

My Testimony

I was born on a Sunday morning, and my mom always used to tell me that it was a beautiful and sunny day. Growing up I remember that there was always sunshine on my birthday, and I felt that this is the way it should always be. And it was, until that one day, when I woke up on my birthday, and the sky was filled with clouds. This is the one and only time I remember that I prayed when I was younger. I don't remember if I talked to God or just into the sky, but I sat in my room at the window and I repeated over and over again "Please, please, please let the sun shine. It's my birthday and every year on my birthday the sun was shining, so please, please, please let the sun come out." Shortly after, the sun came out and I couldn't believe that it worked. I was very thankful. The rest of the day was beautiful.

I had no ties to religion or faith growing up. But I always loved "The 10 Commandments" with Charlton Heston. We used to watch this movie every year during Easter weekend. I do believe that it left some kind of impression on me, but not to a point where I would have believed in God. A year ago, I found out that my mom actually has always believed in God, yet she didn't raise us in the faith. I can't recall, what exactly happened, but when I was 15 or 16 years old, I must have had some kind of vision or dream that revealed my future to me. When I asked my family, no one could really pinpoint when I started talking about it, but they believe it started around that time. Back then, I KNEW that I would live in America one day. I don't remember any details about this specific vision. I had no special ties to America whatsoever, yet I KNEW that I would call this country my home in the future. I'm sure you can picture my family's faces when I told them about my plans. No one ever believed that this would happen. My grandma used to say, "Bless your dreams, I hope it will come true," but I don't think she really believed it would. I'm sure I sounded like a 6-year-old, who wanted to become a veterinarian, because she loved animals. I also talked about having twins, and having an African American partner. Later on I also knew that I would live in Berlin, Germany, for 2 years, right before I would move to America. I don't know where that knowledge came from, I just always knew that it would happen that way. Even though I don't remember anything about the America part of it, I do recall one vision. In that vision, I get up in the morning. I'm in a room with a huge window on one side that leads to a balcony. I open the doors and step out onto the balcony into the sunshine. In this vision it's somewhere around 9-10AM, I believe, I can't see the sun, it's coming from the left and behind me, and I realize that I'm in a house right at the beach. I can see the dunes, the sand, and the ocean. In my vision it felt like that was my home. I am standing on this balcony, taking in the view, and all of a sudden an indescribable feeling of peace, love and joy comes over me. It feels like a wave that runs through my body, and I know in that moment that I have arrived. I never received any visions that show me anything beyond this moment on the balcony.

This knowledge has sustained me throughout all these years. Not once have I ever doubted any of what had been shown to me. I didn't understand where it came from, but I also never questioned its authenticity.

One thing that has always helped me through various situations in life is the gift of discernment. This is something I apparently had from a very young age. I was always able to discern if a person was good or bad, or if a situation was safe or unsafe. I could sense changes in attitudes in seconds, sometimes even without talking to a person. I could sense, right upon meeting someone, that they already didn't like me. I could sense when someone went through a difficult time, while nobody else noticed it until much later. I used to call this "intuition", like most people. My mom always called it "the 6th sense". Apparently, my mom and grandma have the same abilities.

The following years I went through basically everything most teenagers and young adults go through. I made more or less good decisions, and went through all the necessary steps in life to get a degree and a job. This is when God started to show up more frequently in my life, even though I didn't know it at that time. Today I'm 100% sure that it was Him. After I finished school, I didn't really know what to do with my life. I had just broken up with my first boyfriend after 4 years. I started to go to university to study business economics, but this wasn't for me at all. I already knew that before I even started. I got kind of lost during this time, because I couldn't figure out my purpose in life. At the same time, I was also fighting crippling panic attacks to the point where I could barely go anywhere anymore, because I was always scared to death, and that one day I would have an attack that would kill me while I'm outside in public. I was so terrified of that thought, that I'd rather stayed inside and die there, instead of in front of everyone's eyes. During this period, I spent a lot of time in my room – just sitting there, while my clothes started to pile up around me. I'm sure I had some kind of depression. But then, one day, I woke up out of my messed-up situation and I knew what to do. I applied to a training opportunity to become a store manager. HA!! Wait, what?? My best friend, to whom I wasn't close at that time, started this training before me and I did consider doing it as well, but I wasn't really sure about it, and was still looking for a more creative job opportunity. But, there I was – knowing 100%, from one day to the other, that this is what I have to do. And I was literally burning for it. My mom didn't know what was happening, but she was happy about it, she was already really concerned about me and my situation. I still don't know how I even got this job, but somehow I managed to kill this interview. I moved to Hannover and started the training. Little did I know that the following 3 years were going to be torture. I was hated by my trainer, who was also the store manager – she bullied and harassed me and another trainee. I was very unhappy during this time. But I got to reunite with my best friend, who happened to have her training in Hannover as well. As I approached the end of this training, I already knew that I wanted to leave that company. The time with them took a toll on my mental health and I just wanted to get away from them. I didn't put much effort into applying to other

