

8/29/21

My name is Abigail Amadi, I am a long time member of First Presbyterian Church in Jamaica. I have some testimonies.

My first testimony dated back to July 4th 2007 when my husband suddenly passed after a brief illness. My life was shattered. I did not know where to start from because my husband and I had a very cordial and strong relationship, we did everything together. As a result of his sudden departure, it was almost impossible for me to pick up the pieces together.

As you may all remember, that year was the start of economic recession. People were losing their homes and jobs. My husband left me a home and mortgage which was one of my worries, how do I make two ends meet. It was a big struggle.

Through the grace of God, I was blessed with a pastor who is a true shepherd in the person of Rev Patrick O'Connor.

From time to time he would call me, pray with me and asked me how I was doing with my business and how I was managing with my mortgage. He would give me some bible passages including Psalm 23, which up till today is one of my favourite Psalms. His prayers worked for me.

because each time I saw differences in my undertakings.

In 2010 I had another big problem, one of my tenants went to report me to the city that I rent out my basement. I got summons, violations - you name it. I shared the problem with my Pastor, he prayed with me and every time he made it a point of duty to call me and pray with me. It was a very trying period for me but thank God my Pastor was there for me lifting me up with prayers every time. May God bless him.

Towards the end of year 2010, I asked the tenants to move because I could no longer rent the apartments for them. They told me they could not move because they had nowhere to go. To make matters worse, these tenants got into fights with each other every time, they would call the police on each other which was an embarrassment to me. All that episode went on for about four months.

As God answers prayers, one morning a caseworker from the Administration for children services showed up at my door, I was scared, she told me she wanted to see one of my tenants, I showed her the way to the basement. By God's grace, that day was her last day in my house she was moved

to the shelter.

Now the second tenant was still hanging in there with his girlfriend they told me they had nowhere to go and that they were not going to move. I kept on praying to God for help.

One night, I did not know how long I had been sleeping, I heard my door bell rang, I was wondering who was at my door at that time of the night, I peeped through the window, I saw about six emergency vehicles in front of my house, the EMS that pressed the bell asked me if I was the owner of the car in the driveway, I said yes. He said I should move the car because they needed to pass through with a stretcher, I rushed back in, got the keys and moved the car. Later I heard the EMS worker on the radio informing their Base that a young man had heart attack and they are taking him to the hospital, He did not come back. His girlfriend moved 3 weeks after.

After all the back and forth at the Court and so many appearances at the Department of Building the case was dismissed in December 2012. Thank God for answered prayers

4.

Another testimony I have was in 2013. My business was very slow, before I knew where I was, I was already 3 months behind in my mortgage. I started worrying, crying, thinking of where to turn to if the Bank throw me out. On one of the days my Pastor called to pray with me, he was specifically asking God to send me help, where I expect and where I did not even expect and that was what happened in my life at that point in time.

One morning one of my Day care Parents told me that the Administration for children services wrote her a letter that there was a mistake in the paper work of her daughter and that she should come to the office to sign a new form and that the forms should be given to me on completion with a new attendance sheets and the ACS will arrange to back pay me for the periods they short-paid me. I could not believe. I forwarded the papers as requested. After two weeks a check was mailed to me. The back pay was enough to pay my outstanding mortgage and extra \$1,500 which I gave to my parents. My God is awesome. I called my pastor, shared the

5

testimony with him. He prayed with me and thanked God for His mercies on me.

My last testimony was in September 2019. My beloved daughter, my best friend was murdered at her job in Kaduna Military Base, Northern Nigeria. She was the Commandant of the Armed Forces Command secondary school, Jaji, Kaduna. It was the least tragedy I could imagine, moreso when it happened at a Military Base. Being married to a Military Officer as a young lady, and lived at a Military Base for the better part of my married life, murders at the Military Base was a no no, not to talk of when it involved a senior officer. Anytime I remember, I still feel the sence of shock.

My church family, you may want to know how I got the bad news. After days of telephone calls to my daughter with no response I started calling her husband, my in laws and all my friends in Kaduna, nobody could tell me what happened.

On Friday morning sept 20th my cousin-in-law called me and asked if I was at home. I said yes, she said she would stop by with her cousin because she had not seen me in a while. I said Okay. She came with her

Cousin and they stayed with me till late in the evening. While they were with me my son in law called me from Lagos telling me that my daughter had been kidnapped and that nobody had come to demand any ransom as is the practise in Nigeria. When they kidnap somebody the kidnappers will demand ransom before they release the person. Still I was not expecting a bombshell.

On Saturday Sept. 21st my daughter and her family arrived from Maryland, still nobody could tell me that my daughter had been murdered.

On Sunday Sept 22nd in the afternoon after the service, I heard my door bell rang, when I opened it was my Pastor, Rev O'Connor and my Deacons Moderator, Mrs. Sharon Adika still it did not done on me that something had happened to me.

After about 30 minutes my daughter handed the phone to Rev O'Connor that was when I got the shock of my life. My beloved daughter was no more. No more chit chats with her, no more sharing of the

Problems on the job, no more briefings on the progress of her three kids etc. I really missed her.

Now it is 2 years, I thank God for upholding me. I could not be giving this testimony today, not to talk of getting "up and go" everyday. I owe all these strenght to my church family, for their support, and prayers also my beloved Pastor, Rev O'Connor for lifting up my hand in prayers everytime and for being there for me over the years. I also want to thank some of my church sisters for reaching out to me every blessed day over the past two years. I appreciate you all.

May God continue to bless His church.

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