

Testimony of Wesley

With the kind of mess I made with my life, I was longing for seeing the day when it used to be night, and the night when it used to be day – with each minute hardly passing by.

I was born and brought up in a Christian family in one of the port-towns in the state of Andhra Pradesh in South India. My parents were both full-time evangelists in the Christian gospel work. I have an older sister and a younger brother. My father was living and supporting our family completely depending on faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he did not have a fixed salary of his own. Since this being the case, when we were very young my parents had a very hard time meeting even our basic needs.

With this background, they tried to bring us up in the fear of the Lord right from the beginning by teaching us the values of life through every situation. Family prayer was a regular practice in the morning. It used to start with a song (usually a chorus), followed by reading a small portion of the Bible. Then all three of us children had to pray (small prayers), which were followed by prayers by both our parents; and finally our dad used to conclude the family prayer with benediction.

Since my father was the pastor of a church, we used to have church services five times a week – Sunday (day time) main service, Sunday evening youth meeting, Wednesday mid-week prayer, Friday evening worship, and Saturday evening fasting prayer. With this kind of schedule, it was an uninterrupted hearing of the word of God for us. Besides this, we also used to have a Sunday school (for an hour) every Sunday morning - meant for the school children of all ages.

But the strict rules of the family and the prayerful atmosphere at home did not prevent my natural craving for choosing and

doing bad things in life. As I grew up in age, I started telling lies and cheating. I used to deceive our parents by stealing coins from their pockets and wallets. Our parents used to punish us whenever they felt that we needed it. They used to do it even more when we used to tell lies. This ultimately created a fear in our hearts towards telling lies but it did not totally stop it.

I was always a bright student standing in one of the top few ranks in my elementary and junior high classes. But after going to senior high level, my concentration started diverting as a result of my growing desire for the pleasures of this world. So I could not show the same kind of interest in my studies, which I had up until that time. As a result of this, I not only lost my interest in the church activities, but also started falling behind in my regular academic studies. My father, after noticing my loss of enthusiasm in the church activities and the word of the Lord, warned me to be careful before it could lead me to fall behind in every activity of life. At that time, as a teen-age boy, I did not pay much attention to his words: so I continued with the way I was living.

After finishing high school, I got admission into Junior Intermediate (Grade 11) of the college in the same compound, where our high school was located in. At that time, I was around 16 years of age and my concentration on studies started to drift even more. As I had never done before, I started behaving arrogantly with my parents and teachers. But the fact of being the son of a popular evangelist in the town used to trouble me much, as any bad remark on me would bring a bad name to our father. And this made me try my best not to do any mischievous things while others used to watch. During that time, after noticing me dropping in my academic grades, some of my former high school classmates asked me the reasons. I tried to give a few irrelevant

reasons, but they knew well that something was terribly going wrong with me. I knew that my mind was not right in the sight of the Lord, but I could not help get myself free from the bondage of sin and love for my worldly pleasures. Though I used to feel bad for doing very poorly in my studies, it did not help me change my nature and start living a new life. Being the son of godly parents, I knew right from my childhood, what the word of the Lord said and what I should do get out of this bondage. I have also seen many young people getting blessed in the ministry of our parents after putting their personal trust in complete obedience to the will of the Lord; but I was not willing to do it myself, for the fear that I might lose the pleasures of this world.

While in Junior College (Intermediate studies), some of the people, who had been blessed by our parents' ministry used to ask me to go (just as they were taught by our father to cultivate it as a habit) to solitary prayer in the evening to the old railway station area of our town, as it used to be close by and peaceful without any interruptions for doing solitary prayers. But, having a lot of fear in my heart that I might need to give up all the pleasures of my youth if I accept Lord Jesus Christ as my personal savior, I always evaded it.

At the end of the two-year Intermediate studies (Grades 11 & 12), I passed the exams, but not in the grade that people had expected me to pass in. This made me feel very bad. For a few days after the announcement of the results, I was so disappointed and as a result, I wanted to change my behavior and do well at least from then on. But this decision - made only at the mental level did not help me in anyway. Soon I found myself back struggling with my old nature. I hated myself and often with tears. But that did not give me the solution I was looking for. Many times I felt like going and sharing my problem with someone, but I was afraid that at some point of time or the other, that they might reveal those things to others, and so I

kept every problem to myself without sharing with anyone (not even my closest friends).

