

“It took me 42 years to walk through the doors of the church...”



Pam's story

I grew up believing in God (sort of...) but my family was not one for going to church. When I was little, I remember hearing stories about people suddenly believing in God and then rushing off to China to be a missionary. I remember thinking *“but I don't want to go to China!”*

As I grew up, finishing first school, then college and university, I didn't see how God had a place in my life. Saying that, I did get married in church because it felt “right” to get married before God...

Raising children, particularly teenagers, and then coping with a different crisis every day, I found myself more and more turning to prayer. Sometimes, these were very desperate prayers. And then, one day, I opened my heart to God and let Him in. And I felt such amazing love and hope and joy!

Now that I “believed”, I felt that I had to do more – I had to go to church. To be honest, I saw church as a scary place. I didn't know what went on behind those doors. I was worried about when to stand up and when to kneel down. I couldn't remember the words to the Lord's Prayer. And as for singing in public..!

At the age of 42, I found my courage and went to church for the first time. What a lovely bunch of people! Everyone was so welcoming and helpful (it was fantastic to see the Vicar sling a guitar around his neck and get the kids up to play on the bongo drums).

That was over 4 years ago and I have never looked back. I love church, I love the people, and I am learning how to live my life to the full, just as Jesus promised. I still have a different crisis every day (who doesn't?) but I know I am not on my own. Jesus suffered – He knows how I feel and He will always be with me.

If you are worried about coming to church, just remember my story. Been there, done that. Still loving it!