

## **Why get confirmed... why me?**

Why I wish to get confirmed at this late age. Well you may ask?

The fact that my parents made me go to Sunday school in my early years, didn't inspire me to go to Church for many a decade. I got put off Church also then, by the people who went there. These so called Christians were, in my mind, hypocrites and not true to their beliefs. For many years I didn't like the pomp and ceremony that went with the Church of England. The only times I went to Church was when I got married or to other weddings or funerals. I had lost any direction and didn't identify as a Christian or relate to any religion.

It was only in the last four years that I began to go to Church. Because I worked in Gloucestershire, at a home for learning and challenging behaviour adults, I went to the Church across the road from the home. This was to help and support a couple of service users in my care to fulfil their needs. I found the vicar a bit unapproachable and staid in his ways. He didn't inspire me to go but I felt good going there to pray and sing anyway. Unbeknown to me the seed was being sown, as each time I would like to pray for people I knew needed a prayer. I also knew it helped the service users so this in itself was reward enough. I would not go up to take wine or bread as I was not confirmed and didn't feel it was right to go or I would be hypocritical, like those in my childhood experiences appeared.

After leaving that job and moving to Devon, to be with my partner, I started to go to St Andrews in Colyton, due to a friend I had made in Colyton. What a revelation it was, as the vicar for one thing was a woman and the warmest vicar I have ever met, also she really listens to the individual. Such a difference this made.

It was when I went into hospital in London for a major operation to rectify a birth defect that changed me again, for the better I am pleased to say. On the day after the operation we were encouraged to get out of bed and get moving, to help circulation and healing. As it was I found it really uncomfortable and painful to move but managed to get to the Chapel at the hospital.

I really don't know to this day what happened there that day. Sitting on a pew, I started to cry uncontrollably, picking up the Bible I started to read and just could not hold back the tears. People were coming in and giving me strange looks before doing what they wanted to do there.

I was alone again for a brief while, then it hit me... what, a warm engulfing feeling hitting my stomach and spreading out. This set me off even more as this warm feeling made me feel released in some way, as if a weight had been lifted, all pain seemed to go for an instant as I bathed in this warmth. When back in the ward, I just felt this heat radiating from my hands, so had to pass on this feeling to others worse off than me. Holding hands and passing on hope to them in a manner I was not used to..... I just don't know what I got, as I explained, but you must have some of it?

When I came back home I contacted Hilary and told her of my experience there. This and other instances since have made me believe again, so I feel ready now to get my confirmation done. I believe there are good things to be done so I want the guidance of our Lord to further my journey. Each day now is a good day. Leanne.