After finishing my Intermediate studies, I joined in another college of the town to do the Bachelor's program (B. Sc.) in Science. Even there, I was a failure in my studies and in almost everything I undertook. There, my grades dropped even further - as I was unable to concentrate on my studies: Quite contrary to my abilities I had to take the supplementary exams which I was never had up until then. I felt I was totally defeated in life. I was feeling restless and longing for some kind of solution to my problem – but, not at the cost of either leaving my liking for the pleasures of this world. As the days passed by slowly, I started suffering from sleeplessness. Outwardly, I was always a smiling teenage boy, but inside my heart, there was no peace or freedom.

At that time, a few teenage boys in our neighborhood started ridiculing me as they noticed that my life was not in accordance with the word of God, which my father used to teach. Being a very sensitive boy, I felt deeply hurt and tried to avoid their presence in the evenings by getting away to the outskirts of the town to sit all alone and feel sorry for the situation I was in. I used to stay there until it was late in the night before going back home. And when my parents used to ask me as to why I was getting back home late, I used to tell them lies: And even after going to bed, I used to spend the rest of the night without any sleep or peace of mind. Our parents could not understand as to what was going wrong with me, as I was never like that in the years before. At that time, I was badly in need of a time out to be in a place - far off from home to get a little peace of mind.

Though I was not at all doing well in my first two years of the B.Sc, the Lord miraculously helped me through His grace to pass the final year exam. And this was purely because of His grace and prayers of His children.

Within a few weeks, I got a seat in a University campus (Andhra University) for the Graduate studies in Physics (a four semester full time course), in a city about 350 kilometers away from our hometown. Since I was desperately looking for a time out, I was ready to get away – expecting to get a little peace of mind.

After arriving in the University campus, I had to stay in a students' residence hall for the first time in my life. And there I was in a dorm (15' x 15') sharing the space with eight other students. As I started attending classes, things started getting even worse: the adjustment problems I began to experience for the first time staying in a new place compounded the chronic problems I had been suffering for several years then. Soon I fell sick and I started going back home quite frequently. Again, my craving for the pleasures of this world, made me fall back in my studies even more. And when it was exams time, I was so afraid even to think of appearing for them, which eventually made me skip all of them without attending.

The second semester started, but there was no improvement in my situation. I was simply bunking all the classes, as I could not concentrate on the lessons. Our classmates started wondering as to why things were going like that with me; but they did not know anything about the situation I was in. The same situation continued throughout the second semester and I skipped all the exams at the end of even this semester. And this meant that a whole year was wasted without my academically achieving anything at the university! Back at home, our parents were unable to understand the reasons for my worst performance in my studies, as I was always a bright student in my school days.

During the first year, all the things I had learnt at home because of the family traditions and customs like – going to church every Sunday, and not going to movies continued. When people used to see all this, they used to get surprised as to why

things were happening to a person like me (with regular church going, with no smoking or even going to movies) as they did not know that one could be pretty good in routine activities but still be far away from the will of the Lord because of his or her deliberate choice of not obeying it in the depths of heart.

But according to the then rules of the university, I could continue without being detained in the same year of the course and take the supplementary exams when offered.

In the second year, we were given accommodation in another building (popularly known as SKD in short form). This time, it was two students for each small room (which were actually built for individual students). But even this did not bring about any change either in my studies or in the status of my mind. In fact, things even got worse. In the first year, sometimes I at least used to go to classes, though I used to skip the tests at the end of the semester, but now, I was not even going to the classes. I became aimless and life was so miserable for me to continue any further. In the afternoons and evenings, I used to go and spend time aimlessly on roads and streets. And whenever I used to think of the course I was in, it used to be a nightmare, as I did not pass even a single paper (exam) up until then!

Days passed by swiftly and soon it was the end of yet another semester (third), which means that there was only one more semester to go with all my classmates ready to go with their degrees in hand - upon completion of that semester. With the constant thinking of the situation I was in, life became bitter. I became mentally very upset and it was at its peak. Many times, I used to cry within myself and often even aloud (while none was around). I used to return to my hostel (students' residence halls) late and in order to forget the pain and mental agony, at least temporarily, I used to go to bed early; and this had become my routine life.

