

SUFFERING FOR MY JESUS

I was imprisoned for 10 years for my faith in **JESUS**. When they arrest you, they try to convince you to give up your faith. If you do not deny your faith and surrender to them, they will attack you. First they put you into a small place, isolate you and they let you starve to convince you. The first prison I was in was 150 sq. ft. and there were 40 prisoners there, a small square for each prisoner. When you wanted a drink, there wasn't any water. And because I was a Christian, they appointed me to distribute water to everyone. Everyday we only had a cup of water. This water was for you to brush your teeth, wash your face and drink. We only had two small bowls of noodles every day and a small piece of bread. Every day they gave you work. If you could not finish your goal, they beat you up. When you finished, you had to bow down. Then they used a big long stick and hit your back. They would interrogate you. If you didn't answer them, or if your answer wasn't what they wanted you to answer, they would punish you. I would **NOT** deny my Lord. I said, "I have nothing to say, because the Holy Spirit did not give me a word to share with you." They said, "How can you say words like this?" We have found another kind of punishment. They cuffed my hands in the back and then to a gate. When they opened the gate my body hung in the air; my feet could not touch the ground for almost four hours. I felt that the Lord crucified Himself on the cross to carry our sins and He allowed me to take part in His suffering. It was only a little suffering that I experienced because the Lord won't give us more than what we can carry.

Another officer came to see me. He said, "Why do you have to suffer?" I had no strength to talk & I heard a loud voice from far away that said, "Beat him up!" After a few hours, they came to see me. They released me from the handcuffs. Then they brought me to another room. I sat at a table with the officer — face to face. He had a paper and pencil and he said, "Talk!" How can I say anything?" Then he said, "Thank you," and closed his book and walked away. They sentenced me to three more years in the labor camp. When I was in the barber shop in the prison, the guy who cut my hair who was a spy said, "we already have four people sentenced to death. You are one of them." Every time I heard an engine noise, I put on my clothes because I knew they were coming to execute me. I was ready. They took those prisoners out & they never came back. One day, the uniformed police came and opened the gate. They called out my name. I thought, "This is the time of the Lord." I got up and followed them out the gate. Eight police were with me. I walked with the police to the room of the prison chief. They told me to squat on a rock. I talked to a prisoner and he said, "No weapon can hurt me. I am with supernatural power." After he said this, they executed him. Just shot him in the head. There was blood everywhere!

On the days that they executed prisoners they would have a loudspeaker on. People came to watch the executions. An officer said, "Well, this group is waiting for you, what do you want to say?" I said, "I have nothing to say." He came from his chair and grabbed my wrist. Then he put his hand on my heart to see how it was beating. He was very angry because he assumed I was going to be very scared. After a couple of times of this kind of imprisonment and death threats they finally said, "This man's a real Christian." They finally released me after 10 years. Praise the Lord! A blood bought servant...