

Faith Testimony of Charlene Shuttleworth from Sun Jan 26 ~ “How I Met Jesus & My Husband!”

Well originally I had my “testimony” all typed up and in chronological order. I got a call from the church saying that somehow the email I sent the document in was lost, pouf, gone. But that was OK because I had a copy in my files.

Well, I have been searching all week for that copy and I couldn't find it. I came here this morning totally unprepared! I was a little nervous, but when I heard in the scripture reading today that St. Paul told his followers not to worry about what to say, that God would give them the words, I knew God had a plan. So here goes . . .

I want to tell you one of my stories. We all have many stories in our lives but this is my favourite. It's the story about how I met Jesus and my husband, Don, on the same night.

I had gotten a job at the *Red Oak Inn*, now the *Victoria Inn*, as a bell hop. It was one of my favourite jobs. I drove the ‘courtesy van,’ and got to meet a lot of people. I became friendly with the girl working in receiving while helping unload trucks and bringing in supplies. On Mondays, Karin occasionally asked me if I would like to come to a “Bible Study,” WELL!!! That was the night when my girlfriend and I checked out the bands in the bars to see which one we wanted to go to on the weekend! (No cover charge on Mondays.) Karin continued to ask me, and I continued to refuse. Meanwhile, I started to find tracts in my locker. (Tracts are little booklets showing how God can work in our lives, and at the end there was instructions on how to pray for salvation.) At first, they went right into the ‘round file.’ Soon I started glancing through them before I threw them out. Eventually I was reading them and taking in the message. God was working on me.

Then Karin changed her strategy. She asked me if I would like to go to a “party.” A Party! That sounded like fun. I had forgotten that it was Monday. “*What kind of party?*” I asked. She explained that there would be about a dozen people, and we would sing and talk, and we would study some scripture, and there would be coffee, tea, or juice. Well, my bar band friend was out of town that week anyway, and I thought, “*What the heck!*” I said I would go.

That evening I picked Karin up and we showed up at a house where the meeting was. It seemed that these meetings were held at different houses and it was the turn of the Shuttleworths. We were greeted by a friendly hostess named Marg. Sure enough there were about a dozen people and there was singing and visiting. During the break for refreshments, the leader came over and Karin introduced us. He immediately said “*Hi! Do you know Jesus?*” To which I answered “*Uh. . . Um. . .*” Mike said, “*Would you like to meet Him?*” I shrugged, and he said “*Good! Let’s pray!*” I met Jesus that night, and during the coffee break I met Don and the rest of them. I found out that this group met every Monday every week of the year, and met in each other’s homes. When the meeting broke up the hostess, Marg, came up to Karin and I and said “*You girls both have such good voices, why don’t you join our Choir?*” Karin and I looked at each other and agreed to give it a try. “*Good!*” said Marg, “*Choir practise is on Thursday at 7:30pm.*”

On Thursday I picked up Karin and when we were on our way, I asked her which church we were going to! I joined the Choir before I joined the church. I went to those meetings every Monday and became friends with the people. Three years later, Don and I were married here at St. Paul’s.

Charlene Shuttleworth