

Dr. Sungenis,

I was raised a believing but nominal Protestant Christian. That is, I knew God existed, and knew in a sort of fuzzy way who Jesus was and why he died. I went into my whole life story here but I rebelled for awhile and eventually started going back to church, reading the bible, and I had what we non-Calvinist Protestants called a "re-dedication". I was a Christian again, or still, or for the first time depending on who you ask.

At some point it dawned on me that my so-called christian walk was a complete joke and that I had not really made a decisive turning away from sin, but I was more interested in seeming righteous. I started to really lean toward more Calvinist/fundamentalist teachers like John MacArthur, R.C. Sproul, John Piper etc... As one might imagine, the picture that these well intentioned, and I maintain, Godly men, painted of the Catholic Church was not in the least bit flattering. I had finally arrived as a Christian. I began to look for a permanent church home for my family and I as the one we were attending wouldn't let us become members if we did not speak in tongues. Which was better because what I had been learning from the aforementioned teachers was drawing me away from the pentecostal denominations as a whole any way. So the search continued.

As time went on I began to become more concerned about all those poor Catholics on my Mother's side of the family. Then on one fateful day just before the Lenten season(which I had no concept of) I, in an attempt to reach my lost poor lost Catholic aunt (my godmother as it turns out); I asked her if I could pick her brain about Catholicism. The idea being that if I asked the right questions she would see that her religion was biblically indefensible and she would just have to convert to "the true church"; whatever that was.

Well she began in a very smart way by asking me just where I thought the bible came from, and how it had the books that it had and why. I had not considered these questions before and I began to read. I read "Crossing The Tiber" by Steve Ray, "By What Authority" by Mark P.Shea, "Evangelical Is Not Enough" by Thomas Howard and a slew of other apologetics books, articles, web-blogs etc. I was getting really excited and considering what would have seemed patently ridiculous only a short time before. I was thinking about becoming a Roman Catholic.

I began to talk with members of the other side of my family and was encouraged to stop and think about what I was doing. They suggested that I hear the other side out before I make such a big decision. My father's side of the family was not very happy with what I was doing. They weren't unkind or anything like that, but there was obvious concern. My father

suggested that I read and/or listen to a man by the name of James White. A name that you know well Dr. Sungenis. That is where you come into the story.

In reading material by James White and others like him I started to waiver in my fervency towards the Catholic religion. I realized that maybe there were some issues that I had not thought through as well as I gave myself credit for. Except now I was confused and did not know where to go or what to do. So first I ordered the White v Madrid Sola Scriptura debate and listened to it two or three times. I had to admit that upon close examination of that particular debate I had to give the edge to Madrid. I still wasn't completely convinced though because I figured that just because one guy loses one debate doesn't mean his whole side is wrong. So I looked more into James White and through some web surfing I found CAI. My life will never be the same. I purchased every single White/Sungenis debate that you had and was amazed at how hapless Dr. White was against the truth. James White is a fairly skilled debater. He has a real talent for shifting the burden of proof and making irrelevant points seem important. He scored his debating points, but I found that he was no match for Dr. Sungenis in cross examination; which is really where the rubber meet the road in a situation like that. White simply could not hold up in the cross. You, Robert, had a very good answer for everything he threw at you, while he normally seemed to simply re-assert his position when backed into a corner. When you did answer him particularly well he would often respond with a rather odd combination of annoyed exasperation. Usually with something like "I see". His questions seemed to ramble at times and the best part was that at no time did he seem aware of the somewhat obvious fact that he was having his rump kicked.

Well the short summation of this rambling, overly long note is to let you know that you played a rather sizable part in bringing me home. Thank you Dr. Sungenis. Thank you Roman Catholic Church, and Thank you Jesus Christ.

In His Name,

Andrew Clover