

## Brijesh Chorotia - Testimony



I belong to a Hindu family. My grandfather had a good name in our village (which is near 'Phulera Junction', among the oldest railway junctions in India). He was a railway employee since British Regime. Our family was well respected in the village and my father had a good number of Christian friends (as he told us). He alleges that he learnt 'drinking' with Christians. My grandpa joined *Radhaswami* denomination of Hindu philosophy approx. 40 years ago and since then our family has never been into idol-worshipping. We had a very open upbringing and thus were open to all religions. Of course, my grandpa's faith in Radhasoami Satsang did not bring any good virtues to him and neither to his son, my father.

I never found Papa (my father) a religious man (at least I perceived him so). He believed in social reforming and had started his career through MES (Military Engineering Services). He switched to State Bank of India as clerical staff and was a leader in Employees union. He had good ability of impressing people with powerful speeches and he had powerful position among his colleagues (Staff welfare society). He had an air around him and probably this turned into sheer pride and arrogance. I remember that my father had almost become a drunkard and used to fight with every this and that. After getting drunk, he used to beat us

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*"My testimony is the a masterpiece of God's faithfulness and love towards his people. Irrepective of our caste, creed, religion and social status, God loves us. God has changed my life and has made me an altogether different person. My failures have been turned into success, my darkness into light. I do not stumble anymore, but I have a guide who leads my ways. He gives me peace which surpasses my own understanding. He has forgiven my sins and has given me access into the heaven. May God bless you as you read it through."*

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(including mummy) too. Our family was at a verge of break. We had to leave our house often to take shelter in our neighbor houses in the chilled nights of December and January. We used to spend sleepless nights standing on our feet in front of our

father, trying to understand his *un-understandable* mumbling. Every evening our hearts wanted to burst out waiting our father to come home back from his office completely drunk and still worst with a pack of whiskey or rum in his hands. Every night passed was a milestone achieved. Our mummy was dying every evening, every bit. We are two brothers and one sisters and I am the eldest. Our performance in studies started declining. We were a broken family. I got second division in 10th standard, a supplementary in 11th and failed once in 12th. My father was totally under the power of Satan. As I look back, I saw a curse over our family which was yet to be broken. We did not know how...

I was abused and hence I wanted to abuse the world. I went to the college and stood in college-election for the post of Joint Secretary. I lost it. We used to break vehicles, stop the buses, beat the drivers and even once I wanted to set a bus on fire, but was stopped by few of my friends. There was a major bus-strike in Jaipur because of me. I did not use to pay the bus-fare. The bus conductor who asked for it had a bad hair day. I never bothered about GOD and neither did I fear him.

While I came in final year of my graduation (BSc), some *unknown power* started compelling me to retrospect my life and I realized that I have been running into failures. I had 50% as the aggregate of last two years of graduation. 'What is the purpose of my life' was the biggest question in front of me. I wanted to have a first division for which I calculated that I must get a 84% in third year. Again, this was a mountain. However, I started studying by the compelling of an 'unknown' power. I had almost completed my syllabus in half of the session. I started solving problems for those who were genius of our class. Many of my classmates stopped tuitions and asked me for help. I was ABLE to help, I did not know who made me so. I trust, God was preparing the ground.

I had few problems in Numerical Physics and hence I joined a tuition group. I earned by myself (by giving tuitions to school children) to pay for my tuitions. In this tuition group we had only one girl. Her name was Rashmi. I wanted to make friendship with her. I must admit that this was the place where God wanted me to know him. One Sunday, when our tuition teacher wanted to give an extra class, she refused to come. After much request, she agreed to come after 1:00 PM. I asked her the reason for being so rigid. She told me that she used to go to church and cannot miss the Sunday service on any accounts. She said that she believed in a 'LIVING GOD' who loves us

and who has already paid price for our sins. Next day she gave me a 'GIDEONS Testament'. I started reading this book and God started talking to me in mysterious way. He led me and taught me the secrets of a successful, happy and peaceful life. He talked to me through Titus 3:5 and John 3:16 (which is my favorite verse) about salvation and in due time, this book changed the course of my life. Now, It is my privilege to acknowledge the presence and blessing of my Lord and master of my soul "Jesus Christ" who saved me on 1 July, 1998 in his grace. RASHMI (my sister in the Lord) came into my life as God's messenger. Her actions and her way of living the life impressed me. Her tender feelings and compassion gave me a great urge to know more about the source of her unselfishness. She gave me her time and satisfied all my appetite of knowing the 'unknown'. The unknown was now known to me. I praise Jesus that he chose me 'the sinner' and took full interest in me. He bestowed me later with abundant blessings.

