



King's Centre
Real lives...Real stories



King's Centre

Real lives...



Real stories

Thank you for taking the time to read this. I'm so glad you picked up a copy!

Before I say anymore, I'd like to just take a moment to introduce me and my family. My name is Darryl - husband to Clare, Dad to Beth, Amy and Jake, ordinary guy, and the Pastor here at The King's Centre Church.

I love this book! What I love most about it is that it's full of the real life stories of the amazing things God has done, in the people's lives in our church. These aren't others stories retold, these are our stories. The stories of an ordinary bunch of people who you'll find here every Sunday morning, who came to know an extraordinary God - who does extraordinary things!



My desire is that as you read these pages, you'd know that just like God did it for them, He can do it for you!

Our desire is to be a growing family church – a church where everyone would feel welcomed and loved. We want to be somewhere people can call 'home'.

There's a place here for you!

Once upon a time....

Stories are important to us. Stories are how we make sense of our own experiences and the world around us. We all have a story.

What's yours? Do you believe you are here purely by accident or is there more? Could there be threads running through your story, connecting you to a much bigger one?



The writers of the real-life stories you are about to read have found just that - that God's great story is woven through their own, bringing light into darkness and hope into despair. Read on and be inspired for yourself!

Knowing the End from the Beginning

By Georgie Tennant

We may feel it would help to know what is coming next in the story of our lives. Will good win over evil in the end? In this article, Georgie talks about how to deal with the uncertainties of our stories.

My youngest son hates anything sad or scary, even on television. Through family movie afternoons, we keep asking him, "Who wins in the end?" eliciting the much-rehearsed reply, "the baddies always lose, the goodies always win." Watching 'Cinderella,' one Sunday afternoon, his usual panic set in. The initial beauty of the film faded into the darker scenes and he announced that he wanted to watch something else!

Knowing he would cope better with the scary bits if he knew what lay beyond them, I pressed pause. After five minutes explaining about ugly sisters, wicked step mothers, magic pumpkins, glass slippers, a handsome prince and a happily ever after, he was all smiles again, eager to press on.

As we watched more, it struck me that, as adults, we can be similar in our approach to life. We meander happily through the sunnier parts

of life but when troubles and trials hit, we want to pause the story and hide away from the sheer discomfort of it. We reason that if we could just know that next week, month, year, things will look up, we could keep going. The uncertainty makes us doubt and fear. We long to know the end from the beginning but we don't – we can't. There is, however, a God who steers us on the paths we take through our stories and knows how



they are going to end. He has the perspective of a master director, knowing and orchestrating how the scenes will slot together in a bigger picture we can't see from down here. Sometimes we yearn for God to unfold our narrative in advance, as I did for my son; we reason that it would help us to anticipate



the peaks and troughs, navigate them more gracefully. Instead God invites us to a place of surrender and trust, where all we can do is place our hand in His and trust Him to lead us safely through, giving us all the strength and hope we need for each moment.

We do not know what twists and turns will lead us through life to our story's end, but we can count on two things. Firstly, God will work out all things, joy-filled and excruciatingly painful, for our good. Secondly, the final end to all of our stories will be one of rejoicing, wholeness and peace for all eternity, if we've put our trust in Him. With my hand in the hand of an author who writes like that, I can

confidently walk through my story, even without knowing the full script. I can walk, trust and surrender - even stumble and trip - knowing that the One who wrote my story from the very beginning, will give me all I need to live it, right until the very end.



"Your story isn't finished. It will turn out great. This is an episode, not the boxed set." Emma Scrivener



From Fatigue to Health

By Rachel Osborne

If you asked me to dance today - I would do that for you! If you asked me to walk, climb, jump, run, hop, skip, swim or cycle - I would do it with joy - but there was a time when I couldn't do any exercise however easy without horrible muscle pain swamping my body and joints; I would know that the next few days would be full of chronic tiredness and a deep fear of yet another day in bed.

This was back in 1992, at this time I had two young children and was living in London. I came down with a persistent cough and cold followed by a rash that

I just couldn't get over the illness

covered my whole body. I was very tired and I just couldn't get over the illness. Weeks

went by with little improvement; stairs were too hard to climb, walking was very difficult without a stick and natural light hurt my eyes and my left hand side from by head downwards would be numb periodically for several seconds. This was a very frightening experience. All of these symptoms were accompanied by nausea. Many trips to the hospital followed, scans etc. In the end I was diagnosed with ME (now known as Chronic Fatigue Syndrome).

My whole family was affected. I felt like I was in a dark tunnel and that the end was nowhere in sight. Would I ever get better?

I felt like I was in a dark tunnel

At the time, we were part of a church in East London. God was with me. Many people prayed for and with me on several occasions. I can remember clearly the Bible verses that God showed me at the time; these verses spoke into my life like fresh rain falling on me. I kept these words in my heart. God was with me through this very difficult time and He was watching over me and my family. Gradually, as the months passed, I became stronger.

We moved to King's Lynn in 1994 and joined King's Lynn Christian Fellowship (The King's Centre Church). Finding a great church family who accepted us, prayed for me and helped me was wonderful. Again, God was with me. Gradually, the symptoms lifted and the fatigue lessened for longer periods of time. I was learning to trust in the Lord with all my heart. His words in my life were healing me; his love was surrounding me. Step by step I was being healed. Then came the day when I remember dancing and jumping at church. It was a great day!

I realised that God cared for me; through his son Jesus, I was receiving my healing.

Jesus knows all about anguish and pain

Jesus knows all about anguish and pain; he knows what it is like to live in this world as he came and walked amongst very sick people, touched them and healed them. Well, that is exactly what happened to me- Jesus touched me. **'My Story'** isn't just about that time *'back in time'* but it is about today; today Jesus still touches me and holds me close to him so that his care for me is real and totally amazing!

Healing Rooms

Experience the
HEALING POWER OF JESUS

In the Bible Jesus often showed his love by healing people. God is still healing people today.

The Healing Rooms is a place to come to receive prayer from experienced people who will pray for any need - physical, mental, emotional or spiritual.

This is free of charge.

Healing Rooms sessions are held at The King's Centre and can be booked through the King's Centre office on 01553 766333

Life After Husband's Sudden Death

By Barbara Garry



I was brought up by parents who were regular churchgoers. I went to church, but had not made a personal decision to follow Jesus.

When I was 18 I went away to do my nurse training. At this time in my life **I didn't feel the need for God.** I completed my training during which I had met my husband to be. We got married had two daughters and when they were approximately 4 and 6 I felt they should go to Sunday school. After a while I was invited to a church by my brother. This was very different in that I had never heard guitars being played in church but there was a lovely atmosphere there.

I then looked up this kind of church in the town I lived in. **The people here had such care and love** and I knew it was from their faith in Jesus.

Within a few months I had taken a personal decision to follow Christ and learnt that prayer and bible reading was a part of normal life and it gave me a purpose in my life and was a great support and help to me.

However, on November the 15th 1984 I and my husband both went to work, and late morning I was called to the office where there was a policeman and a policewoman. They had come to tell me that my husband had died at

work suddenly. This transpired to be a massive heart attack.

