

In the year 2033...

...a tipping point was reached in a small backwater cluster of villages in the county of Sussex. Over the past three decades, what can only be described as the presence of God had been growing steadily at a deep and permeative level throughout the communities.

The small historic churches were packed inside and out, hosting continuous services throughout each weekend, as person after person queued to worship. The historic churches had themselves birthed new church communities in converted barns, new-builds and community spaces right across the area. Rivalry was consigned to being a historical anomaly as a rich oneness marked the entire Church of Jesus Christ. Inside the churches, rich embraced poor, young honoured old, each considered possessions for the benefit of all, miracles great and small occurred daily as the Word went forth, and a beautiful serenity rested upon each gathering.

But that wasn't the remarkable feature. That was to be found in the very atmosphere abroad in the land: Simply driving into the area, many accounts were told of longterm addictions being instantly broken. Many told of having to stop cars by the roadside as tears of healing joy streamed down faces, of kneeling beside their running engines to find the Lord Jesus Christ revealing His glorious love and freeing power. Countless sightings of angelic hosts were reported, dreams and visions of God were seen by young and old, and it is said that people felt a 'lightness' here... as if they could reach out and touch heaven itself...

This was awakening. This was revival. This was reformation... transformation - whatever name you want to give it. All we can say is: God is there.

God had also transformed the architectural landscape. What had been derelict barns twenty years before, were converted into meeting places for hymn singing and unceasing prayer. Many had extended homes to house the forgotten and endangered of the invisible urban underclass. Rescued prostitutes were adopted into families, longterm offenders learnt skills, found security, and began new lives. Drug addicts broke free after prayer in heavenly language, the tormented in mind finally found peace in this haven. And 'haven' is how the cities thought of this place, valuing the partnerships built and free-flow of real help and open-armed embrace; perhaps what the cities valued most was the divine resourcefulness that characterised the inhabitants of these villages.

Seemingly touched by the finger of God, the social landscape had become creatively fertile. Artistry flourished, craftsmanship thrived, music and poetry was written, dripping with the glory of heaven. Business was pioneered with holiness at its

core. Schools now worshipped as they worked, and as they worked, every fibre of each child's being was awoken.

It seemed there was a healing home or retreat house at the bottom of every lane. Locked front doors were a thing of the past, as were neighbourly feuds. Indeed the weekend street parties were always wildly joyous yet deeply reverent. Envoys, missionaries and life-igniters were sent from this place around the nation and beyond, proclaiming everywhere they went: He is the Lord, the giver of Life.

The heartbeat of this place is hard to describe – all one can do to understand what has happened is to stand back and conclude that Almighty God must have done this.

In days gone by, the Chanctonbury area was known as a place of pagan worship and witchcraft. Redemption has enveloped the past. Now we can surely say...

...this is the dwelling place of God... this is the gate of heaven.

Chanctonbury **CHURCHES**

[f](#) [t](#) [v](#) Search for Chanctonbury Churches

chanctonburychurches.org.uk