



## ROBYN'S TESTIMONY

I was a war baby; born a couple of years into the World War 2, just want to emphasis that it was the Second World War and not the first. It was said to be the war that would end all wars. As we all know that was certainly not true, but I believe that it did change people's values and attitudes from then on. Prior to the war Children were to be seen but not heard, women knew that their role was to be home makers. But this sadly changed when women were required to take over jobs in essential services while their men were away (For 7 years fighting) and they realised that they could do as good a job if not better than their men. And the children knew that they were so valued (which is good) that they could get away with almost anything.

There was not a family that was not affected by the tragedy of war. Soldiers who had made sincere vows to God in the heat of battle soon forgot and moved on with the lives that God had spared them, without Him. Gradually every thing changed. Women started to take over (not too aggressively at first) Children became much more special to their parents. Children were given a say almost everywhere but not at my place.

My dad was a very strong righteous man but one who seemed incapable of showing compassion to his family.

When I came to thinking about marriage I vowed would never marry a man like my dad, and I didn't. I must tell you little more about Dad and why I later came to thank God for him. Dad didn't fight in the war because he did not pass the medical. There was a stigma against people who did not fight. White feathers were a sign of cowardice and were sent to people were conscientious objectors.

My dad was born with tallies (Clubbed feet) and because of his mother's ingenuity, who refused to bind his feet she set about and made him a splint out of Jam tins with a soldered bar up the back, this splint looked remarkably like the splints that both my son and my grandson had, for the same condition which made by a professional splint maker (except the bar was up the side and not the back,).

My dad however was not a cripple but because one of his feet was 2 shoe sizes larger than the other so he could not pass the medical for war. So in the great plan of God he didn't go to war and so I born.

From the very beginning of my life I knew nothing else but the fact that God WAS and that he was to be honoured and served. A large Family Bible was on the table, and we were never allowed to put any thing on top of it, and to this day if anyone puts any thing on top of my bible I will just automatically move it. It was so special. Once again as I look back, to our time spent in Indonesia amongst the Dani tribal people when they first got the first translation of the Gospels in their own language and I remembered how they wrapped it a filthy piece of cloth and treasured and read it to others who could not read.

My dad would read from this bible at family worship after tea each night, mono tone his presentation was just terrible, but I remember great passages of scripture that I learned as a very young child, and that the Holy Spirit used to get me through some very scary situations in my life. May I say that the Word of God is the very best legacy you can leave to your children, while you are busy busy busy working to provide them with all the things you didn't have yourself that the best thing you can give them is the word of God in their hands and loving planted in their hearts because not only is it the power of God to save them for all eternity but it will be a lamp to their feet and a light to their paths.

I used to see my dad kneeling by his bedside in prayer every night, and that image is impressed my mind in my memories of him, even though he was a hard man. Once I was soundly thrashed for something I didn't do and that was proven beyond a doubt, he said to me well that thrashing will do you for time you got away with something I didn't see you do. End of story!!!! He had trouble saying I was wrong I am sorry; the concept that children should be seen and not heard was still very much alive in his home. And in that day and age I was a very loud child who because of that never got away with anything. But my conscience was very tender towards God, and at the age of 8yrs old at an Evangelistic Meeting where John G. Ridley MC. was preaching I repented and gave my life to Lord. At the age of 10 years old I told the Lord I would be a missionary, but would he not send me any where the people ate rice because I hated rice. Do you know I that Indonesians have not eaten, unless they have Eaten rice!!! Was I sincere? Yes I was. Was I immature? Yes. Did my loving heavenly Father understand? Yes. I left home at the age of 16 to do my nursing training at a small country hospital at Bulli not far north of Wollongong. I lived in the nurses' home and for the first time in my life was exposed to pagan life style. But I was well grounded in the scriptures and was more than content to live my life God's way. Life was a breeze.

As a very junior nurse I came to work one morning and there was a very good looking young man suffering from acute appendicitis, but the thing that first caught my eye was there in pride of place on top of his locker was his Bible. And I thought this man in unashamed of the word of God and I was most impressed. Now it was NOT ON!!!! Under any circumstances For the nurses to flirt with the patients so I said to myself I am going to take really good care of you... which I did for the next 40years. When my grown up kids were told the story some years later their response was Not fair mum you got him when he was down and couldn't get away, my response was that I never noticed him trying to.

Life was a breeze we were young in love, and doing things God's way, we were forgiven, had a clear conscience and a clean slate every day in and through and because of the Lord Jesus Christ and we couldn't understand why everybody didn't want to live that way, and I still can't understand why not. David was youth leader of a large Anglican youth Group, and a leader of S.E.B.s, which is the Anglican version of Boy's Brigade, He was attending the Anglican church in the morning, and coming to Church with me at the Baptist church in the evenings. One Sunday morning the minister said to him that he wanted to see him in his office. David said to me later the He didn't even know that the minister had an office. The minister told him that he had heard that he was attending the Baptist church at night we me and that don't bother packing your bags just get out. Every job that you were doing is ok just go. David could see the pastors point, because he was not setting a good example to those he was leading, but secretly I was overjoyed because I had been bought up with the concept that heaven was mostly made up of Baptists. So he started his quest to find the truth in regard to Believers baptism and other issues that he just believed without question. He searched the scriptures and the Holy Spirit led him in all truth. He built a baptistery in the Nissan Hut we were worshipping in at Warrilla Baptist Church and was baptised.

Our marriage was set for the 17th of February 1962, and I couldn't wait to marry the man I so loved and respected. I had all the trimmings, but they certainly were not the paramount thing I just wanted to live with him and serve the Lord together.

