

Teenagers Can Go to Hell, Too

By Eric Vaughn

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Foreword

Eric Vaughn has done it again.

From the man who has coached basketball at all levels, been a pastor and lead in the local church, filled the airwaves with his unmistakable voice and sports talk expertise – now comes a book that is a must read for parents and students alike.

In this, his first writing effort, Vaughn has done a masterful job of capturing the everyday challenges and difficult realities that await every young person attempting to live with meaning and purpose in today's culture. He is honest and brutally straightforward in not only his description of what young people today face, but also in the kind of effort he calls us to make in an effort to love, care for and come along side these young people at risk.

In a day when the enemy (Satan) is doing all that he can to tempt, ruin and destroy our young men and women – Vaughn's book will not only open your eyes to the battle at hand but challenge and stir your heart to do something about it. I would strongly encourage you as parent, youth ministry worker, social worker or just a concerned adult with a heart

for what God desires for our kids – to read this book and buy extra copies for those in your circles of influence.

Well done EV and what a timely, powerful reminder this book is of the eternal issues at stake.

Teenagers Can Go to Hell Too – and there really is something we can do about it.

Kelly Byrd (*Senior. Pastor*)

Blackhawk Ministries

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INTRODUCTION

God gave me the title of this book when I was in a regular Sunday morning church service in July 2001. As my former Pastor Daniel Byrd was giving an altar call, the Lord said to me, “Teenagers can go to hell, too.” It hit me like a ton of bricks. I thought, “Whoa!!” I immediately got up out of my seat, gathered about five or six teenagers together, and told them what the Lord had spoken to me.

I told them not to believe the “hype” concerning young people—stuff like “sow your wild oats”; “you’ve got time”; “have your fun now”—these are all lies of Satan. The time is now for you to come to Jesus. I told these young people that there are definitely teenagers burning in hell right now. Then I asked them a couple of questions: “Are you saved?” and “Are you sure of your salvation?” I also said, “If not, you better get sure because you can go to Hell, too.” Three of the five young people went to the altar and gave their lives to Christ, because they didn’t want to take a chance on not being sure.

I know it’s tough being a teenager sold out for Jesus. It’s even tough, sometimes, as an adult. There is so much peer pressure out there to influence you. Adults have peer pressure, too; however, Satan wants to get you off track early in life so he can control all of your life.

In this book, we will learn about some of the subtle deceptions Satan is using against young people; setting them up to be “super” rebellious, as adults. There are definitely a lot of rebellious young people, but as you get older, you go into the “SUPER” rebellion stage because now you think you can do whatever you want to do.”

As a Christian, young or old, you need to always be **humble** as a little child. Proverbs 16:18 tells us that pride goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. You can always find pride just before destruction.

I pray this book will help you identify your strengths and weaknesses. I believe, by faith, that everyone who reads this book will be an overcomer and will truly walk in the things of God—**NOW!**

I believe, by faith, and with the help of the Holy Spirit, your weaknesses will become strengths. I say that you are a great young man or young woman of God. I also say, by faith, that all unbelievers who read this book will become believers of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Throughout the book, you will find several worksheets. The purpose of the worksheets is to 1) locate where you currently are; 2) set goals for the future; and 3) get a plan from God to shape your future. The glossary at the

end of the book explains slang terms that are used throughout the book.

1. BACK IN THE DAY

Every Christian should have a “Back in the Day” story. “Back in the Day” refers to when I was lost in sin. I want to share some stories about myself so that you can understand that I didn’t always do things the right way, and if God could change me, He can surely change you. Remember that there is always someone in a worse situation than you are, and that God loves you and wants you to be saved.

Let’s start with my high school years. I went to Valley Lutheran High School in Saginaw, Michigan. I was one of four Blacks in the whole school, and there were about 430 students enrolled. I came from a small town named Clarksdale, Mississippi, where there weren’t many White people that I associated with. In fact, where I came from, White people lived on one side of town and Blacks lived on the other side of town.

Before you start getting any ideas, I’m only 39 years old. I was born in 1969—not 1939. Anyway, since I was a minority in an all White school, I had to learn to make adjustments. It just so happens I have a personality that helps me to get along with anybody.

I was a good basketball player and coming from Mississippi, I thought only Blacks could be good basketball

players. I personally thought I would automatically be the best player because I was a “Brother.” Boy was I ever wrong. There was a White kid, who was a junior, and he was the “real deal.” He whipped my butt, day in and day out. His name was Billy Wood, and he was the best White basketball player I had ever seen. Billy and I got along pretty well simply because we were very competitive. He helped me realize that “White men really could jump” (Ha, ha).

Besides my love for basketball, my high school life was boring. I didn’t have a girlfriend all through high school, although there was this cheerleader from another school that I liked a lot. She just wouldn’t be my girlfriend, even though I called her everyday for six months straight. She only wanted to be my friend.

I did go to the prom with a White girl when I was a senior. She was a sophomore and a wonderful person. We had dinner at my house before the prom and came straight home after the prom was over.

I went to church every Sunday, as far as being a Christian goes, but I didn’t have a lifestyle that was consistent with the church attendance. I even lived with a White pastor and his family, the Timms, and to be honest, I still lived foul because I really wasn’t thinking about God

and living right. I was just a “nice guy.” I was always a leader and not a follower, but just being a “nice guy” wasn’t good enough.

One of the biggest things I did in high school occurred during my senior year. One of the sophomores on our basketball team was having a party that I decided to break up. There was plenty of underage drinking going on, so I went to the party with some of my friends and told him to either end the party or I was going to call the police. He knew I was very serious, so he did what I said and made everybody leave. I wasn’t very popular for the next month in school. Most of the kids didn’t even speak to me, which made me the least popular.

