



Ariel

It feels strange writing my testimony at this juncture.

I am at a transitory stage; I find myself actually savouring the residues of final requirements—final revisions, few pages of readings and a tiny bit of research.

It is December, and I am a few weeks to go before graduating from university, from where I am thrust into another stage of wonder and challenges.

It is my university's creed to serve the people; the millions of underprivileged and semi-educated majority that was failed by the government.

In a country where social classes are distinctly divided, it becomes nearly impossible for one to imagine the conditions of another from a different class. Growing up with a dad pastor whose mission was downward mobility, to reach out to the poorest of the poor, exposed my siblings and I to poverty.

I name a few of many stories; going through a chamber of folders in a computer to find an archive of my dad's photos under a bridge with the water rising as he shares the gospel to a family in a makeshift home.

I carry memories like this as I develop, even through these years of self-discovery and education. It will always be one of my thanksgivings. I always saw God in the process instead of the totality. I saw Him in my triumphs, and I sought to wrestle with Him in times of weakness and iniquity.

He is in my everyday; in the small hushed prayers before rushing to class or the midnights I cry over teenage things, like romance or adolescent depression. I praise Him for my family, imperfect and raw as we are, God is always the root of the family tree. I've learned to view everything through God's timeline: despite arguments or complications, the end line is always the triumph of Jesus over the grave and the commandment to love.

The only plans I've mustered up are for the immediate future: to spend time to be quiet. To ask, "Hey God, what's up?" and just let Him talk instead of having him sit down as I ramble.

I plan to read and to write, which are my favourite things to do.