



# From Skinhead To Saint:

## A True Story Of Awakening

Steven Olive

This book is for sale at

<http://leanpub.com/FromSkinheadToSaint>

This version was published on 2013-04-13



This is a [Leanpub](#) book. Leanpub empowers authors and publishers with the Lean Publishing process. [Lean Publishing](#) is the act of publishing an in-progress ebook using lightweight tools and many iterations to get reader feedback, pivot until you have the right book and build traction once you do.

©2013 Steven Olive

*To my mother, Elaine Olive. Thank you for all the prayers.*

# Contents

Sample . . . . .	1
------------------	---

# Sample

My full name is Steven Wayne Olive. I was born in Alexandria, Minnesota on March 28, 1975. I am currently 37 years old as I am writing this book. My friends call me SteveO. Every time I tell anyone my nickname they immediately refer to SteveO from jackass. I'm not him. I don't staple my butt cheeks together or put fish hooks through my cheeks. Now that we have cleared that up this book is about my life and my story. This book is first and foremost a story of hope. There will be many moments in this story that are very dark and seemingly void of hope but I assure you if you stick with me to the last page you will be amazed.

No matter who you are or what you have done there is hope for you. The life your parents lived does not have to be your own. Just because there may be alcoholism in your family line for three generations it does not mean that you have to continue the trend. If your mother was a drug addict it does not mean you have to be an addict as well. You have a choice to live the life others have set out to live or to live your own life. Just because you know people who have been divorced numerous times, I'm here to tell you that you can have a wonderful marriage. Your past actions do not have to define who you are today.

If it wasn't for the grace of God I, not only would have never written this book you are reading, but I would

have died at the age of eighteen. My story is a miraculous story of how God not only saved my physical life but redeemed my innocence. He allowed me to leave bitterness behind and to embrace His forgiveness for me which allowed me to forgive others. God turned a racist into someone so full of love and joy that people can scarcely believe I'm telling the truth when they hear of my past. I am often told by new people I meet after they hear my testimony, "I can't even imagine you being angry at anyone, much less a racist". I always tell them that it is nothing but the grace of God and what He can do to a man when He takes over. This story of mine, more than anything else, brags on an amazing savior that never gives up going after that one lost sheep or searching for that one lost coin.

I was raised in a fairly large family with three brothers and two sisters. I still to this day have no idea how my mother could go to the store and go shopping or get anything done with five or six kids in tow. It truly boggles my mind. I am the second youngest in the family and the youngest of the four brothers. Today I have my older brother Clinton and my two sisters Karen and Kristina. I don't remember my brother Jonathan at all because he died when he was four years old and I was only about six months old.

My mom tells me that she was at her friend Faith Bolton's house and they were having a ladies gathering. Jonathan opened the screen door and somehow got the gate

to the pool open. Apparently someone had dropped a teddy bear in the pool and we believe Jonathan tried to grab it and fell in the pool. When the other little kids came in, my mom asked my brother David, who was about two and a half at the time, "Where is Jonathan?" David said "He's in the pool". My mom ran to the pool and found Jonathan at the bottom of it and pulled him out. He was rushed to the hospital but, after the doctors and nurses tried reviving him unsuccessfully, they came back to my family with the bad news that he was dead and there was nothing they could do.

You can imagine how devastating it was for my parents and family. I have seen a couple pictures of my brother Jonathan but I was just an infant at the time so I was too young to comprehend what happened. It is hard to mourn the loss of someone you never really knew. I will get to know him in heaven someday. My dad took down all of Jonathan's pictures after he died because I think it was just too hard for him to look at them. They say that a parent should never have to bury their child. I cannot imagine the pain of losing a child and I hope I never have to experience it. What is crazy is that Faith and Jack Bolton had lost their seven year old son years earlier and his name was Jonathan. So having our Jonathan drown in their pool was especially hard. Their son Jonathan was playing by the canal and drowned in it.

In order for you to understand why I went down the road I did in life, it helps to know my family roots.

I have never met any relatives from my dad's side of the family. My dad had a really rough childhood, to say the least. My grandfather on my dad's side only had a fourth grade education but he was very outgoing and had a very charismatic personality. He became a successful business man, opening and owning a tavern in town, as well as being a sharecropper on a sizable piece of land. He started to hang around the upper class crowd, going to the country clubs and socializing with the wealthy. He started to drink socially to fit in. To make a long story short he eventually lost everything. Because of his fourth grade education, he was taken advantage of and ended up being a laborer on the farm he once owned.

