

When a Move of God Is Marked by Community

In the late '70s and '80s, Tony and I lived in the East End of London, an area of London where people ended up when there was no place lower to go. (The PBS series, "Call the Midwife" took place right where our medical practice was. We were there a couple of decades later, but most of the same socially deprived conditions still existed. That part of London has since become gentrified.)

We experienced a remarkable move of God while we were there. It was characterized by community. We lived "from house to house." Most of us with homes had other people living with us as part of our families. We shared cars and lawn mowers.

I never knew how many people would turn up for our evening meal and so usually cooked for around 10 people—it was rare that we didn't have that many. We had different home groups meeting on many streets in the area—at one time or another, 17 contiguous streets had home groups. When one of Tony's patients became a follower of Jesus, there was usually a group within a street or two of where they lived to refer them to. You couldn't leave our house and walk to the nearest subway station without meeting other believers. And people became followers of Christ.

I've never experienced community like that again.

Until a few weekends ago, that is.

I had been invited to do a Black Swan Effect