

Saturday 3rd October 2015

Doors open @ 2pm

How a Shepherd found the Good Shepherd

Come and find out how a deacon of the Tabernacle found the Good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Speaker:
Robin Compston
(Hearing)

Deaf Bible Fellowship



Next Saturday meeting:
7th November 2015

Use entrance at side of church.
Press bellpush at Deaf Bible Fellowship sign, and wait for someone to come.



- All in BSL
- Electronic Notes
- Free food
- Interpreting
- Handouts
- Deaf & Hearing Welcome
- 1st Saturday of the Month
- BSL Students Welcome

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**Deaf Bible Fellowship
Saturday 3rd October 2015**

**How a Shepherd Found the Good Shepherd
Robin Compston**

Thank you for inviting me to speak today. I will explain how I became a Christian.

My father was a doctor, he worked in a hospital. Patients came when they were very sick - they had leukemia (means cancer in the blood).

I had 2 siblings - I was the youngest. My brother was 7 years older than me. I was usually playing alone.

I had a few friends. My best friend was our sheep dog. I played with him a lot.

I was scared a lot when I was young, I was shy.

example: I was invited to a party. I hid upstairs in my bedroom, why? I was scared to speak to the girls.

example: I did not want to stand at the front of the class to speak.

My parents sent me to boarding school when I was 8 years old. That was hard for me.

I missed home a lot. My parents thought this was the best school.

I played sport a lot. I was shy, but I got into trouble.

When I was born, my mother said "He will be naughty". She was right!

I was in trouble a lot. In my school, we had the cane. Means when I was in trouble, the head master called me in his office. Then he beat us with the cane.

After, I had to shake the head master's hand and say "Thank you"!

In school we had to go to the church every day and 2 times on a Sunday.

In the choir I learnt many hymns - some of the hymns we sing in this church until now.

Sometimes I went to church with my parents. My father was not a Christian. My mother said "I am a Christian", but I don't think she was.

The Gospel was not preached in their church. The Vicar had strange clothes - robes.

I thought "God is far away. I cannot know Him." My Mum taught me I must pray every night before I sleep. But I was not a Christian.

I thought "The Bible is true", but I did not know how to be saved.

When I was 10 yrs old I learn to play the piano. I liked classical music. when I was young the bands - Beatles, Rolling Stones - were popular. This influenced me.

I did not like school. I did not work hard. When I was 15, I made bad friends at school.

My friends showed me popular music. This music had a bad message - about becoming a rebel. I wanted to be a rebel also.

That meant I did not want to be close to my parents. I felt shame when I was with them.

I moved away, and I went to the pub with my bad friends. We bought alcohol. And we would smoke.

When I was 16 yrs old, my friend bought cannabis. We used it at school. That was very bad.

We liked to break rules. Some of my friends became worse - they took a drug called LSD. LSD makes people see things not real and hear things not real.

My head teacher said "You must be honest. Then we will not punish you too much".

But I lied. I said "I never took drugs!" But the teachers knew we had.

1 of my friends explained the truth. I was shown I had lied. In the middle of my A-levels I was sent out of the school.

My parents picked me up and drove me home. This was a very bad time.

My father arranged for me to do my A-levels. I failed them all, only 1 passed - but my grade was very low.

I had no friends in London.

Then my father sent me to learn about being a farmer in Cirencester. The man taught me to fish and shoot birds.

I worked on the farm there and milked cows.

Then I moved to the next farm in Hampshire. I went to the farm college there.

But then I started doing the same and things again. New friends, to take drugs with, I was weak - I followed other people easily.

My mother was interested in spiritual things - but bad things.

example: contact dead people. Called “mysticism”.

My mum gave me books to read. I was a student shepherd for 1 year.

It was very cold, because the farm was on hills. The farmer brought the sheep inside in the winter - see the photo.

When the lambs were born, we fed them with a bottle. That's a photo of my son when he was younger (not the same place as me before).

If the lambs were cold, we put them under a lamp to become more warm.

If a sheep had 1 lamb, then it died, the shepherd gave another lamb to that sheep. But the mother sheep did not want it - she knew it was not her lamb.

So she cut off the dead lamb's coat (fur), then put it onto the lamb alive, then she would care for the lamb.

I learnt lots about sheep that year of my life before.

If you see a sheep on its own in the field, 2 reasons why:
1 - it will give birth soon
2- it is ill.

If a shepp feels an itch, it will go on its back. But then it is stuck. So we protected the sheep.

