

I grew up in a pastor's home, so I heard the Gospel from a young age. When I was five years old, my older sister got saved and there was much rejoicing – not really understanding but wanting to be a part, I “got saved” too... but I struggled for the next several years fearing that I would go to sleep and wake up in Hell.

When I was eight, there happened to be tornadic weather at a family gathering so everyone left the badminton game and took shelter in the underground house. When we were all inside, my brother-in-law jokingly said, “Well, if a tornado does hit, at least we are all saved!”

I couldn't take it anymore. I looked up at my mom and asked, “Mom, am I saved?” She said, “I don't know. Are you?” and then I broke down into tears and sobbed “No!” so we went into the back room and I got it settled forever.

At youth camp when I was twelve or thirteen, I surrendered to do whatever God wanted me to do. I had no idea what that would be, but I knew even then that whatever it was, there could be nothing better and I wanted to do it. I told God I would be a willing vessel.

In college, I minored in *Missions* even though I did not think I would ever be a missionary (which is why I dropped it my Jr. year to avoid all the speech classes!). I certainly never felt like I was missionary material... But God is good and He reminds me that His strength is made perfect in weakness. So now I yield my weaknesses to Him and pray to be a vessel fit for His use—on the ripe field of Guyana.