



Pamela Vorobieff

TESTIMONY..... given at Grace Bible Baptist Church on Sunday 19th April, 2015.

When Pastor Charlie invited me to give testimony of my salvation, I told Anthony about it and his response was great excitement “oh, tell my testimony mum...tell mine!!” And Pastor was really happy for me to do that. So I’ll begin with my account and then finish with Anthonys.

I was born in Brisbane in 1946, into an unbelieving, sad and lonely family – just my mother and my elder brother. Our father had left the family before I was born and at age 3 we left Qld for a new start in Sydney. When I was 7 years old - I overheard a policeman telling mum that my father had died. I remember thinking “well that’s it then...I’ll never have a father”. But God who cares for the fatherless had already begun the process of drawing me to Himself.

On the opposite corner to my primary school at Revesby, was a church with a big sign in the yard and all the meeting times listed, and in my many wanderings around the neighbourhood I would often find myself there staring at that sign with such a longing in my heart. By the time I got home... I was in big trouble for wandering again – so mum was not interested in my pleadings to go to Sunday School.

However at 13 yrs and living now at Punchbowl, I managed to connect with the youth group of the Baptist Church and when the

1959 Billy Graham crusade came to Sydney I pleaded with mum if we could go - as a family at church had offered to take us with them in their car. To my joy and amazement mum said YES!!! Well at that meeting when I heard the clear presentation of the Gospel I was broken hearted over my sin and lost helpless and hopeless state...and at the same time overjoyed that I had a heavenly FATHER who loved me so much that HE SENT HIS ONLY SON TO DIE IN MY PLACE, TAKING MY PUNISHMENT ON HIMSELF, SO I COULD BE FORGIVEN AND MADE CLEAN AND BECOME HIS CHILD!!!

I was so overwhelmed by God's dealings with me that night, that it was much later when I realized my mother had also gone forward to respond to Jesus Christ and His salvation. From then on mum starting coming to church with me ... but at home we never talked about The Lord and our new faith, in fact – we never talked much about anything and I spent my time (when not doing chores) daydreaming about a better future life with a loving husband and 6 children of my own.

I cant remember that mum and I recieved any personal nurturing or discipling apart from Sunday sermons and I found myself responding to every visiting preachers appeals until I was baptized at 15 years. As a child one thing I hated - was reading...I tried to read the Bible but couldn't understand most of it and much preferred to day-dream!! The next phase of life I just blundered along doing the best I could ... without wisdom!! making my own decisions even though I continued to pray, go to church and teach Sunday School, but I was not walking with God, was not living by the Word of God, and in truth - had no real knowledge of the Word of God or His Ways... and so between the

ages of 21 and 37 - I was married with two children – divorced – remarried and separated. This was the reality of my “daydreams” – I was crushed, ashamed, guilty & scared.

But God ...in His Grace and mercy toward me and my children, had at this time lifted the veil from my eyes so His Words in the Bible became LIVING to me – I could read the Bible and understand!! Well, I was a sponge soaking up more and more knowledge of my Saviour Jesus Christ and my Heavenly Father.

The children and I were living in a flat at Cabramatta while I recovered from a fractured vertebra - and we were going to the local Baptist Church. My 2nd husband Alex was a religious Russian orthodox, a heavy drinker and a violent man - however because of what the Bible says in 1 Corinthians chapter 7... I felt I should try to reconcile with him ... so he was visiting us again.

One night when everyone was asleep, I was sitting on the sofa with only a lamp on in the lounge room... in the quietness as I prayed, buckets of tears flowed as I poured out to the Lord all my grief. In the midst of this brokenness, HIS gentle voice spoke to my heart “you know what’s wrong” to which I replied ... “yes, I’m in another abusive marriage and my children’s lives are being destroyed”. Instead of answering my statement... the Lord said again “you know what’s wrong”. This continued on and on as I resisted yielding my WILL to God. I squirmed up and down the couch as God wrestled with my will – I cried to HIM that I was frightened to give up my will to HIM... because I knew I would not be able to keep it up!!! HE told me, that HE would do the keeping... and HE would never leave me!! this was the most beautiful peaceful promise I had ever heard!!! I gave up

ownership of my will to HIM that night - and I crawled into bed and fell asleep exhausted.

In the morning when I awoke and found that nothing had changed - I was shocked!!! and dismayed that life was the same as yesterday!!! (I must have thought I'd wake up in Heaven) and as soon as the morning rush hour was over and I was alone in the flat, I hurried to the Lord in prayer about these things, and His Spirit comforted my heart - that we had begun a journey together last night, and through all the circumstances of life... HE WOULD GO WITH ME. That settled my heart and mind then, and it still does today.

Over the days following I explained to Kelly & Anthony (and anyone else who cared to listen) and Alex... about the Mercy Longsuffering and Sovereignty of God in my life that night!!! I marveled and still do ... that God would battle for me!!! One afternoon as I was ironing in the kitchen, I explained the Gospel of Salvation to Alex and begged him to repent and believe, so that we could go on together -with the Lord. He became furious – shouting “How dare you say that my religion isn’t the right way!! How dare you change!! I married you a certain person ... now you’re another person!! And he grabbed the iron in my hand and pushed it at my face backing me into the sink against the window – in a split second my terror left and I went limp completely yielding my face up to the iron. When Alex saw this He threw the iron down and shouted at me in a voice I’d never heard before “what’s the use... you’d just go straight up anyway” and he stormed out of the flat. I was so amazed at what had just taken place, that I fell on my knees in thankfulness to God.

In 1985 the marriage ended and the children and I moved to Newcastle... and I knew exactly how I would live the rest of my life – in obedience to Gods Word. This Newcastle phase of life has been wonderful beyond description - whatever difficulties we have faced and circumstances that have stretched us ... walking in sweet fellowship with Jesus and my heavenly Father, loving HIS WILL and obeying His Word, plus the encouragement of fellow believers ... is my daily taste of Heaven while I watch and pray for Jesus to come soon -when HE will gather to HIMSELF all of us who Love Him!! and take us home to our Fathers House in heaven!! because God has promised - that those who are born again will not be left on earth when He pours out His just judgements on this wicked world.

1 John 5: vs 20 “AND WE KNOW THAT THE SON OF GOD IS COME, AND HATH GIVEN US AN UNDERSTANDING, THAT WE MAY KNOW HIM THAT IS TRUE, AND WE ARE IN HIM THAT IS TRUE, EVEN IN HIS SON JESUS CHRIST. THIS IS THE TRUE GOD, AND ETERNAL LIFE.”

Thank you for listening to my testimony... and if you feel God's Spirit is drawing your heart today ... please do! speak to Pastor Charlie before our time with you is finished today.