companies. I think I sent a total of 2 applications. One of the companies I applied to is called Primark. I had never heard of them before, but applied anyway. I didn't hear back from the other company, but I got invited to an interview with Primark. I didn't really look into what they were doing and went into that interview mostly unprepared. I still don't know how I got the job. I got the last available position for their new store.

I know now that this was God moving. I often times felt a tug on my heart or that I was guided into acting on certain things, like applying for my training and working at Primark. On top of that, I somehow end up successfully making it through interviews, all while I'm absolutely terrified of these situations. I can't really describe it, it's something that happens internally that isn't of me, if that makes sense. I have always had a sense of empowerment in these situations.

At the same time, I thought I could try to make my vision come true. I started to look into au pair jobs in America. The Bible says, that God has a plan for your life and that things happen in God's perfect timing. Well, today I know that I was about to become an "Abraham" (in the Bible, God had a plan for Abraham, but he went to Egypt on his own terms because he didn't wait for God and ran into a famine). While I knew that America was my destination, I didn't know that I had to wait on God, simply because I didn't know that He existed. In hindsight, He made that very obvious. I was not ready to go to America yet. That was not His plan for me. So, I ran into a man. The way we met and how we got together is way beyond normal circumstances. This is how I know today, that this was God making me stay on track with His plan for me. It was evening, and I was unwell and tired, and wanted to go home after work. But I ended up meeting with a friend. We were both hungry, so we went to a restaurant close to the train station, where I had just arrived. This is where I saw him for the first time. He was cute. Definitely my type. And he was the server for our table. But I was not that type of woman, that would pursue a man at all. I was shy and not super confident. Yet, I somehow started to lighten up and became a version of myself, that I had not ever encountered before. I was funny, witty, and flirty; somehow not myself, but in a positive way. I don't know where that came from, but it most certainly had an effect on him. When we left the restaurant, we walked back to the train station. I said to my friend, "You know what would be really cool? If he would come and run after us to ask for my phone number." We both laughed and continued walking. Seconds later I heard someone yelling behind us. I looked over my shoulder and there he was – running towards us. My heart dropped and I turned around in disbelief. He reached us, heavily breathing, and said that I forgot my phone on the table. I just stared at him and said, "What? No, I have my phone here..." I touched my pocket, but there was no phone. I was so confused. I have never ever forgotten my phone anywhere. I was always kind of OCD about it. But sure enough, this day I left it on the table. I promise it was not on purpose. Again, I'm not that type of person. I left that restaurant believing that, if it was supposed to be, I would see him again. He smiled and gave me my phone. I thanked him, still in disbelief that he was standing in front of me, after I made this comment, and started to turn around to go home. I

