

# Patrick's Story

I was not a very nice teenager, quite unpleasant in fact!

At one point an aunt took me to London and bought me a first edition of the New English Bible. Back then its publication was quite an event!

I read a lot and here was something else to read, so I read it. I don't remember much of what I read then but somehow it dawned on me that I was not God's gift to the human race. This must have caused quite a change in my attitude because a bit later an uncle welcomed me back to the human race!

I can't say that I had much in the way of faith: there was a three line whip on the family going to church but '60s culture was pulling many of my age group away from faith and the church and I was not immune from its influence. You know – the Beatles, the Who etc!

By the time I went to University I had decided that there was something in Christianity that was worth further investigation. On the train going into St Andrews I got talking to someone called Tim who, it turned out, was to be staying in the next room to mine and who invited me along to the Christian Union. There I met up with people whose faith was real and made a difference, they had "something" about them: quite different to the veneer I had picked up at home.

Being me, I read a book about it (Basic Christianity by John Stott). I can remember reading it under the bedclothes by torchlight so as not to disturb my room-mate!

Using the form of words suggested in the book I gave over my life to Jesus. The immediate result was confusion – no emotional high!

Over the next year I got things sorted out and have never regretted that decision.

Over the years following Jesus has brought strength to get through difficult times, a lot of inner peace, a sense that life is worth living and has a purpose, and some joyful highs! Knowing God is very satisfying.