

My Name is Teacher



I was raised by my grandmother. When I was seven years old, my grandfather died. After that, my grandmother invested all her time and energy in me and took care of my severely disabled mother. My mother died when I was 15 years old, so my grandmother and I were alone. Grandmother began to drink, and I drank also, and we argued a lot. I often ran away from home because I could not bear the insults and fights. When I was 16, I moved to my boyfriend's home. His mother welcomed me with joy, as if I were her daughter. At the age of 17 I gave birth to a daughter. At that time I did not drink alcohol, but I smoked and lived life as I had learned at Grandma's.

During the war in 1992 there was almost nothing at all to eat. Even bread was scarce. We lived next to a prison. My husband and a few guys went across our street to look for food. At this time the prison was empty, as everyone, even the prisoners, had run away. The kitchen, the storage and all the cells stood open. The young men searched all the rooms for food. My husband discovered a Bible and some brochures in a drawer. He took everything and showed it to his mother. She began to read the Bible daily. One day a neighbor found out that she was reading the Bible and told her that there was a church nearby where she could learn a lot about the Bible and understand it better. My mother-in-law began to attend the church services. She trusted Jesus as her Savior and began to pray for us. God was at work in our family.

On July 21, 1995 I became a follower of Christ. Although physically, I felt so badly I could barely get out of bed, I had a strong desire to go to church. I had wanted to attend the day before, as guest speakers had arrived at the church, but I was not able. However, God made it possible for the guests to stay another day. And He gave me strength to get up and attend the service.

That was the day of my conversion. After my prayer, somebody gave me a Bible with the words, "Be steadfast to the end, and then you will receive the crown of life." After the service, I had no strength to walk. Brothers drove me home. In the evening I had very severe stomach cramps. But I was no longer afraid of death as the words from the Bible turned around and around in my head. And God gave me back my strength. On September 21, 1997 I was baptized. Since that moment, God has used me as His vessel. Praise the Lord!

For several years, I have been one of the students of the Independent Bible Correspondence School (*a ministry of our partner organization in Central Asia*). I have completed a number of courses such as "Thessalonians." The training gives me spiritual support, helping me to analyze my present state as a Christian and resolve any issues. I learn many new things and try to apply them practically.

For a long time I worked as a teacher in a Christian kindergarten. I had 13 kids in my group. In addition to the Bible stories we taught the children math, language development, Russian, ethics, and crafts. We played games with them. Since I have a musical education, I gave them music lessons. Unfortunately, the kindergarten was closed by the government.

But God has given new opportunities to reach people for Him. I give private music lessons and teach the children Christian songs in Tajik. I use the courses of the Bible School for three children's clubs that meet in my home each week. The first group includes children from 3 to 6 years, the second is for children ages 7 to 12, and the third group is exclusively for Tajik children. In each group, I teach an evangelistic program beginning with Creation, the Fall, and the way out of sin. Once we have covered these essential foundations, I teach Bible stories chronologically.

In the church I serve as choir conductor. I love the singers and the songs with which we praise God. My wish is that the choir would sing more beautifully. Please pray for my family. My husband is not a believer. He often forbids things that are important to me as a Christian. He cannot understand many things. Not all of our children want to follow Jesus. Please pray for them.