

My Testimony



I was six when my sister died. She had T.B. and succumbed to the then deadly disease as did many others of her age. She was eighteen. My parents were not Christians and I can only assume that my sister, who had been sent away to a Sanatorium when T.B. was diagnosed, had met someone who introduced her to Jesus. Before she died she told me stories about Him and the wonderful things He had done. She read to me from a Bible she carried with her. After she died there was no one to talk to me about Jesus - not for many years.

My teenage years were rebellious ones, ending with a disastrous marriage which lasted for just nine months. I anaesthetised the pain with alcohol and had no wish to continue with a life so full of disappointment. Quite by chance, I thought, I met the man who is now my husband. He had central heating in his flat, I was cold because I spent all my money on booze and so I went to live with him. I found that I was pregnant and, in spite of the alcohol and the many cigarettes I smoked, I gave birth to the most beautiful baby girl. As soon as she was placed in my arms, I had an overwhelming feeling that I had to bring her up as a Christian. The only problem was that I knew no Christians - in fact I wasn't even sure what a Christian was.

We moved house twice in nine months, and suddenly I was tripping over Christians. They were everywhere. I started going to Church, simply on a quest to bring up my daughter as a Christian. In Church one Sunday the Vicar preached on the lost sheep. He said that someone had asked him how he found Jesus. He told the lady concerned that he had not found Jesus, but rather Jesus had found him. The penny dropped and I began to realise that although Jesus did love and want my daughter, He also loved and wanted me. Exciting events followed through which Jesus became real to me and I experienced His amazing grace.

Many years later, as an Evangelist at St. Paul's Crofton in Orpington, it is a privilege to work with the children God has entrusted to us here: babies and toddlers from our Mums and Toddlers Group, our Youth and Junior Church children, and children from our community through Holiday Clubs and our J.C.'s Friday Club. Seeds of faith sown in young lives will bring forth a harvest. I am convinced that my sister sowed seeds in my life and although there was no one to tend and water them, God kept them safe.

If you would like some seed sowing, as a Children's Fun Day, or as part of a Parish Weekend, or if you would like help with planning a Holiday Club, St. Paul's Y.J.C. Team would be pleased to hear from you.

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