My girls were 16 and 18 yrs old at this time. **I was devastated.** Not only had I lost my husband but I had to support our two girls who were doing O levels and A levels. I also had to deal with the practicalities of finances, car and the petrol lawn mower!!

How was God in this?

I did express my anger to God, **I shouted at God** but he showed me that when his son went to the cross he knew what separation was like and the comfort I received was God showing his love for me in this desperate situation. The friends in the church were all there to help me in practical ways even down to helping me buy a reliable car. My family were very supportive and phoned me regularly.

Through this awful situation I learnt that whatever life throws at me, **with God I will get through.** I know I can trust God with all that's going on in my life. He is my friend and guide.

He is my security and I can trust him for his promise of eternal life.

We all love stories. We can't help it. They fill our vision and capture our heart. And these stories all follow familiar patterns: rags to riches; the monster defeated; love lost and then found again. Across the ages and down through history, these same themes have resonated with people.

Is it possible that these themes go much deeper than the story books? Could it be that we tell such stories because we are in such a story?

Perhaps there really is an ultimate hero, who came on a mission to fight evil, to give up his life, to rise again and to be one with his people forever.

What if the fairy tale is true? What if Jesus is the hero of heroes?

Glen Scrivener

www.myththathappened.com





Desperate Alcoholic Cries Out for Help

By Darren Waterfield

Darren worked hard to have it all - but it just wasn't enough and he slipped into alcoholism. He tells his story.

As a young guy I always remember my parents working hard, I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth but I did manage to get a good education. I watched my parents struggle with money, I remember it was always an issue as it was for many families during the recession in the early 90's. I was determined not to have the same problems my parents did so I worked hard, really hard and by my mid 20's I'd got everything people say makes you a success, a house, a car, nice clothes, a good career, I'd done my best - so why didn't it feel like it was enough?

I'd done my best, why didn't it feel good enough?

There was something inside of me that said there should be more to life, a big part of me felt like something was missing, I felt like I'd just spent the last 10 years climbing a mountain only to get to the top and find out it was the wrong one.

I'd always enjoyed a drink as many people do, work hard, play hard, go out weekends and also some week nights down the pub. But as my friends grew up and got married I found myself drinking alone at home.

My drinking got out of hand.

Pressures at work and a deep sense that there must be more to life meant my drinking got out of hand, I would drink every night, 7 days a week, 365 days a year. Many people around me never knew and I convinced myself I had it under control. The reality was it controlled me - always.

It stayed like that for 10 years, for 10 years my life was work and drink with little in between. It was then that I hit rock bottom, my drinking started to take a turn for the worse and I knew I was at the point of no return. I'd

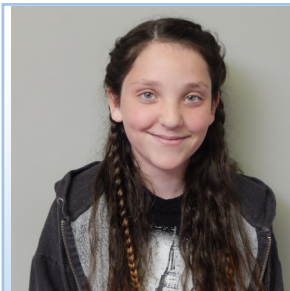
heard of people who got into that rut and ended up losing their families, their homes and jobs. I didn't know what to do, I was worried I could lose it all. My family weren't religious or anything, I only remembered God from what I was taught during school assemblies. One night I got down on my knees in the bathroom and I said, "if there is a God you need to stop me drinking" and I asked Him for help.

There wasn't any big thunderbolt or voice or anything, I went to bed as normal. But the following day I knew something had changed, I didn't want a drink, in fact I have never fancied a drink ever since. I know that God saved me from that - I know I did my best to quit and couldn't so I know it wasn't me, it wasn't willpower, it was God, He saved me.

After that I started to find out who this God was and I learned about Jesus and the new life that He gives us when we just believe in Him. He turned my whole life around! Now I have a hope and a good life with Him as part of it. God has helped me in every area of my life, 4 years ago I got married, I have a beautiful wife and a 1 year old little boy.

He turned my whole life around!

The life I have now, I only have because of what God has done for, I know that for sure.



Dyslexia vanishes!

By Sky Howard

Most of my life I have had Dyslexia. Last year at a Christian camp God told me that my dyslexia had gone. I

was then tested at school and they told me I no longer have dyslexia!



The Rock I Cling To

By Mary Coates

I am married to Ned and have five beautiful children I gave my life to Jesus 16 years ago and since then life has not all been easy! I have been through all different situations. **One of my daughters was born with a hole in her heart, but God healed her.**

I myself have had a whole load of different health issues, including anxiety, depression and cancer. **I have sometimes felt there was no way out**, but every time, **God helps me and pulls me through**. He is my best friend, my Lord and Saviour. He is the rock I can cling to when life is so hard. He never leaves me. Becoming a Christian doesn't make life suddenly become easy, but it is the best thing I have ever done!

Fear Grips Young Man After Christmas Tragedy

By Darryl Mallet

It was Christmas day, 2002. I'd been to church that morning with my wife, Clare. We got back home and she was busy cooking Christmas dinner for the family, who were coming over.

"I'm just going to ring Dad," I told her. I'd not heard anything from him and that wasn't like Dad. I rang, but no reply. Then my phone rang. It was my brother Karl on the other end, he burst into tears, 'Darryl, the hospital have just rung me, **Dad's been in a car accident**, and they want you to ring them.'

My mind went crazy; Where was he? How was he? What happened? I called them and begged them, "please, tell me is my Dad going to live?" He didn't tell me.

We left Lynn for a hospital in Leicester, where later that day, on

Christmas day, my Dad died. Then, just a short while later my Step-Mum died too.

The bottom fell out of my world!

A drink driver who was 5 and a half times over the limit, turned his lights off when the police were pursuing him, and had ploughed head on into my Dad and Step-Mum's car, at speed. They never had a chance!

I loved my Dad to bits, and he was gone! I was a young 21yr old man, so broken by the whole thing, and I found **fear grabbed a hold of my life**. In the coming days, weeks and months, I became so fearful, that others around me were going to die too. When friends or family didn't turn up on time, I would fear that they'd been in a car crash too.



Fear totally took over my life!

I remember one day, getting down on my knees and crying out "**God, I can't do this! Help me!**" That was the day everything changed! It was if God was right there. Close. Loving me. Healing me. Setting me free. God took a broken young man and put him back together. **He set me free from fear**, and gave me such a sense of peace. Words can't even explain it! I just know, He changed my life, and I can't thank Him enough!

Doctor Astonished by Healing

By Tom Chapman



When Tom had a nasty accident, he was told he had to have surgery - but then he experienced a miracle!

About half-way down a steep, rough and wet descent from a Lake District fell with my daughter, I slipped and fell heavily onto my right shoulder. I knew the injury was serious because **I could not move my right arm** and, although I struggled down to the car, my inability even to move my elbow away from my hip did not improve. Although I did not know it at the time, an X-ray, CAT and MRI scans later showed that three of the **four tendons in the shoulder had been completely severed.**

The consultant assured me there

was no alternative to an operation to re-join the tendons and that I could look forward to a long post-op period with arm in sling at an angle of 90 degrees with extra-baggy T-shirts to offer any chance of getting them on and off.

