

My Testimony



When I was born my parents had no faith. My paternal grandmother was Roman Catholic and wanted me christened there, even though she never went to church, so went ahead and booked the service. The only reason my mother had me christened Anglican the week before, was just to stop her mother in law getting her own way! Not an auspicious start.

During the early years of my life I was shipped off to Sunday school in the afternoons to give the grown ups a bit of piece and quiet. God was there, but I wasn't interested, I was bored.

As I got older and a bit more independent I liked the look of the local church's holiday play scheme so I went along. God was there too, but I didn't notice him, I was too busy having fun.

When I turned seventeen I met a boy, a good Christian boy who went to church, and God was there as well, but I didn't want to go, in fact I stopped him going. God was for losers, all that bible stuff was just stupid, fairy stories for grown-ups, it couldn't possibly be true.

Eighteen months later we got married, in church of course, 'because that's what you do, isn't it?' The ceremony, the setting, the dress, its every girls dream. All our family and friends came, and God? Yes he was there of course, but still I did not see him, this was my day after all! I was the important one, the one it was all about so I thought the focus should be on me.

It was about this time that my sight and health started to deteriorate to the point that I couldn't work any more. After the wedding, our thoughts turned to babies, that was something we both wanted VERY MUCH! So we started trying, and trying, AND TRYING! Nothing, no babies just a bigger and bigger pit of misery. He threw himself deeper and deeper into his career; I sat at home and got depressed. Where was God? Well he was in the pit of misery too, of course, but I didn't see him I was too busy wallowing in self-pity to notice him.

Well, eight years went by, no babies and now we barely looked at each other, never mind anything else! And then I started to feel even worse, so I went to the doctors, God came, but I didn't see him, of course. "it's probably just the October 'gloomies'" he said, "you don't want anti depressants do you?" I didn't, I just wanted to feel better, (and a baby of course). A month went by, I felt even worse, so I went back to the doctors, God came this time too, but I wasn't looking. "I think I need to do some tests," said the doctor, "pee in here". "Your pregnant" said the test, "Huh!" "Your pregnant" said the doctor. "Huh!" "Your pregnant" said God. HUH! Now the doctor had my attention but as for God, I still wasn't listening.

I was so thrilled I couldn't stop grinning; my husband was so shocked he couldn't say anything, he just walked the dog. God was very happy for both of us but we weren't listening.

I had only just got used to the news, when, disaster struck, I was bleeding! I rushed to the hospital and they said, "we think the baby's dead, but we can't be sure and it's Friday afternoon, ultrasound is closed, and we can't do a scan until Monday". They took me up to a ward and put me on bed rest. It was a 'great' place! The woman in the next bed had had an abortion, the one opposite had just lost an ectopic pregnancy and the one in the far corner had just had a miscarriage.

God was there too, or at least his representative, the vicar from the church over road, doing the rounds. He came over to me despite my best attempts to ignore him, and he sat right down next to me and started asking questions. I didn't want to talk to him, I didn't even believe, but somehow I just couldn't stop myself. Before I knew what was what, I was telling him all about how long we'd tried, and how the failure had driven us farther and farther apart, and how I had got depressed and he had just thrown himself deeper and deeper into his work, and now this, I was in a very black place! He asked if he could pray for me and I said he could do whatever he liked as I didn't much care.

So he prayed and then left. I didn't think anymore of it, but that night after lights out God finally got my attention.

The figure of Christ appeared at the end of my bed and said "Don't worry, she'll be o.k." I didn't sleep much that night and next day it was afternoon before they finally got me down to ultrasound and sure enough "HE" was right, she was fine.

I nearly lost her five times in all, during that tumultuous pregnancy, but I never worried, I believed what He had promised. I even only chose a girls name. Abigail, it's Hebrew and means "Of the fathers joy".

I didn't tell anyone about my encounter, not even my husband, I was frightened people would think I was mad. The one thing I knew was that somehow I had to show Him how grateful I was, so I told my husband I thought we should maybe start going to church. He was very surprised but didn't question it so we stated going. First a family service, then others and gradually we became members of that church over the road from the hospital. The vicar didn't recognise me, but then I didn't think he would, as he must see hundreds of people in the hospital, every day. When Abi was six I got confirmed and shortly afterwards Abi asked to be baptised.

We spoke to the vicar and he said that the curate usually did baptisms, but I wanted him so this was crunch time, it was time to tell him, and my husband why. I thought he would dismiss my story or maybe they would both laugh, but no, I couldn't have been more wrong.

From then on, my faith and my journey as a Christian has gone from strength to strength.

I took courses, studied the bible, became an evangelist, got a licence to preach and am even exploring the possibility of a calling to the ministry.

So remember, no matter how many times you don't hear when God calls, he never stops calling.

God Bless.
Lorraine.

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