



The Fuel of Great Joy

By Sudhir K



A nandita sat quietly in the back row of the small church in Patna. Her heart held a secret, a bright, beautiful 'grace-story' she had seen with her own eyes. It was proof that the risen Christ was active, not just in old stories, but right now in Bihar too.



Her friend, Prakash, who loved to read the Book of Acts, leaned closer. "You're so quiet, Anandita. That 'Great Joy' we read about—the joy of seeing God work—I know you have it. Why haven't you shared your report?"



Anandita whispered, "I'm afraid it will sound like my story, Prakash. Like self-promotion. I worry people will have 'tunnel vision' and think it's just 'fluff,' not real."



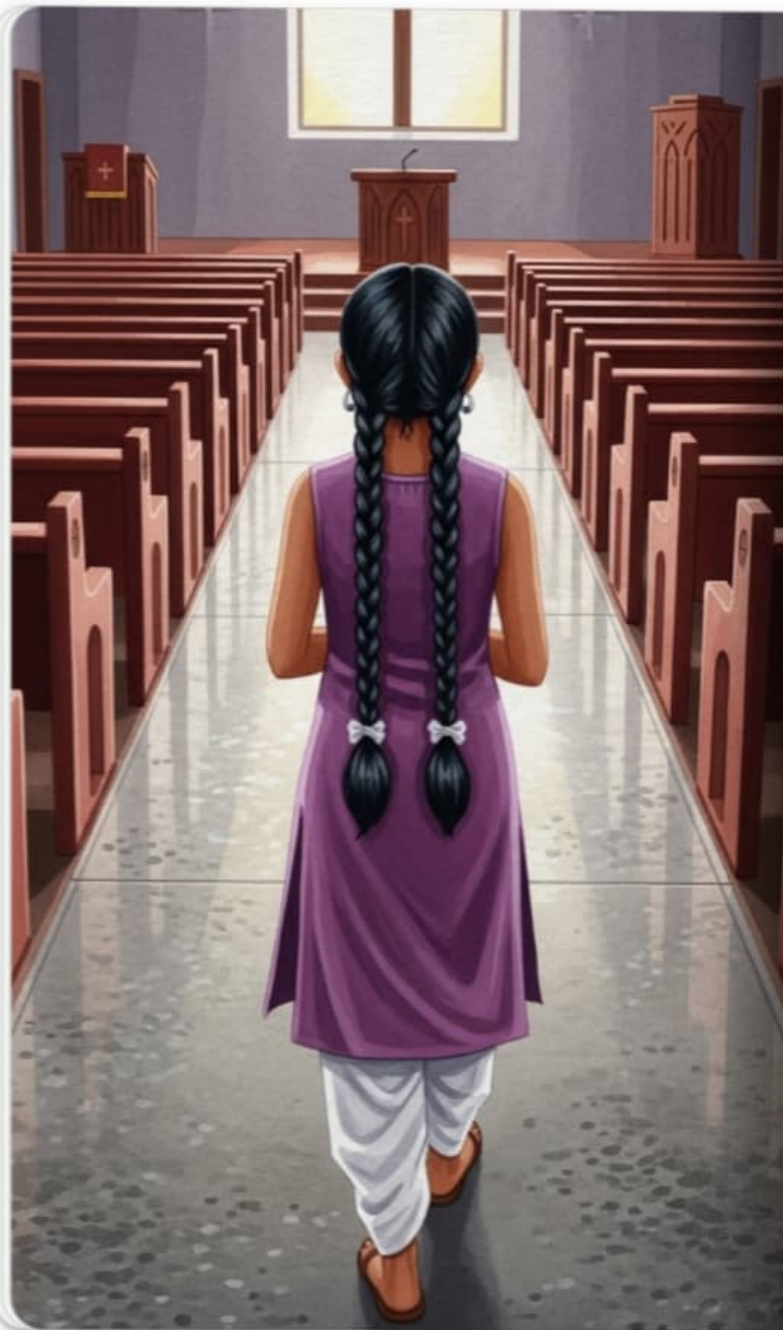
Prakash smiled gently. "The apostles in Acts didn't boast about their strength, did they? No! They simply told reports of God's amazing grace. They were Christ-promoters, not self-promoters. They simply shared the fuel."



"The news of grace they shared didn't just drift away," Prakash continued. "It became the fuel for the whole church. It strengthened the brothers and sisters and pushed back the darkness, just like Acts 15:3 says."



Anandita took a deep breath. She remembered the day a neighbor, who had given up all hope, suddenly found the help and provision they desperately needed. It was an impossible, beautiful answer to a quiet community prayer.



She stood up, feeling her knees shake a little, and walked toward the front. This wasn't about her. This was a gift—a report of the King's kindness, meant to be shared.



As she began to speak, her voice started quiet, but grew stronger with every word. She simply reported the facts of God's beautiful, timely help—the wonderful grace-story she had witnessed right there in their own town.



A wave of pure, beautiful joy washed over the listeners. They weren't focused on Anandita, but on the God she was describing. Ordinary saints in the room felt emboldened. If He did it for them, He can do it for us, they thought.



Soon, the quiet hum of conversation turned into strong, united prayer. Their hope was restored, their joy full. They were praying not with worry, but with a fueled, certain faith, remembering that God's power has no borders.



Anandita realized the beautiful truth. Testimony is not fluff; it's fuel. It magnified Christ, strengthened the church, and pushed back the darkness (Acts 15:3). When we bear witness to God's gracious work, it emboldens ordinary saints, catalyzes prayer, and restores joy.

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