

Mom's dear people, mine too...



Feba G Mathew

Heeding the call of God in 2008, my Dad and Mom moved to the northern district of Sriganganagar in Rajasthan for Bible

translation among the Bagri language community. This led to my elder brother Sam and me living in a village during our childhood. My primary education was done in a Catholic school in this area. My memory is still fresh about my parents dropping us to school on a motorcycle and then visiting nearby villages. I had many friends in the village. In the initial stages of Bible translation, my parents faced many challenging situations.

Our childhood was spent in Shegavalley village. Most of the villagers were either farmers or engaged in cattle rearing. My close friends were Suman and Sonam who lived in a rented house. They considered me as their little sister. We used to trudge to nearby wheat fields and other farmlands. In the evening, we met other friends to play and eat together. I have heard from my parents how we mischievously played with the hand pump to draw water and cut straw for cattle using a cutting machine.

Four years later, we had friends who were followers of Christ. By then, Sunday Schools were active in two villages. About 15-20 students were attending these classes. We sang songs in their heart languages and taught them scripture verses. They were fascinated by stories from the Bible. Every Sunday, we visited them with sweets and spent enjoyable time together.

The elderly people in the village often lovingly presented us 10 or 20 rupees. They considered us as their own little children. For most of the girls in the village, they had to discontinue education at a very young age due to religious and social customs. Most of the women in the villages are illiterate. Presently, lot of social changes are evident here. However, we need to pray for them to experience meaningful transformation in their lives.

When we were enjoying our childhood with friends, all of a sudden, we faced a major crisis in our lives. My dear Mom was diagnosed with cancer. I was deeply saddened that I had to leave all my good friends and move to my home town. We had to continue our education in Kerala. For four years, my mummy underwent treatment in different hospitals. During this period, my daddy lovingly cared for us and made sure that our



Some childhood memories

education was not affected. He was also careful to see that his translation work was not disrupted by these challenges. My mummy was very desirous of attending the dedication ceremony of the Bagri New Testament for which she had lived her life. God fulfilled that desire. In September 2019, we as a family travelled to Bagri and joined the large believer community for the grand dedication ceremony of the Bagri New Testament. Following this, within four months in January 2020, my mummy went to be with the Lord.

My mummy's demise has been deeply hurting for me. She used to spend much time to play with me and help me in my studies. I was very fond of my mother. I cannot forget how mummy cared for us with love when I was down with chicken pox and my brother was suffering from suffocation. The reality that she is no longer with me is deeply painful, but I am confident that I will meet her one day.

During her final days, I recall mummy telling dad that she wanted to die in Rajasthan. She deeply loved the Bagri people. Her only desire was to win them for Christ. The Lord has a

purpose for sending my parents and me to Rajasthan. I believe that all those villages will experience a great transformation. Many people will read the Word of God in their own heart language of Bagri and accept Christ as their saviour.

John 12:24 says, "Truly, truly I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone, but if it dies, it bears much fruit." We are confident that our mummy's endeavours are not in vain. In the coming days, we foresee a great harvest in this language community.

As recorded in Revelation 7:9, "After that I looked and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count, from every nation, tribe, people and language, standing before the throne and before the Lamb. They were wearing white robes and were holding palm branches in their hands."

Thousands of Bagri people will also be ready for this day. God is working toward this. My prayer is that my childhood friends with whom I played and enjoyed will understand this truth. May they take steps to experience eternal salvation.



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