

Central Asia: Victory won

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Who am I? What is my purpose? Where do I come from? When will I feel satisfied? How can I know truth? These were the kind of questions I asked myself the year before my first year of college, not knowing that all these questions were about to be answered by someone greater than I—one whose existence I dedicated myself to disproof.

Now, I know who I am and who he is—the purpose of my being since the beginning of it all. My satisfaction is fed by the Truth. That is my story.

On my first week here in Central Asia, I met a good friend. Since then, we have done fun things together. We walked around town, visited coffee houses, shared meals and watched the World Cup, always sharing deep conversations and lots of laughter.

The time when I shared my story, he sat there staring in my eyes as I stared back. I could feel we both were thinking the same thing about each other, “He knows my story.”

My friend told me about a dream, in which he saw a man carrying wood on his back. Before I could tell him about the man, he told me that it was Jesus, who was telling him about the way he should follow. I had a big smile on my face followed by some chuckles. I had never heard about something like this from a person I knew. That night concluded with him telling me he knew what had to be done, but he wasn't ready and did not know when he would be ready.

A couple of weeks later, we were hanging out for his birthday—just the two of us watching a football match. That night, he shared with me that he had been thinking about being reborn. I asked if he knew what that meant and then got to explain it in the following way: “If a football team wins the

World Cup, they get to celebrate and lift up that cup at the ceremony. However, the match must first be won before they get to proclaim the victory in view of the whole world.”

I proceeded to share about the victory Christ won that ended the match already. Before I could finish, I saw a man breaking down at the sound of the news, saying the time for him to pick up that victory given to him was now.

My story seems to have been translated to a different language in order to speak answers to my friend. Both our stories speak of one who is greater than us, who holds the answers to our deepest questions and desires.

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