

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 young never grew out of their garments of praise, the whisper of a heavenly Song became the anthem that they couldn't stop writing.

Each person a canvas never left empty of Grace, as His heart captivated the tongues of those whom they loved. Schools were reminded of what hope was, as the feet of their students stamped to the measure of Truth. Life erupted from front room to classroom when despair pressed against the window, nothing quenched their contagious delight.

The joy that woke them up, never slept again. Now their spirits leapt from their chests and creation arose. Withered and immovable dreams clasped the youthful hands of passion and ran. Poems, pictures and scriptures followed wherever their feet fell. The stories of (He) Forever had become completely natural! Miracles spilled from their finger tips, as each day they returned home holding hands with another Wonder.

Fractured and troubled minds pieced together by Papa himself. The question of 'Who am I?', lost awash in the wake of Who He was. The lullabies once whispered, had jumped off the page and into life. No utterance of accusation could even make assembly with The Company Of The Free Yet the voice their Father echoed so richly, it left laughter upon His earth.

The young became pioneers of the Possible, as they laughed in the face of the fear of the improbable. They challenged religion and tradition, as nothing could stand against what they witnessed in Heaven! Where freedom ran rampant on the hearts of the open. Each village accompanied the bellow of Heaven as the forgotten returned to The fold.

The heartbeat of this place is hard to describe, but it can be heard running from the tongues of the young. Proclaiming on every street corner, that their Father- the rightful King, has taken His throne!

In days gone by, Sussex was known as sleepy and quiet. Redemption has enveloped the past-Awoken by trumpets of reverence, here they sound Heaven's song. Surely we can say, this is the house of The Father, the dwelling place of God.