

C. MARSH BULL - BIO

I'm a technical type of guy. A proud five-decade pioneer in the computer industry. I worked with some of the first mainframe computers, first personal and midrange computers for Xerox, Honeywell, American Express and IBM.

If an organization was broken, my job was to identify the problem, develop a strategy to fix it and implement with the support of management and my team. If a fix could not be found, my team and I would identify a workaround. If we could not find a workaround, I would direct the re-engineering of a whole new system or solution.

I drove myself and my team hard and giving up was not an option. My single-minded focus on building my career had taken its toll on the rest of my life. Things at home were crumbling. My first wife Sandy and I had three children: Scott, Amy, and Michael. We lost our first son Scott to liver cancer at 14 months leaving both of us emotionally broken. I became disengaged from my wife and our marriage dissolved after 12 years. Three years later, Sandy died of a brain aneurysm and the ground beneath my feet crumbled even further.

Not long after, I remarried. But the stability I hoped for never happened. I allowed my new wife to further estrange me from my son and, especially, my daughter. Concurrently, the career for which I had sacrificed my personal life was also falling to pieces. A job loss, plus the suicide of my father, pushed me further towards the realization that my world was in shambles and my standard coping mechanisms a failure.

At this point, I took a job in Chicago where, for the first time since my youth, I began attending church. Still not sure how Jesus fit into my life, I joined a Bible study group of IT professionals.

Thankfully, God gave me the good sense to allow these men – many of whom were years younger than me – to mentor me through my questions about faith as I opened to them. I was on the way to meet with that small group on a Saturday morning October 21, 1995 when my brokenness finally caught up with me. There on the side of the road, I shouted a one-word prayer that changed everything:

“Help!” Instantly a sensation of total love permeated my body. It felt like a warm blanket of molasses covering me from head to toe with love. At the time, I thought it was a miracle but not until much later did I understand it was the Holy Spirit entering my body. But in keeping His promise, God had heard.