

My Name is Dreamer

When I turned 40, I had a nightmare. For three nights, I dreamt the same dream of a golden church, cemetery and golden crosses. I told my husband and my son that I was afraid of dying and that I wanted to go to church. The dream was like a call for me. I believed that if I did not go to a church, I would die. I was confused and found no peace.



I started to search for God and came to understand that I had to confess my sins to get forgiveness.. I found a Heavenly Father who forgave all my sins. He gave me a new life and love I had never before experienced. My life changed in a spiritual way, and I am happy despite the trials I face.

My husband and I are Uzbek, but we live in Tajikistan. We have one son. One year ago, my son and I witnessed the death of the son of a neighbor in the garden. He was killed by someone unknown to us. We were called to court to testify to what we had seen. But the judge sentenced my son as a murderer and sent him to prison. I visit him often and pray that the truth and justice may be revealed soon. This situation is very hard for my husband and me.

My husband is a Muslim, but he does not object that I go to church or believe in Jesus. He also allows me to study at the IBCS (International Bible Correspondence School).

I find peace and healing for my soul in the Word of God. I am able to give encouraging Scripture verses to other women who have problems. I am leading a ladies' Bible study group in my home. My prayer is that my husband and my son would also believe in Jesus Christ.