



Sunday 30th August 2020

Welcome to our Sunday Service

Prepared by Kathryn - Interview with Jane Gorry

Thirsting for God

As the Deer, by Martin Nystrom

As the deer pants for the water
So my soul longs after you
You alone are my heart's desire
And I long to worship You

Chorus

You alone are my strength, my shield
To You alone may my spirit yield
You alone are my heart's desire
And I long to worship Thee

I want You more than gold or silver
Only You can satisfy
You alone are the real joy giver
And the apple of my eye

You're my friend
And You are my brother
Even though You are a King
I love You more than any other
So much more than anything

Verses from John Ch 4 from the Message

He came into Sychar, a Samaritan village that bordered the field Jacob had given his son Joseph. Jacob's well was still there. Jesus, worn out by the trip, sat down at the well. It was noon.

⁷⁻⁸ A woman, a Samaritan, came to draw water. Jesus said, "Would you give me a drink of water?" (His disciples had gone to the village to buy food for lunch.) ⁹ The Samaritan woman, taken aback, asked, "How come you, a Jew, are asking me, a Samaritan woman, for a drink?" (Jews in those days wouldn't be caught dead talking to Samaritans.)

¹⁰ Jesus answered, "If you knew the generosity of God and who I am, you would be asking *me* for a drink, and I would give you fresh, living water."¹¹⁻¹² The woman said, "Sir, you don't even have a bucket to draw with, and this well is deep. So how are you going to get this 'living water'?"

¹³⁻¹⁴ Jesus said, "Everyone who drinks this water will get thirsty again and again. Anyone who drinks the water I give will never thirst—not ever. The water I give will be an artesian spring within, gushing fountains of endless life."

¹⁵ The woman said, "Sir, give me this water so I won't ever get thirsty"

Happy Birthdays
to Jean B and Barbara S
God bless you both!



Dear God, thank you that you understand the deep thirsts and longings in our hearts. Help us to turn to you for that deep satisfaction and then overflow with your living water to those around us. Amen.

I have never given my testimony before because of two reasons. Firstly because I never wanted my father to hear what I had to say about the complex relationship I had with my mother – my father absolutely idolised my mother and I absolutely idolise my father and I never wanted to hurt him. The second reason is that it is only during 'lockdown' that I have been able to fully forgive my mother for what she did to me and my two sisters, and I can honestly say now that I love my mother and I recognise that she was a messed-up woman and couldn't help it.



One other thing – no-one in my family was a Christian – no one went to church – no aunts, uncles, neighbours, grandparents, no-one! However the same midwife who delivered me also delivered the boy next door (my best friend) - twenty eight years later I found out that a particular midwife in the 60's,70's and 80's blessed every child



she delivered on the estate where I was born and worked at the same GP's as ours – it had to be her. My friend grew up and became a minister – and me? Well.. read on..

Two of my mothers favourite sayings were, '*you have to be cruel to be kind*', and, '*was that really an accident or did you do it accidentally on purpose?*' which I never understood until I was about eight!

When I was a small child **I knew instinctively that there was a God, and that I had to find Him.** One day I saw a ladder leading up onto the garage roof and I was convinced God was up there. I climbed up to see Him but was surprised when I only saw my father.

I reasoned with myself and then thought God must be on the church roof at the end of the road so I went there to find an even bigger ladder I could climb, but again I only encountered an angry man in a black dress who told me to go home.

Another time I some-how knew that God had a garden somewhere, and I wondered off (again) towards the golf course as it looked like a garden – it had trees, a small river and lots of grass and flowers. I put my feet in the water to see if I could touch the bottom but it was too deep and I was about to fall in when all of a sudden I was back on the bank. I don't know what happened but my heart was beating fast and I decided to go home.

Home life was rather difficult especially when my father was at work. I believe that my mother suffered from some undiagnosed mental health condition which resulted her putting her children at risk and then pretending she was the one to 'save' them. She also loved to mentally torture us.

The house rules constantly changed – you would get into trouble for not doing something one way, so the next day you did it the way she told you to and you got into trouble for doing it that way. I was scalded one day as I was helping mother do the washing and I took the wrong pipe off the washer (it was my fault of course! As a three year old I should have known it was the wrong pipe even though she told me to do it.)

My sister and I suffered from constant anxiety not knowing from moment to moment whether you were going to get into trouble for the slightest thing. I remember going to a wedding and my mother put mine and my sisters hair in 'rags' knotted up so that we would have ringlets in the morning ready for the big day. It was so uncomfortable that we didn't sleep well. In the morning mother took out the rags from my hair and went berserk! My hair being so silky and smooth just flopped down straight! She shook me and slapped me for being so awkward. I looked at my sisters face and I saw the terror in her eyes as I could see her thinking what would happen if her hair wasn't curly either! (we were four and five at this time) Thankfully her hair being a lot thicker than mine did have a little curl in it – but by the time we got to the wedding hers was as straight as mine! But there were too many people around for mother to say anything and to everyone else she was the perfect wife, mother etc, etc.



Things worsened when my younger sister was born. We moved house and had to live with my grandma for a time. During this time I particularly felt frightened – I can't remember why but I think it must have been because my mother wasn't able to 'blow her valves' and use me and my sister as stress relief due to my grandmother being around all the time.

However one night she did blow up and nearly drowned me and my sister in the bath when my grandmother was out. But she came back early, (my father was working late in those days) and grandma saved us.

At the new house things were pretty much the same but mother became more manipulative – I had tried to tell a relative about mother and how she treated us only to be told what a wicked child I was and how dare I tell such lies about her. I was so terrified of getting into trouble I never said anything ever again about how she treated us. Only me and my younger sister talk about things that happened – my older sister is not able to this day to talk about it.

