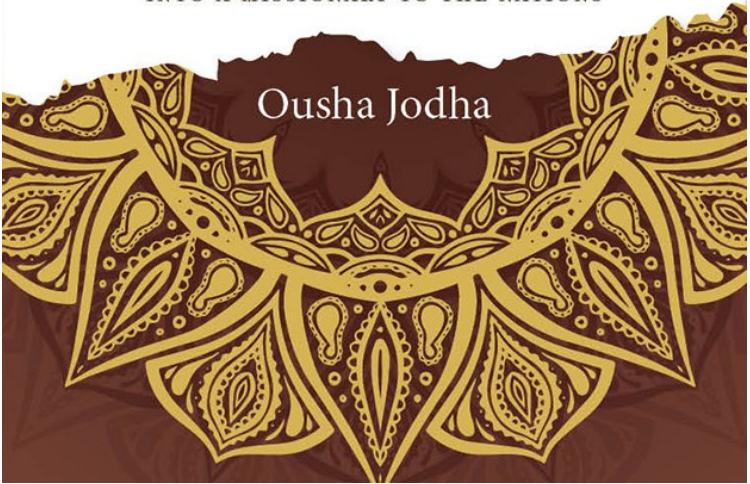


# IN THE NICK OF TIME

A HINDU DEVOTEE TRANSFORMED BY THE GOSPEL  
INTO A MISSIONARY TO THE NATIONS

Ousha Jodha



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**In the Nick of Time, PDF E-Book**

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## DEDICATION

*In the Nick of Time* is dedicated to all of my special friends who made it happen. May your contribution be rewarded by our Heavenly Father whose eyes are always on you.



# CONTENTS

1	<u>INTRODUCTION</u>	1
1	<u>EARLY DAYS</u>	4
2	<u>GLIMPSES OF LIGHT</u>	16
3	<u>GOD ANSWERS MY PRAYER</u>	23
4	<u>GOD MAKES ALL THINGS NEW</u>	27
5	<u>STEPPING INTO THE UNKNOWN</u>	34
6	<u>I ASK FOR THE NATIONS</u>	49
7	<u>COLLEGE GRADUATE</u>	56
8	<u>PREACHING ON THE TRAINS</u>	61
9	<u>DELIVERED FROM THE FEAR OF MAN</u>	72
10	<u>MIRACLE OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING</u>	81
11	<u>TRANSFORMED FOR GOD'S GLORY</u>	85
12	<u>GOD FULFILLS THE DREAMER'S DREAM</u>	92
13	<u>CALLING OUT TO GOD</u>	102







## INTRODUCTION

God had me written in His heart before the foundations of the world. What an awesome thought that He had me in His thoughts before I was even a twinkle in His eye. He knew that I was going to be born to an East Indian family living in Guyana. He also knew that my family and I would be devoted Hindus and devout idol worshippers. But God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to die for my sins. Even while I was still a sinner mocking the cross in my ignorance, Christ died for me.

What overwhelming love our Father demonstrated towards us through Christ! When I think of His awesome love for me, my heart moves in gratitude. While I was pouring my heart out before idols, He looked at me with eyes of love. In my ignorance, His thoughts towards me were, “She is going to be a prophet to the nations for Me.”

*Jeremiah 1:5 AMP - Before I formed you in the womb I knew you [and approved of you as My chosen instrument], And before you were born I*

*consecrated you [to Myself as My own]; I have appointed you as a prophet to the nations.*

God has made me into what He purposed me to be. As of the writing of this book, God has sent me to more than sixteen nations to preach the Gospel - some of them numerous times. That young dreamer of a Hindu girl who used to wear an old worn-out dress in her childhood has been blessed by the Lord and granted the privilege of taking hundreds of beautiful dresses and other clothes to give to orphans in various countries around the world. God is so great!

