

My confirmation today is not me “coming home” to Christ or “finding Jesus”. I found Him, or rather He found me, a *long* time ago. I have been a Christian most of my life. I was brought up in a Christian family and only had a few years between the ages of 16 and 20 when I questioned if I were only a Christian because I were brought up in a Christian family, and if I’d be a Muslim if I had been brought up in a Muslim family or a Hindu if I’d been brought up in a Hindu family and so on. I dipped my toe in a couple of other religions, being attracted especially to buddhism and new age spirituality, but God quickly brought me back to the fold with an encounter with the Holy Spirit and I’ve been in love with Him and trying to find out more and more about Him, immersing myself in scripture and seeking the company of fellow believers ever since.

So my confirmation today is not me accepting Jesus into my heart, as I already did that all those years ago. My confirmation today is me being accepted into the Anglican communion.

I was christened in the Scottish Episcopal church (which is the Anglican church in Scotland) but then my parents moved to a small village and attended the village church which was a Church of Scotland church, so I was brought up presbyterian.

I then ended up in Spain and there I went to the Catholic Church. There was no choice in the town I was in. If I wanted to be in a House of God, then I had to go to the Catholic Church. We then moved to Germany where at first we attended a Lutheran church and then a “free” church, which had a wonderful children and youth programme, which was of the utmost importance to me at that time because we had a growing family. My faith has also grown exponentially through motherhood.

Then we moved to England and I tried going to village churches at first but found there was nothing really for children - there *were* no children, and I had to make the really hard decision of whether to be the pioneer, the first family, in the hope that other families with children would join us but risk my children not wanting to go to church, or whether to find another church with more families and an established children and youth programme.

We found the Baptist church. The children *loved* going to church there and to tell the truth, that was all that mattered to me. My children’s faith was more important to me than my own, as mine was already established and theirs wasn’t yet, and they are my main mission-field.

Then Covid struck. The Baptist church closed for over a year. I kept up with other believers (from all over the world) online and read my Bible twice through! But when I found out the Anglican churches were open, you’d better believe me, I was there! I *needed* to be in a House of the Lord.

Over the weeks and then the following months I came to love the liturgy and the reverence of the Church of England services. The utter peace from the noisy world outside was balm for the soul. I love kneeling before my Lord, something baptists don’t do. I love the sheer amount of scripture there is in every service - an old testament reading, a new testament reading, the gospel reading and a psalm! In one baptist service I was at (I counted and) there were only three Bible verses in one and a half hours! Then more difficult times came, when the Baptist church reopened after Covid and I had to take my children there again. Although I loved watching their faith grow, I felt a desire to be in a quieter communion with God.

The eucharist in (almost) every service was also pivotal in my ‘conversion’ to Anglicanism. I feel it is almost ‘the point’ of worship and I would never willingly omit it.

I am aware that there are other types of worship (not just the reverent, traditional, liturgical way which appeals so much to me) within the CofE, and that is a beautiful thing. Different people like to worship in different ways and I’m sure God doesn’t think there’s only one right way to worship Him! It’s our hearts He looks at, not how we choose to worship Him.

Over the past few years I have become more and more involved in the CofE services. I do readings. I do prayers of intercession. I do flowers. I’ve been doing the lent courses and I am doing the Journey in Faith course this year. God has put it on my heart to be confirmed.

The church I was christened in was dedicated to St. Peter and now I find myself being confirmed in another church also dedicated to St. Peter. God brought me here. This is His will.

I was christened in the Scottish Episcopal church (the anglican church in Scotland) and I am now being confirmed into the Anglican Church. I have come full-circle. I have come home.