

I came to the UK few years back to study Masters in Media and Communications. It was the biggest thing happening in my life then as I had never been out of my country ever and had never travelled by air before. As a young boy I had so many big dreams and to achieve success in my life. It was late August when I landed at Birmingham airport and it was cold. There was some kind of strange rush in the atmosphere. The air was very fresh and you could clearly hear the buzz of a busy country which I had never experienced before.

It was a pleasant arrival but I had already started to miss my parents and my sisters and just before I flew my dog died. Anyway it was my choice to come to UK and could not complain to anyone except myself. I had arranged my accommodation for a few days and had to move to halls later but could unfortunately not get a place easily. I was beginning to worry now. The pressure of a new country, which was too cold and the worst that I didn't have any friends here was taking its toll. The people I was staying with asked to move out as they said some people from the council came to their house and they said you can't have an extra person staying with you. I knew I had to leave but where...?

It was the worst thing happening to me then. I had no hope and didn't know what to do. I could live alone as I never had in the past. I could not find a room as I didn't know anyone. I didn't know how to cook. The troubled reasons were endless. I knew only God could help me as being a Hindu I visited temple twice daily at dawn and dusk so I began looking for a temple in the neighbourhood of Handsworth of Birmingham. I was at a set of traffic lights and took a Right Turn in search of a Hindu temple. I walked a long road and could not find any temple. Tired, distressed and lonely I reached the end of the road and saw a hut like structure with a small bulb glowing in the dark. It said on it that it was a Church. I had never been to a Church in my life before and thought I couldn't find a temple and there is no harm in going to Church. We have many Gods and one extra would make no difference. I just wanted to pray for my accommodation. I went in. I was shocked to see that people were sitting on chairs and a man was uttering some words in the front. Quietly I stepped further and sat at one of the chairs in the last row. I didn't know what to do next. As I wondered my ears began to pick some of the words being said. Words like Jesus, Church and prayer etc. I paid further attention and my ears welcomed a strange shocking sentence uttered by the preacher- 'Jesus is a living God'. 'What? How could that be possible?' I said to myself. But then I thought and said to myself. 'Jesus if you are living then you must be alive'. 'I have my problem please solve it'. I believe the words, 'Jesus is a living God'. It was late at night when I had left the Church and in the most miraculous was I got a place to stay that very night for twenty pounds a week.

I was happy now and wanted to thank this new God Jesus so went to that Church again, this time with a second problem. As part of the University course I had to do a research on a Media company. I was in the Church prayer line and when I told the preacher he started laughing like Father Christmas would. I thought have I done something wrong. Then he said people who work with Christian Vision - Radio, please stand up. More than half of the Church stood up. It was the Church involved in global radio ministry and that preacher was Pastor Peter Jenkins who was the Director of the radio station. I was speechless and scared as this Jesus was very much alive but He was lovely, like a father, an elder brother taking of me in a foreign land.

It was no looking back for me then, I began with my research and the joy and love for Jesus was growing more and more each day. Two months later I gave my life to Jesus and started attending Church every week. I was so excited of all this that whatever I learnt about the living God I used to tell my family and sister over the phone. They started experiencing something themselves. Pastor Peter Jenkins later visited my family in India and stayed with them. At three am my family and sister became born again. God's spirit was now working in our lives. My second elder sister who was a teacher wanted to share this new love with others and converted, one of my father's houses in a village, into a small primary school. She didn't know anything from the Bible only the Lord's prayer. And it was the Lord's prayer which led to the opening of Renewal Preparatory School in India where little lives are being touched upon with the love of Christ.

Indeed! Jesus is alive.