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I became a Christian in my early teens and doing KYB studies on the Life of Peter recently, took me back to when I first heard the gospel.

I lived in Cornwall with my mum, dad and two sisters, none of whom were Christians. My older sister and I had attended the local Methodist church from a very young age and we enjoyed filling our 'star cards' each week in order to get a better prize at Anniversary. When I was about 13 years old, my sister and her friend started attending a local coffee bar (all the rage at the time), on a Friday evening. It was the time of Greasers on motorbikes! The coffee bar was called 'The Net' and was in the basement of a couple's home. This couple also held a fellowship on a Sunday night in

another room in their home. Many young people attended and some 'fit' young men played the guitar, drums, piano and organ.

I refused to go to either the Friday coffee bar or the Sunday meeting for some time but was eventually persuaded to go as some of my school friends also went. There was always a 5 minute 'Spot' on a Friday and a talk on a Sunday night after some modern singing. I was challenged by what they said and realized that I was a sinner who needed a Saviour. We used to sing 'Burdens are lifted at Calvary, Jesus is very near'. I certainly felt burdened and learnt that Jesus died and rose again to forgive my sins and give me eternal life. One Sunday evening, I confessed to God that I was a sinner and asked Him to become lord of my life. I can tell you that my burdens were lifted that night and I knew a peace that was beyond understanding.

So, some nearly 50 years later, my faith in God is just as strong. Life has thrown all sorts at me and at times it has only been The Lord who has kept me going such as the time I was told my son was going to be disabled which proved to be untrue.

At other times, God has led me in ways that I had never imagined such as when I became Head of English at a local secondary school. My secondary English teacher had told me I would never achieve this but God is a God of the impossible. I loved that job.

Since 2007, I have lost both parents and 3 relatives within 4 years. Our God is a God of comfort and have felt that comfort during this time. More recently, I have semi-retired and that has been a big change.

I now have time to enjoy my grandchildren and help out when my children have gone through difficult times. God has been faithful.

I also lead a KYB group and it is a great joy to see ladies growing in their faith as we study His word. Have I arrived? Definitely not but I know that nothing can separate me from God's love and it will only be when He calls me home or comes again that I will have 'arrived'.