

Written Testimony

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For as long as I can remember, I have always struggled to believe that God created me in His own image. (Genesis 1:27) I did not understand how a perfect being could produce such a flawed creation. I did not understand Jesus' persistent message of invitation to come to Him with heavy baggage. (Matthew 11:28) Since childhood, I took care of myself and I survived just fine that way. I did not need someone whispering messages of warmth, love, and restoration because I do not need those things to survive. I managed just fine without people or a higher entity supporting me. Whatever your understanding of Christians, Jesus, or God is I invite you to release it for a minute. My story is not glamorous and clean. My story is messy, broken, and painful, but it is also the only story I know with all my beating heart that the Spirit in me is speaking to the Spirit in you today.

My place of pain and abandonment started at an airport hallway when I was five years old. I have patterns of repressed memories and dissociative detachment. Hence, I recall myself outside of my body. I see a little girl walking down a hallway with a luggage weighing her every step. This is the origin of the identity that has defined me for so long. Abused in every way, promises of eternity only greeted by sudden farewells, forsaken by community, lost in purpose, I searched for a place of rest, safety, belonging, and affection. Soon, statements like I am darkness I am broken, I am incapable, I am worthless, I am dirty, and I am not a leader set in as truth. I drowned myself in whatever distractions I could find. I escaped any chance I got. I vowed to end my life every hardship that came my way. I clenched my fist tighter to hold in every bit of emotion left in me inside, so no one saw the scared little girl dragging her big luggage behind her with no light and friend to surround her.

Through people, I discovered and experienced a good Father who is my peace, my shepherd, my order, my justice, my friend, and my love. I started having relationships with people who did not hurt me, people who invited me to their home, people who fed me, people who hugged me, people who told me that I am a leader, people who grabbed me tight when I wanted to run away, people talked to me in their cars. I did not see a manifested form of God, I did not hear an audible voice of God, I was born into Christianity and I was still a Christian, I looked the same, I had the same people in my life. I had innumerable expectations of God and His work in my life and this was not my expectation at all. I thought I would feel hot, start prophesying, and performing miracles. However, God did not do anything except enter into my heart and walk me closer and closer to light.

Nothing changed, yet everything changed. Circumstances were the same, the people in my life practiced the same toxic tendencies, and the setting remained the same, but there was a deep inner transformation and renewal of mind and softening of my heart. The same girl that was hurt by people and hated people, starting loving people- I mean, really loving them. Does this sound too good? Does this sound like an abrupt ending to a poorly made movie that is forcefully trying to add a message of happily ever after in the end? The truth is, Jesus Christ is *that* good, because if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. (Romans 10:9-14) The Father loves you so much that He gave His only Son, Jesus to die so that you may live and have eternal life. (John 3:16) I see the same helpless little girl that I was, in you. My story is no longer a story of trauma but of love of the Father.

I want to invite you to pray with me. Prayer is going before God ask vulnerable and wounded as you are. There is no need to cover yourself and hide. (Genesis 3:7) There is no need to be shameful and be chained by your past, present, and future. Because the God we are praying to now is not one to condemn you, corner you, ridicule you, degrade you, and deceive you. Our Savior is the way, the truth, the life, and the only way to the Father. (John 14:6) Will you pray with me?