



Artem

It's high time to tell you what God has done in my life! With great pleasure, I bring you my story.

I came into the world on 08.10.1984 in St. Petersburg, Russia to a twenty-two-year-old Muslim father and a nineteen-year-old "almost" Orthodox mother.

At four-months old, I caught the deadly bacterial infection staphylococcus, which causes diseases of various tissues. If that weren't enough, asthma and allergies attacked my body.

The doctors told my parents, "There's no way Artem will live to see his first birthday. A miracle could happen, but he would be an invalid and suffer mental problems. You're both young and could have another child."

Almost all the time, my home was the hospital. Periodically, when I improved, I'd go home for a week. But the moment my condition worsened, I was back at the hospital, where I'd stay several weeks. The cycle kept repeating itself.

My parents suffered greatly because of me. They tried different doctors, hospitals, medicines, even spiritualists, called "healers" in my country, but nothing worked. Sometimes they saw progress but only for a while, maybe several days. During this time, I used a breathing apparatus, which kept me alive.

Whenever I was rushed to the emergency room, doctors wore hopeless expressions. “Who wants to give Artem the injection this time?” they’d ask one another.

None of them wanted to treat me. They never knew what to do or where to send me, since my body didn’t respond to any treatments.

This wasn’t a life for my parents or for me.

When I was eight years old, my mother “found” some Christian people. In Russian, it is accurate to say it that way. She constantly sought help for my condition and found what she was looking for.

She invited Jesus into her life and became a born-again Christian. Later she took my younger sister to church. A month after that, she took me. The church people started to pray for me and my healing.

Then the remarkable happened.

I no longer needed a breathing apparatus or any medicine. We had no need to go to the hospital anymore or to see the doctors.

The hospital staff thought I died, because I hadn’t shown my face for such a long time.

God healed me through prayer.

Mother said to my father, “You need to get saved through Jesus—God’s Son, who died for your sins.”

“Don’t talk to me about Jesus. I’m a Muslim,” he scoffed.

“But Jesus healed Artem! He’s the living and true God. Nothing else worked.”

My mother and her Christian friends prayed for my father. God began to soften his heart and within a year, he too became a Christian!

After my healing, I was able to play many different sports. I finished high school and music school as a normal kid. I entered the college of foreign languages, and after that, I transferred to the university.

My father used to work as a chemical engineer, but for the past 10 years, he has been serving the Lord as a pastor of a Full Gospel church.

My mother is in charge of the leadership team and mercy care program. They visit people in hospitals, feed the homeless, and help with other special needs.

I praise God that He saved me, healed me, and chose me to fulfill a special purpose.

Interestingly, my name Artem means “healthy and vigorous.”

O LORD, you are my God; I will exalt you and praise your name, for in perfect faithfulness you have done marvelous things, things planned long ago. (Isaiah 25:1 NIV)

~ Artem Kurdov