Then, first time in my life, did I receive answer of my prayers. Failures went away from me. I got 74% marks in final year. I topped 'Rajasthan PGDCA entrance exam' in year 1998. I got admission in three distinguished universities of India. Actually, my father had given me a memorandum that if I failed to get admission in all three of them he would cast me out of his home. I was only preparing for one ... BHU (Banaras Hindu University) – MCA (Master of Computer Applications) course since my primary interest was in computers. God's plan was a little different. He heard my prayers and I got through all India level entrance of all three exams (BHU, Baroda University and Roorkee University). God closed rest of the doors and took me to Roorkee to do M.Tech from IIT, Roorkee (Indian Institute of Technology). I did not have any church when I reached Roorkee and my only GIDEON testament encouraged me and kept me near God. As an answer of my prayers, I got address of a Pentecostal church on a piece of paper being swiped away in one of my non-Christian friend's room in the hostel. God used me here to share the 'good news' with one of my classmates. Her name was Prerna. We shared the same Gideon testament for our bible studies every evening 8 'O' clock in her hostel's guest premises. She received Lord Jesus as her personal savior and God bestowed numerous blessings and answer to our prayers then on. Now I have her as my life partner. We both have nice jobs in our hands and well to do family. All the family problems were vanishing day by day.

God talked to me (through Acts 16:31) that if I believed, my family shall be saved. Since then, God's spirit is at work. My sister, my mother, my brother, my three

cousins, my grandpa, one cousin of Prerna and her complete maternal side are saved in Christ. God enabled us to love my father despite his behavior towards us. I was sure God will redeem him and save him in his own time. We were continuously praying for my father, Prerna's mummy and brothers. We were sure they will be saved one day too. Though Satan used to discourage us in various situations, but the fires of oppression boosted our faith.

We including all our respected elder relatives, papa's friends, my mummy and we children tried to talk to our father. We tried our best to show the living testimony through our lives and loved our father, but he kept on growing in pride and desolation. He was diagnosed diabetes and alcohol was functioning as sweet poison for him. He kept on invalidating our feelings and under very critical circumstances mummy left home and came to me in Delhi. My father kept drinking and did not have food for almost a month. He was hospitalized once and soon after coming back from the hospital he started drinking. He would never give it up. I got a news on 22<sup>nd</sup> March 2005 that my father was serious and needed quick help. I knew that he would not accept me until mummy went back to home. I did not want it since she could not live with him. I was in a huge dilemma and was pretty discouraged by the situation. I neither went to the prayer meeting in the church that night nor did I turn up into bible study. I was just upset. I started praying and God talked to me from James 2:26 (*"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."*). I knew God wanted me to GO. I said, 'Yes, Lord, If you wish, I will go'. Throughout the way, I was getting absurd thoughts, but I rebuked Satan. I kept on praying and reached home at 10 PM in the night. My father was in literally bad shape. Holy spirit made me weep over his situation and I hugged him. Suddenly God's spirit came upon me and touched my father through my very simple words of request to believe in Jesus and leave alcohol. He GAVE UP liquor the very same moment. He was in despair. He used to abuse Christianity. I shared with him from the Word of God; he believed and got peace. He wanted to meet mummy. Brother Rajkumar from my congregation came to Jaipur and we took my father to Delhi on 23<sup>rd</sup> March. I promised him that he will be alright in next 10 days. He debated over hundreds of issues in Christianity and by the enabling of the Holy Spirit, I was able to satisfy his intellectual mind with faithful words of the Bible. Now, He wanted to go to Church. We went to DBF for Sunday Service and Satan again brought some confusion in his mind. We prayed and discussed again and now he trusted in Jesus Christ. After 10 days, as per our specific prayers, he was free of alcohol and fag. His blood sugar came

down to 200 from 469 in 2 days without insulin but prayers. His eye sight became almost normal with glasses. He had put his trust in Jesus and was saved by the 10<sup>th</sup> day. Now he is growing in his faith and has a vision of winning souls for our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

God has been so much merciful, trustworthy and faithful to work wonders in our lives. We are encouraged by this incident and my personal faith in Jesus has increased by leap and bounds. He stands firm on his promises and fulfills them. He has been using us in various ways for his glory. Jesus has made us instrumental in winning souls for him through social work in slums and *kachchi Basti* of Delhi by our 'Shanti Marg' ministry. We gift Gideon Testaments to every person who come to our home, be it water supplier, maid, postman, painter, friends, colleagues, relatives etc. We share our personal testimonies with every next person we meet and gift a Gideon New Testament to everyone and anyone we may reach. I encourage you to keep your life tuned with God and you will see his abundant blessings in your life.

If you have found my testimony good enough to encourage you, please feel free to communicate with me at [chorotia@gmail.com](mailto:chorotia@gmail.com).

Your Brother in Christ,

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