

The image is a painting with a textured, expressive style. It features two large, yellowish-gold hands with blue outlines, positioned as if holding a large, reddish-brown clay pot. The pot is the central focus and sits on a matching reddish-brown circular base. Inside the pot, a small, black silhouette of a person is kneeling in prayer, with their hands pressed against the inner wall of the pot. The background is a mix of blue and green, suggesting an outdoor setting. The overall mood is one of care, protection, and spiritual journey.

**MOULDED FOR A**  
*purpose*

**A Journey of Faith**  
*Gladson Anchan*

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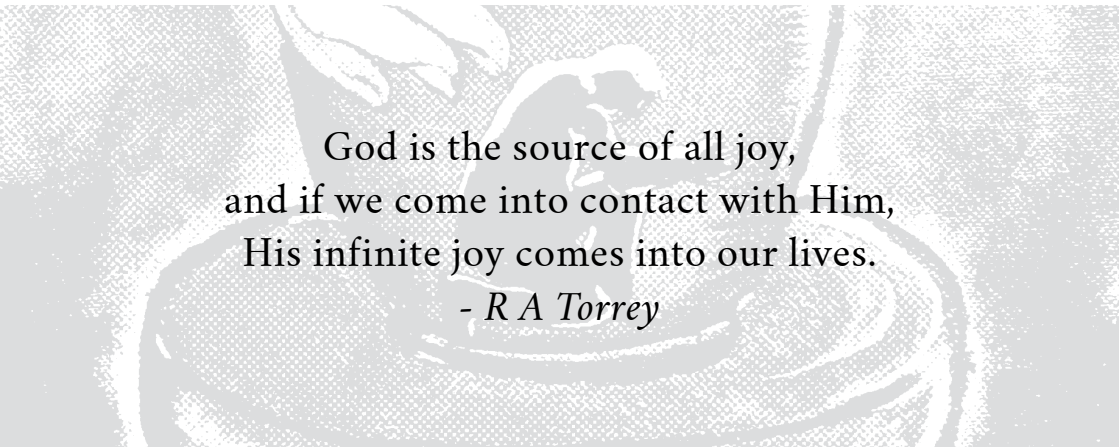
# Preface



**I**t was a cold winter evening. The sky was painted in hues of gold and orange as the sun began its descent. I sat on the rocks along the Worli beach. The rolling waves crashed heavily beneath my feet. All I wanted to do was jump in and be swept away into the warm inviting embrace of the setting sun. It was November 12, 1963, the day before my 23rd birthday. The disappearing rays of sunlight echoed the feeling in my soul. I had not felt so lost and discouraged in a long time. Today seemed like the appropriate day. As I left home that evening I had struggled to gather up that last ounce of courage I needed. But my mind was made up. I wondered if my mother would've found the note I'd left for her in her Bible. Not having the nerve to say more I had just scribbled, "I am committing suicide by my own will, no one is responsible".



*When all is stripped away...*



God is the source of all joy,  
and if we come into contact with Him,  
His infinite joy comes into our lives.

- R A Torrey

I was born to a nominal Christian family, in Mangalore, in 1940 when India was under the British Rule. My parents were morally sound and family oriented. My father worked with the British Army as a civilian, in Singapore. The house we lived in, was given to us by the Basel Evangelical Mission, of which, my great grandfather had been the pastor. It was located in the heart of Mangalore city. It had a large compound with lots of fruit trees. We were four boys with farm animals at our disposal. Without doubt they were the targets of all our boyish mischief. I still remember the sheer joy we felt, literally riding piggy back on our 100 kg Australian pig. My mother must've had a heart of gold to bring us up so lovingly and patiently. Our kitchen garden and the farm animals sustained us during the war, when everything became very expensive. Whatever was affordable, was adulterated. There were times when all we ate was rice and onion curry, for days on end. Everything changed when the war ended. After being relieved from the army, my dad joined the Canara Public Conveyance as a chief mechanic. He later decided to start his own business and opened a motor garage, 'Metro Motors' in Mangalore. It was operating well. We even had our own imported Chevrolet. My mother was a very spiritual woman. We went to church from my earliest remembrance. We were members of the local church at Balmatta, Shanthi Cathedral Church. My brothers and I never missed a class of Sunday school mostly because it was expected of us. I read the Bible daily. I was good. I was better than the others by the standards of this world.

