

## **Sue Brown**

### **CMA UK Bikers Church**

Here I am, on 30 April, less than two months after, reflecting. I really love the Ladies weekends. Because we are dispersed, geographically, spending quality time together is rare. There, we are away from our 'normal' daily lives. Whatever we are going through, the weekend offers the opportunity to set it all aside. To laugh, sing, create, and refocus on our loving, Living God. The effort and time put into planning by Sandy and her team is evident from our arrival until it ends. Thank you so much.

Before I write about my other highlight, I will mention (our) weekend's dramatic ending. While not trivialising the trauma to those immediately involved, I experienced enormous personal blessing from Sunday's eventful homebound journey. That was the privilege of better knowing six wonderful, resilient women who I'd only scratched the surface with before. Anna (Denmark), Annemeike (the Netherlands), Berit (Finland), Inneke (the

Netherlands, Dawn (North Wales) and Ewelina (the UK and Poland). Despite the physical damage from their car accident (which involved the first five of the ladies mentioned), what joy it was to spend that time together. You are all 'diamonds.' Sadly, the same could not be said for the vehicle, which was dispatched to eternity on the back of a tow truck.

My other highlight was a definite case of, "You could not make it up!" I ate my breakfast on the last day with a group of lovely ladies, whose accents had reminded me of home. 'Home' being the West Country where I was born and lived until Summer of 1979. Our conversation traversed far and wide, until for some reason I said the name of the little Somerset village my family had moved to in the early 1970s: Churchill. Here, I should make a disclaimer: there is no way on earth mere words could do justice to what rapidly became clear was a God-ordained encounter. At the mention of Churchill, one of the ladies (Jenny) started with a bit of Q & A. "Oh, Churchill. I have family in Churchill." "Oh, where are they?"

“Front Street – do you know it?” “Yes! That was my street!!! Where do they live?”

Unbelievably, we not only had in common our knowledge of the village and the street, but also, through her own family’s occupancy, the house my family had lived in through some of the most dramatic and formative years of my younger life. No, you could not have made it up. In the next breath, my stomach started cramping, and I felt like any moment I could shatter like a sheet of tempered glass. It was Jesus “opening a door that no-one can shut.” One day, in His time, I pray that He will help me to walk through.