Now it is time for me to share my story with you. I had known for quite a while that the Lord desired for me to share my story in writing to bring Him glory for all He has done in my life. He repeatedly spoke to me through dreams, visions, prophetic people, and well-meaning friends about writing it down in a book. After my many delays and excuses, God finally reminded me of a story about someone I knew very well who did not obey what God had asked her to do. He had asked her to leave her executive job of thirty-five years with the same company in order to volunteer her skills and talents to serve an international ministry.

After being repeatedly reminded by the Lord, she continued to procrastinate... until it was too late. After a short time, she was diagnosed with stage four cancer in her bones and died one year later. The people that God desired for her to benefit did not receive the blessing from her life because of her procrastination against God's prompting. Immediately upon thinking about her, I was reminded of a Scripture about how Jesus cursed a fig tree because He could find no fruit on it, but only inedible leaves.<sup>1</sup> My heart was ignited with a reverent fear of God. I did not want to be like my friend or the fig tree! And so, the writing of this book began.

My sincere and earnest hope is that you will be encouraged and strengthened on your journey with God as you read my story. I have truly experienced the joy of knowing Him as my Lord and Savior and believe that your encounter with Him can be in the *Nick of Time* like mine was. I promise you that your life will never be the same. Come with me as we experience Him in exciting ways on this journey together.

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<sup>1</sup> See Mark 11:12-14

# CHAPTER 1

## EARLY DAYS

My ancestors originated from Kerala and Uttar Pradesh, India, approximately one century ago. They were of the Kshatriya caste of people who were traditionally a military class and were also known as warriors. They had decided to leave their native land of India because they were dissatisfied with the political and economic systems. So, they sold their businesses and bought large quantities of gold which they took from India to Guyana as immigrants. Guyana is also a country of many rich resources including diamond mines, gold, rice, sugar, lumber, and other profitable resources. In search of better opportunities, Guyana seemed like a profitable place to establish themselves for future generations. They were not disappointed. They exchanged their gold for properties, businesses, and land to settle in a financially stable manner with their families. They were very successful in their pursuit of a more prosperous life. All the men became prominent businessmen, and the women were housewives,

happy to care for their families and household.

It is considered very important to maintain the lineage and image of our culture. It requires marriage within the confines or beliefs of that particular religion to accumulate the family's wealth and prestige. Unity among Hindu cultural families is highly favored for many reasons. One of the reasons is that it supports arranged marriages among the community.

My parents' marriage was arranged by their parents, like most marriages of the Hindu custom. In this tradition, both sets of parents start to inquire about a suitable match as early as fourteen years old for the young lady and possibly sixteen years old for the young man. The young lady's parents are expected to give a dowry, usually in the form of a significant amount of money, as a gift to the young man's parents to confirm the marriage. On many occasions, the couple meets each other for the first time on their wedding day.

My parents knew each other before the day of their marriage. They were neighbors, so it was an easy match when their parents met to discuss their

marriage. The union of their marriage produced eight children: five girls and three boys. I was the sixth child of their union. Being born into a large family was like a barrel of drama rolled with fun. We were a close-knit family like most families of that culture. There were so many memorable events during my childhood that still bring smiles and tears as I reminisce.

I was always described as ‘the dreamer’ in my childhood by my siblings. I believed my dreaming was God-given even though I was not a believer in Christ yet. I was also an avid reader. I remember being about eight years old, walking approximately four miles to the library every other week with a friend. I used to borrow many books and would read them in a short period of time.

Whenever our home became too noisy with my seven siblings, I would hide away in my secret place under my favorite tree, read my books, and dream of places I would like to visit around the world. I didn’t know that in order to travel, one has to have a passport and an air ticket, and in some cases, a visa before embarking on a journey. Nevertheless, I was happily dreaming with God and didn’t know it. I had

a childlike consciousness of a God unknown to me.

