



Salvation Stories

SALVATION IS A “BEFORE AND AFTER” EVENT!

My name is Snehal Ajabe. I am a homemaker and pursuing Master's in Divinity from UBS. I have been married for five years now and reside in Pune with my husband, Prakhar Ajabe, who is a software engineer, and my mother-in-law, who is involved in the Lord's ministry. I praise God for giving me the opportunity to share my testimony.

I was born and brought up in a Hindu family, and it has been 20 years since my family and I came to Christ.

My testimony of how I found the Lord begins with my mother's story.

We were a family of five: my mom, dad, me, and my two elder brothers. My dad, who was once a highly skilled and respected engineer, lost his job when his company shut down, leading him into depression. Later, he was diagnosed with schizophrenia. My mother, who had always been a homemaker, had to go out in search of work but was often rejected due to her lack of education. Meanwhile, we three children were too young to help. My mother was just 27 years old when all of this happened. Due to poverty, health issues, and the overwhelming responsibilities on her shoulders, she became frustrated. She also suffered from demonic attacks on her; which was the hardest part for her and us.

At her lowest point, she decided to buy poison to end her life—and ours as well. That was the darkest part of her life – she had given up on life but God hadn't given up on her and neither on us.

A little back story here.

The demonic attacks had started since my mother was in school. She once had gone alone into a field where certain demonic stones were worshiped, and sacrifices were made to Satan. There, she heard the sound of a snake and became terrified. In that very moment, many demons entered her body. When she returned home, she had lost control over her body and mind. Doctors and spiritual healers (babas) failed to cure her. The demons inside her demanded a goat sacrifice every three years, threatening to take her life otherwise. Fearing for her safety, my grandfather performed the sacrifice before the demons to protect her. However, even after that, she remained unwell.

People and relatives advised my mother's parents that if she married into another

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family, the demons might leave her. Because of this, she was unable to complete her education and was married to my father at the age of 16.

Three years later, the demons returned, demanding another sacrifice—this time, they threatened to take my brother's life who was still in my mother's womb. My father refused to offer a sacrifice to Satan and instead took my mother to doctors and spiritual healers. There was no peace in our family. My parents worshiped all Hindu gods, visited Muslim mosques, and even tried Buddhism—desperately seeking freedom from these attacks.

Amidst this struggle, my father lost his job, worsening our situation. Poverty struck—many days we had no food on the table. My mother started catering work, standing for 8-16 hours a day without food. At night, she would bring home whatever leftover

food she could from her job, which we would eat. Despite being sick, she worked tirelessly to feed us, sometimes staying hungry for four days. Even then, her job was not permanent. The struggles were never-ending, and my mother was losing hope. My father was no longer himself—he was mentally unwell.

Then the lowest point arrived when my mother made the decision to end her and our lives. She could not take it anymore. As she stood at the gate of our building on that day, lost in these thoughts, a familiar woman passed by. Noticing my mother's distress, she spoke to her about a church that held services every Sunday in our school. That day, my mother postponed her plan of suicide and decided to wait until Sunday.

Finally, Sunday evening arrived. My mother, father, and I waited for the woman, but she did not come. So, we decided to go to the church by ourselves.

That was the first time we stepped into a church. We had no idea what was happening—why people were singing, why they were saying "Hallelujah," and why there was no idol of Jesus. To us, Jesus was just the God of Christians. Everything was new and unfamiliar, and we couldn't understand a single word. However, we felt an overwhelming sense of peace. That day, tears streamed down my face. Though I was only 11 years old, I had witnessed and experienced our struggles. I knew my mother felt the same because she was crying too.

The pastor shared the Gospel with us, and that was the beginning of our journey in Christ. A few days later, my two brothers also joined us, and we became a Christian family.

