

Rally House - Dnepropetovs'k, Ukraine



2006

"I always thank God... that He sent you to meet our need" -Zhanna

I thank all those who opened up the hand of mercy to our family. May God bless you for your generosity and mercy and for your good heart that was able to feel and understand someone else's need. I always thank God in my prayers that He sent you to meet our need. I thank God also for Pastor John and his wife, Nadya, because they were a big part of it too. Thank you again and again for your care.



A little bit about ourselves. My name is Zhanna and I am 38 years old. I am from Baku, Azerbaijan and my nationality is Armenian. When I was 19, my mom passed away at 38 years old (she had cancer). The civil war started in our country a year after her death and Muslims started to kill Christians, burning them in from of their families. Many people

left their homes and ran and so did I. I fled to Armenia in 1988 and left a three room apartment behind. At that time, a well-known singer from France, Sharl Aznavur, (born in Armenia) financed all the flights from Baku to Erevan to help his people to flee. That is how I ended up in Leninakan on December 6, 1988. An earthquake happened that next morning on the 7th and God saved me! Now I know that all through those years He never left my side and always cared for me.

All of us refugees were placed with different families and I lived with very nice people who gave me a job. It was there that I also found my husband. One year later, we got married. Because he was in the military, a few months after our wedding, he was sent away to refit the country (USSR back then). Time flew by and I gave birth to a son. I kept waiting for my husband, for a letter from him or anything from him for a long time. Finally, a few months later, I received a telegram that I had become a widow. I was 23 at that time.

Soon after, there was lots of starvation and chaos in the country. Bread was given out by a special card that everyone had, which allowed us to get 200 grams of bread a day. The electricity was available only at night for 3 hours and there was no heating at all. People burnt all their stuff outside to get warm and to cook. It is so hard for me to remember all that. People were leaving everything again and going somewhere else. I sold all my stuff, all my family heirlooms (shirts, dishes, towels, furniture, my wedding band), and left for the Ukraine.

At first, I lived in Lugansk in collective housing and worked at the factory. Months later, the factory went bankrupt. I and my son then sold magazines and newspapers on the streets to provide for ourselves. From all the stress, I ended up in the hospital and my son had to go to the childcare place but they did not allow him to stay there long as he was often sick. During this time, God sent His people to us. They helped me so much. My son did not have to stay home all by himself; they took care of him while I was not there. Because of them, I accepted Christ while in Lugansk.

Soon after, the social housing was up for sale and I had to go but I didn't know where. I ended up in Nikopol. Due to the move, I got baptized in Nikopol. I stayed at many different homes; I was ten days here, ten days there. Then, for almost a year, I lived in the house of one Christian couple that had moved to Chernovzti. A year later, after they arrived back, I moved into a social housing apartment with one lady that had an empty room for me. Ten months later, I ended up living in the church. I had been living there for the last six and a half years. It has now been 19 years since I left my home and my country and 19 years since I have had place to call home.



Thank you so much for your financial help. We would have never been able to buy an apartment on our own. I received \$6000 US from Pastor John Bokoch and the rest of the money we put in and purchased a three room apartment for \$7800 US. Finally, after all these years, I am now a resident of Ukraine (I could never be a resident

without a house). All the paperwork is in the process and in one month I am going to receive a permanent resident card. I and my son are so happy! Thank God that by His great love He gave us this blessing; I have never deserved His mercy and this gift that was free. Thank you so much!!! Praise to God!

We will take pictures of the apartment and send them to you later. I have sent you a photo of my son; he is now 16 years old already. Too bad that the previous life of hunger, cold and stress left an impact on his health; he is sick quiet often. Now, at 38, it would be pretty hard to find a job here to continue on but I pray and believe that God will help with that too. I remember all God's mercies and am still in awe of how far we have made it. Everything is under His control. The most important thing for me and my son is to never forget all the things He did for us and to be faithful to Him in any circumstances as long as we live.

Good bye
Zhanna and Eduard.
May God bless you and keep you!