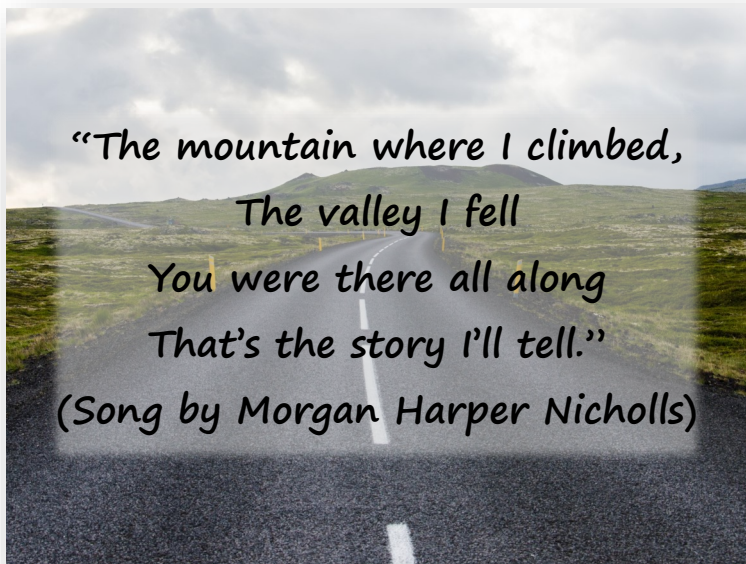
Several weeks later, as the day of the operation approached with no improvement in the condition, I was in church when the pastor said he believed there were several people in the meeting that day who needed healing. He asked us to place our hand on the affected part and he prayed for healing. As the service

progressed I was aware that I could move my arm with increasing ease and without pain. **By the end of the service movement was more or less back to normal.**

Two days later, just before the operation, the consultant warned me that even after the operation, and probably for the rest of my life, it was unlikely that I would be able to lift my arm above horizontal without pain. Raising my arm high in the air I said "I can do that even now!"

Astonished, he rechecked the scans and put me through several diagnostic arm movement tests, all of which I could do. I remember he was particularly confident that I would not be able to scratch the middle of my back. I could. Eventually he concluded that it would be ridiculous to proceed with the operation.

This photo of the spot where Tom fell was taken minutes before his accident. It shows the difficult terrain, so steep that Tom's daughter, Kate, is having to carry her dog.



Hindu Encounters Jesus

By Sundari Nagamuthu

I was born in Penang, Malaysia, to wonderful and loving but strict Hindu parents of South Indian descent. **I worshipped Hindu gods** (idols) as my parents, brothers and sisters did, and believed in karma, astrology and reincarnation. My personal god was Ganesh, the god of wisdom and humour. I adored him because he had a smiley elephant face!



This photo was taken when Sundari had just started work at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in 1981

I came to England in 1973 to train as a nurse and later as a midwife. I shared a flat with another midwife who was a Christian and I saw a difference in her life. Even when I moved to King's Lynn in 1981 to work in the newly opened Queen Elizabeth Hospital, we kept in touch. One weekend I went to visit her and **her friends invited me to church.**

After persuasion I told them I would go but as I was a Hindu I would only go as a spectator, not a worshipper.

When I got to the church I was amazed to hear the preacher say, "There will be spectators and worshippers here." The very words I used! As the service went on, something strange and amazing happened. **My heart started beating very fast and I felt something inside me saying, "open the door of your heart, let Jesus in."** I spoke to the friends who had

taken me and they told me it was God speaking to me. So I did open my heart and invited Jesus into my life.

The early days of being a Christian were not easy. There were times of confusion, uncertainty and fear. I was afraid of being rejected and ostracised by my friends and family, but God assured me that he would never leave me. God answered my prayers and my family were saddened by my change from Hinduism to Christianity, but they did not reject me.

I met some Christians at the QEH and started going with them to a local church in King's Lynn, now The King's Centre Church. This new faith was very different from what I knew and I had a lot of learning to do, but God was with me and helped me in so many ways. **We all face trials, sorrows and struggles but I know I don't need to fear what tomorrow brings, because God has promised never to leave me or abandon me.** My days are all in his hands.

IGNITE

Friday 7-8.30pm
Years 7-13

IGNITE is for young people at high school. It is a chance to hang out with friends, have fun and to talk about life and faith.

Fridays at The King's Centre.

For more information contact the King's Centre on 01553 766333 or check out the website: www.kingscentre.church

"Your story isn't finished. It will turn out great. This is an episode, not the boxed set." Emma Scrivener

Hell's Angel's Change of Heart

By Scott Waters



When I was at school in my early years I wasn't a violent person in fact I would walk away if there was trouble.

My step-dad came in to my life when I was 9 years old and at first it was OK. I lived in Kent and had my friends and family around about me. However, we moved to King's Lynn when I was about 12 years old and this was **when my step dad started to beat me** and use violence against me. Sometimes he used his fists and other times, whatever he could find. After a while I started to like the pain – it became normal. The violence/beatings continued sometimes 2 or 3 times a week and sometimes without warning till I was 15 years old. **I also suffered sexual abuse by my Mum** and so it was that I left home when I was 15 years old. My schooling suffered as I would try to avoid going home by getting detentions.

At age 15 I moved away from home and went to live with my Dad. However, I wasn't allowed to tell my Dad about my past as my Step-Dad said he would kill him, then me, if he found out that I had said anything. At 17 years old I was recruited by a loan shark to help him recover debts. I used to stand in people's property and look threatening. I stopped this when I was 19 but found that, even in everyday situations, I was angry sometimes for no reason and would lash out at people.

I joined the Hell's Angels when I was 19 years old. Initially I was attracted by the 'hard' image they had. I became full member when I was 20. I found a real sense of brotherhood with them they were my new family – all brothers together. Eventually I became the third in command of the local chapter. However, I soon lost satisfaction with the Angels because they didn't like to use much violence but I was enjoying this side of life too much and would often start a fight for no reason. Other bikers commented on the amount of violence I used and they offered me to work on their bikes rather than accompany them to rallies, where I would often start fights and get into trouble.

I started cutting myself when I was 20 to dull the pain of my life. When I was in pain (whether I did it or others did it), this was when I was most alive. I remember once I stabbed myself in the knee with a pair of scissors because I liked the pain. By my 25th birthday I had grown very close to my biker mates, who one day gave me my own bike. I classed them as

family. Eventually I was put in touch with some of the colleagues of the Kray twins and did some work for them to threaten people or sometimes carry out violence. **I had nothing to live for.**

About age 29 I stopped all violence but I still had a reputation for it. I also had my first appointment with mental health workers but they didn't really help as they would see me and help me but then would withdraw, leave me on my own and I'd be back to square one again – never really making progress. My step father died when I was 30 and eventually I could tell my Dad about my past.