One of the most outstanding miracles I experienced was when I was about twelve years old. A friend of mine was teaching me to crochet doilies, table-top decorations, and other items that were in demand for sale. The only problem was that I did not have a knitting needle, and my mother could not afford to buy one for me even though it only cost one quarter. But one day when I was running late to school, I tripped and fell on my knees and a shining light from heaven opened my eyes to see a needle hidden in the sand and pebbles. It was the exact number and size that I needed. I was in awe! I knew then that there was an Unknown God, and His eyes were upon me.

*Psalm 139:3 - You comprehend my path and my lying down and are acquainted with all my ways.*

There was lots of laughter in our family because most of us were pretending to be actors and were always trying to outdo one another. We loved to play and tease each other. I believe our happiness was a result of the simple way of life we led during that time. We did not have a television and therefore, we often sat and talked or joked with each other while listening to

music. My oldest sister used to entertain us by dancing to Indian songs, which we loved. Those were the most memorable and joyous times we had together.

However, as we grew older in our teen and young adult years, there were seasons of pain and tears as death, separation, and conflict became more frequent in our family. It's possible that this stemmed from the deprived background that my father was reared in.

My father was born in unusual and unfavorable circumstances that caused him to become an orphan. His mother died at his birth, and his father died a few years later. All of this was beyond his control, but it left him without the privilege of growing up with the benefit of his parents' upbringing. He was reared in a foster home with other boys. His foster mother loved him very much, and he was especially favored by her. He was given special treatment such as getting extra gifts and more attention than the other boys in the home. During his teen years, he was trained to pursue business as a career and went on to become a successful businessman. He was an import distributor of watches and sunglasses, among other accessories and things like this. He used to distribute to wholesale stores in Guyana.



My father was a very intellectual man. He was a great thinker. He did repair jobs around our home without professional training. He would repair electrical appliances without a manual or instructions from anyone. For example, when our radio, fan, or sewing machine was broken, he would take it apart, fix it, and put it together, and it would work perfectly again. He would build tables, chairs, cupboards, and fences, among other needed things in our home.

Many days during our childhood, my father gave us money to buy candies or ice-cream. Every Christmas Eve, he used to bring a very large box filled with toys, cookies, candies, and gifts for all of us. But what I loved most of all was when he would spend time with us. Those were my favorite memories of him during my childhood days.

To our despair, my father was in an adulterous relationship when I was conceived in my mother's womb. Later, he became an alcoholic. It had a disastrous ripple effect on our lives and our entire family relationship. Our family situation became challenging, and our financial situation changed. We were deprived of bare necessities and forced to live a life of depravity in many ways.

Our home became a household of pain, despair, and hopelessness because the trust had been broken between our parents. As a result of his adulterous lifestyle, quarreling, tears, and frequent fighting were natural and frequent occurrences for many years. It was usually a very toxic environment. The toxicity resulted in both of my brothers becoming alcoholics at early ages and were not interested in pursuing careers because my father was not present to discipline and encourage them. However, my sisters became professionals despite the environment at home and were successful in their respective careers. During that time, it was not conducive for those of us that desired a better future to remain at home any longer. My older siblings were financially supporting our household expenses, so for many years they were not free to live a life of their own choice.

For me, when I was preparing to start college, my father was not available emotionally or financially to support my decision or take the advice of my high school advisor. That brought a great set-back to my desire to pursue a career. As a result of this, I was bored beyond description during my teenage years. So, I was daily planning my escape to get away from

home or commit suicide. It all felt like hell's domain, except for my mother's love.

My mother's love felt like a warm cocoon of safety over us. She was always filled with laughter, despite my father's infidelity. As an adult now, I can imagine the pain of rejection and jealousy she must've felt in her heart on a continual basis. However, she was always a warm and kind person, looking for the best for her children and in others. She was our anchor of hope when all else seemed so hopeless. I used to look forward to seeing her seated on the stairs of our home, waiting for us to return from school. I always used to enjoy her delicious, hot meals that were prepared with her tender love. I still remember my mother's special meals to this day!

