

Thank God! Thank you!

The Amazing Story of a Young Ukrainian Mother's Conversion to Christ



These words are written by the most joyful and thankful person that you can picture in your mind. I am a wife, a mother, and a new Christian.

I was just baptized last summer in Ukraine's famous Kniper River. It was a time of great celebration for our little family, that we will never forget.

My English is not advanced so I have had to ask for help from a translator to write these words. My mother tongue is Russian.

Now, each time my husband and I see Michael Gott, we go up to him, and both of us embrace him. Only days ago we did this again, and I looked down, and our son was holding onto Michael's leg; we laughed together with little tears of joy in our eyes!

I was spiritually helpless; at least I thought that to be true. Nothing moved my heart. I was cold inside. I attended a Michael Gott evangelistic meeting in our city, and he spoke on being spiritually lost. He described me so perfectly that I was actually frightened. How could anybody know so much about me? Those were my secret thoughts, and he told them. So I ran from the building, but it was a sleepless night. I could not decide if I ever wanted to hear this man speak again. You see, it was really terrifying to feel somebody knows your very secret thoughts. — I cannot tell you why, but I went to hear him again. When he finished and people were walking out, I just couldn't leave so I waited. When I knew everyone was gone, I rushed up to him crying without control. I said in my best English, "I am a lost person, like you said, I am lost. Help me, please."

He spoke to me and said, "Do you understand me without an interpreter?" I said I did, but really I didn't, but I said yes to him.



He started to tell me how to have Christ in my life, and I believe a miracle happened. Even though my English is not so good, I understood everything he said. Most of the time I understood maybe one-half without an interpreter, but as Michael spoke to me, I understood all. It was as if my mother-tongue was English, or was Michael speaking Russian? Literally, everything was completely clear to me.

Then Michael said that we should pray, and he did, but then I started to pray. The words came out of my mouth, and more and more I was

doing what I had never done—praying out loud, sobbing as I prayed. I finished praying—stood up and said goodbye, and now I thought, I must tell my husband immediately. That night we sat in bed singing together and thanking Jesus for what had happened. (He was already a Christian.) It was the second miracle of my day.

For a time Michael never knew the details and the positive results. But one day in the church in Kiev I saw him, and I showed him pictures of my baptism—the results of his pointing me to Jesus.

In February of this year I sent my husband and son to seek out Michael and give him three photos. I wanted him to have proof, and also everyone to know that I have declared my faith in Jesus Christ. He lives in my heart.

This is my conversion story, and I say thank you to the Lord of my salvation who sent Michael Gott as His messenger.

*Thank You for Good News,
God's Love, for Your
Open Heart!
28.02.09 Maikue Tara*