My Dad started praying for me and then some people in his church also started praying for me. My Dad invited me along when I visited him in London, but I wasn't really interested – **I thought the churches were full of goody-two-shoes** but my Dad was different. When I went to church I felt very uncomfortable and felt that I shouldn't be there because of the bad things I had done. I remember one day an old lady offered to pray for me along with the pastor of the church. The pastor made contact with the King's Centre and I started coming along. I met with Paul and Darryl (the pastors) one day for prayer and felt, as Paul was an ex-skinhead, maybe there was hope for me. I started coming along to the church regularly, made friends and got to know people. Eventually I became a church member and I remember Darryl one day saying to me 'we know you've not had much in your life, but we love you'. This had a big effect on me **to know that I was loved when all I had previously known was hatred.**

I had a view that some people who went to church were just bums on seats but the King's Centre was different I felt loved and cared for.

I now attend bike rallies, telling my story. I have never been afraid of death but always felt that I was destined for 2 things - death or prison. **Now I feel different – like I have a reason for living.** In my early years, I had to look out for myself and do whatever I could to survive. Now I look to God.

New Start for Couple after Past Hurts

Andy and Marion Tunstall have both had a difficult past. Despite that, they have been happily married for nine years. These are their stories.



Andy's Story - healing from childhood hurts

I came from a very insecure home life and felt very unloved, my parents were always arguing, were strict disciplinarians, my mum suffered from depression and my

I was bullied... sometimes by my own brother

father was a heavy drinker. I was also bullied at school and sometimes by my own brother. I recall that on at least 3 occasions my parents decided they were going to separate and they asked me who I wanted to live with. I didn't want to have to make this decision but each time with increasing force they demanded that I decide. All of this made me very insecure, unwilling to trust people and run from issues.

I went to church religiously every week but it meant nothing. I joined the RAF and decided to go to the local church, after a while I was invited for a weekend away and it was on this weekend that I first heard the message that God loved me and wanted a relationship with me, eventually I asked Jesus to come in to my life.

I continued going to church but over time God showed me that he wanted to heal me of my past

insecurity and hurts.

However these were deep issues in my life and at that point I decided that it was too painful to let God deal with these so I walked away from God and the church.

After 10 years I decided that I would like to go back to church, so having researched local churches, I went along to a local church, but before I left home I prayed that if God loved me then during that service he would show me. At the end of the service I was walking out of the door and a lady gave me a leaflet with a passage from the Bible which says, "Come let us return to the Lord... he will heal us.... And he will bandage our wounds."

I pondered this deeply and the following Sunday I went to another church. I knew God has spoken to me the previous week but again I prayed that if God loved me he would show me again that I was loved by him. During the service one of the people in the service walked to the front and declared "Someone here needs to know that God loves them and He says that you are precious to him"!

I needed no further convincing

I needed no further convincing and once again asked God to come into my life.

Approximately 3 weeks later I

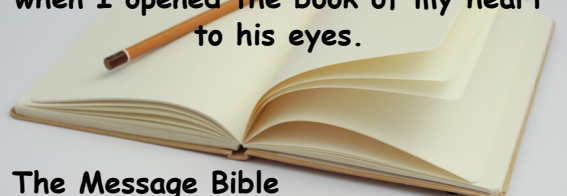
went to a church event where the speaker was saying that God wants

All the memories and hurts came flooding back

to heal past memories and to set people free from their past. I went forward and 2 people prayed with me for quite some time and all I can recall is that all the memories and hurts came flooding back.

After praying I returned home and the following day I was walking across a large car park when I was very suddenly aware that it seemed as though my shoulders felt very strange so I turned around. I didn't see anybody but was aware that there was no heaviness in my shoulders – it was as though the burden of my past had been lifted and I was free. Since then I have learnt (and sometimes I am still learning) to trust God and not to worry or be concerned about issues in my life because he will resolve them.

God made my life complete when I placed all the pieces before him... God rewrote the text of my life when I opened the book of my heart to his eyes.



The Message Bible

Marion's Story - escape from abusive marriage

When I was 14 years old I was groomed by an older man. He was a religious man and I believed what he told me about God. We got married and had children but the relationship

He was controlling and abusive

was not healthy. He was controlling and abusive, but I loved him.

One day I was invited to a church by someone I met. When I went it was nothing like I expected. There was warmth and love. This wasn't the kind

of religion I had learnt about from my husband. I wanted to keep going but he made it very difficult. I managed to go a few times and then one day he was so angry about me wanting to go he locked me in the house for 6 weeks.

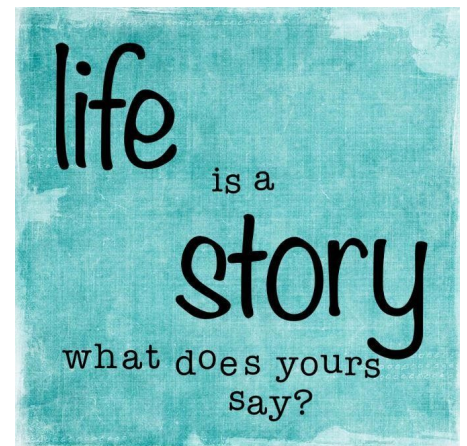
One day he let me pick the children up from school and I took my chance to get away. I had a friend who worked for a charity helping women in similar situations. I drove to a lane and phoned my friend. I was moved to a safe house and this was the beginning of my new start.

I took my chance to get away

Life continued to be challenging but I now knew that the religion my husband practised has nothing to do with the real Jesus who loves me unconditionally.

God enabled me to trust him with everything and he has brought me and my children through. I am now married to Andy and God has helped us to work through the challenges together.

Jesus loves me unconditionally



Broken Man Receives Miracle

By Andrew Masterson

As a child I went to Sunday school and then the local Baptist youth club as a teenager. It was at a youth trip away that I first invited Jesus in to my life.

At 18 I went away to university but I didn't go to church and from that time I started to ignore God. My life continued and things were going pretty well, but then within a few months, **my world had fallen apart**. My girlfriend at that time became pregnant but our relationship wasn't good as we were always arguing. My son Luke was born but I knew that as we were not compatible, we would have to split up. This was a very hard time for me as I was separated from Luke and had to travel for over an hour and a half there and back to see him every week.

I was broken at that time and wondered what on earth had happened to me.

On one of those trips back to see Luke, I popped in to see my former church youth leader, Molly, and felt the need to pour my heart out to her. She encouraged me to turn to God again. I started going to church with her and I felt Jesus calling me back to Him. His very name reminded me

of a safe place and as if I was home again.

A few years later I employed someone who is a Christian and he encouraged me to attend an alpha course at King's Lynn Baptist Church. At one of the meetings on the course **I had an experience of God and I knew Jesus was real and alive!**

I was baptised shortly afterwards, and within a short period of time met Tracey and we were married within 6 months of meeting. She was the one. Tracey also gave her life to Jesus. This didn't mean our lives suddenly became easy! Tracey's ex-husband made life very difficult for us and took her boys to live with him in Spain. **This was heart breaking for both of us** but we decided to trust God.

Although the years which followed were very tough and challenging being separated from the boys, we kept praying and having faith that the Lord would help us. Recently, Tracey's eldest has returned to Norfolk and lives close by. **It is a miracle**, but we always had hope and The Lord has answered our prayers.