*All of us have become like one who is unclean, and all our righteous acts are like filthy rags... - Isaiah 64:6, NIV.*

Nobody knew about my life of deceit as I lied and took money from my mother to eat candies. My parents tried their very best to keep us happy even during difficult times. But, I being the youngest, expected more love and affection from my parents. I wanted to be pampered and coddled. I wanted more importance. I wanted everything to be

about me. Of course, my selfish needs were not fulfilled. This made me feel lonely and worthless. I lost all purpose and motivation in life. I felt incomplete. It took me a while to realize that I was looking for fulfilment in the wrong places. One verse from the Bible kept coming to my mind:

*“He who has the Son has life; he who does not have the Son of God does not have life.” - 1 John 5:12, NKJV.*

Thus, began my search for the Son of God. I longed to know Him intimately.

*“For the Lord searches every heart and understands every desire and every thought. If you seek him, he will be found by you;” - 1 Chronicles 28:9b, NIV.*

I was attending the revival meetings being held in our church by Bro. Augustine Salins and Dr. J T Simmonds. As I sat one evening listening to their message, God opened my eyes to the sinful life I was leading. He convicted me deeply. I didn't care about the rest of the crowd watching me cry loudly, as I went forward to confess my sins. On my way home that night, I felt God leading me to seek forgiveness from my mother for taking money from her wrongly. When my mother saw my honest repentant tears, she cried with me and hugged me. I knew my slate had been washed clean. I had never felt such joy. And a peace that I had never experienced, filled my heart that day. I was 13. Jesus Christ was my Saviour. My life changed forever.

My father was an honest, hardworking man. His motor garage business was running smoothly. So, when the Bajaj Company came looking for dealers, who could undertake auto building works and distribute the autos throughout South Canara, my dad felt this would give his business a huge boost. But, unfortunately he did not have enough money to cover the deposit amount. He was not willing to bribe the middle man who could've got him the dealership.



Dad's trusted friend, a lawyer, knew how important this investment meant and promised to help my dad get a loan. He invited dad to his house one day, to discuss the loan. Dad used to indulge in drinking once in a while, but always knew his limit. That day, his friend made him drink too much. He told my dad that he would apply for the loan on his behalf, and made him sign a blank sheet of paper. Dad never doubted his friend, and signed the paper without giving it much thought. A week later, dad received a note saying that he had borrowed Rs.16,000/- from his friend and it should be settled immediately. Only then, dad understood the deceitfulness of his friend. He was shocked and heartbroken. He had to sell his beloved Chevrolet car to his friend, who had always had a jealous eye on it. But, he wanted more money and when dad refused to pay, he filed a case in the court of law. Dad had to sell the garage and close down his business to settle the matter out of court. But, I could see that in all of this, God was in control of our lives.

*"The salvation of righteous is from the Lord; he is their stronghold in times of trouble." - Psalms 37:39, NIV.*

Dad found a job in a shipping company in Mangalore. His meagre salary was not enough to support our family. He began thinking of going to Bombay to find a better job. One of our family friends was planning to move to Bombay. They offered dad a ride to Bombay in their car and even arranged accommodation. Almost immediately, dad found a job in Duncan Stratan Co. Pvt. Ltd, a well reputed construction company in Bombay.