This is where things got bad, according to my dad. He was terrified of his dad coming home at night because when he was drunk he got violent. My dad told me that when he was five or six years old his dad was beating his mom really badly and he was trying his best to get his dad to stop. There was so much of his mom's blood on the floor he was slipping on it. At one point the police wanted to charge him with attempted murder because he had beaten his wife so badly but she would not press charges. After each time he beat his wife he would crumple up in a ball and weep and apologize. The alcoholism and abuse continued until my dad was twelve years old. His parents brought him into the living room, told him they were getting divorced and asked him which parent he wanted to live with. According to my dad, no matter which parent he stayed with there was alcoholism and abuse.

At the age of seventeen, after graduating high school, my dad left for the Navy. He could probably write an entire book on his experiences in the Navy in those four years. Let's just say he did a lot of traveling, a lot of drinking, spent a lot of time in bars and got into quite a few fights. He spent a lot of time in the brig for fighting in those years. He was eventually honorably discharged. They said he had character and behavioral disorders which was a nice way of saying he was screwed up emotionally. My dad was twenty-one when he was discharged and he began to travel. He traveled up and down the coast working at day labor during the day for next to nothing and staying in flophouses at night. They were "rooms" with a single cot and chicken mesh for a roof. He would make enough during the day for a room, maybe a little food and alcohol. He lived like that for the next three years.

It was a dark time in his life where he told me he was robbed and beaten many times and, on occasion, he did the same to others. I asked him if he ever did drugs or just drank alcohol and his response to me was that alcohol was more than enough trouble, he didn't need to do drugs. At twenty four years of age, in northern California in 1963, two weeks before Christmas, my dad encountered Jesus for the first time on skid row. He was on the third floor in a flophouse and was just disgusted with his life. Around nine o'clock at night he heard a man and a woman's voice singing and playing guitar. They were singing about Jesus. My dad fell to his knees in that flophouse and cried out to Jesus and he said he felt God's presence all over his body

and he was instantly delivered of alcohol, swearing, and fighting.

He headed to his aunt's house to tell her and his uncle about his conversion. When he got to their house, he told his aunt what happened and she said "that's strange because your uncle came home and said we are going to church in the morning". So, the next morning they all went to church together. My dad met my mom at some revival meetings in Little Home Mission Church in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. They only knew each other for about three months before they were married.

Now for my mom's side of the family. My mom was raised Lutheran. Her parents were in love and showed affection for each other in front of the children. My mom has no recollection of them ever raising their voices to one another in anger, only being raised in a stable loving home. When my mom was nineteen she was in LPN nursing training when her friend Shirley invited her to a youth rally at a little Pentecostal church. My mother remembers seeing all the kids lifting their hands and worshipping God out loud and she said she wept for over an hour and felt the presence of God. It was at that point she left her Lutheran roots and continued attending the Pentecostal church and later was filled with the Holy Ghost.

On one hand you have my dad who was raised in an environment with physical abuse and alcohol, who then travels all over the world and then you have my mom who was pretty sheltered and naive. My grandma died at fifty

years old of cancer. My mom was twenty eight at the time and it was hard for everyone because they loved her so much. Her dad remarried later to a nice lady but his first wife was his only true love.

My parents are now newlyweds and my dad feels a full time call to preach so the family heads off to Texas to Bible College. My mom always tells me the story of how my father was allowed to preach to a congregation of two thousand people as a first year bible college student. It was completely unheard of because first year students weren't allowed to preach anywhere but in school. You see, my dad was anointed to preach and the gifts and callings of God are just that, "gifts". They are there when you are behaving right and there when you are behaving wrong. My dad graduated bible school and we began to travel. One thing that is cemented in my mind from my childhood is how much we moved. It seems like we were constantly moving. My dad did drywall construction as well as preach to make ends meet and you could get a job doing drywall just about anywhere in the country.

My dad was a children's church superintendent in three different churches. He and my mom pastored a church for about a year and he held many other positions in many different churches over the years. The bottom line is that when people heard my dad preach or just speak he was immediately elevated to a position of leadership status because of his gifting. What most people did not know {myself included} was what was going on at home, behind

closed doors.

My father started physically abusing my mom shortly after their honeymoon and threatened her life if she ever left him. The same threat his dad gave to his mom. The cycle of abuse was continuing through my dad into our family. What is interesting to me is how my mom said my dad reacted after he abused her was the exact same way my dad said his father reacted after abusing his mother. They would cry and beg for forgiveness.