Hope and Healing After Loss of Baby

by Georgie Tennant

People often question the existence of God and dismiss the idea of having faith in Him because of bad things that happen – personally or on a world-wide scale. My story is one small illustration of how faith in God can hold up, even in the tougher times. Instead of walking through difficult things alone, in Him we can find hope, healing and strength to get us through.

My background, briefly, is that I became a Christian at 14 years of age. I hadn't had any 'faith' upbringing, no church background. I was invited to church after attending a youth group in my village and, after a few weeks, I prayed a prayer, inviting Jesus into my life. Life carried on; I did well at school, got a Degree at University, went into teaching and had my first son, who is now 9.

In July 2009, **I found I was pregnant again with my second child**; the twenty-week scan revealed that the baby was a girl – the perfect way to complete our little family. We phoned friends and family with the good news.

A few weeks later, two days before Christmas, we had some very different phone calls to make. The day before, I had begun to feel concerned that I couldn't feel a great deal of movement. Trying to dismiss it as unfounded fear, I called the doctor. We waited anxiously and were called quickly. The doctor couldn't find a heartbeat. **A scan at the hospital confirmed our worst fears.**

On Christmas Eve, I was given a drug to start the process of bringing a baby into the world in much different circumstances than the ones I had imagined. **We had a very strange Christmas Day**, although my family did their best to make it Christmassy for our son, then nineteen months old. With only an hour's notice to pack Christmas in the car and bring it to us, they even packed the Christmas toilet roll – a detail of the story that has made us laugh, then and since. On Boxing Day night, I headed to the hospital. Our daughter, Grace, was born, just before 1am on the 27th December, **tiny at 25 weeks of pregnancy.**

It's hard to really capture all of that and the weeks and

months that followed, in a few words. **I went through a lot of anger and disappointment.** This was the first really hard thing I had ever had to face. I asked some tough questions and there were moments where I felt like giving up on God altogether.

Ultimately, I had to choose. Was I going to be angry with God and give up, or trust Him and keep going? I chose to carry on, knowing in my heart it would be better to recover from this with God supporting, guiding and healing, than it would be attempting to go it alone.

He has helped me in countless ways – strengthening, healing – bringing the right words at the right time to move me forward when things felt hopeless, giving me the right people to connect with to help me to heal and move forward.

So, although I still have sadness and down days and tricky moments, **I know God is with me** in them and identifies with my pain and brokenness – after all, he walked among us, experiencing pain and brokenness too – a saviour for all the hurt and the broken, who cries with us and knows just how we feel – but **gives us hope for now and for eternity**, whatever brokenness and pain we have to face.

A word from Samuel aged 6

Georgie's son Samuel says,

"God is with me at school and listens to me when I pray, when I need help. God helps me through difficult times."



explore
life
faith
meaning

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For more information contact the King's Centre on 01553 766333 or office@kingscentre.church or check out the website www.kingscentre.church



I Found a New Sense of Life

By Mary-Elizabeth Coates

I am 22 now and have been going to church since I was 8 years old. As a teenager I enjoyed church and read my Bible and loved my Christian music. But as I got older I found it hard and wanted to live my life as a normal teenager. **I went my own way** but only became downhearted about God because I didn't think he was there for me. But he was always there and one day I decided to turn back and I prayed again. I felt that he was with me and I found a new sense of life. **I had happiness and security and a strong peace.** I

have been through some very difficult times over the last few years but I know that he is always with me and fighting my battles. He will never leave me.

To anyone who has never asked Jesus into their life, I would say "it doesn't mean life will be easy but it's the best thing you can do!"

Born Worrier Transformed!

By Wendy Hill

As a child I worried about everything. As I got older I would describe myself as "a born worrier". I was brought up with parents who are Christians and as a very young child I asked Jesus to come into my life. I got married, had children, had lots of good friends - but I felt very insecure about my relationships and still struggled with

I never felt good enough

anxiety. I never felt good enough, I constantly

felt like a failure.

Then God showed me that there was a root cause of my problem to do with events in my childhood. I had a happy childhood but my parents did a lot of short-term fostering when I was young so there were children coming and going all the time. When I was very

young, I asked my mum one day "When do I have to go?". My parents were very loving and were obviously upset that I should feel that way, so were quick to reassure me. I had no memory of this happening and although I had been told about it, I didn't think it had had any effect on me. But God began to show me that this was the root of my problems.

Once God had shown me that there was a cause to my struggles - I had hope that

I could finally be set free. I

God healed me from the fear

asked for prayer and God healed me from the fear that had taken hold of me at such a young age. The fear that had held me captive. He dealt with the root so that I could be



different - and the change was amazing. I can honestly say I am a different

person than I was. It's often not until you

are free that you realise just how captive you were before.

Jesus sets us free from the deep things in our lives. He can touch the part of our lives that no-one else can touch. When we give our lives to Jesus he takes us just the way we are - the good, the bad and the ugly! But he loves us too much to leave us that way. If we are willing, he can change us from the inside out!

I am a different person



Aggressive Man Changed by God

By Paul Stothers

I was brought up by my mother because **my dad died when I was only 6 years old**. I could sense from an early age

that as a family we did not have much respect from others. When I was 11 years old I started going to Sunday School where I noticed things were very different - it was a more relaxed and caring environment. I kept going for about 3 years and then left. After that I got friendly with the wrong sort of people and my life went downhill very quickly. I started smoking, drinking and stealing - even from people who trusted me.

Throughout my life **I knew something was missing**, but I threw myself in to work, which was really just hiding the issue. I tried to be, and make everything perfect but I had a lot of anger in me because I felt un-respected and unloved. All this led to me getting into fights, which just increased my anger and made me

lose people's respect even more.

All of these actions led to me nearly going to prison twice. I nearly lost my wife due to this and my son nearly lost his job and went to prison because of my aggressive behaviour.

In the middle of it all. God was always there but I wasn't paying him any attention. Then one day I made a promise to him and he came through for me. **I just wanted to disappear**, but God stopped me from leaving family and friends for good. God has taught me that nothing in life has to be perfect and to let things go and not to hold on to them.

My life has been up and down with many problems, but when I allow God in to my situations and follow him, **my life is so different**. My family and friends have told me that I am a different person now. I may not be where I want to be but I thank the Lord that I'm not where I



Wife's Sudden Death Leaves Man Feeling Lost

By Bill Lee

"Straight on", Pam said. My wife of 42 years knew my navigational skills! We were at a crossroads in the Lake District and she was feeling unwell. She thought the concerned look on my face meant I was lost again. Those were the last words she ever spoke as she passed away. She had been poorly for a long time but her death was a shock. This was October 2005. I was 66 years old and had never believed in the existence of God. On that mountain road **I was totally alone and screamed my lungs out at the**

sky. Lost indeed.

The next day I needed to do something, anything! I went out with my camera (a gift from Pam) and took pictures of almost everything. Despite my anguish I saw a never seen beauty through that lens. Within a month I had 1000 pictures, more than I had taken in my life! But sadly, no-one to share them with. **Photography was my escape**, but it became a passion. I joined a photographic website where I could share images.

