

The Promised Land!

Coming from my background I felt that the US was the promised land! I thought I could work there for a few months and make money. Eventually, I found a weekend job working in a nursing home owned by a Romanian couple. When I was given \$100 for working two days, I said, 'Wow, that's my salary for two months at home!'

A few days later they offered me a full-time job, staying in the home, and caring for the six residents. These elderly ladies loved me and began to teach me English. The owners were Christians and they went to a Baptist church. I remember seeing them on Sundays going to church together with their child nicely dressed and I just loved that. My need of love and seeing a happy family touched me. I asked them how they kept their relationship right. You see, while I was a student my heart had been broken and so I didn't believe that there were men who could be honest and loving. When I saw that couple I really loved what I saw. Even today that motivates me in how I am in my relationship with my husband.



Who is Jesus?

One day I asked them how they could love each other and be so nice with each other. The husband told me, 'It's not us. We are just normal people. It's Jesus.' And I said, 'Who is Jesus?' So that was the beginning. He began telling me who Jesus is although it didn't make much sense to me. He also introduced me to the concept of sin and told me that sinners go to hell. I didn't see myself as a sinner because I was brought up to be a good person, helping others, helping colleagues, respecting my parents, respecting work and so on. We had these values.

I began reading the gospels but didn't understand anything. After reading the Bible I remember saying that I didn't know what it was about. My friends told me to pray and read the Bible three times a day and I did exactly what I was told. As I saw how they prayed, I tried to do the same. To me their praying seemed very aggressive. After I was invited to their prayer group where they prayed loudly standing up, I confronted them. I said, 'You're praying just for me to see you.' I was critical, but open and very honest with everything. They were patient with me and told me that I needed to keep reading the Bible. That was 1995.