

God Hears the Cry of the Poor

The story of my faith in God and my struggle with it goes back to many years. It happened around 1958. Even though I was born in an ancient Christian family and raised as a Christian, attending Sunday School and hearing bible stories even as a child of four, I had lost my faith in God while I was in High School.

That was the time when there was great new discoveries by eminent Scientists unraveling the mysteries of the universe. I got very much impressed by these revolutionary developments in the material world and I got enormously interested in Science.

That was also the time when Socialism and Communist ideologies were taking root in the minds of many, especially the intellectuals. I became a communist and an agnostic or even an atheist because of my great love for the poor and I believed –erroneously though– that the distribution of wealth was the only way to eradicate poverty from the face of the earth. Poverty was so rampant all over the world especially in India as it was the era of post second world war and all commodities were in short order .

I am a physician by profession and I had a great zeal to be in the art of healing and I wanted to be a doctor, as early as my younger age of eight. So I studied very studiously and finished my High School and undergraduate classes with distinction.

I just depended on my own abilities and did not believe in a creator or in Jesus. But God had other plans for me, a” plan not for your destruction, but only for your welfare. Plans to give you hope and a glorious future. You will find me when you seek me with all your heart.” (Jeremiah 29: 11, 13)

I tried to get admission to the only Medical School in our state at that time, depending only on my merits and capabilities. I was so confident and even arrogant, that I will be accepted in the medical School as I had the best of the credentials. But unfortunately so, when the list of successful candidates came out, my name was not in the list. That was the first time that I had tasted failure in my academic career. I got devastated. I did not have any contingency plans as I was so sure of my success in getting what I wanted to be. Then I got admitted to Graduate college for Chemistry major. I was very unhappy. I could not study well and I did not apply myself. I could not finish my graduate degree. I did not know what to do with my life. That was the time I turned to God. I began to pray on my knees, with tears running down my eyes for twenty three days and twenty three nights. I had no clue what I was praying for except that I wanted to be a doctor.

It was humanly impossible for anybody to get in a medical school at that time when I was praying for it, as all the admissions to the two Colleges were closed for that year. On the twenty third day of my prayer, I saw a news in front page of the newspaper that 25 new seats are added to one of the colleges in our state. Fifteen more days are given to apply for a seat. Immediately I send in the application and within two weeks I got the reply that I was accepted as one of the students for that year.

I believe in the miracle of prayer. God loved me so much that he answered all my prayers and I was able to achieve my goals in life. “Though a mother may forget her baby, I will not forget you. See I have engraved you in the palms of my hands”. (Isaiah: 49: 15,16)

He gave me the grace to know Jesus and accept Him as my savior and Lord. I had the spiritual experience in 1989 and I got baptized in the Holy Spirit. I surrendered myself to God and I am trying to be a faithful servant of God. My life is completely changed for the better ever since and I began to experience the love, joy and peace and all the fruits of the Holy Spirit.

I want to spread His word around and bring many to God and I pray everyday to give the grace to all, so that they be converted and become the children of God. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son and whoever believeth in Him will not perish; but will have everlasting life. (John 3:16) God bless you all.

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