At the end of 1961, the hated JWs (Now they were not hated because of the blood transfusion thingo) but because during the war to end all wars they were broadcasting our troop movements to the enemy through their powerful wireless stations. (Have you heard anything like this recently, Wikileaks Julian Assange, Mr Snowden). There was a law put in place that they were never allowed to own wireless set

ups again I don't know if these laws are still on the books but with modern technology I should imagine it is all moot. The JW's believed that if we lost the war to end all wars that they could somehow or other Force God's hand and bring about the second coming. I don't know if they were expecting the Rapture or the second coming. How wrong people get things when they don't know the scriptures. So they gathered en mass on Sydney Heads and waited they had the day set. I knew that it would not be the day they had set, because the scripture says no man knows the day or the hour. But I knew that it could have been the day before or the day after. So once again I asked the Lord if he could wait till after our marriage. I was a child bride and once again my immaturity showed. Once again my Heavenly Father never gave up on me.

We married in the February 1962, and went to Croydon Bible College the next year. As accepted candidates with the African Inland mission set for Kenya. By the time we had finished college the Mau Mau Terrorists were savaging the country hacking people up with machetes so the Missionary Society AIM were getting missionaries out not putting new ones in.

Bible College for me was a big learning curb. I was a child bride and had my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday at college. I was by far the youngest there and the only married lady hence everyone called me Mrs. S. The male students were not allowed to talk with the female students or catch the same bus to town we ate in separate dining rooms and lived in separate buildings and sat on separate sides of the lecture hall. Even engaged couples were only allowed limited time together. It was the policy of the college that students were there to be trained for missionary service not to meet a partner. I however was exempt from the rule, and allowed to pass freely though no mans land, a lot of the male students said to me we are safe with you, my reply was you had better believe it. I was able to carry the odd message across the great divide.

My first shock when I did my first Church History Exam, I thought I knew it all I had cut my teeth on the scriptures and didn't really see the need to study. The results came back 27% and to add insult to injury there were red lines through it everywhere and I thought I was a reasonable speller.

We went home had a family David got a good paying as job as a builder we bought a block of land in a fairly well to do area had plans ready for council for a smallish mansion. And we served the Lord in our local church but were not listening to God's leading. David started in his own business and we had he insurance people coming out to fix up his compensation insurance policies when we drew the first payment from the job. That week, he had a seriously fall, into a concealed trap landing stomach first on the corner edge of a brick wall. He was alone on the job at the time and was laying in the hole when his father, who had never been to see him on any job turned up and bought him home to me. He was seriously hurt and had to have major surgery. Had we known what we knew much later that we could have claimed insurance, from the owners insurance, but we lost everything, but I was so thankful that I was not left with 2 babies and that still had each other. Once again we got our priorities right in place again. And thanked our heavenly father that David had no lasting effects from the accident.

A few years later David told me that the Lord was talking to him, about applying for Missionary Service with ABMS by this time I was mother of three, and was anything but keen. He was so convinced that in his own quite way told me that he would hate to be there without me, so I submitted and went kicking and screaming.

The 4 years we spent in Irian Jaya I could write a whole book. (Don't worry) we saw cannibal people saved and their lives transformed by the power of the gospel, we experienced Iracoy Helicopter gunships strafing Dani villages, bows and arrows and spears, against guns, Bren guns mortars, bullet

holes through our houses beds and wall. Evacuation on under sized overloaded planes. We saw miracles of healing while we did our lousy best with our limited medical knowledge. We experienced God's peace in the midst of chaos, as well as God's protection. All the time God lovingly teaching us to trusting every day.

After furlough it was so difficult for us to get visas to get back into Indonesia because we had seen and knew too much. So we came home David, had so much trouble settling back into the building trade, he found it tedious and unfulfilling. The Lord led him into Theological College and from there into pastorates at Thirroul, Junee, Tamworth Maclean, and Portland Victoria. I could write another book there.

Then melanoma struck David and I experience my greatest sorrow. We returned home to Wollongong, to His mums place, having been given a death sentence. By at least 3 different doctors, and I admitted him to Bulli Hospital. To sort out his medication I admitted to the very same ward to the very same bed space (obviously not the same bed.) where I had met him 40 years before. I was recently speaking to a friend from Tamworth and she told me that her last memory of David was when she was visiting him was, that a lady came in to the room to ask if she could borrow his bible from his locker to read to another patient she was visiting. The Lord took David home on 18<sup>th</sup> of October 2000. At the age of 61years of age.

At first my grief was acute I would rather it have been me I would have died for him if I could. I can testify that the Lord carried me and I held on tightly to Him and all his promises. I kept experiencing the fact the His grace was sufficient for me. My mother in law whom I loved and got on with really well, in

her utter grief for her much loved son, decided that his death was my fault and that she would never forgive me. So for 10 years she never spoke to me.

My mother was a tower of strength to me her faith in God unwavering And I was able to take care of her for the next 14 months after David's death then the Lord took mum home to be with him. Some two years after that to put it in medical terms my grief changed from being an acute condition to becoming a chronic condition, one that would never hurt any less and I wasn't sure that I didn't want it to.

I felt that the Lord put me down and I once again followed. My relationship with Him became closer, my knowledge of his word became more precious and the fact that He my creator cared and led me became more amazing to me. When I consider the works of thy hands who am I, that He cares for me. Jn 3:16 tells me that mankind including me is the object of His love. All I can say is Amazing Grace. There are another few pages how the Lord led and provided for me to come here. But I have exceeded my time I am humbled and honoured that the Lord can still use me. I understand that without Him I can do nothing not even breathe. But In Christ I can do all things, He wants me to do. Isn't that cause to rejoice.