

Monologues



Religious Persecution

Today I arose early so I could have a few minutes of alone time before my busy day begins. I know everyone's busy, but I wish one day I could get up and feel like I am not living a lie. You see I live with my husband, two children, mother-in-law, and my husband's aunt. Everyone is a Muslim but me because I met Christ about three years ago. In my country of Tajikistan only 1 percent of people are Christian and most of us do not tell out of fear, the law, and possibility of ridicule and death. In my household my faith would bring shame on my family and punishment would be great. So great it would leave my children motherless. I am afraid I may not be that strong.

I work for an NGO (Non-Governmental Organization) helping women and young girls to not fall victims of human trafficking. My country is in an area where lots of girls are told they can make money being models by crossing into Dubai and other wealthy cities. When you are poor, you are desperate to believe people when they talk about money, food, and you dream of the idea of a new life. This is a Christian organization I work for but my husband doesn't know that. If he did, I wouldn't be allowed to work there. Being with my friends at work gives nourishment to my soul and gives me hope.

I want to share my faith with my son and daughter but I am afraid that if my husband finds out he will take my children. I don't talk about my faith with my children; I try to show them Jesus. If they ask questions then I talk to them when other family members are away. I want to be a close follower of Christ and I want my children to know Jesus but I live in fear of my husband and his family.

I didn't choose my husband, my family did when I was 20 and he was 30. We've been married 12 years. He says he sees a change in me and doesn't like it. Last month our family went into town for dinner with my sister and her children. We had a nice time and then my husband met some men at a cafe. I called him to tell him we were ready to go home. He told me to take the children and go somewhere else that we couldn't return home anymore. At 11pm we were homeless. We spent two nights at my sister's but her house is small and we can't stay. What do I do...where do I go...how do we survive? Days later we went back to the house. He was very cold to us. He shouted at me and told me that I was too worldly, that men were looking at me, and that he doubted our son was his. It was a terrible insult and painful to hear. I try to be a Godly woman...what do I do now?

Two days later he returned home but was silent. He got in our bed and treated me like property. I could do nothing but lie there. What do I do now to protect my children and myself? How do I honor God in this life? To be free from worry and fear, to be free to worship Christ, to be free to let my children know of my faith....I am not sure freedom will ever be a part of my life.