

## My Faith Story

Hi, I am Nigel. I stand here to give my faith story, which is not easy for my age, for I am still growing and becoming prone to making vast mistakes. But because I believe God is and will be with me in my growth, I stand here to tell you what I have experienced so far in my faith journey. **Prayer moves mountains.**

As a pastor's kid, the way I learned to pray might not be the same for everyone. It was not a choice; I had to pray. I don't speak of the essence of prayer, I speak for us to eat food. So I prayed. At mealtime, my mom saw to it that there was no eating before we prayed or else we were just going to be sitting at the table chatting. Since I loved my food so much, I had to pray.

When my mother moved to the US and left us in Zimbabwe, I learned that prayer is not only for us to eat food, but that prayer can move mountains. When we were in Zimbabwe, we had no hope that we would ever join her. Other kids teased me that I would never be in America since an American visa is hard to get. At the same time, my mother didn't have any concrete answer of when she would come back. She was just a student with no job, only tuition debts. Days gone by, weeks went by, months gone by. **Life was becoming more challenging and more arduous every day.** Of course, we had a roof over our heads, we had food, but we didn't have motherly love. At school, life seemed hard; I felt like no one was really for me. My dad was out of the country, too, and no one had ever made me feel like I was special.

**I started to pray to God to make a way for us to join mom.** My TV shows changed to gospel shows, listening to prophets and sermons online. Mom didn't have anything concrete to say but encouraged us to keep praying and trust God.

Indeed, mom came back after a year which seemed like a decade. She told us about her plans to apply for our visas and that the chance of getting them was 50/50. While working on the application, she realized our passports were nowhere to be found. She later discovered that daddy had taken them with him. Daddy was supposed to come on Christmas but couldn't get a flight, the date for the interview was already booked, and we were all afraid that daddy would not make it due to flight demand. We prayed to God and daddy just packed his bags and went to the airport to attempt success. Gratefully, he found a flight and came to Zimbabwe with our passports.

But still, the visa interview was another monster; I took it seriously to pray. I went to the interview with confidence that God heard our prayers. It was a good thing that I already spoke fluent English since my parents sent me to a group A school. When we got there, the officer wanted to talk to daddy, so I went with him. When daddy started to stumble, I overtook the show in faith that we would get our visas. My explanation led the officer to look at me, both of us in tears, and she just said, **"I have you; it must have been hard; now you will join mom.** Come get your visa tomorrow and I wish you good luck in the US."

I may not be the best kid, but I believe God hears our prayers. I fail, but I pray. It is comforting to know that God talks to us through prayer; he hears us in our happy moments, in our struggles and brokenness.

*Pray, pray unceasingly.*

***1 Thessalonians 5:16 & 17 states: "16 Rejoice always, 17 pray without ceasing," (NKJV)***