



Pastor's Page

“A Timely Call”

It was 9.30 Sunday evening when the door bell rang. I was on the telephone to my sister at the time explaining why I wasn't coming up to see her - namely because of “Britain's Got Talent!!”

Oh yes, that night I'd spent a couple of hours watching a video of the final of BGT from the previous night not knowing who'd won. I'd reasoned that I couldn't last much longer than Sunday teatime without finding out the result so though I'd arranged to go up to my sister's I decided to watch the programme first and hope that it wouldn't be too late to leave for her place in Lancaster afterwards. But as soon as the video started playing I was seriously into it; rewinding all the good bits and fast-forwarding the boring bits. In fact I got so “into it” that when it came to voting I freeze-framed the picture in order to write the telephone number down!! (Fortunately I spotted the flaw in my plan before I made the call!!) Suffice to say, it was well into the evening before I'd finished watching the show and so I phoned my sister to explain that I wasn't going to make it. She was very understanding and said that it was probably for the best as it was a long way to come for such a short trip. We then made the most of the opportunity and had a good old ‘chin wag’

It was during this call that the door bell rang – I was a bit frustrated and said “I'll just go and see who it is and call you back right away” (I was hoping it would be just a brief interruption.) When I opened the door I was surprised to see a guy who lives quite near to me whom I haven't really talked to for years. I invited him in and listened as he told me that his mum was critically ill and had only been given a few hours to live. He asked me if I'd go with him right away to see her in a nursing home in Yardley Wood. He said that even though he didn't really believe in God, as soon as he was told that his mum was dying he thought of me. And not knowing my phone number had driven from Yardley Wood to my house in the hope that I would be at home. “Give me 5 minutes” I said. Then I phoned my sister back, put on a jacket, grabbed my bible, and headed off to Yardley Wood.

Once there I met a few more of his relatives around his mum's bed before I held her hand and prayed for her. Although she wasn't conscious I read to her from scripture explaining that I believed that God can speak deep into our souls even when we're not ‘mentally awake’ After chatting a little with the family members her son asked me to read some more scripture to her which I did. At about 10.10pm I felt it was right to leave. With tears in his eyes my neighbour thanked me so much for coming and said he'd let me know of any news. I found out the next day that within 20 minutes of my leaving, she had died. I was asked to officiate at the funeral on Tuesday and gladly agreed. This was only possible because at the last minute a holiday that I was due to speak at in Greece this week was moved to later in June.

When my neighbour called on Sunday night I should have been in Lancaster. When his mum's funeral takes place on Tuesday I should have been in Greece, but the Lord obviously had other plans! And I feel privileged to be part of his good purposes and pray that something wonderful may come out of this lady's death.

7th June 2009