One day I caught mother rubbing rollers on my baby sisters skin making her cry in pain – when I asked her what she was doing she rubbed the rollers on me and scratched the skin so that it nearly bled. She also put whiskey in baby sisters bottle to keep her quiet because she *'deserved a break after putting up with you and your sisters'*

Through all these troubles I still knew God was around.

Things changed as a teenager I went from knowing without a doubt there was a God to hoping there was a God. I became depressed and full of anxiety – I was afraid to go to sleep in case I died. I became mentally unstable and tried to kill myself a few times, I ran away from home but nothing I did stopped the depression and anxiety. I stayed out of my mothers way as much as I could, but all I really wanted was for her to love me and not reject me.



She moved away from physical abuse to mental abuse – telling us were all fat, ugly, useless etc.

Eventually I met someone who had also had a traumatic childhood – we were attracted to each other because when you are given the wrong set of blueprints for what love looks like, you seek out someone with the same 'plans' as yourself.

As you can imagine it was a very volatile unstable, sometimes cruel relationship we carved for ourselves. My mental instability was the same – the only thing that changed was that I became a mother myself which I did find difficult, as I was told I was useless as a mother and I was stupid. (yes mother took advantage of every situation to crush my spirit)

Eventually something had to give; me and the father of my children split up – I was very depressed and tried to commit suicide again and this time I would have succeeded, but for my 14 month old looking at me as I sat on the settee waiting for oblivion. I realised I could not leave my child with 'that cruel woman' and allow my mother to bring her up – I couldn't bear the thought, so I rang a friend and she rang for an ambulance.



Because I was pregnant at the time they were limited as to what they could do (no stomach pump for example). My heart stopped a couple of times apparently – I eventually woke up Sunday in the ICU to be told they couldn't find baby's heartbeat – but something told me it was fine so when they said they would give it another 24 hours and induce me to get rid of the foetus – I wasn't worried at all.

I eventually gave birth to another beautiful daughter a couple of months later. **During this time, I did feel something had changed and I believe God intervened in some way.** I stopped feeling so depressed and anxious even though my circumstances were actually worse.

I met someone at a single parents club who was a born again Christian and talked about Jesus like he knew Him personally – this was news to me! He gave me lots of literature and a Bible to read. **I was so thirsty for God read through everything in a matter of weeks. Eventually, reading a Christian comic I met Jesus in person at 10.10pm on 31st October 1988. That night I slept soundly for the first time in years and the children too.**



Later when this man asked me to marry him I said yes – I don't know why I did because I knew I wasn't in love with him – I think I was just grateful? Anyway when the wedding got close God told me not to marry him; I'd known all along it was not right for me and if mother hadn't taken over the whole process I would have never have got round to making the arrangements myself.

When I went to tell my mother, she was very angry as she had done this – done that – and how ungrateful I was – I caved in like a small child and married him – it was the most miserable day of my life. To this day my older sister sometimes teases me saying 'you were very lucky to have gotten an invite to your own wedding Jane!'

As you can imagine my marriage was very unhappy and miserable – he was a good man had his faults as did I and I 'stuck with it' for as long as I could but for the majority of it I was depressed, miserable and felt a failure. I started to contemplate suicide again – not that I ever would, but I'd think about it every few minutes in the day time and cried myself to sleep at night.

One day I told God that, 'I just can't carry on any longer and I was leaving the Church, leaving my husband and leaving town'. He said He would allow it (like the prodigal son) as I was useless to Him in the current state I was in, that I was free to do what I needed to do, but that one day He would call me back and I will be completely His.

I told one couple at Church I was close to that I was leaving – the husband said one thing – **that God has me in the palm of His hand and He will never let me go!** It was not a matter of no longer believing that God was real; I carried on talking to Him, but I needed to go my own way for a while.

A while later I rekindled my relationship with my children's father, we were middle aged now so surely this time we will be able to make things work? I married him – because I wanted to! We had another child, a boy (I asked God for a son, I was blessed with one.) But although I was different – he wasn't and things went wrong – he is again a good man, but his childhood caught up with him and he started to behave like his father did to him and I just could not allow my children to suffer the same way I did. Although I loved him very much, I decided I wanted a better childhood for my children and left after a few years.

So now I'm a divorced twice, single parent. I had a good job, my own home and was very contented being on my own. It was at this stage when I met someone who I got on with really well – we were friends for quite some time and although he wasn't a Christian he did believe there was a God and I told him that I was a Christian, although I was not following Christ at the moment. I told him I would be going back to church at some point and if he wouldn't be happy with that then it was goodbye. Thankfully he was ok with this and eventually married and moved up to the Lake District (although not in that order)

A few years later I felt God starting to call me back, but as I am quite shy I didn't know what to do or where to go. It all started when I saw an ad in the local paper about a church needing a pastor and I wondered who that would be?

Then God gently started saying it's time – time to come back into the fold, but I resisted saying I don't know where to go. And a few days later I saw a poster outside Croftlands school gates advertising the Community Church and God said – this is the church I want you to attend. Well again I sort of argued saying I don't know anyone who goes there Lord.

A while later I went to Brown Howe and – you guessed it! Croftlands Community Church was there and someone (possibly Dave) came over and asked if we wanted something to eat and although I said no – I knew I couldn't resist the Lord any longer.



I plucked up the courage to phone – several times! But put the phone down – eventually I plumped for email and Kathryn came to see me a few days later as Mervyn was in Israel. I felt better and decided to go to church the following week which I did. During the service Mervyn said something – **that God will never leave you and He will always hold you in the palm of His hand and never let you go**, no matter what we go through or what mistakes we make in life because He loves us.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love Of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all, now and evermore. Amen.