COLUMBIA presbyterian

Dear friends,

A hulking six foot four Columbia native we'll call Tom trudged up to one of our members on Main Street months ago asking for a smoke. Brewer offered him a hot cup of coffee and a seat in the worship service instead. Tom obliged that day and every Sunday since.

Nobody knew it at the time, but Tom was suicidal. A decade of popping painkillers left him penniless, estranged from family, and utterly

Partner With Us

Give online

Mail checks made out to Columbia Presbyterian Church, to PO Box 30315 Columbia, SC 29230

Contact Us

David's email
Julie's email
Mailing Address:

depressed. After a recent stroke rendered his right side slack, Tom checked into a homeless shelter, Transitions, a couple blocks from our church's meeting space. Crammed into a thirty-man room with the underbelly of Columbia, Tom nursed the idea of killing himself. He just wasn't sure how to do it.

That chance Sunday morning invitation broke a death wish. As Tom came week after week, he developed a friendship with another member, Stan. The two would grab lunch and talk about life, family, and faith. That ultimately led to Stan, Tom, and I leaning over Romans 5 together, sharing about what it means to have "peace with God."

Tom said, "I want peace with God today." And God gave it.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in

412 Cumberland Dr
Columbia, SC 29203
Church Website
Family Blog

the highest and on earth peace among those with whom he is pleased!'" (Luke 2:13-14)

David

[forward to a friend](#)