could see in his face, that he was fighting with something, and all of a sudden he asked me for my phone number. Mentally, my jaw dropped. Nothing in this entire situation felt real. I felt like I was in a movie. After I overcame this moment, I obviously gave him my number. We went home in total disbelief. Even my friend couldn't get it together. He reached out the same night and a few days later we met for our first date. I was so nervous and nauseous, that I felt like I would totally mess this up. Yet, again, I turned into this person, that I didn't know about up until I met him. We hit it off right away. I've never been so in love before. I loved him from the moment I met him, and I do believe, he felt the same way. This is how my plans to become an au pair where thrown out of the window. As great as this relationship was, it was not meant for me. I was still very young and hadn't developed the emotional maturity it takes to make a relationship last forever. With that being said – I destroyed this relationship with unnecessary jealousy and ended up with a severely broken heart. I already told you about my discernment. The week before he broke up with me, I could feel how his entire being withdrew from me. You wouldn't have been able to tell outwardly, he seemed normal. I've never felt so empty, scared and devastated before. I knew what was coming, but it still hit me with such intensity, that I felt like I'd pass out. The next 4 months I was a pathetic mess. When we first met, it felt like he was my purpose, my future. And all of a sudden I was back to the point where I didn't know what to do with myself. This is when I received another vision or dream. I don't remember details. I just knew that I would not see him again until the day before I'd moved to Berlin. This was wild. Mind you, at this point, Berlin was not even on the horizon. It was also very unlikely that I wouldn't see him, because we didn't live very far apart from each other, and we went to the same clubs and restaurants.

My best friend broke up with her boyfriend shortly after and we both started to go out and partied all the time. I tried to fill the emptiness inside of me with alcohol, men, and long nights out. I eventually overcame my grieving period, but he, and the promise that I would see him on the day before I moved to Berlin, was always in the back of my mind. In these 2 years, I worked for Primark. In all honesty, I had a horrible time. I was bullied by several managers, including the store manager, and I hated going to work. I did love the job itself, but the people made it unbearable. I wanted to quit so often, but something kept me going. I know today, that my strength came from God. I wouldn't have been able to make it through on my own. Once again, my mental health was impacted. I started to have panic attacks again. They actually started before that, when I was still in that relationship, but they got worse afterwards. At some point, Primark announced the opening of a store in Berlin, and I knew that this was my call to go. When I heard about it, I knew there was a reason why I held on to the job. To be able to apply to a position, you needed the approval of the store manager. Mine hated me for unknown reasons. But I had to get his approval and that was pretty hard. His first response was "No." Eventually, his heart somehow softened, and he let me go. That was God as well. He's the only one who can soften or harden hearts. I was so relieved. I was ecstatic. I could not wait to leave that place. I was even more

ecstatic, when my best friend applied for a job with her company in Berlin as well. She had been my constant through everything since we were 17 years old. It was absolutely awesome to walk this path together. The day before I departed to Berlin finally came, and I hadn't seen my ex-boyfriend in two years. I walked through the super busy train station, as I had done many times before in these two years. I stepped on the escalator and looked down towards the lower level – and there he was on the other side of the escalator on his way up. I nearly had a heart attack. I felt like I was hit by lightning. "Disbelief" could never ever describe the feeling I had in this moment. My face must have turned into some weird expression, because he kind of lifted his hand but looked confused at the same time, all while I felt like I was in a movie all over again. I reached the bottom, turned around and saw him stepping off the escalator. He didn't turn around. I collected myself, jumped on the escalator and ran after him. I lost him, so I looked into all the stores on one side. And suddenly, there he was, in a kiosk. I hesitated, not knowing what to say or do. But considering that THIS just happened, I had to say something. I went in, tapped on his shoulder, and said "Hi" – still totally out of breath, deadly nervous and nauseous, and utterly confused. He seemed very uncomfortable, I don't know what he thought or felt, but there was no going back now. We chatted for a couple of minutes and then went our ways. I felt some sort of relief afterwards. As if something came to an end. And I just knew it had to be this way. It felt like I could finally close out this chapter and move to Berlin in peace. I remember a movie, "Eat. Pray. Love", that really hit the nail on the head in regard to how I felt, and I remember I used to love this movie because it kind of displayed my own self in some respects. One of the characters said at one point:

"If you clear out all that space in your mind that you're using right now to obsess about this guy, you'll have a vacuum there, an open spot – a doorway. And guess what the universe will do with the doorway? It will rush in – God will rush in – and fill you with more love than you ever dreamed. So stop using David to block that door. Let it go."