Bonnie, a lady in America, starting passing comments on my images and this led to a friendship developing. She was so unbelievably kind and patient and had time for a shy and lost Englishman. One day in 2007 she told me her first love was for God. I replied, "Don't worry, we can still be friends". Despite that, we did remain friends. In fact, to be friendly I started sending her some Bible verses that were in a Birthday Book I had acquired from my aunt some years before. But that meant I had to read those verses myself!

One night in October 2007, I found myself kneeling by my bed praying! I had never done that, EVER! I was speaking with God, (who didn't exist!). That night **my heart nearly burst with love and compassion** and an overwhelming feeling of peace that filled my whole being. There was no turning back, for me the great chasm of unbelief simply disappeared.

This photo was taken by Bill just a few days after his wife died.



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Home at Last

By Beata Osborne

We arrived here in the UK 12 years ago, I could not help myself feeling scared or even nervous as a result of the new surroundings, the experience of new house, new people, looking for a new job after I resigned as a flight attendant to join my husband. **My son being diagnosed with autism was too much to cope with** and two years ago my husband moved to Dortmund for work.

I struggled with my life working, studying and running a home, I was faced with physical and emotional challenges. **I started going to the King's Centre Church** to worship a loving and forgiving God.

At the King's Centre I met a lady who has been ever so supportive, caring and loving through my journey. She has encouraged me and prayed with me and my family a lot, she has led me to a better place. I will always be thankful to her for inspiring me to believe in God that dreams are valid and can become reality.

Life has become less of a struggle when I don't have to live it on my own and trust God with everything. I have finished my studies and I am looking forward to attending my psychology degree ceremony on the 11th November this year.

I am very grateful to everyone at the King's Centre who gave me and my family a warm welcome and made us feel connected to the church and at home.

Sundays at The King's Centre

9.45am Worship Service
followed by communion at 10.30

11am Family Celebration
with children's activities

Everyone Welcome!



Homeless and Hopeless

by Gary Albone

I wasn't brought up to go to church and in 2010 **I was at my lowest point in my life.** I got kicked out of mum's place and after spending a month here and there, I went to live at the YMCA hostel in King's Lynn. **I got speaking to one of the support workers who was a Christian** and asked him a few questions about life and Jesus.

In November 2010 I went to church with him and when I walked in I

knew there was a presence, there was something special. I went to church a few times but I thought I could carry on living without going to church every week and not praying. I could just go every now and then.

But in 2011 **I found myself homeless again, angry at myself and sofa surfing.** Then one night my friend let me down and I had to sleep in the Walks and I thought I would pray to Jesus and ask him for help. Then that **morning I woke up and heard God's**

voice speak to me. He told me the way to do my day and told me everything will turn out well. So I did that and I meet someone from the church who got me a place to stay and I stayed there for 5 years.

I now go to church every week when I'm not working. I have new friendships and a new outlook on life. I want to tell you that **God is always there for you no matter how low you are, and he is a friend and listener.**

Father to the Fatherless

By Dawn Nash

My parents got divorced when I was three years old. At that time, my father had a problem with smoking 'weed' and so was abusive towards my mother, but I don't remember much of it, and I didn't see him very much growing up.

My mother fell in love with her boss at the time and they moved in together. **Unfortunately he was also abusive towards her and used to hit her.** One day his bosses told him that if she came to work one more time with a bruise, he could find another job. After that he was less physically abusive, but more emotionally abusive. He also had several affairs, which my mother knew about, but never confronted him about.

As a father figure he blew hot and cold. On occasion he could be kind, and then once you let your guard down, he would be nasty and cruel with his words. Him and my mum would argue a lot (they both drank and this did not help things) and I found myself outside in our garden, usually at night, covering my ears so as not to hear them fighting, crying and talking to God.

When I was a teenager, I started going to church, and **gradually found myself giving my heart to Jesus.** Things were still difficult at home, but it was different because I knew I wasn't alone.

Having not had the best examples of love, **I ended up having quite a few relationships.** God was so good to me though, as even when I was walking down the aisle, my prayer was simply, 'Please don't let me marry the wrong man.'

I can definitely say after 15 years of marriage, with two beautiful children, that God has been and is faithful and good to me. He really did make sure I married the right man. Not only that, but **He has taught me about real love, and has healed and is healing the damage my father / father figure has done.** Things have not always been easy, but He has always been there for me, showing me that He loves me, like the good Father He is.





Engineer Discovers Bible is True

By Bill Fisher

I was brought up to go to a traditional church because that was the conventional way of life in those days, but I didn't have any personal faith. After secondary school I was called up for national service with the army and, after training, was posted abroad. I got married and my wife was Catholic but I didn't feel that the Catholic faith was for me.

When I left the army, I joined a Civil

Aviation company specialising in running international airports and airspace around the world, mainly in Africa and the Middle East. I had quite an eventful working life with several incidents when I narrowly escaped danger, and now I realise God was looking after me. I then retired and moved back to the UK.

With my engineering background and being brought up to believe in evolution, I didn't really believe that the Bible could be true, especially when it talked about how God

created the world. But I came to recognise that God's hand had been on my life and I started to trust him to help me understand the Bible and dispel my doubts. I then found articles and books that showed me that the Bible can be trusted, the evidence was overwhelming.

I felt I needed to commit my life to God and I went to The King's Centre where I got baptised because I wanted to give my life fully to Jesus. I had come home at last.

Man makes Miraculous Recovery from Brain Damage

I grew up in a Christian family. I attended Sunday School. I had not personally decided to give my life to the Lord - however I did know that there was a God. When I was in my thirties, I started to attend a church where I lived at the time. It was here that I discovered what a difference God can make to your life. I was then baptised.

I was involved in a car crash, which changed things for me dramatically. A car hit me and the two girls in it died instantly. **I suffered a serious head injury**, as I tore my carotid artery. The head injury led to brain damage. Afterwards my wife and two of my daughters did not like the way **my personality had changed**. After a few years, the marriage ended in divorce and my two eldest daughters have had very little to do with their Dad since then. **I stepped away from church due to my mindset and the pain I was in.**

I then had a 'chance' meeting with the leader of my old church, Jim Buckman. I happened to be an hour early for a neurological appointment and I drove past Jim's house who 'happened' to be in the garden and just 'happened' to be living down the same road as me. **I do believe God had his hand on this 'chance' meeting.**

By David Holder

Even though I suffered a stroke in my accident, my injuries were nowhere near as bad as they could have been. A couple of cars behind the accident

was a church member, who contacted church leaders who **spent the night praying** over me in hospital, for healing. Considering I had suffered a stroke, I was still able to walk, talk and continue working, albeit at a lower management level than before. Over the years **I have baffled specialists** caring for my rehabilitation, as I have surpassed their expectations. I have even remarried and will soon be celebrating my tenth anniversary.

Anyone who did not know of my history would not think I had suffered brain damage. The power of prayer is awesome. So, through all this, God has never left me and I am now living with him in my life again. Following prayer from a friend, I have recently had an hour's conversation with one of my daughters, whom I had not spoken to in twelve years.

With my story as evidence, I don't see how anyone can state that there is not a God!



Jesus Gives Strength to Cope

By Andy Osborne

My story is about how Jesus makes the difference in even the most terrible situations. The first for me was when I was only four years old and **I saw my dad tragically killed** when he fell from the ladder on which he was standing to clean the windows.

