



I suppose that some of you reading this Doodle went to Sunday School. In many places the Sunday School Anniversary used to be one of the highlights of the year. There would be the parade round the streets in the morning, then a service in the afternoon, when the children would be singing on the stage to a packed church.



I am afraid that my experience of Sunday School was not at all like that. I started attending the afternoon Sunday School at the age of about six. There were usually only three or four children and we were told stories from the Bible by an elderly Miss G. As I



am a very practical person, I found many of those stories hard to believe. There was one about Moses leading a lot of people through the Red Sea. We were told that the water piled up on each side of the people leaving them a path through which they were able to walk. Now that was hard enough to imagine, but the thing that stuck in my mind was that it said

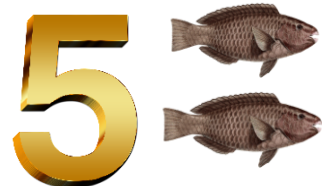
in the Bible that they walked through on dry land. On our smallholding, when it rained there was always plenty of mud around, so how was it that this path was dry, even though it had recently been covered with water? Not at all a feasible event.



What about the walls of Jericho? The people walked round the walls then the walls fell down. My Dad had build a number of buildings for the pigs and hens. There was only a single thickness of breeze block but the walls never fell down when we walked near them, so how was it that these great thick walls of Jericho fell down as they did?



I suppose that some of the most difficult things to believe were about this man Jesus. For starters, walking on the water was a definite 'No-No'. Miss G. told us how he enabling blind people to see and the deaf to hear. She obviously saw these things as events that actually took place, but I am afraid that I was not at all convinced.



The thing that she told us about that really took some believing was how he fed many people with five loaves of bread and some fish. There were about 5.000 men, plus women and children, so probably around 10.000 people altogether. Our family of nine would eat five loaves in less than two days, so how did Jesus manage to feed another 9,991 people????? I did not see how that could possibly have happened.



When I went to the Senior school I stopped attending the Sunday School and went to the morning church service instead. Each week there were four others attending – the vicar, the lady playing the harmonium, Miss G., who always sat on the front pew and the man who rang the bell for ten minutes before each service, who sat at the back. Not very inspiring services, but I think I wanted to please Miss G., who I am sure must have been thrilled to have one of her pupils there each week. My attendance stopped after a couple of years when I started to work at one of the local farms on a Sunday morning.

At the age of eighteen, I left home and went to College. I joined a group of students who attended the services at the local Methodist Church. There was a congregation of about sixty and the singing was great, especially as there was often four part harmony. I was introduced to some lively hymns, such as 'What a friend we have in Jesus' and 'Trust and obey'. Now this was more like 'church' as I imagined it should be.



I still found the events of Easter rather difficult to get my head round. We were told that Jesus died for sinners. I thought that a 'sinner' was someone who did wrong things so as I had not committed murder, did not steal, did not tell lies and did my best at everything that I undertook, I did not feel that I fitted into the category of 'sinner'. In any case, how was it that the death of Jesus made a difference to us today nearly 2,000 years later? The resurrection posed me a problem too. I knew a number of people who had died and had been buried, but as far as I knew, none of them had come back to life again.

So with all of this disbelief going on in my head, how is it that I am now writing these Doodles in order to tell everyone about Jesus? Well, something happened. At one of the evening services the preacher asked if there was anyone who wanted to give their life to Jesus. I did not fully understand what he meant, but for some reason it was something that I wanted to do. As I sat there and asked Jesus to come into my life, I immediately felt different. Over the next few months I found myself believing all of those strange events about which Miss G. had told us. The biggest change of all concerned Jesus. I realised that He was who He said that He was. I realised that, yes, we were all sinners, even if we thought that we were 'goody-goodies' which meant, of course, that He had died for me as well as for everyone else.

I now knew why Miss G. believed all those things that she told us from the Bible – Something had happened in her life too! When we give our lives to Jesus the dormant spirit part of us becomes active and gives a whole new purpose to our lives. I found that it was so easy, free, life-changing and at last, believable – Despite the fact that Jesus managed to feed another 9,991 people!



My thoughts about the resurrection changed. I saw that the death and resurrection of Jesus went together and formed a complete whole that not only secures us a way of salvation, but also forms the very basis of our Christian faith. Some think that when our lives on this earth finish, then that is it, but that first unique Easter made access to Heaven available every day of the year. Just as Jesus was resurrected and went back to Heaven, so we too can look forward to a time when we will be with Jesus in Heaven not only at Easter time but for eternity.