And you know what – this is spot on. It was time to move on with my life. And I did. From that day on I knew that there's something out there that was bigger than I could ever imagine. It wasn't God for me at this time, but I knew there was something. Visions don't just come true like that, without someone who directs your path.

While Berlin was a promised part of my journey that I was excited about, and although I made many good memories there, it was also a huge learning curve for me. I'm not sure what I actually expected to find in Berlin, but I most certainly didn't get it. Ever since the days in my messy room back home, I always felt like I was searching for something. I felt an emptiness – a hole in my heart – and I was looking for the one thing that could fill it. I was not able to find it. Berlin appeared promising to me, knowing that the next step would be America. This must have seemed pretty ridiculous to the outside world. I've been talking about America for over 10 years at this point, yet there was no light at the end of the tunnel, no

opportunity to make this come true. Even though my prediction of going to Berlin had been proven to be true, still, no one believed that I would go to America.

Once in Berlin, we settled in and enjoyed life for a while as singles, including everything that comes with a single life. I had my hopes up that my job would become more enjoyable in this new city, but came to realize that it was in no way different than my horrible experiences at my previous workplace. I had to endure more harassment from superiors and colleagues. Before I moved to Berlin, I had to undergo 2 surgeries. I started to pay more attention to my health. Many years ago, I made the decision that I would never ever get vaccinated again. That's one of the things, where I felt led by something higher. I had no plausible reason at the time, yet I felt an extremely strong urge to oppose vaccinations all together. And I have held this conviction ever since.

As much as I liked being single, I have to admit, I was always looking for love. Deep, unconditional, ridiculous, head-over-heels love, that would fulfill me and somehow end my search. I was convinced that a real and deep love would give me the satisfaction I was craving. I was yearning for the feeling of safety, comfort, joy, and peace, and I've always pictured that a loving relationship could provide that. This is when God showed up and I met a man – again. I knew after the first week, that he was trouble, but something drew me to him. I can't explain it, and it defies any logic and rationality. I mean, I've always been a rational person, so I really don't know what happened here. And on top of that, I'm a fixer. I believe a lot of women like to try to fix men, and I was one of them. And this one was my project. That's of course not how I approached this relationship. I fell for him quickly. He was charming in his own way, yet distant. I could feel that he needed love, but something wasn't quite right. I didn't find out until it was already too late. Once I have feelings for someone, it's hard for me to just give up on that. This is how I ended up pursuing someone who was in no way good for me. I learned that for the first time, when a water bottle landed right next to my head on the wall. But I was so stupidly in love that I just pushed that off. In the beginning I told my best friend about the incidents that happened, but when she started to tell me that I should end things, I withdrew and kept a lot of things to myself. I knew she was right, yet I couldn't let go. I hated myself for it. His meltdowns got so bad at some point, that I found myself with a gun in my face one night. That scared the hell out of me, but guess what? I didn't leave. But I started to distance myself emotionally a little bit. And this is when I started to pray. Still not to God. At that time I believed in the "Law of Attraction", which I learned is New Age ideology, and absolutely not of God. But I didn't know any better, so I prayed to the universe that he would cheat on me, because I felt like this would be the only way for me to get out of this relationship. I prayed for that for a long time. Then, after what felt like forever, that day came – and I was free. I left. He didn't really have a reason to betray me, but his narcissistic character and need for attention and affirmation led him down this path. I tried to fix him the entire time, and made excuses for his behavior. Today, I know that he had to fight his own demons. At some point in his life he let them in,

