

# *Let the Redeemed of the Lord Tell Their Story: Robin Young*

by Robin Young  
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Faith was not modeled well for me growing up. Mom, Dad, and Granny were certain of their faith and encouraged me towards a system of behavior so that I too could be a kingdom dweller. Looking back, I see that each of them developed a sincere faith based on Christ's righteousness later in life, but I never saw that as a child. Everything depended on my behavior.

I was baptized in a large Baptist church at 12 years old, and it seemed to me a great hurdle was past me at an early age. In high school, it was more convenient to be a part of a Methodist church, so I got involved socially there. This church reinforced my childhood perception of works, but my only interest was selfishness.

By age 19, a draft notice found me, but I was able to join the Navy Seabees as a carpenter and bypassed boot camp. I was assigned to a mobile construction battalion and was awarded an A school assignment to become a Navy diver. In Viet Nam, I was kept at battalion head-quarters and was never put at risk. Upon rotating out of country and back to our base, I was assigned to be lifeguard at the base pool and teach swimming lessons for nine months. Such was a pattern of life not being a challenge; all of my circumstances were guided by ease.

The more life I experienced, the less God made sense. A highly intelligent, close friend had the same view of God. He talked through religion being man made and solidified my own rejection of what little I had been taught. I was left with the thought that maybe there is a God, but he is not personal—you get one life and then you die.

Then, November 29, 1979, happened. I was flying home from the Bahamas, and my wife, Cindy, got extremely uncomfortable and needed to stop. We landed at Sebring, and it was already dark on the ground. As I braked into a parking spot, my wife had already unstrapped and had the door open. She jumped out, braced against the prop blast, stepped over the wheel strut with her right foot first, stepped then with her left foot and had her right foot in the air to step into the still spinning propeller.

My hands were not fast enough to shut down the engine and, in a panic, I yelled “Oh God, Cindy!” A force came down on her left shoulder, halting her forward movement and pushing her to the right, where she stepped past the prop, unhurt. So much for God not being personal! We committed on the rest of the flight home that we would explore what happened. There was a sense of thankful awe, along with a strange humbleness, as we turned to Christianity for an explanation.

For all the wrong reasons, we joined a church that did not have sound teaching and where experience trumped doctrine. On Easter Sunday in 1986, things began to come together for me. In Sunday school, my teacher was talking about the first day in heaven—how pain and suffering would be gone, how he would be in a great crowd of joyful people, how he would be tapped on

the shoulder by a brother he loved and had lost many years before. A strange flutter happened in my heart. It was a physical sensation, but it stopped after a couple of breaths. The preacher never built a sermon around the Gospel, but on Easter, it could not be avoided. As he mentioned forgiveness of sin and the imparting of Jesus' righteous record on those that trust Him, the flutter came back, along with tears and confusion.

I had no basis to understand but was able to share what had happened with Tim Rice, who was then an associate pastor at Covenant Presbyterian Church. He took me to Ezekiel 36 and showed me where God promises to take away our stone hearts and give us hearts of flesh. I am certain that is what happened half a life ago. Thank you, Jesus!

But God was not yet done. Cindy and I grew in different directions, and I continued to neglect her for work, community work, and hobbies. She left me after 20 years of marriage. A hollowness in me began to be filled by the Hound of Heaven and led me to study.

A pastor friend suggested I look into the biblical approach some men in the 1500s discovered, Reformed theology. My life became full of a new fellowship, private study, and people who took an interest in me. It was in this rich environment that I met Patti. She tells the story better than me from here on. So far, as of July 21, God has given us 25 years together with great blessings. The glory goes to God, but He has used Patti to bless and correct me. May this new life please God and Patti!

*Robin serves as an elder at Redeemer and has been honored to*

*hear of the Lord's work in the lives of each prospective member, as they prepare to join the church. If you are willing to bless others by sharing your testimony of faith in Mosaic Musings, in writing or by interview, please contact Debbie Cali at [debbiecali225@gmail.com](mailto:debbiecali225@gmail.com) or (813) 843-5449. "Let the redeemed of the Lord tell their story..."*  
*Psalm 107:2*