

My Name is Prayer Warrior

It was a normal day at the vocational school. I carved on a piece of wood because I wanted to become a good art carver. My 17th birthday had just passed. And as with every birthday, agonizing questions and bitter thoughts about my life stormed over me with new force. Why had our mother locked me and my brothers and sisters in the home and disappeared? And who was to be my mother? What we had done to her that she would let us starve? How could I ever forgive her?

A kind neighbor had found us four days later. The doctors tried really hard to revive my dehydrated body. After we were released from the hospital, we were sent to various children's homes.

Voices of friends in the hallway pulled me out of my thoughts and back into reality. An event would be held in the vocational school - a good change from our monotonous existence. Two Tajik men would be speaking.

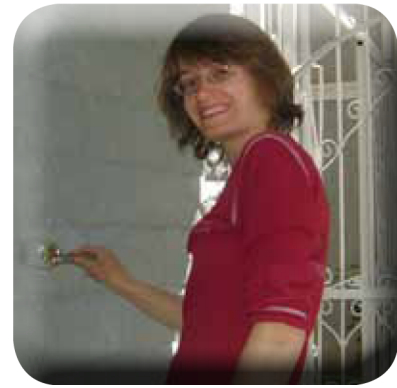
Seated in the great hall, we listened to the men as they read to us from the Gospel of Luke. Then they asked a question, "Now you have heard so much about Jesus. What prevents you from believing in Him and letting Him be the Lord of your life?"

God spoke to me, and I realized that not only my mother but I also had done many wrongs. I confessed all my sins to God, and let Jesus into my heart. I had a complete reversal in my head, my heart and life. Every morning I read the Bible and learned a lot from the life of Jesus and his followers about how to live as a Christian. I was able to forgive my mother, and deep peace and joy filled my heart.

After I completed school, the local church offered me a place to live as I could no longer stay in the children's home. I started working as a housekeeper in the church building. At the same time I was accepted at the Independent Bible Correspondence School and began studying the biblical truths with great intensity. Once a year, I read through the entire Bible. One time I finished it in six months while taking the "Survey of the Bible" course. The Word of God fills my life; I love memorizing passages from the Bible.

In my job I come in contact with many people. Each day, visitors to the church ask lots of questions. Over a cup of tea I tell them about Jesus, reciting many Bible passages and explaining the worth of living with Jesus. Many poor and homeless people are happy about one little gift.

My primary service to God is prayer. I love to sing in the choir and as I work, but prayer is something special. Brothers and sisters from the congregation often ask me to pray



for their concerns. I like to do it, because I know God answers prayers. Every Friday I meet with young women for prayer. I want to encourage them to develop a close relationship with God through prayer.

I have experienced many hard days in my life, but God knows. Last year I was about to get married to the man I loved. But the marriage did not take place. I felt the pain of abandonment once again. But this time I knew who could heal my wounds. I share my needs with my Heavenly Father—even my deepest desire of finding my brothers and sisters. Already God has answered that prayer. Through a TV show I learned that one of my sisters lives in Russia. Now it is my desire to get to know her personally and tell her about Jesus.