

My Journey as a Christian by Dr Charlene Pillay

I greet you in the precious name of our Lord and Saviour, as a newborn child of Christ.

I was born into a devout Hindu home, and for more than forty years I was steeped in the ways of my ancestors; the rituals, the prayers, the lamps, and the festivals. These were not merely habits to me; they were the very air I breathed, the foundation on which my identity was built. Even though I was married to a Christian for fifteen years, I remained firmly within my own religion, never imagining that my heart could be moved. My husband had always spoken to me about Christ, patiently enlightening me about the Scriptures, sharing what he believed with gentleness and love. Yet, for all his faithfulness, his words did not stir my spirit. I heard them, but I did not receive them. My heart remained where it had always been.

However, last year (2025) something began to shift in our home. My son, only twelve years old, began to experience God's presence in powerful and undeniable ways. It was through my child that God spoke to our family in a clear and personal manner - not through a sermon, nor through a stranger, but through the tender voice of my own boy. He talked about Jesus, not with the simple, childish understanding I might have expected, but with conviction and depth far beyond his years. He shared Bible events and pointed to God's work as though he were receiving truth in that very moment, as though heaven itself was whispering to him. I could not dismiss it. I could not explain it away. Something was stirring.

The day I was saved is a day I still cannot explain in any other way than God's perfect timing and God's living presence. It was a Friday, and I was carrying out the usual custom of washing the Hindu lamp. As my hands moved through the familiar ritual, I suddenly felt a tug at my clothing. I turned, but there was no one around. No one at all. Puzzled and unsettled, I later related this strange occurrence to my son. He looked at me and explained, with a calm assurance, that Peter was pulling me closer to Christ. I asked him who Peter was, and he replied simply that he was the Fisher of Men. I did not fully understand then what was unfolding but sensed that God was doing something in me.

That same evening, we were all gathered in the lounge, gospel music playing softly in the background, when my son said, with quiet certainty, that Jesus wants to change me. I remember telling them that my heart felt like a battlefield, at war within itself and that I did not know what to do. In that moment, we held hands as a family and prayed together for comfort and clarity. As we prayed, I suddenly felt as though God was opening a way before me, a clear path stretching forward, and I saw myself walking behind Jesus. Before I

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even realized what was happening, I found myself on my knees, weeping, praying, and surrendering my life to follow the Lord.

True to the Word as it is written in scripture in Romans 14:11: **“As I live, says the Lord, every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God.”**

Right after that, the three of us prayed together as a family for the first time in unity, one faith, one heart. That prayer meant everything to us. We did not merely feel saved; we felt truly united, bound together by something greater than ourselves.

From that day onward, I was continually prompted in my spirit for my husband to return to the church where he had fellowshiped for most of his life. We approached Pastor Keith Padayachee and shared our experiences with him, opening our hearts about all that God had done. He advised us to visit the SON Centre for a Sunday service, which we gladly did. We had never before felt such a warm welcome from a congregation. The church family is truly one, and the leaders guide and support you wholeheartedly, with genuine love and care.

This year, losing my dad broke me in a way I had never known. I thought I would never survive without him, that the grief would swallow me whole. But God's grace, together with the support of Pastor Keith and the church family, has strengthened me and carried me through. In my deepest sorrow, I have found that God's people are His hands and feet and I have come to know, beyond any doubt, that I am no longer walking this road alone.

Blessings!

Dr Charlene Pillay

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