

Steph's story

My childhood was fairly traditional, secure and loving, but by my 20s I was making decisions that moved me away from these values towards a pattern of damaging relationships.

I also had a lot of serious surgery.

How I coped with all this was immersing myself in work and study, working very hard for long hours. Things seemed mostly ok, but also quite empty and not what I had hoped for.

One day out of the blue I started crying, saying sorry to God, for getting it wrong, for forgetting, for everything.

The picture that then entered my heart was of me coming home, opening the door, and finding Jesus in the kitchen just about to put the kettle on. Very low-key, friendly, and non-recriminatory. As if saying it's ok, pull up a chair. We'll have a cup of tea and catch-up

I now feel fulfilled and see exciting possibilities everywhere. I still get unstuck sometimes but know that God loves me and life has become an adventure.

