoke to me."

Dooley nearly missed a stop sign.

"You... what?"

"I know how it sounds."

"Actually," Dooley said, staring ahead, "after knowing you all these years, that's the last thing I expected to hear."

Raymond laughed weakly.

"Me too."

Over the next few days, Raymond withdrew from public life.

He spent hours thinking, praying, and searching.

One afternoon there was a knock at his apartment door.

It was Mozelle.

"May I come in?" she asked.

Raymond nodded.

She sat quietly across from him.

"I heard you've had quite an experience."

Raymond smiled.

"News travels fast."

"God's work usually does."

For a moment neither spoke.

Then Raymond said, "I've spent years judging people. I honestly believed I was serving God."

Mozelle nodded.

"So did many others before you."

"I feel ashamed."

"Shame isn't where God wants to leave you," she replied. "Conviction is meant to lead us somewhere better."

Raymond looked up.

"I don't know what comes next."

Mozelle opened her Bible.

"You listen... you obey... and you tell people what you've seen."



Those words stayed with Raymond.

Over the months that followed, his life changed dramatically.

The man who once fought believers now served alongside them.

The man who once criticized others now encouraged them.

The man who thought he knew everything became a student of God's grace.

One evening, Raymond stood before a crowd at a community gathering.

Many remembered his former attitude.

Many wondered what he would say.

Raymond smiled and began.

"I used to think I had all the answers. I was certain I was right. But God met me when I least expected it and showed me how wrong I was."

The room grew quiet.

"I learned that sincerity alone isn't enough. We need truth. And when Jesus revealed Himself to me, everything changed."

Dooley sat in the front row grinning.

Mozelle nodded with tears in her eyes.

Raymond continued.

"God didn't reveal Himself to condemn me. He revealed Himself to redirect me. He gave me a new purpose. And if He can transform someone like me, He can transform anyone."

The audience erupted in applause.

But Raymond wasn't thinking about the crowd.

He was remembering a blinding light on Jackson Avenue and a voice that had called his name.

A voice that changed his life forever.

And from that day forward, Raymond dedicated himself to helping others discover the same hope, grace, and purpose that he had found in Jesus.