

A Journey of Faith



They say the Christian faith is like being on a journey. Well, mine started when I was quite young. In fact, I feel sure my grandmother prayed for me to believe in the God that she so loved. My parents dutifully sent me to Sunday school, added to which during junior school I was sent to a convent school as they felt I would get a better education. Certainly the classes were smaller in number and I was happier at my work, but the religious environment only deepened my love for God and my interest in spiritual things.

I continued to attend the Anglican church of my Sunday school days and was one of a hundred plus young people who met each Saturday evening within its walls. Quite impressive for the early 60's. The Bible came alive to me during that period and the gospel truth that Jesus died for me was so amazing! I decided to follow Jesus and signed a card marked "My Decision" on 4th March 1961 accepting Jesus as my Saviour and Lord and wishing to serve Him as King in the Fellowship of His Church.

My parents weren't too impressed when I told them I had become a Christian and hoped I would cool down from my rather over the top religious beliefs. I guess, I kept quiet after that in order to keep on the right side of them. Fortunately, I married a handsome young man from the same youth group who was a Christian too and we found ourselves travelling on the same journey of faith together. That journey hasn't been a straight one. Looking back we were stuck in a cul-de-sac for many years, not really going anywhere with God. Then out of the blue, a friend started to speak to me about the Holy Spirit. I wasn't too keen to know and questioned it, but somehow I knew there was some truth in what she was saying. I could see the difference the Holy Spirit was making in other Christian lives. We both desired to be filled with His Holy Spirit and it was another amazing experience. I felt so loved by God and received an overwhelming love for Jesus. My initial first love was indeed rekindled!

Suddenly, we were out of the cul-de-sac and on the motorway. Lots have happened since then. We were both baptized by immersion with our three young sons looking on and some years later I went forward for training as an evangelist and continue to serve in my local church. This journey of faith has taken me to Romania and deepened my prayer life and I thank God for His faithfulness and provision to me and us as a family in the everyday difficulties of daily life.

God never lets us go when we say yes to Jesus, but we can become dry and weary along the way. Heed the signs and don't run on an empty tank! We need God's strength and power in order to serve Him well and be an effective witness to His love and grace. So be filled with the Holy Spirit. This is a gift from God we cannot do without.

Margaret Hammond

Evangelist St Paul, Swanley and St Peter, Hextable