and I simply had no power to fight them off. This was a spiritual war that I was not equipped to fight at that point. During this relationship, the unimaginable happened. My company expanded its business to America. You would think I jumped right away on this opportunity, but – no. I was so distracted with this relationship and my desire to make it work, that I let this opportunity pass by. I remember how people tended to say that I worked hard to make my prediction come true, but to be honest – I really didn't. In fact, I didn't do anything myself to make things happen. I relied on a promise and besides writing applications, I didn't do much. I trusted. And that's why I was also not worried about this opportunity. Yes, I still wanted to go to America badly, but the time didn't feel right. I was still exploring. And so the chance to go to America came and went. That was it. I was told that there might not be another opportunity and I was ok with that. I still believed it would happen one day. After the guy cheated on me, that day came - the American stores were looking for coaches. This is when I jumped. Everything inside of me lit up and I felt a fire burning that was stronger than I have ever felt. I know now that this was God giving me the go. This is when I, for the first time ever, put everything into getting this position. I knew this was my time and I had to kill the interview in order to get it. So many people applied for this, and, knowing myself, the chance of me messing this up was pretty big. My English was quite rusty, and I couldn't even imagine what kind of questions they could ask. But God provided and He led me to one of my ex-colleagues who happened to have done one of these interviews before and was able to give me some of the questions. I prepared the answers for every single question, and except for one, they ended up asking me all these questions that I had prepared for! YES! Out of hundreds of applicants from different countries, I was the only German they sent over to America. But if all of these hurdles I encountered by then were still not enough, I had to get through one last obstacle – my store manager. This woman happened to be one of the managers that disliked and harassed me back in the beginning of my career in Hannover. What are the chances? And she was very much inclined to stop me from going. I had to have two conversations, and after lots of begging and pleading, this hard-hearted person gave in and let me go to pursue my dream. I've never been more excited in my entire life up to this point. I couldn't believe it. It happened. I was going to America!!! Imagine the faces of my family and friends! I was so grateful to... I don't know whom, the universe at this point, I guess. Not only would my vision come true, but I was also able to escape my ex-boyfriend, who I reconciled with after he cheated on me (don't even ask) and I had been praying for this for weeks in advance. All of this confirmed for me - the law of attraction. I didn't know any better. I'm sure God was shaking His head at this point :D

And off I went...

My job, which had cost me my mental health by now, and also had taken a huge toll on my physical health, didn't get any better in America. I felt like the cost of living my dream was to suffer in my job. Back then, I had no idea how I even made it this far. I remember at least 6 different times when I was ready to quit. But

something (someone) always stopped me from going through with it. Every normal person that would have had to operate under these circumstances I had to go through, would have left that job years ago. But it is like with the men in my life – I can't just quit. I'm a fighter. Even when it is pointless. This is even more ridiculous when you know that I'm the most impatient person ever. The endurance and patience it took to stay in the job, and also hold on to men the way I did, is pretty much unbelievable. This fact proves, that I was not alone in this. That there was someone holding my hand through it all. I know this to be true, because I know myself and a lot of things that I went through wouldn't have been possible for me, if I had been all by myself.

Anyway, the coaching position was limited to 4 months. But the promise of my vision entailed that I would LIVE in America. So, even though I didn't know how this would turn into reality, I knew I wasn't going back to Germany. Before the end of the 4 months, an opportunity came up for me to stay an entire year and move to Philadelphia. You might guess already that I didn't hesitate for a second to say yes. That still didn't fulfill the promise of me living in the States, but I took what I could get. I was grateful for any opportunity. I moved to Philadelphia and started my coaching position in one of their stores. This is when I met my husband, which also nearly didn't happen, if I hadn't listened to the pushing inside of me. The company gave me a realtor who helped me find an apartment. We went to several places, but I wasn't happy with any of them. This is when God jumped in. I started my own research. You need to know that I like to live close to my workplace, because a long commute is wasted time for me. I lived 3 minutes away from the store in Germany. So, the fact that I ended up picking an apartment complex that was 30 minutes away, was not like me. On top of that, the realtor didn't agree with my choice and tried to talk me out of it. But I was adamant to see it. So, we went. I was in a good mood that day, despite the rain and her attitude. When we walked into the office, we were greeted by a good-looking, tall African American man. He had a great smile and was super friendly. We had an instant connection. The realtor was rude and cut him off all the time. I felt so embarrassed. I really liked the place and felt that this is where I needed to be. As someone who was not very assertive, I pulled out my assertiveness and told her that this is my new home. Done. The kind man from the office, Rich, supported me throughout the following weeks and as grateful as I was for his help, I bought him some snacks and wine as a "thank you" - present. This is normal for me, and I didn't think anything of it. Not the case with Rich. He thought that I was interested in him and handed me his phone number, while I was at the pool one beautiful sunny day. From there we slowly started to fall in love. Neither of us was really interested in a relationship at that time due to recent break-ups on both sides. Additionally, I wasn't really interested in African American men. I had a certain type and Rich just wasn't it. But when God ordains something for you, you just can't get away from it. After lots of back and forth, ups and downs, difficult times, deployments, and doubts, we got married after dating for over 5 years. It wouldn't have happened if Rich would have been an average American dude. He was different, and if he wouldn't have waited on God, we would