My mum used to take me and my sisters to church every week. It wasn't until I was 12 when I really understood why Jesus came and **decided that I wanted to follow Jesus**. I didn't feel any different at the time, but I knew that I had become a Christian.

In addition to losing my dad at such a young age, **I was sexually abused as a teenager**. Yet through all this I definitely knew that God was with me and he has healed me of that pain.

Then as an adult, **I nearly lost my wife** when she haemorrhaged shortly after our daughter was born. I remember walking the corridor holding my baby girl in my arms, praying. The nursing staff were amazed at how calm I was. Then a few years later she was **struck down with ME** so badly that she had to give up work. *(You can read Rachel's Story "From Fatigue to Health" inside the back page.)*

Despite everything I have been through, I can honestly say that **Jesus has given me the strength to cope** and to live each day **completely free from hurt and pain**.



A Life-Changing Encounter

By Ric Howard

Growing up in a non-practicing Jewish Family I

never really gave it a thought if God was real or not. All I knew that as a child I was told that Jesus wasn't real and that we weren't to believe in him.

When I was 18 I was going out with a girl who I've been married to now for 15 years, I found out after a few months that she had been going to church.

This got me asking some questions about her faith and she simply said that you can experience God through the Holy Spirit. Well this was all alien to me and I had not heard of the Holy Spirit before.

I had a hunger in me that **if God was real I wanted to know Him**.

After attending an alpha course and asking lots of questions, I finally made a commitment to follow Jesus and I gave my life to Him.

That day I had amazing encounter as I got filled with Holy Spirit, it was **like a lightning bolt of electricity** going through my body. My whole body was shaking and my eye lids was flickering at 1000mph as this light had come upon me. The love and peace that I was experiencing was **like nothing I had ever experienced before**.

I then had a picture of Jesus standing behind me, he put his arm around me and said "You have denied me your whole life and all I want is a relationship with you." Those words cut deep and all I could do was

weep. **I couldn't stop crying** and its something I can never forget.

After a couple of years I slowly found my self drifting away from my life with Christ, getting involved with things I knew were wrong.

After 10 years **I finally cried out to God again**. He spoke to me so softly and this was the start of me coming back to my father. I realised that day that, despite all the wrong things I had done, when I was ready to turn away from them, He is always there with his arms wide open waiting to take me back. His love is so vast that all I can do now is live for Him. It's not out of fear but out of the deep passion I have for Him as I know his goodness and what He has saved me from. He has set me free and **my life has so much purpose now**.

Light Shines into Woman's Darkness

By Grace Ologhoejebi

I was brought up going to church occasionally but not really participating. As a teenager I believed wholeheartedly in evolution as that is what was taught in science classes as fact and truth so I just accepted it – why would my teachers be teaching me a lie?!

So after sixth form I wanted to take a GAP year and I started to travel, coming home to do temporary jobs to pay for my next voluntary project away. It was on one of these projects I came in to contact with Hari Krishnas and out of pure politeness??!.. joined in one of their ceremonies. I figured I was staying with them- I should join in!

I had terrible night terrors

Well I think this was the

beginning of my undoing- I kept getting terrible night terrors and frightening sensations during the day

and night. These went on for a while and back home I started attending a local church. I would go to the services fearful, come home the same ,and nobody knew what was

My family were scared for me

going on inside. My family were scared for me but didn't know what to do – they could see something had happened but were helpless. They tried to get me admitted to the mental health unit but thankfully didn't!! Then one day I spoke to a friend on the phone and they told me I needed Jesus.

I put the phone down and sat on my bed and spoke out the prayer they had told me to pray. Jesus, I believe in you, I believe you died for me and gave your life to save me. Please forgive me and accept me.

Well, I felt straight away a presence



in my room and it felt as if someone was pouring honey in at the top of my head. The pure peace spread to my whole body and I knew I was forgiven and saved!

My life has not been all roses since, and I still had to have a lot of prayer

I knew my God was real and alive

before I could say I felt different, but from that point on I knew my God was real and alive and He was always with me. With each time of prayer, I was getting freer and I no longer had the terrible dreams and visions.

The darkness can never overcome the light- we have an awesome God!!!



God Shrinks Teenager's Foot!

By Beth Mallet

I want to tell you about something incredible that happened to me.

For most of my life I have had **different sized feet and it really bothered me.** I couldn't wear the shoes I liked, especially slip-ons. It really bugged me. At the beginning of the school holidays this year, I went to Clarks to get my feet measured. **One was a size six and the other a size seven.**

During the Summer I went away with my family and friends from church to a church camping weekend. During one of the meetings for young people, we were asked if we wanted prayer for healing. I thought about my feet, but **surely God couldn't do anything about**

that! My group leader prayed that God would make my feet the same size. After the meeting we headed back to the caravans. I was getting changed and looked down - I couldn't believe it! **My feet were the same size!** I screamed, laughed and cried all at the same time! My mum and dad came to see what all the fuss was about and they saw my feet were the same size. I told everyone on the camp site!!

When I got home I went back to Clarks and had my feet measured again - **they were both a size six!** How amazing! It seemed an even bigger miracle because one foot had shrunk rather than one growing. I then went and **bought some new slip-on shoes to celebrate!** My God is amazing!!

“He Never Let Go”

By Helen Burns

Helen tells her story of the dramatic ups and downs on her journey to completing her family.

I was born and raised in a wonderful, loving Christian family, going to church and Sunday School and becoming a Christian for myself in my early teens. Never really having been faced with any real challenges to this faith until I went to university, I had quite a rebellion in my first year, experiencing everything to the full and pushing all the boundaries, I think subconsciously really trying to see if being a Christian was necessary for me!

Jesus Becomes Real and Irreplaceable

It ended after a destructive relationship, depression, alcohol abuse and a borderline eating disorder. I hit rock bottom and bombed out of university at the start of my second year an absolute mess. **I felt suffocated by shame and self-loathing** but found only love, comfort, forgiveness and rehabilitation in my family, and in my relationship with Jesus. Whilst this isn't the focus of my story today, it made me realise that however much I tried to 'go it alone' there was **no fulfillment or real happiness, just emptiness and destruction**. It was a turning point in my life and made me totally convinced that Jesus was not only real but that I was better with Him. It truly made my relationship with Him the most important thing in my life. **It made him absolutely real and utterly irreplaceable**.

Today, twelve years on, I sit here as a happily married mum of the sweetest little 2 year old boy, and 18 weeks pregnant. The last twelve years have

been brilliant – full of adventure, excitement, and so many blessings, and certainly nothing as challenging as that time at uni. That was until January of this year.

