



Hello, my name is Steve. I do hope you enjoy this story of my life.

I was born at a very early age in 1956 in North London. My mother left my father when I was 3 years old, taking me with her to Scotland. After a while she moved to Kent, though I don't remember much about that time.

Sad Start

We then moved to Norfolk in 1962. During that time I was starting to feel lonely and left out. It felt like my mother did not really love me and was more interested in her career as a midwife. I did not have any friends to speak of or can remember.

In 1965 we moved to Brighton

when I was about nine. My mother had moved in with another woman who had children of her own: a girl and a boy. Even though I was older than the boy, the boy bullied me and I felt they got more love than I. The other woman also made it quite plain she did not like me one bit.

From Brighton we moved to Chelmsford in Essex. This was around my eleventh birthday. With all this moving I was getting quite unsettled; which came out in my behaviour.

My mother was obviously fed up with me, and, after only a year at an ordinary senior school, she sent me to a boarding school, miles away in Dorchester. I could not return home at weekends because of the distance. After a year she moved me to another boarding school in Colchester. However, even though this was closer, my mother still did not want me to come home at weekends. She even complained at end of term times. I felt very lonely and rejected.

During my time at Colchester God had started to speak to me. This took me on a journey looking for something. I did not know what this something was; but knew I wanted it. It wasn't a blinding flash just a quiet voice.

At this Boarding School it was compulsory to go to church on

Sundays. I chose to go to a local Church of England. God spoke to me again. I had got into the habit of going to church but I did not have a relationship with God. I thought He was like other people I knew: uncaring and distant. Eventually I left school after disappointing exam results. My mother and her friend were just as cold and uncaring as ever, saying things that hurt and wounded me. Eventually she kicked me out of the house shortly after my



sixteenth birthday. I was working in a chicken factory at the time and a work colleague said I could stay with him for a while. Little did I know that he was a drunkard and played his music loudly at night and at weekends. I even fell into the trap and got drunk a few times myself. I just wanted this loneliness to end.

Unknown to me, my parents had

got divorced when I was 14 and the Divorce Court had placed me on a supervision order. Only when I was 16 did I find out and the care officer got me a place to live with two Christians: one eccentric old woman, and one eccentric young man by the name of Eddie. During this time God was still talking to me and his voice seemed to be getting louder. Eddie invited me to his church. It was an ordinary church but God spoke to me again. During the coming weeks I went again and again, each time God spoke to me more and more.

I began to be aware I was unclean, feeling that even though people had done me wrong, I had done wrong to God. So I asked Eddie what I should do about giving my life to Jesus. He told me to think of all my sins and list them. He told me to turn away from them and say sorry to God, asking Him to forgive me. Things were different after that, but I knew there was a long journey ahead.

Later, the care officer found accommodation with house parents so I moved. There I was shown Christian love. I saw God change me and I began to grow as a Christian. God delivered me from smoking and I started going to a church where I would eventually meet my wife.

Having not known what it was to

have a father, I asked God if He could show me what it meant for Him to be my Father. Nothing happened straight away so I forgot it.

When I was 17 I decided I would like to find out what had happened to my dad and asked the care officer to help me find him. She did and I was able to meet up with him. He too after a while, because of painful memories, decided not to have anything to do with me and we lost contact.

London Calling

While I was in church one Sunday, a visiting speaker from the London City Mission came to speak. He spoke of all the work they did among the homeless and poor in London. Suddenly I knew God wanted me to live in London and do His work there. I did not know how I should do this and left it for a while. Later, I heard of a scheme called Voluntary Evangelism (VE) that the London City Mission ran in Bermondsey that I joined in 1977, for 7 months. Once I got to Bermondsey I knew



London was where I would stay.

Meanwhile, having met my future wife, Andrea, in church and being away from her, in Bermondsey, I really missed her. So much so I went off my food! Hard to believe, I know, but there you are.

While I was a VE, people kept asking me how I became a Christian and what God had done in my life. So I told them this same story. The more I told people, the more God spoke to me saying how much of a Father He had been to me, looking after me all these years. For the first time in my life I started calling God **"Father"**!

By 1979 it was time for Andrea and me to get married. I had been looking for a place where we could both live. Could I find anywhere? No I could not! I knew God wanted us to live in Bermondsey, but where would we live? Many a time I felt like just giving in, but God picked me up and told me to keep looking. Eventually God showed Himself faithful, like he always does, and a week before our wedding date we found a place in Peckham. It had two rooms with a shared bathroom, toilet and Kitchen.

We were there for a little while when Andrea became pregnant. We knew the rules of the house said no children and we began wondering what would happen.

Our pastor at the time (Mr Chris Brown), came to us and told us he had been approached by a local doctor who asked him if he knew of anyone who could be a live in caretaker at the surgery rent-free.

Chris thought of us and we jumped at the chance. It was lovely our own kitchen, toilet and



bathroom! It even had a garden, which my wife was thrilled with. Later we were to find out that God is faithful in all our housing needs - but that's another story!

My Family Now

Now after many years of belonging to Jesus, I know how God is faithful. The Bible says, "Though my father and mother forsake me, the LORD will receive me." Psalm 27:10

I have three grown up children who all believe in Jesus, as I do. I know God has got more blessings for me in the future.

www.mcintoshfamily.org.uk

I once was lost
but now I'm found



Some Points to Remember

- 1 God loves YOU and wants you to be His child. *(He came to that which was his own, but his own did not receive him. Yet to all who received him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God John 1:11-12)*
- 2 God loves YOU so much that He sent His Son, Jesus, to die on the Cross to take the punishment you deserve. *(God made him who had no sin to be sin for us, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God. 2 Corinthians 5:21)*
- 3 The way to receive God's forgiveness is to believe it was for YOU, repent-turn away from your sin and ask God to forgive you. *(Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins. And you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. Acts 2:38)*