not be married today. I always knew that Rich was a Christian, but it never affected me in any way. We had little discussions here and there, which ended pretty much in me ridiculing his belief. He never tried to push it on me or instigated a conversation about it. Most of the time it wasn't a topic at all. In 2020, while we were all locked down for 3 months, I started investigating some topics like politics and Bill Gates. It wasn't long until I discovered that something was off. But my focus was taken away from these discoveries when my body started to kind of shut down in the summer of 2020. My health declined and I had to get help. This was when I started to learn more about health, food, and the effects of the environment on the body. I found out that a lot of things were designed to make us sick, and it wasn't long until I was able to count one and one together and combine the health topic with politics and governments. I'm not sure how and when it happened, but I decided to get a Bible for myself. And I started reading it. At first, I had very heated discussions with Rich, because the things that I read went totally against everything I believed in. Eventually, I started reading Revelation, and that was when things started to change in my mind. I wanted to know more, because I realized that what was written, kind of matched the times we are living in right now. Rich and I started an online Bible study to learn more about Revelation and what scholars have to say about it. The pastor, Allen Nolan, bridged the language barrier for us and we learned more details about scripture through the original Hebrew and Greek texts and their meaning. I was hooked. This was super interesting to me, and I wanted to learn more about other prophecies. I came to find out, that most of the prophecies in the Bible have been fulfilled. This amazed me. How was that possible? This is when I started to listen to Rich more, to understand what this was all about. He did his best to explain the meaning of Jesus to me, but I was not able to grasp it. Looking back at it, it was as if he told me something in a foreign language. I just didn't get it. But I wanted to understand so badly. And then, one day, I got it. I don't remember when, but I finally understood. During this process, we got married and shortly after, we started to go to church. At the end of each sermon, the pastor asked everyone, who felt led by the Holy Spirit, to come up front to the altar and to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. This is a voluntary thing, no one has to do it. Well, you actually can debate that, because the Holy Spirit in fact kind of pushes you down the aisle. I remember vividly the first two times when the sensation of His presence came over me while I sat on the bench, watching other people getting up and standing in front of the altar. My heart started to pound like crazy, I was warm but had goosebumps at the same time. I could feel how my body wanted to get up, but my brain held me down. I was torn between staying put and walking down to the altar. My brain won twice and convinced me that I could do that any other Sunday. The third time, God had the upper hand. The feeling was so strong that I was unable to resist. Tears came up as He lifted me off my seat and I asked my husband to come with me. When we arrived at the altar, I felt like a weight was lifted off my shoulders. I was crying, I felt joy, I felt peace, and I knew I was born again. God had accepted me as His child. Nothing in this world can compare to this. I'm writing these words, but they can not fully reflect the emotions

