

### **A Word Of Testimony**

I was born in a small fishing village in Portrush (as it was in those days, over 60 years ago) I was the eldest of a family of six, three boys and three girls. My Father and Grandfather were fishermen and at that time fishermen were self employed and always remember that summers were plentiful and the winters lean. Cant say that it was a Christian home although my Mother always made sure we went to Church and Sunday School. I remember my Fathers Mother always read her Bible and loved feeling the pressed flowers she had placed at her favourite verses or passages. I also remember her favourite hymn being, 'All Things Bright And Beautiful' The only time we would hear the Gospel was from the Salvation Army who gathered weekly on the Harbour Hill. My sister Claire was always there as she loved playing their tambourine. I remember the early mornings collecting orders from the boarding house for my father before the boat came in.

Everything changed when I was 11 years old, my Father had a very bad accident at the bottom of Kerr Street and almost died. He was badly scarred over one eye and this disturbed him greatly (he had been known for being a good looking man) This became an excuse for him to drink more and I remember it wasn't pleasant. Back then fishermen didn't fish in the winter, so they repaired their boats or mended their nets for the year ahead. With six children to feed my father went to England to find work and never came home. I left school to help my mother , luckily I got a job as ledger clerk in Cavendish Furniture shop in Coleraine. Many early mornings I served breakfast in the Northern Counties Hotel before I got the bus to work. This is where I met my husband George. Later on he was given

the opportunity to work in the old mill in Bushmills so in Bushmills this is where we married and had our three children.

Georges family were all believers and stayed with us on many occasions and were a great influence on all of us. We were also blessed to have good neighbours, especially our brother and sister in the Lord Sammy and Mary Mcalister who ran a Sunday school beside their lane. This is where our children and I received great knowledge of the Lord.

Eventually we came back to Portrush and what a coincidence a home right beside Portrush Baptist Church. George had been saved 10 years ago and I knew that I needed to be saved. The church had been praying for me for some time. (everything in God's time) It took the death of my mother to make me see things differently.

On Sunday evening I was at church and a young man gave his testimony and he had a story to tell. The Holy Spirit was so strong and I knew I might never get another chance. If He could save this young He could save me. So I just asked God to forgive me for my sins and accepted the Lord as my own and personal Saviour. To God be the Glory.

*Eileen McKnight*