

My Name is Teacher

At the age of 25, I ended up in prison. I had not imagined my life after my teacher training in this way. At that time, I did not know that God has a plan for everyone. I grew up in a Muslim family. The God I heard about was not a God of love. In prison, I first heard that God loved us and could free us from our guilt. A missionary shared these words in 2001 and that day I repented of my sins. God gave me the understanding that I couldn't do anything in my life without Him. I asked God forgiveness for disregarding His love. Since then I have been living with God. He gave me a husband and five children. Then we adopted another child. I prayed for a ministry for my husband and our family. The Lord has answered our prayers. We have left our relatives and friends and moved to a city to serve God as missionaries there.



I was able to start working as a teacher in a public school. I'm not afraid to tell children about Jesus. Since I teach history, I tell all the kids that I am created by God. Half of my class now attends the Sunday school. Every summer I invite the children to a Christian camp my husband and I organize. My goal is to take every opportunity to tell people of Jesus. So I invite the parents of children to parents' evenings to tell them about Jesus.

Our neighbors know we are Christians, and many love to be invited to women's evenings in our home. Another opportunity to spread a good seed is visiting needy families and single women. I help with what I have and invite them to the church service. I am aware that not all of them understand me, because even I had laughed at Christians and mocked people who believe in Jesus. God has given me forgiveness for my sins and a profound peace. I want to spread the Word of God further.

Since there is no Bible School in Tajik in our country, I am studying the program of IBCS (correspondence Bible Institute). I like the tests because I realize how the Holy Spirit is working in me. The first thing I do is try to apply what I have learned in my life. Then I share the knowledge in

fellowship with brother and sisters. When we have visitors, I read questions from textbooks as a conversation starter about the Bible. I use the lessons for Bible study with children and women, quote the Bible passages and comfort those who have become discouraged. My husband and I study the courses together and this has strengthened our marriage and family. Through these courses, my worldview has changed. I realize the foundation of my faith is being strengthened.

Last winter was hard. It was cold and we rarely had electricity. But my husband and I continued to serve. Every Saturday, Sunday and Monday, we hold church services and God blesses us. In recent weeks, one man has accepted the Lord as Savior. We continue to minister and offer help to children with disabilities, widows and single mothers. This past summer, 21 children from Muslim families attended our camp. These children were happy and sang songs about Jesus at full volume. We had no opposition from their parents—they asked for their children to attend. But the authorities cause us difficulties. Our church community is not registered, so we gather illegally in private homes. Our appeal to register has been rejected many times, though we have tried hard to gain legal status. All this does not discourage us in sharing the Good News with the people of our city. Please pray for the registration of the church and for a building to own where we could meet as a church body.