

My Testimony by Ceri Richardson.

Sunday 18th November 1990 - my new birth date. It was on this night that Jesus made himself real to me and changed my life forever.

When I was a child, as a family we only went to church on special occasions, i.e. marriages, christenings and occasionally at Christmas, but I know that my Mom and Dad believed in God and my Dad would always ask me to say prayers at bedtime. My Father in fact was born again and his Father was one of the leaders in his local chapel in South Wales during the Welsh Revival.

When I was six years old I wanted to go to church so that I could take part in the procession that they had once a year which meant that I would get a new white frilly dress and new shoes and walk through our local streets behind the band, so I started to go to our local Methodist chapel and went to Sunday school most Sunday mornings. I attended with my two cousins and on the times I did actually go I did enjoy the stories about Jesus and his miracles, but my cousin Graham and I found it more fun to chase after grasshoppers or collect tadpoles and spend our collection money on penny chews. Yet somehow I always got back home as clean as I had started out for Sunday school with my parents totally oblivious as to what had gone on.

My teens were spent in dance halls and coffee bars and late night parties which I was totally happy with, and I also got into alcohol and even tried cannabis a couple of times which was supposed to make me less tired and able to stay awake longer at the parties I used to go to but luckily for me it had the opposite effect and made me sleepy and sickly, so it did not become a habit, unlike the smoking and the alcohol.

I was totally fascinated in astrology and would spend hours pouring over books on the subject and looking into the night sky and the multitude of stars but never thinking about how they got there or who put them there. They were just there, a bit like the electricity we use it but never question how it got there.

I first came to know about the Lord Jesus when I started going out with my husband to be Clive. He told me that he was a Christian and I thought that was ok as long as he did not come on to me too heavy about it, which was fine for a while, but Clive obviously had a desire for me to be saved so continued to tell me about Jesus, but the more he witnessed to me the more I dug my heels in. I told Clive I believed that God was an astronaut who lived in one of the great pyramids, and that we were all programmed from there by this great being who knew everything about each and everyone of us, and who controlled our destiny, and that we were all like pawns on a large chessboard being controlled by this power. Luckily for me Clive continued with our relationship and carried on when possible to keep witnessing to me about the Lord.

Eventually Clive asked me if I fancied going to a meeting at church, and although I did not want to go I went out of curiosity and to see if I could see what Clive saw about this Jesus. Although I enjoyed the music I felt totally uncomfortable and just wanted to go home. The following week was the same but I thought as it was only one night a week I'd continue going. As the weeks went by I did feel that something was changing in me. I no longer looked up at the clock wishing it was time to go home and I knew that I was different inside, like I was where I belonged. And when the Pastor gave the altar call I do not remember getting up out of my seat. It was as if Jesus had lifted me up and carried me to the front of the church where with tears pouring down my face I accepted Jesus into my life and I knew that from that moment my life had changed forever, and that although I had lived my life not acknowledging him, Jesus had always loved me and was just waiting for me to ask Him into my life. God gave us our own free will so he will not make us do anything we do not want to do but by His Spirit He guides other believers into being his witnesses.

Thank you Lord for your patience and grace.