

# Testimony

## of Rosa



“Rosa,” I asked this lady on a hot summer afternoon, “do you mind telling me again how you found peace in Christ and the assurance of eternal life?” That was enough to bring a big smile to her face and a sparkle to her eyes. Nothing gives her more joy than sharing her story of salvation.

I met Rosa four years ago, before she was saved. It was the last Bible class of the year at Centro Evangélico Tirocapes, in the southern part of Hermosillo, where John and Michelle Dennison started a gospel outreach at the end of 2005. Even though it was Christmas Eve and there were special gifts for the children and a meal after the Bible lesson, she seemed to be carrying the world on her shoulders. Rosa was in a desperate search for peace. I will let her tell you her own story.

“I grew up always being sick and fearful of dying. When I asked my mother where people went after they died, her answer frightened me. She told me that their souls went to a place where they had to suffer for their sins and after God thought they had suffered enough and paid for their sins, He would let them enter into His heaven. I thought to myself, ‘I’m tired of suffering. There must be another way to get to heaven.’

When I got older, I tried different religions, but none of them offered me true peace or the assurance of eternal life. I got tired of searching, thinking that maybe that was all there was, and that I’d have to suffer in this life and after death.

One day we received an invitation to a Bible class for children in a place very close to our house. My children wanted to go, especially Jesús, my youngest boy. I let him go thinking it wouldn’t hurt him to know more about the Bible. Jesús came home very happy after the first class and told me about it. He said they sang some songs, and a man told them a story from the Bible, and the best part was that the teacher would give a prize to anyone who brought someone to the next class. ‘Mom, could you please come with me the next time so I can get a prize?’ he begged. I told him I would, and he didn’t forget. He actually pulled me along to the meeting. I thought, ‘Maybe I can slip out when he gets distracted.’ However, when I heard what they were singing, I couldn’t leave. The song was about Jonah not wanting to pay attention to the word of God. ‘That’s me,’ I thought, ‘I cannot find peace because I am not paying attention to God.’ So I stayed, and I paid attention.

I continued to attend the children’s meetings every time I could, and later on, I went to the gospel meetings. It didn’t matter how much attention I paid to the lessons or the preaching, I couldn’t understand how to get saved. One night that I will never forget, we sang, ‘Jesus died for me.’ That was it! That was the part I was missing. I was trying to be saved, but Jesus had done ALL on the cross for me. I didn’t have to do anything, He had died for me!

A seed planted with a children’s song, and watered with a hymn, gave fruit when I understood God’s wonderful plan of salvation for me.

I’m so glad that I am saved and have eternal peace with God through Christ, but I am also very thankful for that Bible teacher who didn’t underestimate the importance of little details. His creativity in encouraging the children to bring friends to the Bible class brought me under the sound of the gospel, the good news that I eventually understood and that led me to salvation.”

... Story submitted by Eleonor Alves Mosquera, Hermosillo, MX