As the days were passing by like this, I became seriously ill; but the doctors in the whole state were on strike at that time. So, I had to go to another place - very far away, to get medical treatment. Even after taking treatment and returning back to the university, I realized that I still had some problems with the illness. Then I began to think if I should continue living any further, as I had terribly messed up my life by then! And now with the medical problem I was suffering from, I was growing weaker and weaker day by day. It was then, that I thought of committing suicide to end up my life - as it was neither useful to me nor to others. Then, as I thought of my parents, I could hardly control my emotions and I cried aloud. The love of our parents was too valuable for me to trade anything with it. So, there was I, caught up between the haunting love of my parents and the irreparable life situation I was in at that time, with which, continuing my life further - even for an hour, seemed highly impossible.

As I temporarily delayed my attempts of committing suicide - remembering the love of our parents, I had to go home one day and after a few days when I was going back to the university, my mother prayed for my journey before I started – as it used to be the regular practice at home. As I paid attention to her prayer, she said, “Lord, let this son of mine come back home next time becoming your child!” After hearing that prayer, I deeply got agitated within myself remembering about all the troubles and turmoil I was going through in my life up until that minute - in particular after remembering my latest desire to end up my life by committing suicide. My parents, being praying people, though were not happy with my performance in my studies, they were very patient to wait in the presence of the Lord to pray for me. Though some times, they tried to know the reasons for my unhappiness, I never opened my heart and shared any of my problems with them. But at that time, when I heard my mother praying like this without knowing the situation I was in, I was deeply moved

before leaving home back to the university.

After arriving back at the university, I was thinking more about my parents and the prayer my mother did - before I left home. Just at that time, the third semester exams were fast approaching and everyone was busy with studies, but not me. I was not even going to the classes just as usual. When the exams ahead will be over, I will be the only person left without even finishing (passing) a single paper (exam) in the three semesters put together. So, the stress on my mind was heavy. I was longing for seeing the day when it used to be night, and for the night when it used to be day – with each minute hardly passing by.

As things were like this, on a Sunday afternoon, I thought of watching a movie for the first time in my life so as to forget my pain – at least temporarily. All my classmates knew that up until then, I never saw a movie – as our parents taught us not to, right from the beginning. But now, because of the perturbed state I was in, I, myself (who never went to a movie despite invitations from our classmates) went to one of my classmates’ room and asked him, if we both could go for a movie in the afternoon. My friend thought that I was joking! I tried to convince him that I was serious and not joking. After several minutes he was convinced that I was serious, so agreed to go to a movie with me.

We arrived at a famous movie theater in the heart of that city, and my friend offered to pay for my ticket, as it was my first movie; but when I said, that I would do it, he obliged after making several vain attempts to convince me. It was an English movie about the life in a high school in the U.S. We entered the theater and sat side by side to watch it. But right from the beginning, I could not find the satisfaction people said that they got there! I started constantly thinking of my parents at home, and the situation that had brought me there for the first time in life. More over, it was a Sunday afternoon, when I always used to be in a

church except that day! As the movie progressed, I became even more restless and I had heard time wiping away my tears from time to time without being noticed by my friend.

Halfway through the movie, there was a break; and as we left out I did not even know that I had to take an “out pass” to be allowed back into the theater after the break – being a person watching movie for the first time at the age of 21 years. Unfortunately I did not even notice my friend taking his out pass either, but later I realized that he did it. As we finished the break and tried to enter in, the security man at the door stopped me, but allowed my friend to get in. My friend tried to convince the security man at the door that I was watching my first movie in life and hence I did not know the procedures and routines at a movie theater! And that made the security man get even more suspicious (as he might not have seen anyone not watching a movie until the age of 21 in life) and he made me wait several minutes before finally letting me go in to watch again.

Finally the movie was over but contrary to my expectation, I was in a worse mental state. We returned back to the hostel and after going back to my room, I started thinking of all the problems that engulfed me from every side. In the night, I went upstairs and as I turned towards the east, down below in the far, there was the Bay of Bengal, which I used to watch regularly from the window of our room, and where from I could see the Sunrise in the morning, and also the ships coming and going off everyday. But at that moment, when I was looking at the Bay of Bengal, I wondered within myself as to why had God made everything so beautiful except me - with no peace of mind within! I cried and cried until it was late in the night when finally I came down the stairs to the room to sleep.

I went to bed that night like any other day with no peace of mind, but with a difference. I tried something else in life that day, which

I had not tried before: it was watching a movie, about which everyone used to say that it was a relaxing experience for them! But, I personally felt that it was not so. Then I felt that the more time I was delaying committing suicide, the more pain I was bearing and so I thought of ending up my life without thinking of my parents any further.

