

Testimony of Jean Kerr



My story is not one of the 'saved from a life of drugs and crime' type. In many ways it is an ordinary story of a child growing up in a poor but loving home. In other ways it is an extraordinary story of God's amazing love and intervention. Whilst I cannot remember a time when God was not on the agenda in our family there was no sense that he would be the one to steer my life and enable me to do things that I never ever thought were possible . My early school days were in a convent and it was there that I learned about the awe of God laced with huge doses of the fear of hell. I believed because I was afraid to go to hell!!!! The teenage years were full of typical struggle to find who I really was. At that time my best friend and her boyfriend were killed on a motor bike. How I railed at God for his carelessness in protection! Soon after this my father suffered the first of several heart attacks that altered the physical security of our family . Again I screamed at God and decided to turn my back on even the possibility that he was there. In that turning I found an unusual space and stillness where God found me. He didn't push me, or scold me but just let me know he was there hurting when I was hurting. From then on, through much physical illness, in times of great distress when our children have been very seriously ill, at times of despair and financial stretch Jesus has been ever present with me. People say "How can you believe in a God of love when there is so much suffering?" My reply? "My life is like a video showing that when my back has been against the wall, when all have deserted me, when pain is impossible and my heart threaten to break, Jesus has always been there. He has never let me down"

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