

My Name is Full

After the civil war in Tajikistan, starvation became a way of life. My children cried out for food and I did not know what to do. My sisters had seen the movie, *Jesus*, and became believers. But my thought was, "Can a Tajik woman go on to another religion?" Their words gave me the courage to ask Jesus for bread, also. He heard my prayer. He gave us food, not only for our bodies, but for our souls, also. On December 8, 1996, I opened my heart to Jesus Christ and confessed all my sins. I was baptized and began to invite children from the street to my apartment to tell them about Jesus. Over 140 children came to us each week. Since our apartment is very small, I divided the children into different age groups, so that each day, a group could sit on the floor and listen to stories about Jesus. God richly blessed this ministry.



I love Jesus and want many people to experience this freedom in Jesus. In order to better understand the Bible, I enrolled in the IBCS. Textbooks were sent to my home, and I studied them with great joy. I passed the lessons from the books on to the children and their moms, who also came to our house. My husband and our children all believed in Jesus. Our oldest daughter, also a student, is a great help in telling stories of Jesus to the street children.

The authorities in our city were aware of the crowds in front of our house. The secret police came to my home, disrupted the meeting, chased the children, threatened me and tried to intimidate me. I did not want to further attract attention, and so I had to suspend the gatherings for an indefinite time.

God opened another opportunity to serve Him. I visited people in nursing homes, read to them from the Bible, prayed with them, played on the *kamusa* (the Tajik musical instrument) and sang Christian songs. God opened more doors for me among my neighbors and poor families of our city. I have made many friends with whom I could talk openly about Jesus.

God led our family through tough times. I was bedridden with my last child, and then my husband died of pneumonia. I transported goods in a push cart to earn money. Again and again, I asked God for help, because I have experienced it many times as He does not abandon His children. For some time, Bible Mission representatives have brought us food and heating materials to stock for the whole winter.

Again I started the children's clubs in my house, but I do it more carefully, in order not to draw attention of the government people. I continue to serve God with the gifts He gives me. I sing and play to His praise in the church and help the ladies grow in faith.