



The Burning Bush—Online article archive

A prodigal daughter



A schoolgirl tells the story of how she learned the meaning of the parable of the prodigal son for herself.

The parable recounted in Luke chapter 15 of the prodigal son was a story which was often told when I attended children's meetings and Sabbath School. Coming from a Christian family and being taught from the Bible every day, I never thought that my life would grow to reflect that which was told in the parable. At the age of nine, I made a profession of faith in Christ and I believed that by saying a few words in prayer I was on my way to heaven.

As time went on, it became evident that this was not the case. I neglected reading my Bible and attending church meetings was done out of "duty" and not out of "desire." I was a pupil at a Christian school and as my GCSE examinations quickly approached, so did my eagerness to get "away."

Grammar School

I went on to study A-levels at a local grammar school. Although the change of environment (and increasing workload) was daunting, I made friends and settled in quite well. Unfortunately, the "quite well" part was not exactly correct because I began to distance myself further from God and that which I had been brought up to believe. I had formed new acquaintances with a couple of Christians, but there were also those who came from an unsaved background. One of my friends in particular stood out and it was obvious to everyone who met her that she was different. She always had a Bible in her schoolbag and she invited class-mates to gospel meetings. But one thing I noticed particularly: she was never asked to go to the cinema or out on the town at the weekend. Why did they ask me? I guess, I did not stand out — I blended in. I did not want to appear "weird" or "boring." Although I had plenty of excuses for me not to go, I never said: "No I'm a Christian and I don't go there." This probably was because secretly in my heart I did want to go.

Formal

Several months later, the school "formal" became the topic of much conversation. Everyone was talking about it. Of course there was pressure from school mates to go to it but there arose a greater attack from the devil. I had previously made up my mind that I would try to ignore it since there was no way that I could get out of the house for a night and conceal everything from my parents. But the devil had already concocted a plan. I told my parents that I was going to stay at a Christian friend's house and return home the following day. But despite all the excitement that the event brought, I had guilt hanging over my head all evening. As soon as I walked through the hotel door, I wanted to leave but I couldn't go home!

Conviction of Sin

Days passed and it was only then that I fully realised my sin. Every word that was preached in church and spoken at home seemed to be meant for me. I awoke from sleep



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on Lord's Day 12th January and I knew that it was time to get right with God. After disclosing all to my parents I asked God for forgiveness and for Him to take control of my life, to keep me from submitting myself to the guidance of the flesh and the world ever again. Already a weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

God Speaks

That morning in the service the Lord had already determined a word for me. The words written by Jude toward the end of his epistle have remained in my mind ever since:—
“Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,” verse 24. Doubtless, other young people have been in the same situation as I found myself. Ask yourself the question, “What is the point of all the hardship, the lying to yourself and everyone around you and deceiving the unsaved into thinking that this is how a Christian behaves?” The Lord has given me courage to stand up for Him and to fight against the world and as long as my trust is in Him, He will keep me from falling.