As I was sleeping, in the early hours at about two, an evil spirit came and started tormenting me with suffocation as I tried in vain to wrestle with it. I was trying to yell out for help, but my mouth was shut and I was unable to utter even a single word. After a while, as the evil spirit left me, my hand hit the wall hard - as I was sleeping with my cot touching the wall on one side in that little room: I eventually woke up. It was all silent. When I looked around I found my room-mate sleeping in the soft bed-lamp light. I opened the door and came out into the hallway to find that everyone in that huge building, where more than four hundred students used to reside - sleeping. I waited there thinking about my condition and I looked up into the sky. The sky was clear and the stars were bright. “What a poor fellow I am, and why should I live anymore?” – I said to myself. I went back into the room, and while in the bed, I started thinking about the previous afternoon - when I went to a movie theater on a Sunday which had brought on me this additional curse of having to fight with an evil spirit in the middle of the night. I could hardly sleep for the rest of the night.

In the morning, everyone got up and after finishing breakfast, they left for attending the classes. But I stayed back in room just as usual. As I was in the lowest of my moods and completely in a state of disappointment and despair, the mailman was coming around in the hallway dropping mail into each room. He dropped some even into our room. I picked up mine and started reading them. Strangely but surely, while reading one of those letters, God had revealed to me that the things I was seeking in this world,

and for whose sake, I could not even give my heart to Jesus up until that time, were but like mist in the air with temporary existence. I questioned myself if that was the world I have been living in and waiting for up until that time – for several years! I felt that the things I was looking and living for thus far - leaving me all alone in a desert with nowhere to go. It was hard for me to control my emotions. Fortunately, no one was around as they all left for classes. I bolted my room from inside and cried for the way I got deceived by Satan! I realized the biggest mistake I had made in life for several years of not paying attention to the word of God - even though it was taught right from my childhood, and despite seeing the change in the lives of several young people through the Christian ministry of our parents.

At that moment, the only choice before me was to stop going any further in the way I was proceeding and going back to the loving hands of the God almighty for His mercy to rebuild the rest of my life once again right from scratch. And I did not like to waste even a single minute any further. I wanted to go home immediately to set everything right before God and man to start building my life in anyway I could do at that time by trusting in the faithfulness of God.

In those days, a good family friend and our church member, Mr. C. Pushparaj was in the same University working for his M.Phil degree. I just wanted to inform him before going back home, and I went up to his room. Since it was lunch time, he was readily available in his room. When I told him that I was going back home, he asked me as to why I was going again, as I had returned back from home just a few days before. As he asked me that question, my eyes were full of tears and he noticed that something was wrong with me. I told him in tears about what has been going on in a nutshell of about three sentences and he felt very happy. He prayed before sending me.

Arriving at the railway station, I got into the Chennai mail at about one in the afternoon.

Incidentally another classmate of mine too started going in the same train for part of the journey. I happened to meet him only after arriving at the railway station. If I had known about his going in the same train earlier, probably I would have got into another railway compartment without being noticed by him; but now I had to go with him concealing my agony and pain. The train was full and we had no seats to occupy. So, both of us managed to climb and make some room to sit on the top of the opposite berths facing each other, and it made things even more difficult for me to hide my feelings and emotions. My classmate, after noticing that something was wrong with me, despite my sincere efforts to hide my feelings, asked me if I was O.K. I tried my best to converse with him in as normal mood (outwardly) as possible, but throughout the journey, my friend had his own doubts. After traveling several hours, when the train stopped in the station he had to get off, which was almost halfway through my journey, he got off his berth, waved his hand and left. As the train started pulling further, I pulled out my handkerchief from my pocket and closed my face completely with it - crying and wondering if God would ever forgive me, and if I would ever be normal again in life. And this continued until I reached my place.

