

Testimony of a Drunk - Simon R

As a young man my parents did all the usual things of trying to make me aware that there was a God, and that I should believe in him. To a large extent I either played along with this idea or tried to please them by being “a good boy” and attending Sunday school.

It was when my mother died in 1986 that everything changed. I was at university at the time, and I spent three years watching her slowly die of bowel cancer. It was a terrible experience watching a little piece of her slip away on a daily basis. She finally passed away with me holding her hand on Monday morning 18th August 1986 at 7.20 am. They say time is a great healer, well it isn't, and from that day on I hated god so much for taking my mother away from me. Despite having good things all round me I chose drink, and crime as my solace. After literally nearly drinking myself to death I went along one day with my ex-wife to a salvation army meeting. It was there that I met a Captain Malcolm Bale who chatted to me, and told me why God had “called my mother home,” somehow that day a great weight was lifted from me and I felt very close to God. I later learnt that Malcolm had specialised in counselling alcoholics in Australia, and had recently returned to the UK. From our chat I sobered up with his help and with help from another great man Noel from Luton.

I then went on to help others struggling with drink, drugs, and homelessness working with both the police and the salvation army. I remember one night talking to a man trying to kill himself on Northampton train station platform. I couldn't believe what words were coming out of my mouth, or even if they were my words or the words of God. To this day I have a great belief that we will all one day be called home, and I thank God for giving me the grace to believe, have faith, and trust that he will provide.

To this day I have never taken alcohol, and I feel there is something bigger than me looking over me and guiding me not to.

(Rev John note: An open and honest life story – bravely told. Thank you Simon)