One thing I’ve always hated is hypocritical behavior. We had Chapel everyday at our school, where everybody pretended to be “big” Christians. However, on the outside, they were different.

Later in my senior year, there was another party that I went to and everybody got nervous because they thought I would break this party up, too. I just told them not to come crying to me if something bad happened. One year later, when I was a freshman in college, two kids from my old high school were killed in a car accident because they had been drinking and yes, one of the high school kids had thrown that

party. I did feel bad, but I realized, at that point, that if you do wrong, eventually wrong will “do you.”

My first two years of college were spent at a Christian school. I can truthfully say that there were students on campus who tried to live right. The only negative was that most of the students at the school thought their denomination was the only one that had all the answers. That led to many religious debates. Nobody was actually talking about Jesus being the answer. They were concerned with theology more so than a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. As a child, I grew up in a Baptist church; therefore, I had always been taught to respect the Church and people's beliefs; I just never had a real relationship with Christ. I was always taught that you needed to be a Christian, but not how to live a successful Christian life.

There were many rules that we had to follow in college. We had a curfew of 11:00 p.m. on weekdays and midnight on the weekend and you had to go to Chapel everyday. If you missed more than nine Chapels in a semester, you would be kicked out of school. There could be absolutely no drinking, partying, or sexual activity. If you were caught doing those things, you would be expelled immediately.

Well, of course we had people that broke the rules. I know some of you think that rules are made to be broken, but they aren't. Although I didn't drink, I did break some of the rules. College is where my sexual awakening began. I would take girls to hotels—Christian girls. I would also use people's homes. This was definitely a part of the college experience for me. Fortunately, I didn't get caught or I would have been expelled. I'm not proud of what I did, but I do need to be real with you. I also realized that everybody who said they were Christians didn't always act like Christians.

My next two years of school were spent at a public university in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where there were no rules. I went to college on a basketball scholarship and lived in an apartment with three other basketball players. My junior year in college was the beginning of my getting "turned out." For those of you who don't know what getting "turned out" means, I hope you never find out. My sexual activity escalated because I felt like I was free to do whatever I wanted. Actually, I remember during my first two months of my junior year I hadn't been with a girl and my roommates were having girls over all the time. They kept taunting me. They were saying those "guy" things. Oh, you know what I'm talking about. At first I would say, "I'm

straight.” However, they kept on teasing me. “E.V., you on a drought.” Finally, I went to a club that I shouldn’t have gone to because I was underage. I went home with a girl who was drunk and continued the same thing that I was not proud of. That got my roommates off my back for the time being, but the degradation of the act was still the same.

Our apartment was the “spot” if you wanted to get high, get drunk, shoot dice, or whatever. We had it going on. The one thing they couldn’t get me to do was get drunk or do drugs. I’ve never drunk alcohol in my life, and up until my senior year in college I had never even smoked weed. I eventually tried it for about six months, and then I gave it up. I thought smoking weed would make me funnier, but it actually was a depressant for me. It made my neck hurt.

I became a gambler—a professional dice player. I walked around asking people, “what they hit fo?” I lost a lot of money shooting dice. One time I was in a gambling house where there were hundreds of thousands of dollars and I lost \$1,500 in 30 minutes. Imagine being a senior in college and losing that kind of money in half an hour. Most students didn’t have \$15, let alone \$1,500. That was the first time I had ever thought about suicide. Believe me, I snapped out of that fast. I knew suicide was not the answer. I had too much to live for.

I didn't graduate after my senior year of college, because I wasn't there to get an education. I was there to play ball and hang out. I went into the real world as a hustler. I owned a car lot and ran a production company out of a nightclub. I was also an assistant basketball coach at a local college. From ages 21-25, my life consisted of basketball, girls, and hanging out. I would get up everyday around 11:00 a.m. and stay up until 3:00 a.m. I lived off and on with girls for about two years. I never sold drugs, but I tried every other hustle I could to make a living. Actually, I was making decent money, anywhere from \$300 - \$1,000 per week. I thought I was "the man." I drove a "kitted out" 1979 black 320i BMW with the fresh rims. I thought I had it going on. By driving the BMW, the girls thought I was a "Big Balla Shot Calla." I was, just not what they thought. I was over 250 pounds and I played basketball. I always had two or three different girls on the side, so I guess you could have called me a nice "dog."

In July of 1994, I was reunited with my first love, Francis Silket, when I went home to Mississippi for my birthday. I always used to talk to Francis when I went home. We first met when I was going into the 11th grade and she was going into the 9th grade.

When I went home this time, my goal was to “kick it” with Francis for two or three days and then go back to Indiana to be the same old “E.V.,” but God had other plans. Francis and I renewed our relationship and during that short period of time and our love was rekindled. Francis told me that she had just rededicated her life to Jesus Christ. I wasn’t saved at the time, but one month later, August 7, 1994, I gave my life to Jesus Christ.

I gave up everything I could—the club, the women, and cursing. I wasn’t perfect, but I was serious about the Change. In October 1994, Francis and I were married. Our marriage threw my friends into a “state of shock! Imagine, the great “EV” had fallen for his first love. Nevertheless, it was awesome how God moved in my life. I hadn’t seen or talked to Francis in two years prior to July, 1994 and we were married less than three months after I was saved. The Bible says in Proverbs that he who finds a wife finds a good thing. I have had a good thing for 13 years, with five lovely children—Jerald (17), Feryn (16), and Mary (12), Eliana (2), and Eric Jr. (newborn).

Well, that’s enough about me. Let’s get into the meat of the book