*A man's heart plans his way, But the Lord directs his steps. - Proverbs 16:9, NKJV.*

My parents always encouraged us boys to study well and finish our schooling. But, except for my eldest brother Robinson, none of us took much interest in studies. He completed his high school then went



on to do his polytechnic and a diploma in mechanical engineering. My other brothers, Howison and Edison dropped out of school when they were in the ninth grade. Howison was more interested in working with dad in the garage. Later, he and Robinson joined dad in Bombay. Being trained by dad, Howison found a job in the same company as dad's. Robinson found a job at a company, Premier Automobiles Pvt. Ltd., which used to manufacture Fiat cars. Me, on the other hand had completely neglected my studies. I attempted and failed my 10th grade once. I was discouraged. My spiritual life was nowhere as shiny as it was when I had accepted Christ as my Saviour. I had no mentor to help and guide me. I did not know how important it was to study the word of God, spend time in prayer and fellowship with other believers. Therefore, my commitment to Christ did not last long. I began struggling with my old sinful nature and I failed.

*“He who has the Son has life; he who does not have the Son of God does not have life”. -1 John 5:12, NKJV.*

I was not sure if my faith in Christ was enough. I was plagued with doubt. It would take me ten more years to come to the conviction and assurance of Salvation.

In 1956, my dad decided to get the family to stay together in one place. As soon as he found a house, Mom, Edison and me left Mangalore and travelled to Bombay by ship. But, our reunion did not last long as the owner of that house wanted his house back. So, we ended up in my mother's uncle's house in Byculla. My elder brothers stayed as paying guests in another place. I could not find a job anywhere. I was feeling like dead weight. Dad sent me back to Mangalore to complete my SSLC (10th grade). I went back, but had no interest or motivation to study. I attempted and failed my 10th grade the second time. I found a job in an electrical shop in Mangalore. My mother and Edison came back to Mangalore until a suitable house was made available in Bombay.

Eventually, my father found a two bedroom house for all of us in Bombay. So, Mom, Edison and I left Mangalore for good. My brother Howison, got married and had a child. The house became too crowded for all of us. So my parents, my two brothers and I, moved into another house in Shivaji Nagar Building in the year 1961. Edison got a job in the same place as my eldest brother. Nobody was willing to employ me as I had no training or skill whatsoever. Days went by, as I roamed around aimlessly trying to find answers to the questions I had. Who am I? Why am I here? What is the purpose of my life? Questions which haunted me day and night and made me more depressed and discouraged.

I desperately needed a job. I thought, maybe that would answer my questions. Everybody else had a job, everybody else was useful in one way or another. Why not me? Was I really that worthless?

One company, Testeel Ltd., finally agreed to take me on as a helper. It was 55 kms away from home, which required me to leave at 5 a.m. every morning. This job kept me busy, and occupied my idle mind. But, not for long. A year later, the company moved to Gujarat. I was back to square one. Roaming around aimlessly. My favourite hangout was the Worli sea beach, a 20 minute walk from home. I used to sit there every evening, watching the sunset. It looked like a painting on an artist's canvas. Beautiful and mesmerizing. It definitely did not look like the result of a big bang. I knew God was real. I had accepted the fact that he had paid the price for my sins on the cross. Why was I still feeling empty? Why was my heart filled with doubt and insecurity? God would answer my questions, but in his time... in his way.

It was around this time, we received a letter from the Basel Evangelical Mission, stating that our house in Mangalore did not belong to us anymore. When we had left Mangalore, one of our Christian neighbours had requested mom to hand over the house

to him, promising that he would return it to us when we needed it. We trusted him and gave the house to him for care-taking. After we received the letter, we found out that this man had paid a heavy bribe to the official in-charge of mission properties and got the house transferred to his name. Though, we could've filed a case against him, we decided to leave those matters in the hands of God. We had lost the business, we had lost our house. I felt like we had lost everything.

A door opened for me at Bright Brothers Pvt. Ltd., a plastic company, as an apprentice in the tool room. I began enjoying my work there. My employers appreciated and encouraged me in my work. I quickly learnt the knack of tool making. My social life became more exciting. I couldn't say the same about my spiritual life which was spiralling downward. I would attend church with the family on Sundays. I had looked up to many men of God as spiritual giants. Now, I could see their lives falling apart, going back into the clutches of sin. If these men were not able to stay strong in their faith, how was I expected to? How could I ever succeed where they had tried and failed? I began doubting myself and God, but more than anything I doubted my experience of salvation. I searched for other fool proof ways which might lead me to God. I reached a level of desperation, where I began meeting spiritual leaders of other religions, asking, if they had found God.