and sensations I felt there. Rich felt it too, and he was sobbing right next to me. Rich never cries. This day changed my life forever. The day you accept Christ as your Lord and Savior is the day you become a new creation, a child of God. Remember I was telling you how I was always searching for something? My search ended right then and there. The gap in my heart and in my life was filled. I finally felt the love I had been looking for all these years. This is what I pray about, for all of you, who are still out there without God. I cannot imagine a day without Him in my life. Everything that has happened to me finally makes sense. The visions, the trials, the accomplishments, the guidance, the tugging and pushing, the discernment and the promises. Without God there is no logical explanation for any of it. None. Of course some people have tried to come up with something, but believe me when I say – that's a whole lot of bending and twisting you have to do to find a worldly explanation for my life. There is none. God has been pursuing me for 20 years and after molding me into the person I needed to be to be able to see and understand, He finally removed the scales from my eyes. Despite all the pain and difficulties I had to go through, I wouldn't want it any other way. God's way is perfect. I had moments when I wished I had known Him earlier in life, but I have to remember that His timing is perfect, and He knows what's best for me. The trials didn't stop after we were reunited, but facing them with Him is a whole lot easier than me by myself. I know I can trust in Him and that He will always make a way. I had 20 years to learn and understand this fact. Today, I am eternally grateful for His presence in my life and His continued support and guidance. I'm still in the molding process and I know there will be more tribulations on my path as I walk towards His purpose for my life.

I got baptized in June 2023 in Los Angeles in the Pacific Ocean. I knew I wanted to do that, after I watched "Jesus Revolution". The moment of my baptism was another life changing event. Baptism is not a must, but it is an outwardly expression and testimony for your faith in God. And I loved every second of it – well, except for the very moment when my body went underwater, because it was so horribly cold. But the second I came up I felt renewed. I left my old self behind, and was washed and made clean through my faith in Jesus Christ. I felt the Holy Spirit in that moment and all I could do was cry, and feel joy and peace. Ever since then, I have been on fire for God. Now I understand why Christians try to tell the whole world about Jesus. It would be an immense disservice to family and friends, or anyone else out there for that matter, to not tell them. We want you to have, what we have. We want you to lay down your burdens and experience the freedom and hope, which only comes through Christ. We are driven by love and our creator, who wants to have a relationship with you. I would never have expected to find myself in this situation, but here I am, and I've never been happier in my entire life. God made a promise 20 years ago, and I believe that my journey is not over yet. There's one vision left, and I will overcome whatever is needed to get to my promised destination.

So, what actually happened to His promise of me living in America? After Rich and I got married, I applied for the Green Card. A lot of things could have gone wrong during this application process, but again – I was not alone. After the initial application was sent, I had to apply for a waiver since I'm opposed to getting vaccinated. I applied for a religious waiver. The chance to get this approval was, according to an attorney that I used for advice, very slim. I was told I would need tons of proof in regard to my belief from churches etc. and that I most likely would get denied if I can't provide anything like that. Knowing that I could trust in God, I decided to just be honest and wrote a watered-down version of this testimony and attached letters from family and friends, who confirmed that everything happened the way I said it did. I didn't write the testimony until prompted by the Holy Spirit. I wrote it within one day. I waited a few days afterwards, because I wasn't 100% happy with the ending. One morning, when I got ready for the day, the Holy Spirit came upon me, and I dropped my mascara and started writing a new ending for my testimony. It was perfect in my eyes, when I was done. We prayed about it and sent it out. I fully trusted in the Lord that He will make it happen. Two years ago I would have stressed myself out for months over this. I didn't hear anything back until I received a letter 3 months later. I wasn't sure what it was. I opened it, and there it was – CONGRATULATIONS! I completely lost it. I jumped and screamed through the entire house. Minutes later I broke down in tears because I realized, that I could finally see my family after 3.5 years. All praise and glory to God. He fulfilled His promise. I now live officially in the United States of America.

I don't think my family or friends ever thought this through. If you look at the whole picture – the precise predictions I made, which came true – they would realize that none of this was of me, but came all from God. What other explanation is there? Am I a prophet? If that's the case, I still would need input from something higher. Did I work my butt off to make all these things happen? I know that there are people that say that, but it's simply not true. I didn't do anything. I even let opportunities pass by. It's time to face the obvious – it wasn't me. It couldn't have been me. It was all Him – whether or not I believed in Him before 2023 or not. He's proven Himself to me and anyone I know, and it is time to acknowledge His existence based on the evidence given through my life. There is no need to be scared of that. I know it's going against everything you believe. It went against everything I believe. We can't keep looking away from what is right in front of us. God wants to connect with us, and He uses people all over the world to make this happen. And for my sphere of influence, He used me as a witness for His greatness and power so that you may believe in Him.