After reaching our town in the mid-night, I hired a rickshaw to be pulled slowly towards our house yard by yard. I got off the rickshaw before our house and paid the charge to the rickshaw puller. When I knocked on the door, my mother asked as to who it was, as it was mid-night then. When I answered that it was "me," she came out to open the door to let me in. I asked if our dad was at home, and she replied that he had gone to another place for conducting revival meetings and that he would be back the following day. She told me that things in the neighborhood were not good then. But I was not at all in a mood to know anything else other than clearing my conscience right away with her by confessing all the life I lived without their knowledge. As I started

shedding tears, she realized that something was wrong with me, and asked me as to how I was doing. I told her as to what had made me go there in the first place, and without holding back anything, I confessed all my deceitful life with her, and asked for her forgiveness. My mother was so happy realizing that she could get me back into the loving arms of the Lord at last - after wrestling in prayer for several years. After our conversation was over, she finally prayed for me and asked me to take some rest as the time was already one in the midnight.

That night as I knelt beside my bed, I prayed to the Lord to forgive my sins and asked him to show me His grace so that I might have His mercy again. After finishing my prayer, I tried to sleep but the wastage I had made - looking for the vain things in this world was too much for me to bear and I could hardly forgive myself to sleep.

In the morning I spent most of the time with my mother talking to her in detail about the situation I was in. She understood it well and tried her best to help me with all her experience dealing with many cases in her Christian ministry. In the afternoon, my father arrived and I was, by nature, too afraid to approach my father and talk to him - unlike as I used to with my mother. It was a Saturday and there was a fasting prayer in the church that evening.

Until that time, whenever anyone used to ask me to go for solitary prayer, I tried to evade their presence telling some pretext or the other. But that day, I myself wanted to go for solitary prayer, and I thought of Mr. T. Prabhakara Rao (who accepted the Lord as his personal savior in the ministry of our parents) to go with. He was another member of the church and I felt comfortable sharing my situation with him – because of the close ties he had had with our family. I went to his house and while we were having our initial talk, he offered some tea and cookies, as it was tea-time. But I had no mind even to taste them. As the conversation between us

continued, within a couple of minutes, I could not but tell him as to what for I was there. When he heard my desire to go for the solitary prayer, he realized that it was a turning point in my life, so though he had some work to attend at that time, he postponed it and gladly accompanied me.

After arriving at the old railway station, where people from our church used to go regularly for solitary prayer for almost 3 decades, I asked him if God would ever forgive my sinful life, as I knew that I disobeyed the word of the Lord willfully despite knowing it right from my childhood. After we both prayed there for a while, he asked me to spend some time in prayer alone. Later, we came back home to attend the fasting prayer in the church.

Through the years, I sat in the church for several hundreds of times, but never did I sit in the church with such a need and attention. As my father began to preach after the initial prayer and singing, since my heart was ready to receive the forgiveness of the Lord, it appeared to me that each word of the message was meant only for me. After the preaching was over, and as everyone knelt down in the fasting prayer session, the spirit of the Lord came upon me and I began to cry aloud confessing my own sins in the presence of the Lord without even worrying about as to who were around, and if they were listening. All the area of the mat where I knelt down became wet with my tears. When everyone prayed and finished, my father finally finished his pastoral prayer and gave the benediction. But it appeared to me that the meeting was finished too soon, unlike on several thousands of previous occasions, when I anxiously used to look at my wrist watch to figure out as to how much more time was left for the church service to be over!

After everyone left, I could not wait but go to my father and reveal all my deceitful nature to him to ask for his forgiveness. We both prayed in that late hour of the night for a long time, before my father asked me to

pray alone while he would pray for me in his room. After continuing my prayers into the early hours of the next day, I finally tried to sleep but it was too hard for me to digest as to how I deceived myself falling prey to the tactics of Satan. The morning broke and it was like a brand new day for me. I thoroughly enjoyed the presence and the company of God's children in the church services on that Sunday.

The next thing before me was to set things right with man as well. Previously, it was the most difficult thing for me even to think of doing. But because of the prompting of the Holy Spirit, and my readiness to yield to it, I was not only ready to do it with anyone, but immediately. I immediately started going to one after the other to ask for their forgiveness for doing things against them. As I continued with restitution, new hope and light started coming into my heart, and joy started filling my soul. Many of those whom I was asking for forgiveness, could not even understand as to why I was doing all that, as many of them did not come across a situation like that at any time in their past. But I knew that without proper realization and restitution, I could not have proper relationship with the Lord.

This happened a few days before the beginning of my third semester exams. And Satan started attacking me again and again with the doubt, whether I would be able to finish my graduate studies at all - with the situation I was in then. Though it appeared impossible for me, I put my trust in the Lord and started pressing forward. After staying with my parents in Machilipatnam for a few days, I left back to the university. My father told me that they would be praying for me that the Lord might help me to prepare for and write the exams that were to follow, as I become His child then. I left home and arrived back at the university.

