



Hi, my name is Enas. I'm a 21 year old female. I was born into a religious Lebanese home where my parents attended an Orthodox church regularly, taking my older brother and myself with them. I was baptised as a baby the religious way.

By the time I was about 3 my parents were removed from this religious life and trusted Christ as their Lord and Saviour, not the church. From this time they began to search for a strong, Bible believing church that they could be established in. This was a tough time for them as they were looking specifically for a church that spoke Arabic. I remember going in and out of church, irregularly, so I never had a consistent childhood in Sunday school where I learnt about God. Despite this, my parents would sit us down daily and share with us truths from the Bible.

At the age of 9 we were temporarily attending a bible believing church. We attended their family camp which was held over the New Year holiday. The message of salvation was preached that New Year's Eve and I felt afraid of my destiny if I was to die without Christ being my Saviour. I was sitting next to my mum, and after the invitation to receive Christ as your personal Saviour was given, I knew that was what I had to do. Being the very shy girl that I was, I was very nervous of walking down the aisle on my own. My mum must have sensed that I was hesitant, so at the end of the service, she walked me down to the preacher. It was here that I realised that I wasn't a good person (a sinner) and that without inviting Jesus to be the Lord and Saviour of my life, I would be on my way to hell and live a very sad life without him. The man ensured that I knew what I was doing and that night- New Years Eve 1998- I asked the Lord to enter in my life, to be the Saviour from my sins and Lord of my life so that I could spend eternity with him in heaven.

From this day onwards, I felt the Holy Spirit follow me- I felt that everything I did was being watched by God, and I felt the need to do things that would please him. Being human, however, I would tell lies to get out of trouble at home as any little girl would, however the weight of guilt would bury me. I would feel the need to re-ask the Lord to save me from my sin

because I thought I would go to hell. A year later, 10 now, I learnt that once you ask Jesus into your heart to save you from your sins, you didn't have to do it again. I was confusing forgiveness with receiving Christ as my Saviour.

By the age of 11 my family was established in Faith Baptist Church in Blacktown, where I began to attend Youth group on Friday nights. I loved learning about the Bible and Christian living, and I was attracted to the kind and loving hospitality of the people there. A couple of years later I attended my very first youth camp and learnt God's command for me to be baptised. Being the shy girl I was, I foolishly thought, *"Well, if baptism doesn't save me, I'm not going to do it- I'm too shy to stand in front of a group of people and tell them what I believe. They can see that I'm a Christian anyway..."*

For 4 years I made the same disobedient decision, but thankfully God was patient and kept pricking my heart about it. When I was 16, I heard someone preaching about God's will. He finished off by saying *"God's will for your life isn't going to change- you have to change your mind."* I felt that at this age, I had to either choose to obey God and walk in his steps, or disobey him and live my own, selfish life. That settled it for me and I made a decision that day to obey the Lord in Baptism in order for me to declare to those around me that I am saved by God's grace and that I have a desire to follow after His ways. From here on, I continued walking with God and he has taught me many things about how I should act as a Christian- from the way I think to the things that I do. He is still teaching me today, as I learn to be obedient to His Word so that He can change me to better reflect Him.