

PASTOR RAJ'S TESTIMONY

I was born into a Hindu priest family in 1987. My father was a landlord and businessman. I studied at one of the best schools of that time. When I was 13, my dad died due to blood cancer. All the business was collapsed. My mom was uneducated. Bank controlled our five hector land at national highway and home. Due to overdraft made for business by dad, we had to leave that all. We shifted to our next small land, built small two rooms, a mini house. I crossed school study by helping with funds of my elder dad secretly because their other family members wouldn't like me to be supported by him. My mother couldn't afford my further study so I had to seek some way to earn money to run our family. Days were hard. Food once a day. Two pair of clothes.

At the due time, my mom received Christ as savior but I was against it because I was from a Hindu priest family. Everyone in our community hated Christians. They didn't drink water touched by Christians. They treated Christians as unholy persons. Once I was so angry with my mom's decision, I picked up her Bible and threw it outside of our home. It was raining. My mom went outside, picked up the Bible and cleaned it and kept in her metal box. I was burning inside with anger.

As a few days passed, a few Christians from that church came to our isolated home. They were talking to my mom with respect and love. That was a turning point for me. The Holy Ghost had begun to work inside me. Every one pressed us, behaved as we were nobody. That was the time when my heart was changing. I began to read books of the gospel. I was reading it as story book of Jesus. I was just entertaining but God's word was working inside me to create faith. When I fell asleep every night, my mom prayed with her hands on me. God was answering her. I decided to join church. It was the only church in our area. Few people knew about Christ and Christianity.

A doctor had believed in India and he was running medical at six days and seventh day it was a church. I accepted Christ and I was baptized. For a year, I went to India. I got a job as an office boy at a pastor's office. I learned much from his personal library.

As I returned, my mom was on her bed. She was suffering from gland and lungs, tuberculosis. I couldn't afford her treatment. We don't have health insurance as other developed nations have. I took her to the government clinic but couldn't save her. She left me alone. It was a most difficult time for me. She was the one whom I loved most. She had taught me to live with hunger and in need. We used to comfort each other with a hope of good days to come. We hoped to eat as we wanted, wear good clothes, according to climate, and so on, but she left me alone but her great and precious gift was with me, Son of God, Jesus. He was my future, fortune and father.

After 20, I got married to an orphan lady, Urmila. She was blessing for me. We began a church ministry with a single family and now, in 8 years, He gave us grace to win more than 300 souls in Christ. Five years before he blessed us with a lovely baby, Shushan.

God raised us from zero. He has changed our mourning to joy. He is a faithful Father. I love to serve Him. Jesus be Glorified!