At this time, I went to a charismatic church. Some people put their hands on me. They prayed and said “Make Robin speak in angels tongues”.

I did not. I did not understand what was happening. I met 1 Christian man there. It was sad - he killed himself. But I think he was a true Christian.

When I finished farming college, I went to New Zealand. I contacted 1 man - his job was to cut the sheep fur. 1 photo - the clippers are the old way. These are mine. I do not use them now.

This is a fleece from a sheep and the skin. This is what we cut off.

Now farmers use "clippers" - see the photo. Clippers - similar to when a man's hair is cut.

My job was to take the wool and put it in a big bag - with 40 other fleeces, squash and then shut the bag.

My other job - cut up dead sheep. We ate sheep everyday - morning - chops
lunch - stew
evening - roast sheep.

We ate 1 sheep everyday in the group of us working.

BUT the same problem again - I made new friends. They liked taking drugs, talking to dead people and carrot cards. Carrot cards are used by people to say "I know what the future will be - look at my cards". These are very dangerous.

In my bag when I travelled to New Zealand, I had a Bible and other religious books about magic.

I thought "The Bible is one book - other religions are similar. There are many ways to be saved, Christianity is one way, that's all".

BUT I did want to know more about Jesus Christ. 1 week before becoming a Christian, I said to a man "I want to meet Jesus Christ".

But the drugs I took changed my mental health.

example: I thought “People can read my thoughts” - this is called psychosis. I thought everyone was planing against me. I thought “this is proof! People are against me!!!” But they were not really.

I ordered some carrot cards. It arrived at my home. The neighbours dog came up to me with the cards in his mouth and matches. I quickly burnt the cards.

I had started reading the Bible.

example: John 16 verse 13: “Jesus said “In the world, you will have trouble. But do not worry, I have beaten the world”.

Also I remembered about Lot’s wife.

I knew “I must leave my friends. I must come to Jesus Christ. I must not look back at my old life - I must leave NOW!”

I was eating with my friends in a restaurant. So I left that meal right then. I knew I would want to go back to the world.

I knew “I must leave the world NOW!”

I understood “If I die now, I am not ready to face Jesus Christ. Only Jesus Christ can beat death. Jesus Christ invites sinners to come to Him. I must reply to Jesus Christ - I must leave my friends”.

When I was leaving, I could not find my wallet or money. So I left without money. I did not know where I would go to sleep.

But I left. I walked and felt full of joy. Why? I knew God had changed me. I knew God had forgiven me.

I knew that day the Lord had saved me. I believed Jesus Christ was raised from the dead. I understood the world has 2 groups of people:

-people that are Christians

-people not Christians

I knew the Gospel was 100% true, more than what I see with my eyes.

That same night, I went to a Salvation Army hostel. I knew I could stay there. I found \$3 in my pocket, I did not know was there before. That was the price of 1 night's stay there.

I saw a painting of Jesus Christ. It is not right to have paintings of Jesus, but let me explain.

the painting had glass - I could look at my face in the glass, OR I could look at Jesus Christ.

I decided "I will follow Jesus Christ, not myself".

I read about the parable of the sower. I prayed "Please let me be the good ground with good fruit".

When I read the Bible, I understood it better. I understood - "God did not make me a good enough person to save me, no. God has planned to save me on this night. I have never thought good things. I always thought God is not there".

The next day, I wanted to go to church, but I did not know which one. I saw some people going into a church, I followed them.

It was called "The church of Jesus Christ". Sometimes they are not good churches, but this church helped me.

I had long hair and my hair was dyed black.

The pastor took me to lunch and then forced me to go back to my friends. It was sad - I did not want to be friends with them again.

But then later I went to Australia and left my old life fully behind.

I read my Bible and felt sure God saved me - assurance.

I went to a Brethren church. That was very helpful - they told me "You must witness, read the Bible and pray".

Then I went to Tasmania and worked at picking fruit of trees. In my lunch break, I practiced remembering Bible verses.

It is very good to remember the Bible - I remember full books of the Bible! We should all learn Bible verses.

Then I came back to England. I wanted to go to a Bible college. But I met a man going to this church.

The Lord has blessed me a lot here. God uses people we do not expect.

example: I am involved in doing outreach in this church. I am not naturally happy to speak to people - but The Lord has helped me witness for Him to people. I am naturally shy!

Also I believe my mother was saved just before she died recently.

That is the end of my testimony.

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www.tabernacledeaf.org