We were born into a culture that promotes idols as the only gods who supply every good thing and makes them wealthy. As such, my family and I were very religious. We kept all the holy days. There are about ten holidays per year according to the Indian calendar and the practice of Hinduism. These holidays mainly involve idol worship of many different kinds. However, there are five most important holy days that are believed to be essential

to keep for protection, provision, peace, wealth, and wisdom in the home at all times. It is believed that if they are not observed correctly, the home might fall into disaster, poverty, or other calamity.

*2 Corinthians 4:4 - ...whose minds the god of this age has blinded, who do not believe, lest the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine on them.*

The rituals of Hinduism were made mandatory by our grandparents and parents and were enforced by physical beatings when we rebelled. The women were the main disciplinary figures in the home. They were responsible for the upbringing of their children in the ways of Hinduism, primarily to maintain the culture for future generations. It gave both parents and children a sense of security and identity of belonging to a community of people of their kind and culture. There are many similarities that bond them. Some of the things they had in common were food, dress style, music, language, and, most importantly, their religious beliefs regarded as the highest priority.

My mother's responsibility was to see that we learned the Hindu culture, which included Hindi language.

As a child, I was expected to be a good, obedient, and devout Hindu. A true Hindu's way of life is very disciplined according to their holy book. The holy days are held in high esteem and must be observed and celebrated. Regular attendance to the temple as a family is required. Modest dress codes are without compromise for both sexes. Sex or foreplay with the opposite sex before marriage is totally forbidden. Daily offerings of flowers and fruits to the idols accompanied by prayer is another strict rule to be kept because without it, the gods would be angry. Hindus believe that a death caused by any weapon or unfavorable circumstance is the “karma” or the will of a god being carried out. For example, when my own brother was killed, the Hindu priest comforted my family by saying that it was his karma, meaning that it was destined for his life.

As a young teen, I used to ask my elders in the Hindu faith, “How can an idol have emotions and get angry when they are made of stone?” No one ever answered my question. I frequently thought, ‘how cruel are these gods? I don’t think I want to serve these gods any longer.’ As a result, there was always rebellion in my heart towards the worship of idols, especially

when I could see no positive or favorable results to my problems. I realized somewhere deep in my heart that my people idolized what they owned and what they made with their own hands even though they could not talk to them or answer their prayers.

*Psalm 115:4-8 - Their idols are silver and gold,  
The work of men's hands. They have mouths, but  
they do not speak; Eyes they have, but they do not  
see; They have ears, but they do not hear; Noses  
they have, but they do not smell; They have  
hands, but they do not handle; Feet they have, but  
they do not walk; Nor do they mutter through  
their throat. Those who make them are like them;  
So is everyone who trusts in them.*

As I mentioned, it was the women's responsibility to care for their families and teach them about the importance of religion. Some women enjoyed it, but there were those that suffered depression from it. The result of a mundane lifestyle and many years of the same routine every day took a toll on their mental capacity. Especially since some of these women were trained professionals before marriage, after the novelty of being married and bearing children wore off, they eventually missed the fulfillment of what

they had worked so hard for in their younger years. They usually became lonely, felt unloved, frustrated, and hopeless about the outcome of their life. Unfortunately, many of them commit suicide at an early age.

In fact, according to [abc.net.au/news](http://abc.net.au/news) 2018 in India, almost forty percent of suicides in India are women, and young, married women are most at risk. According to a study published by the Lancet, a medical journal, women under forty years old in India are two times more likely to die by suicide than the global average. Plus, the Lancet states that suicide was the leading cause of death in India for those between the age of fifteen to twenty-nine, with death rates higher among women than men in that age group. The study also found “arranged and early marriage, young motherhood, low social status and domestic violence” were factors contributing to the nation's high suicide rates.

I, myself, was one of those desperate, hopeless, and lonely women because I had not yet encountered the True and Living God. I had no purpose in life, so eventually, I became bored with my job, friends, my self-esteem, and life in general.