A map to Salvation

by

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Even though I walk trough the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for you are with me… Finding Jehovah was the sign of the dawn of my renewed life. I led a life of chaos, sin and discord. I was a lost sheep without a Sheppard. Today, I am a living testament of the mighty power of the Lord. He is the one that reins over my entire life. My mission is to serve him and to humble down to his wisdom. The metamorphosis of my life happened 7 years ago. Back then I was… out of control. I drank the wine and spirits. I injected my temple with Satan’s sweet poison. It was easy, it was the shortcut to euphoria and pleasure. I walked the streets sin proposito, sin rumbo. El placer era mi Dios. I sold my body to other junkies for the taste of the venom. Ron, Perico, tecata, everything under the sun. They used me…. I felt dirty and lonely. Toque fondo. That is now, part of my sinful past. It has been 7 years since I was reborn. Jehovah cleansed my soul. It now seems like a nightmare. Now my life belongs to the Lord. God had a mission for me. Now, I am one of his golden warriors. He rewarded me with a husband and a son. Jose, my husband, was weak, I didn’t know then. I thought he was another soldier. He seemed brave, he acted that way until the Lord asked him for a sacrifice and he failed. He preached the words of the gospel but he was just another hypocrite. He left me, but gave me a son, Samuel. ‘Creced y multiplicaos”, asi lo dice su palabra. I pity Jose and still pray for his soul, but I will be eternally grateful for his gift. The gift of life that the Lord sent him to do….. My body was just a vessel for the miracle. Samuel era un sol. Un sol con luz eterna. He made everything better with his smile and his innocence. He was pure and gentle. I learned the meaning of love when I held him for the first time. I guided him with the bible as our map. The destiny was the kingdom in heaven.

But then, the trials began. I started getting closer and closer to God. I did everything that He asked. I walked the streets again, this time with a shield and a sword in my hands. The shield and the sword of Jehovah. I spread his words. I knocked on doors until my feet bled. I was ignored, mocked and ridiculed. Even worst, my church turned their backs on me as well. “Loca, fanatica”, I heard them call me. I was alone, and exiled from my own church. “Cobardes, hipocritas”… It’s just that, the righteous path is always rocky, I thought, until I realized my mistake. I was sacrificing everything, but I was a slave to another drug. This time the drug had a heart and a smile. He was another worldly pleasure. But, I loved him… He gave me the same euphoria that the drugs gave me. I realized then, this was the ultimate test. Jehovah was testing my loyalty and my faith. God had sacrificed his own son. His son gave his life for our salvation. It was revealed to me in a vision. I saw “ la montaña” and the tears from our prophet Abraham. “Then God said, take your son Isaac, your only one, whom you love, and go to Jerusalem. There you shall offer him up as a holocaust on a height that I will point out to you.”

I repented for all my sins. I begged God not to ask me for such a sacrifice. I prayed and prayed. “God, take my life and soul. Mi vida es tuya. (Cries and then yells) Por mi culpa, por mi gran culpa”. I know, I know, I can keep knocking on doors. I can convince the others to serve you, I can spread your word until I die, but don’t ask me to give you my only son. Please, God!!!!!! I cried for days. Then, I fasted and started to flag my body repeatedly. I bled for his name. I cut my thighs and whipped my back to find a sacrifice worthy of him, but the pain continued and I couldn’t find peace. “Sinner!!!!!!!!, I am just like the rest of them. I am like the rapists, homosexuals, the whores, the thieves.. the impure.” I was selfish and greedy. I questioned his will. So, I had to move away from sin. I entered his room at night. He was sleeping like an angel. I kissed his forehead and hugged him one last time. It was my last high. Then… I held his delicate throat with my hands and I squeezed. He woke up. He seemed confused and afraid but I saw the glimpse of light in his eyes. He understood, he was born just for this reason. He was born to die by my hands. I cuddled his body and I remembered the words. Salmo 137, versiculo 9. “Happy those who seize your children and smash them against a rock”. I prayed and I lifted his body with both of my arms.. “Señor, yo soy y sere tu fiel servidora y siempre cumplire tu palabra”. (She smiles)