

What Christ Means to Me

(By Norman Moore)

My life falls into two parts—Chaos and Christ. Until I had reached the age of 30, when I became converted, I had been running away and shirking every responsibility. Any worry or care that came my way would be thrust aside and I would seek solace in drink. I remember I used to stay away from school, and at last I was expelled. I was glad I was free. How blind we can be!

I never settled into a steady job, but that didn't worry me—I was able to lean on my parents. I just sort of drifted along until I was twenty-one, when I married. I lost one job after another; even when I did get a job I lost a lot of time through drink. Well, then the war came and I thought "I must be a hero," but after a few months I'd had it and got discharged "medically unfit." I tried work again, but was soon back in the army. Again I failed and got out, classed "unfit." The same thing happened later in the Air Force.

Things went from bad to worse—heavy drinking and gambling. My wife pleaded with me, often told me if I didn't pull myself together she would leave me. I took things from the house for drink, and let my wife and children fare as best they could. At last my wife said, "We are finished." I knew what a bitter life I had given her, but that made no difference. I became worse, drinking more heavily, and my nerves became so bad that I could not sleep, and could only lie awake thinking of my wife and children and everything good and clean that I had wilfully lost. Oh, if you could imagine the

despair and torment! In the midst of it all an inward voice kept saying, "you could turn to God," but I did not realise that that was the Divine love seeking me.

One Sunday I had to go up to the chemist. There was a City Mission Hall on the way. I went in. The voice seemed to be saying, "Don't run away as you have always done." When I left the service I was determined to seek Christ. My life was in chaos; I had to find the only way out.

On the Monday I thought of St. Paul's, Redfern, where I was married. Friends, I honestly believe it was divine guidance that took me up to St. Paul's that Monday night. The Rector saw me wandering in the grounds and came out and asked me if I wished to see him. I said, "I don't know. I'm very lonely." So he said, "Come over to the Rectory and have a yarn."

He sat there with deep understanding, and I wanted to confess everything. Well, I did. He seemed to understand everything.

That was the beginning of the rebuilding of my life. I met a lot of Christian friends through the Rector, God bless him. One Sunday the Rector's wife asked me if I would like to come into the Rectory for lunch. Though I did not go she had no idea how happy she made me feel. After a short time I joined the Church. Now I study my Bible every chance I get. I trust myself for nothing, but put all my faith in Jesus. I feel happy now and have more peace than I ever had. I have my wife and children, lots of friends, am able to keep a steady job, and have never been in better health. The climax came when the Sydney City Mission accepted me for service as a city missionary.

From the very depths of despair to the uppermost pinnacle of joy has Jesus raised me. I

thought I was too bad to be saved, but He has done all this for me!

If He has done this for me He can do it for you. Will you seek Him? If you do, you will find a gift no money can buy, something beyond comparison. God bless you all!

The fact that Christ has re-built my life, restored my home, and fitted me for Christian service, has a direct message for YOU. Christ is the answer for life's problems, He holds the key to fullness of life and victorious living. Defeated men and women in all ranks of society give evidence that apart from Christ there is no hope.

It is sometimes said that "the day of miracles is past"—but the change in my life is miraculous. During one of the times I held a job I was working for the Royal Navy at Herne Bay, the attraction being that a "wet canteen" was available. If I had been told then that I would take to drinking methylated spirits and lose every friend I had; that later I would be saved by the grace of Christ; that I should go to live in one of those huts turned into a housing settlement; that I should live there and preach the Gospel to other residents; that my removal from there would be to enter upon service as a City Missionary—all that would have seemed a miracle too great to accept. **But it all happened!** And more, because I have proved the keeping power of Christ in my life, I have been set free from the tyranny of drink, and have seen similar miracles in other lives.

That Christ has done this for me is proof positive that He can do it for you! But He can only do it by your permission. Will you receive Him into your heart, trust Him for salvation and for keeping power day by day? I covet for you an experience such as mine.

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