



Bianca's Testimony

Now, before I start sharing my testimony about my life, I'd like to introduce myself for those of you that don't know me. My name is Bianca and I was brought up in Newcastle. My background is Lebanese and I'm in a family of 6 including me, my two parents and 3 brothers.

Being brought up in Newcastle was like a walk in the park. Mum got to take all the stress off my shoulders and Dad (being Dad), worked to supply our family needs. None of these things bothered me or who I was. I had good friends, we had food to fill us up, we had a home to live in, and we had money - but something was missing. And me being me, not knowing what was missing, didn't seem to care about it, because I HAD everything I needed.

Or did I?

As I got older, challenges started to grow into my family and I thought it was just a part of life.

You see, having fun or going "out" was our major priority. Reading the Bible or going to church or maybe even just praying DIDN'T BOTHER us at all. It wasn't in our interest; it wasn't a part of our lives. WE didn't care if God was in our lives or not, because if he was or wasn't, it wouldn't make a difference. We only went to church once every blue moon, but we just went there for the sake of being there. As soon as we walked out that door we were as happy as monkeys swinging in the trees. You see, life for me meant getting older and living in a three story house with a dog.

The early years of my life were almost perfect! Mum and Dad were happy and my brothers and I were like angels. I felt like I never wanted my life to end! But then I thought again.

Each day coming from school was a nightmare. It was worse than the war in Lebanon back in 2004, and trust me, you wouldn't want to know about it!

Mum and Dad used to break out into fights and my brothers and I used to start arguments. Life each day just got worse and worse. I never knew what I would experience coming back from school and not knowing whether it would be a peaceful or violent day. I didn't know how mum and dad were feeling; I didn't know what would happen the next minute or the next.... I was lost, confused, worried, and scared. It felt like I was in a ghost town, no one beside you supporting you or guiding you, no one holding your hand throughout the way telling you that you would make it through. I could see someone in front of me, holding his hands out ready to catch me, but I just kicked him out of my way.

I started to get teased at school for being myself. No one appreciated me or understood what I was going through. I wished there was a day where people could appreciate me and who I am.

Then, on top of all this, I wondered where the man upstairs is? Why wasn't the guy on top of space helping me with my struggles? What have I done to deserve ALL this devastation? I was a goody two shoes my whole life and He doesn't even want to help me?

Now what sort of God is that? Why would He just reject me for? I seriously just didn't understand. I do my chores, I do well at school, and I HAVE a Bible - why all this REJECTION?

Hatred and rebellion started to grow into my heart and I started to change. I started to chat back and dishonour my mum. I started to laugh and disrespect my Dad. And my brothers, well they're just a different story!! We are just like Tom and Jerry the whole way - 24/7.

Not only this, but I also used to tease other children. I now know that we are ALL rebels against God and his eternal LOVE! We were hungering for something, not money or food, but something special and one of a kind; and it was that basic hunger for love and acceptance. A deep hunger for the love of our God. I, not knowing this, continued to be the way I was, a daughter of Satan.

Until one day we met a man who was used of God, his name was Brother Charlie. His words were so convincing and the way he preached about the Lord was out of this world!!!! I'd never met such a soul as unique as Charlie's.

At first, we thought he was trying to brainwash us, but the more we got to know about him and his story, the more I knew that I had to get right with God. No one was going to do it for me; it was just a matter of me asking for His forgiveness and acceptance. And then it was like singing angels. We attended every Church service since the church in Newcastle started with a smile on our faces, not because we needed to, but because we wanted to....

And I could definitely see my mum changing; first, I've NEVER heard her sing so loud, and I've never heard her sing so much!!! Now, I'm pretty sure that 'HOW GREAT THOU ART' isn't the ONLY song in the book right - because, according to her, out of all the 887 songs I'm pretty sure 'HOW GREAT THOU ART' isn't the ONLY one! It's the ONLY one she sings 24/7. I'll just tell you a little secret, mum hits the high notes in the shower. Trust me, I think the neighbours got the message - no wait - the whole street!!

It was on the 21.7.2012 on a Sunday when we were at Church, at Brother Charlie asked that if you didn't know the Lord as your personal Savior, put your hand up. I had no idea if I was going to put my hand up or not. I was shaking and unsure, but I knew that I had to get right with God. Putting my hand up wasn't easy because it felt like thousands of people were staring at me, but God had given me the confidence to do so. So, I personally asked the Lord to accept and forgive me - and that very moment, I felt this massive weight of pain, dishonour, rejection and disobedience lift off my shoulder.

I then knew I needed to live my life for the Lord, not for Satan, but THE LORD JESUS CHRIST!!!! So then it began, every single moment of my life for him! And it feels amazing. I know that Satan will set up obstacles, traps, and fears that I will have to overcome, but I'm not facing them on my own - the Lord will be with me.... not ever again will I enter into that ghost town again alone.

Sorry Satan, but you're not the Lord. You're not the one that I love. I have someone that has loved me and has saved me. And there's only one person that will ever do that. He gave us the gift of eternal love, and we can't reject

that offering. I've learnt that I will get teased about who I am, but I don't care because I've got someone who's almighty and strong - and that's God!

May God give the knowledge for my brother's to treat me right. May God give my brothers wisdom to know what is right from wrong. I pray that they may understand their need of the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour. May God give me patience so I can live with them and may God give me strength to wrestle them when I need to..... don't give me too much strength - I'll end up killing them.....

My Mum calls me the rose between the thorns because without the thorns, the rose can't survive. And the thorns, being my brothers, will always be there to protect with the Lord's guidance - thank God for that because I **DON'T TRUST THEM** without the Lord!!

The Lord Jesus is on my side and with what I do. He is there with me every step of the way.

I urge you, that if you don't know the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, I pray that you will find peace with him.

John 4:1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.