Struggling to Conceive

After conceiving our first without much more effort than eye contact (!) and experiencing a straightforward pregnancy and delivery (albeit 5 weeks early!) we decided we'd try for a second early 2016, thinking nothing of it... **nearly a year later and with no positive test to show for it, I started to really worry**. Questions and frustrations filled my head every day and the task of conceiving our second child consumed my every thought. My prayers changed from casual to earnest to urgent and desperate... was there something wrong with me?! Then, on December 14th 2016 **I got that positive test result we'd both dreamed of**. I was ecstatic... much more so for how 'hard won' it felt. We could barely keep the smiles of our faces. We told our families almost straight away, we were so excited. I buried myself in all the apps telling me what size they were, what they were growing that week, and even what piece of fruit they resembled in size!! I was on cloud 9. Christmas came and went but a few weeks after, at 6 weeks pregnant, I experienced a little bleeding. I was nervous but read up on it, took advice, and found it wasn't uncommon, so I just took it easy for a few days, prayed about it and it stopped, and the excitement was restored.



Excitement Turns to Pain and Grief

Three weeks later however I bled again, more seriously. We went to hospital for a scan in the early pregnancy unit and were told that the baby had stopped growing at 6 weeks. **There was no heartbeat**. Those words left us stunned and devastated. My whole world came down around me. The last year had been consumed by having this precious life and in that instant, it was cruelly ripped away. **The weeks that followed were a mess of pain, grief and anger**. Trips to the hospital as my body tried and failed to recover on its own, and then surgery. I was so angry. Angry at everything... everyone who had more than one child, everyone who was pregnant, even everyone who was happy almost! **And I was angry at God. How could He let this happen?** And after such a battle to conceive in the first place?! It seemed to make it so much worse and my mind raced as to whether we would even be able to conceive again. **I felt empty**. I felt the loss of that child so deeply, to me it didn't matter if they were 6 weeks old or 6 years old.

More Hope and Disappointment

6 weeks or so later I didn't feel quite right. We had just returned from a holiday with friends and just thought it best to take a pregnancy test to make sure. I was staggered to see it come up with a strong positive. **I felt a surge of excitement but was**

instantly worried as I knew my body was not behaving like it was pregnant and after the events of January I was immediately cautious. I rang the early pregnancy unit at the hospital and they asked me to go straight in for a blood test and a scan. The scan showed nothing, but that was not unexpected at this very early stage. The blood test told a very different story.

Ectopic Pregnancy

I was definitely pregnant but because of the scan it was considered a 'PUL' or 'pregnancy of unknown location'. I went back in a lot of times over the following weeks as they tried to get a clearer picture until they concluded it was **most likely an ectopic pregnancy**, but they still couldn't see it. The hormone numbers in my blood weren't going up as fast as they should in a normal pregnancy and so we were faced with the awful decision of taking a drug, a form of chemotherapy, to kill any 'foreign tissue' that was there, or to have surgery to remove the whole tube, assuming they found evidence of an ectopic pregnancy. Once they had decided it was most likely an ectopic they wanted to move fast in case of rupture, which if left too long can be life threatening. I had gone in alone for what I thought would be just another scan and blood test to end up sobbing down the phone to my husband in the corridor of the hospital, **facing the reality of not only another lost baby, but also the loss of a tube** and that impact on my future fertility as a result. Knowing an ectopic pregnancy was a possible outcome, I had done my research on the drug they were proposing and whilst it is commonly administered I just didn't feel good about it, and my husband agreed. As absurd as it sounds, and with immense sadness and concern for the consequences, I opted for the surgery.

God's Hand on the Surgery

The following morning I went into surgery. I felt a peace about it, even though I was just so sad about everything at this point. Afterwards, on the ward in recovery, the surgeon came round and explained that they *had* found an ectopic pregnancy close to my ovary (which was obscuring it in the scan) and that **it had already ruptured and I had been bleeding internally**. I was staggered. I hadn't had hardly any pain at all, and that this had happened without me being aware was overwhelming. He explained that **it was fortunate they hadn't waited any longer**. It dawned on me after he had left that, had I opted for the drugs, I would still be bleeding internally and would be in a much worse situation, needing the surgery anyway... I was so grateful that we had felt as strongly as we did that the surgery was the right route (honestly, the surgeon looked at me like I was mad when I said I wanted the surgery rather than the drugs!). After all my anger towards God about everything that had happened that year so far, I knew he had guided both of us in that decision and that it had saved me from a much worse situation.

Pain Replaced by Gratitude and Hope

At home again facing the reality of trying to have another child, now with only one tube, when we had struggled so much when I still had both, was lot to deal with, but **I found myself with a new perspective...** one of incredible gratitude for the son I already had, for the incredibly loving and supporting husband who had been a rock throughout, for my family, my home, my church family and all the prayers that had been said for us and our situation, for the knowledge that I would see these two precious little people again. It lifted me up and put

my mind on an even keel when it had been so shaky before. I remember my husband commenting a few weeks after the surgery that he had been bracing himself... almost waiting for me to crash and burn like I had in January... but I hadn't! **I found myself burying into the comfort, love and hope in Jesus** rather than being angry with him. He never promised bad things wouldn't happen, but he *did* promise to be there with us through it all. He never let go of me, even when I was so angry at Him.

Hope for the Future

Then came what feels like a miracle. Just 8 weeks after the surgery to remove my tube, **I fell pregnant again!** Having tried without success for almost a year, I had conceived 3 times in 6 months! In hindsight it's obvious to me now that God heard my prayers for another child in those early days when nothing was happening. It didn't happen how I would have chosen, but, much like my time at university, **I have come out the other side a changed person for the better**. A person with a deeper gratitude for what He has already blessed me with, with an unflinching hope, and with a deeper love for Him. Have I been worried this time around? Of course I have! It will be a lot easier telling this story when I've got this newborn in my arms, safe and sound! We've had the routine extra scans and tests to make sure everything is normal and progressing well, and I look forward to every appointment knowing that hearing that heartbeat or seeing that little life squiggling around on the scan means everything is still ok. I trust and pray that everything will be ok, but even if it's not, **having this real relationship with Jesus means I know I have an endless strength and comfort to draw upon** when I can't handle things on my own, and *that* is priceless.



King's Centre

Please come and join us for our regular and special events at the Kings' Centre...



Messy Church

Bouncy Castle
Hot meal £1.50

Competitions
Games
Arts & Crafts
Music/Dance
Pool Tables
Soft play
XBOX360
Wii

Every month
6.00pm - 7.30pm
Everyone Welcome
A Family Event

The King's Centre, Wellesley St.
King's Lynn, PE30 1QD
Info: 01553 766333
www.kingscentre.church facebook.com/kingscentrechurch King's Centre



**DISCOVERY
BIBLE STUDY**

Small groups meet regularly in homes to read the Bible. These groups are for anyone who wants to know more about God and his plan for our lives.



King's Club!

Fridays
6:00pm - 7:00pm
(term time) 50p

Once a month at the following venues:-
The King's Centre, Wellesley Street
West Lynn Primary School
Clenchwarton Primary School

Fun and games!
Competitions and prizes
Message from the movies
- a Christian message from your favourite films
and much more!

For more info and to register
call 01553 766333
or 07796408166
The King's Centre
Wellesley Street, King's Lynn
PE30 1QD

If you're at primary School come along!

Brought to you by the Messy Church team

Sundays at The King's Centre

9.45am Worship Service
followed by communion at 10.30

11am Family Celebration
with children's activities

Everyone Welcome!



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