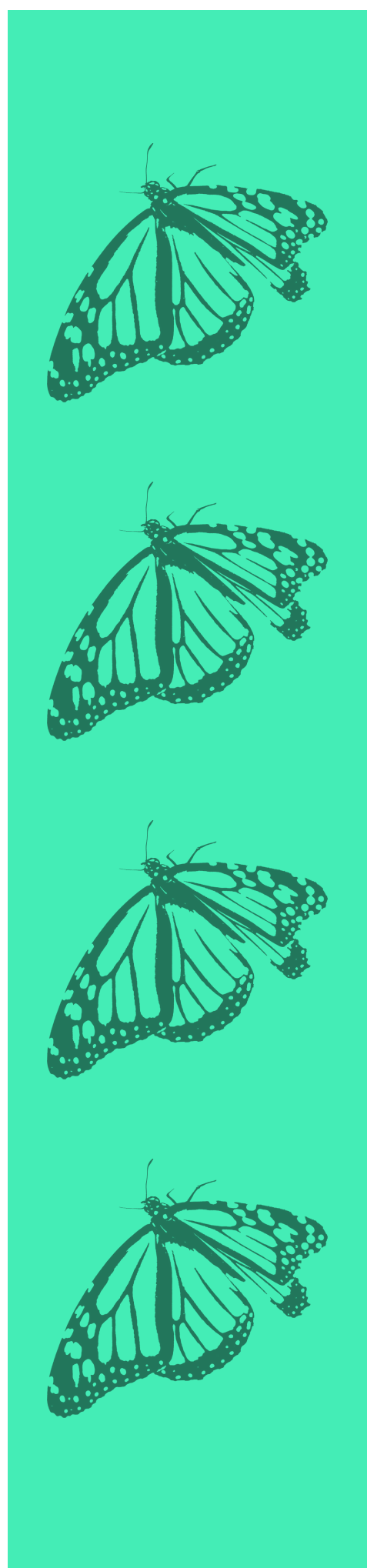


Even after coming to Christ, our struggles did not end, but we began to experience peace. Though we still faced financial difficulties, we now had hope. We had the strength to face every situation. We had a true God to pray to—we had Jesus.

My mother got a job as a Hindi-Marathi teacher in a school and started taking tuition classes. My brothers found jobs in call centers, and my father's health began to improve. My prayers, too, were being answered. For instance, I needed a bicycle to go to school. My mother told me to pray about it, so I did—I specifically prayed for a black bicycle. Just two days later, a church member, who had never gifted anyone before, felt led to give me a brand-new black bicycle.

I grew in my faith and prayer life. Once, when we had no food at home, we prayed. That very night, a woman from our church brought a month's worth of groceries, saying she felt led to give her tithe in this way. These were just the first of many miracles in our lives. Jesus continued to answer our prayers, and we found joy in Him.

Throughout this time, our church members supported us and encouraged us in our faith. As new believers, we still faced spiritual attacks. My mother would often see a fat, dark, naked woman with wide arms, trying to stop her from going to church. My mother would scream, "In Jesus' name, I will go to church!"—and the vision would disappear. Every morning at 5 a.m., as my mother prayed, she would hear loud, mocking laughter. One day, our pastor and church elders prayed over her, and in Jesus' name, the demons that had tormented her since childhood—ones that no Hindu or Muslim rituals could drive away—were finally cast out.



Today, we are delivered, redeemed, and 100 times more blessed in Christ. My mother now runs her own NGO, working for women's empowerment. She provides monthly rations to poor families and continues her ministry. My brothers completed their education while working and are now in good positions in their companies. Whatever we lost in the past we got it in double portion. We found the true meaning of our lives.



As for me, I am happily married. God blessed me with a godly family that supports my calling in ministry. In Christ, our lives have been completely transformed. If you had met us years ago, you would have seen a family drowning in despair. But today, we are a testimony of God's faithfulness, mercy, and power. If you are struggling, if you feel hopeless, if you think your situation will never change—let me tell you something: There is a God who sees you. There is a God who loves you. And His name is Jesus. I give all glory, honor, and praise to Him, for He alone is worthy!