

My Life Story - Perleen (September 2020)

“The LORD is near to all who call on him, to all who call on him in truth.” Psalm 145:18

My name is Perleen. I'm 39 years old, married, with 2 sons, aged 5 and 3.

Death and thoughts around death have always been prominent in my life. I have both deeply desired and greatly feared my own death. I have been given new life.

I came to Vancouver from Fiji at age 5. I was raised as a Hindu and my parents worshiped many gods and idols. In Canada, I had an uncle who was an elder in a Christian church, where I regularly went to Sunday School classes. I thought that I was a Christian and saved because I went to church and wore a cross. I was so deceived. I continued with Hindu religious rituals, throughout my teens.

At 16, my close 17 year old friend suddenly died. I was deeply shattered with my loss and confused with his passing. My doctor prescribed medications for my persistent anxiety and deep depression.

By 19, I was a full drug addict with friends just like me. I added more drugs and more alcohol, until at age 20, I was in a regular cycle of getting wasted every night and waking every morning wanting to end my life.

At 22, I had a Muslim boyfriend. I would have converted to the religion of Islam from Hinduism, as his mother had asked me, but 1 week later my boyfriend suddenly died. I was shattered by his death and quickly returned to my escapes.

After his death, I was soon targeted by a handsome friend who offered and provided me with lots of money, new “friends”, drugs, and “fun”. I became his drug runner of cocaine across Canada. I thought that my wild life was just great!

At age 28, my Dad got sick and was hospitalized. While I was caring for him, he suddenly died a horrific death right before my eyes. I was traumatized by the memory. I cursed God for allowing me to see this. I wanted to end my life.

I couldn't sleep properly for the next 4 years. I was so arrogant and dismissive of God because He let my Dad die like He did. A pastor and his wife had been praying for me for these 4 years. I thought that they were pathetic people but I invited them over to get drunk with me (they didn't accept). It was me who was pathetic.

I was so angry with God but I kept talking with Him. I decided to write a note to God, asking Him where my Dad was. I started with my Dad's name, John, the month of his death, 3, and the day, 16. It was John 3:16, “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son (Jesus), that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.” My Dad had talked with me about heaven.

God had gotten my attention. I started to pray regularly and to talk with the pastor.

I was still a troubled addict of pills, alcohol, and cigarettes, who got into a violent fight and was charged with criminal assault. For the 3 years of my trial, I fought God, too. I would curse Him for my painful life and then plead for His forgiveness.

The charges were dropped. I continued my life as a drug dealer. I continued in a steady downward spiral. I should be dead.

One night, I awoke to a darkness that constantly and increasingly pulled me into a scarier, deeper darkness. I was terrified because I knew that I deserved and was going to hell. I remembered hearing “Jesus saves at Sunday School. I could only repeatedly keep calling, “Lord Jesus, save me!” I was returned from the darkness.

No one believed my story and I returned to my dark drug addict ways. Finally, I had had enough. I prayed for God to help me for 2 months but there was no change in my life. I doubted Him and then, I stopped praying.

One day, I went outside to smoke some weed, just as I always did. This time, I unexpectedly and uncontrollably dropped to the ground and started to worship Him. I was overcome with my sin and so amazed that Jesus loved me and died for me, someone so unworthy. He forgave me for all my sins against Him and others.

I pleaded with the Father not to leave me but to lead me. I surrendered my life to follow Jesus, by the power of the Holy Spirit, for His glory. God is faithful to His promises. He washed away all my guilt and shame, all of it. He set me free from my addictions to pills, alcohol, and cigarettes. He gave me His peace and a new life, born again as His child. At age 33, I was no longer walking as a child of Satan but had become a child of the only living, loving God. All glory and praise to Jesus!

He has continued to bless me beyond my imagination. I had a ruptured womb from an abusive boyfriend and had been told that I would never be able to have children. I prayed to Jesus and asked Him to heal my womb. Then, He healed my womb and blessed me and my husband with 2 healthy boys. Praise God!

Jesus continues to bless me with a full life and a new heart for Him and for others.

Please be encouraged to get your own personal victory by total surrender to the only One who can save you and give new life – Jesus! Trust Him!

“I love the Lord, because he has heard my voice and my pleas for mercy.” Psalm 116:1

**“Come to me (Jesus), all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”
Matthew 11:28**

“I (Jesus) am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.” John 14:6