



My Testimony

Simon Murcott

I have been in church all my life. However, if you had asked me three years ago whether I would “go to heaven if I died today”, I could not confidently have given you an affirmative answer. Praise the Lord, that has changed.

I was born in South Africa, 1970, into a nominally Christian home. I have always been surrounded by family that loved and cared greatly for me. We attended the local Presbyterian Church. At the age of thirteen, my family emigrated to Brisbane where I went to school and University.

Through these schooling years, I attended an Anglican church associated with the University. My father had chosen this church based on the good reputation of the youth group. They certainly were well behaved youngsters and we had a lot of fun. Sadly, however, the Gospel was never taught from the pulpit. Despite being confirmed in the faith, I had never been told what a wonderful gift God offers mankind through the death of his Son, on a rough hewn wooden cross. I have no doubt that there were some saved people in the church, but I was distracted, perhaps uninterested, and unable to discern between “good” and “Godly”.

As I progressed from teenage to university age, my wrong concept of sin only left me feeling guilty – a guilt that had only to be tolerated for a period before it would grow old and fade out. While not liable to the wild excesses of some of my peers, I was living an unholy life far from God, comparing myself only to the standards set by my family and worldly friends.

It was at this time that I met Megan in a Mandarin Chinese class. Megan had been saved a short while and was on fire for the Lord. This strong faith totally bemused me – I thought some aspects of it were rather over the top and perhaps a bit embarrassing. Had Megan any sense, she should have left me where I was and headed for the hills! Nevertheless, in the folly of youth, we became a serious couple.

We began attending a Union Baptist church that we deemed “middle ground” between my traditional Anglicanism and her (at the time) charismatic church

background. It was at a church camp, January 1992 that I heard the Gospel for the first time. Accustomed to seeing faith and religion as matters of intellect, I made a profession of faith. Sadly, this profession missed by the proverbial “eight inches” and fell short of true repentance.

Megan and I married later that year after an on-again, off-again pre engagement relationship that showed some of the struggles we had regarding our faith and being “unequally yoked”. Nonetheless, our wedding day was a very happy occasion.

Less than two years later, we moved to Singapore with my work. Megan was pregnant with our first child, Lucy. While attending a large Baptist Church, I was baptised, still with head knowledge of what Christ was offering me. In hindsight, I think I was merely “going through the motions”. My life over the next ten years did not reflect a grateful soul saved with bountiful fruit and a passion to tell other people.

In 1996 we moved to Macau and became active in an Independent Baptist mission church. We became great friends with our pastor and his family. Through this excellent teacher, God began to speak to me. My spirit became stirred as I heard the Gospel presented a good number of times and I grew in understanding of the Bible. The problem was now pride. My spirit was telling me that I was not saved, and should do something about it. Never underestimate the damage that unchecked pride can do in a person’s life.

From Macau, we returned to Australia. Four years we struggled in Mudgee, NSW where we had minimal teaching at church, and a job that I did not enjoy. These were tough years. God saw our struggle and led us to a good church in New Zealand.

For six years I was actively involved in the church – song leading and teaching Sunday school. Through this time I was continually wrestling with God over my sin and my position. My pride would not let me deal with it publicly. Many times in my quiet time I would pray the sinners’ prayer. These were a genuine crying out to God to help me, from the heart. But, I was not able to point to a specific time of salvation and never had any peace.

In 2009 we surrendered to go to Vanuatu to help out with the mission to the people that live in the Jungle. Fancy that – me with my spiritual struggles – on the MISSION field! What was I thinking? Actually, I knew that God was calling

me to do something special. It was on a Sunday in June 2012 that Pastor Bakss was visiting from Queensland. He preached an excellent message and gave an invitation to accept Christ. It was at this time that I truly understood that without Christ there is no hope, that He had already paid the price. What's more it was for ME. I truly repented of my sin and accepted Him as Lord and Saviour. Since that time I have had a wonderful peace in my heart. Not only a peace, but the confidence that I had so desired. Confidence in the sure knowledge that I am indeed a son and heir of God, with my name written in the Book of Life. This is the next step in my life of adventure through God's grace. I am not worthy. But He is good.

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