Mr. Shetty, one of my colleagues at Bright Brothers was watching my life. Our conversations revolved around the topic of faith. He gave me a copy of the Upanishad and a few of Swami Vivekananda's writings. I began reading it and at the same time compared it to the writings in the Bible. One of my friend's house in our building was unused, so I used to spend time there reading my books in quietness. Mr. Shetty tried to convince me that only through the Hindu religion I would find peace and 'moksha'. Even though my own faith in Christ was shaky, a deeper conviction of the Holy Spirit enabled me to defend my faith. A few months later, Mr. Shetty confessed to me that

he too was seeking the truth and had started reading the Bible. My desperation led me to thoughts of suicide. What was life without a purpose anyway? I might as well end it now than live a life of regret.

What better day to perform the deed than the day before my birthday? Why begin another year of hopelessness? I had planned it all out in my mind many times. I would wait on the Worli beach till I was the only one there and then jump into the sea. Nothing complicated about it. The beach used to be crowded with people everyday till around 10 in the night. Even though it was a cold night, there were still few people milling around that day till 12:30 in the morning. Maybe, I could just jump in when nobody was watching. But, I didn't want to take the risk of someone saving me. Very disappointed that I could not carry out the task, I came back to my friend's flat where I was staying. I began praying, "Lord, you know how desperate I am to know you and to hear you speak. Reveal yourself to me. I will not go out of this room until I meet you." I waited for God to speak to me. I felt a nudge in my heart to open my Bible to the 12th chapter in Romans. As I began reading, the Spirit of God showed me what was causing the frustration, doubt and anxiety in my life. It was incomplete surrender. There were parts of my life which I was still trying to control myself. I had not completely given over the reins of my life into the hands of God. I realized that accepting Jesus as my Saviour is very different from completely surrendering my life into His hands and accepting Him as Lord and master of my life.

I got down on my knees and committed my life to Christ completely. The joy I experienced as I fell into those nail pierced hands, was beyond compare. The peace that passes all understanding filled my heart. God had taken my doubt filled, frustrated life and turned it around.

*"Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new." - 2 Corinthians 5:17, NKJV.*

It was 4 a.m. as I ran home and knocked on the door, waiting impatiently to tell my mother all about it. I hugged her as soon as she opened the door. I knew by the way she held me tight, that she had been waiting for that knock all night. She had been wide awake praying for me. She knew that the joy she saw on my face could've been put there by only one person, Jesus! He had sought me and found me. He had set me apart for himself. I was God's very own.

*"My God with his loving kindness shall come to meet you at every corner."  
- Psalms 59:10, Modern Translation.*

*"I have set you apart from all other people to be my very own."  
- Leviticus 20:26, NLT.*





1. Dad, Abiel Anchan, Elder brother, Howison Anchan with workers at Metro Motors Garage, Bendor well, Mangalore
2. Mother's (Emima) grandparents, Rev. & Mrs. Soans with her sisters, her father with children (Robinson, Howison & Edison) and Dad, Abiel Anchan (standing centre)
3. Abiel Anchan (Dad) and Emima Anchan (Mom)
4. With my eldest brother Robinson, his wife Rebekkah, my mother, Emima and third elder brother Edison at Shivaji Nagar Building, Lower Parel, Bombay



Mr. Gladson Anchan was born in Mangalore, India in 1940. This book captures his life story as a testimony to God's grace and faithfulness in moulding his life for His purposes through various experiences and encounters, preparing him for a life of ministry as a full time missionary in Indian Evangelical Mission, and then in Pandita Ramabai Mukti Mission. He is now based in Bangalore and along with his wife, Manoranjana Anchan, continues his ministry through the church, and among people of various faiths. His life has been an encouragement to many and through this book, hopes to build a new generation of Christians, willing to step out in a life of faith, to be moulded and used in His purpose.