As I entered my room, I prayed for the guidance of the Lord and His leading in all my course of actions from then on. I prayed that the Lord might show His mercy upon

me though I did not deserve it in any way. From then on, solitary prayer had become a habit for me morning and evening despite heavy work and tight schedules. There was hardly any time left for me to prepare for the third semester exams. But I started planning for my preparation within whatever time was available, keeping my faith in the word of the Lord. And miraculously I could see the Lord's hand leading me throughout. But even then, as it is at any other time, Satan started constantly attacking my mind with the thoughts of doubting the faithfulness of God like "Is it possible? Will you be able to complete this course and graduate? etc." Humanly speaking, it was very difficult. But it was altogether a different experience relying on the faithfulness of the Lord and proceeding ahead for the unseen reality day after day. Many times, I had experiences of ups and downs, joy and sorrow, feelings of worthlessness and hope – one after the other. It needed strong commitment coupled with hard work on my part to put my faith to work.

The third semester exams were over and I was surprised to know that I could do fairly well and pass some of those papers with the minimum effort during the time that was available to me. It was a great encouragement. Then, the fourth and the last semester began and finished pretty fast (*within two months*), as we were already lagging behind by several months he scheduled finishing time (*which, some times can happen in some of the eastern countries*). It was very busy, but besides many criticisms and hurting treatments given by some, the Lord helped me to put all those things behind and look forward to prepare for the fourth and final semester exams. I passed three of the four papers (*courses*) with good marks. Later, the supplementary exams for the previous semesters were conducted. By the grace of the Lord, I could finish all but one paper. Appearing for so many papers (*exams*) within a short time, one after the other was very hard. And for some of those papers, I had not even got time to go through the

main topics even once. Surprisingly there were numerous occasions, when I had had specific promptings - a few minutes before the commencement of the exam time, to go through a few specific topics hurriedly. When I had this kind of prompting, I used to pay attention and go through them, though I was against the idea of going through new topics just before the exam was about to commence. But strangely, after entering the exam hall, I used to get surprised to see some of those same topics (*which I had gone through following the specific prompting*) being asked in the exam. I soon finished all but one paper. When that one paper was left unfinished, I wondered as to why it had happened so. After waiting for a while, that exam too was conducted and I could come out finishing the studies and getting my degree. It was merely the grace of the Lord that enabled me to get through such a situation without ending up my life.

Soon afterwards, I worked temporarily before getting a couple of teaching jobs in the Government. God had enabled me to succeed in my teaching profession, working in five different colleges in India: With His kindness, He had also showed upon me His grace to keep a good name in all the places I worked in. The Lord was kind to me throughout during all those years. Many times, I was weak and had faced several temptations, criticisms and sometimes - even ridicles, but when I turned to the Lord for help, He enabled me to look to Him for all my needs. With time I realized that the Christian life is not a one-day issue or a short-term experience, but a life-long commitment - with my following the Lord making deliberate choices throughout.

When I look back and think of all the things that had happened since the time I met the Lord, I wonder at His amazing grace, which saved a person like me, giving hope and normal life again. As I try to figure out as to how I could do it all, I recall that it was by constantly looking unto the Lord Jesus Christ by putting my trust in his faithfulness and marvelous saving grace.

There were many occasions when the Lord saved me from several dangers and calamities. During all these years, I have been realizing that I am weak but the Lord is strong. There were many times that the Lord had to chase me in different ways to put me back on track, when my focus sometimes started drifting away from the cross. Slowly, but steadily, I realize that the experiences I had had in the past do not guarantee that I would be faithful to the Lord for the rest of my life; but they only give me faith for today and a hope for tomorrow to rely on the Lord on a daily basis. I was once a hopeless person, but am now hopeful because of the grace and mercy of the Lord, and because of His unique ability to change the life of any sinner like me, who puts his faith in His son, Jesus Christ.

And today, twenty-six years passed since I met the Lord for His forgiveness. But the Lord never left me alone. The challenges of today are very different from those I had experienced in the past. But with God, life is worth living for His glory.

Today, when I am writing this testimony, I am married and have a daughter. I give all the glory and honor to the Lord, who gives his peace of mind and hope to those who trust in Him. I give all the praise to the one, who gave his life that I might live.