

Testimony of Jenny Silver



I was brought up in London in a non Christian home, although from the age of 5 my parents sent me to the local Methodist Church Sunday School. I must have been about 6 years old when someone gave me a picture book of the Psalms. I can see the book and some of the pages even now, it was one of my most precious possessions. When I was aged 8 we moved house and I went to the local Baptist Church which happened to be the one nearest to where we lived. Then at the age of 13 I decided that boys were more interesting. I had also witnessed my Sunday School teacher being baptised and coming out of the Baptistry soaking wet and I remember thinking that if this was part of belonging I was rather afraid. I don't remember anyone telling me why she had been soaked from head to foot and maybe if they had I would have walked a different path from the one I then took.

I drifted away from all things to do with Church after that. I then went on to be a Secretary, eventually to get married and become a mother. Then after 8 years of marriage I found myself facing a divorce.

I married again and moved to Chatham having had two more children and it was as the children grew and went to Playgroup that I got involved with the Church again. I got to know some really lovely people who were connected with the Playgroup who were, as I found out later, also members of the Church.

I was at a point in my life where I felt that life just couldn't be better. I was happily married with three children, we had a lovely house, were all in good health and my husband had a good job.

I found myself being made really welcome at the Church by some of my new friends, when I went on a few occasions, they seemed so kind and caring. Then my eldest daughter was asked to attend Church Parade as she had joined the Brownies and I thought it was only right that I went with her too. I really enjoyed that once a month visit to the Church but came away each time wanting more and more. The services were lively and the talks were specially for me, or so it seemed. I felt drawn more and more to those Sunday services and heard God speaking to me through the minister on nearly every occasion.

God was telling me that His Son Jesus had died an agonising death to pay for my sins. I suddenly felt deeply convicted that I had sinned, specially having been through a divorce and all the pain it had caused but I also heard God saying that if I turned to Him in prayer and was sorry He was waiting to forgive everything bad in my past. That it was because He loved me so much that He had sacrificed His Son so I could start again with Him in charge of my life. When I heard this I felt overjoyed and I remember coming out of the Church that Sunday morning feeling so loved and set free. Easter is such a special time because that is when I saw Him face to face at last.

That was 26 years ago and my love for Jesus has grown and grown. I have never doubted His presence in my life through all the ups and downs, because He says He will never leave me. I believe He has always been by my side and my first awareness of His closeness was that lovely picture book of Psalms when I was only 6. He patiently waited for me to take His hand and recognise Him for who He is, my Lord and Saviour.

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