

Timothy Abraham's Story

Timothy Abraham tells his story of converting from Islam to Christianity.

Click below to listen to the testimonial in Arabic or English.

Arabic Version

Part 1

http://islamreview.com/wp/wp-content/uploads/2015/08/arabic_1.mp3

Part 2

http://islamreview.com/wp/wp-content/uploads/2015/08/arabic_2.mp3

English Version

Part 1

http://islamreview.com/wp/wp-content/uploads/2015/08/english_1.mp3

Part 2

http://islamreview.com/wp/wp-content/uploads/2015/08/english_2.mp3

The Road that Leads to Life

How I came to find true peace...

I was born in America to Pakistani parents. As children, we were taught that Islam was the only true religion and that we were blessed because we knew this truth. Jews and Christians had received only a partial truth, which was then corrupted. Hindus were deceived into worshipping idols of wood and stone. We were taught about the life of the Prophet Muhammad and about the Five Pillars of Islam. As a young girl, I was the most zealous of the children and actively read books about Muhammad and Islam. I shared and defended my faith among my grade-school classmates, often standing out as the only Muslim among Christians. I told my whole class about how Cassius Clay had converted to Islam and become Muhammad Ali. I carried my Koran and books on Muhammad when traveling with my parents. I tried to emulate Muhammad in every way, from his eating and drinking habits to his practice of always trying to face East. I prayed and fasted from age 9, reading my Koran all the way through every Ramadan. I even debated a 3rd-grade Christian, asking her how she could possibly believe that God had a son, and how she could worship a man who was just a prophet? She told me, "well, I guess I won't see you in heaven then!" I answered, "I guess not."

Despite all these efforts, I was always depressed, always down and had low self-esteem. I thought myself to be very ugly and sinful. No matter what I tried to do, from good works to dressing nicely, I always felt lonely and like an outcast. Yes, I had friends; but inside was so much pain. I cried myself to sleep many a night, and pleaded with Allah on my knees, my Koran open, trying to find peace through the words. Instead, I saw a cold and distant Allah. Sometimes I fantasized about paradise as described in the Koran: reclining on couches of silk and wearing fine clothes and bangles; drinking pure water from fountains; being waited on by virgins...well, that part never made much sense to me. I wondered if this Paradise could give me peace. In the middle

of my dreaming, cold reality would hit me: I will never go there. I will never be good enough. I imagined Hell as described in the Koran, with its ceiling dripping with molten brass and boiling drinks.

Nevertheless, I continued reading the Koran, fasting, and praying. As I grew older, I began to understand the Koran a little better. One day, I was reading Sura 4, Women in my room. I was 14 years old at the time. I read about a wife's inheritance compared to her husband and children. I read about the permission God gave men to marry four wives. Nothing new, so far; I knew that this was written during times of war, when men would die and leave their wives and children as widows and orphans. But the following passage jumped out at me for the first time:

"As for those from whom you fear disobedience, admonish them and send them to beds apart and beat them." (Sura 4:34, Dawood)

Stunned, I read and reread the passage. I ran downstairs to my father and showed him the passage, crying. "How could God say this?" I demanded. "How could he tell men to beat their wives?" My father couldn't believe what he read, but had no explanation. He chuckled uncomfortably. I went back upstairs, distraught. Somehow, I calmed myself and believed that God would show me the reason for this, someday.

As time progressed, I became more depressed and sometimes even suicidal. Sometimes, I couldn't find a reason to live. To relieve the pain, I involved myself in music, politics, and boys. (Of course, I hid the part about the boys from my parents.) I was successful in high school as a musician, but I would be tormented inside because I never felt that I could ever be good enough at it. I became very interested in the Middle East situation and even wrote an article that was published in a Muslim newspaper. I had numerous crushes on several young men, fantasizing about being loved and cherished

as a young woman. However, none of the scenarios ever came into being. I dated one young man, a Christian, for 3 1/2 years towards the end of high school. I would actively assure him that I was a Muslim and could never become a Christian. He never argued with me, just cared for me. All these things failed to give me anything but temporary relief from my despair. When the time came for me to go to college, I was determined to "start over" and find the truth about God.

As I unpacked my belongings in my college dormitory room, I decided that I should take a class on Islam. I met a girl in my dorm who was a Muslim, and I told her about my concerns about Islam and women. She didn't have an answer either, and was quite puzzled by the passage I mentioned earlier. I told her about my plans to take the class. Sure enough, a class was being offered the very first semester! I was quite excited, confident that my worries would be put to rest soon. As the course began, I was happy to read excerpts from the Koran and the Hadiths, since this was all familiar territory. Even more exciting was to learn about the life of Mohammed and the history of Islam's beginnings. Some sources were written by British colonists, and were clearly biased. I decided to focus on the Hadiths and the history books written by Muslim scholars.

My excitement turned to dismay as the class progressed. I read about the offensive wars and the bloody conquests made to spread Islam. I turned page after page to read about Muslim attitudes towards "infidels," Christians and Jews who would not convert to Islam. The Massacre of the Qurayza Jews affected me the most. Dear reader, I urge you to read for yourself the account of this battle (Ibn Hisham: The Prophet's Biography; vol. 2 pages 40-41). I wrestled inside, thinking, "but Islam means peace! How can this be?" Dismay turned to confusion, and confusion to betrayal as I read further, about the life of Muhammad.

Although I knew men could have a maximum of four wives, I

didn't realize that Muhammad had special privileges, including unlimited concubines. I read about Aisha, his nine-year-old bride. I learned about the "deficiency of a woman's mind" as narrated by Al-Bukhari. I also found out that the majority of people in Hell were women, according to the same source. Again, I wondered where was the Muhammad that I had been taught: the Holy Prophet, who dressed in white and revered his mother. One day, I could not read anymore, because I could not stop the tears from falling. I gathered my books, thinking that if this was who God was, I could not worship him. But it was a fleeting thought. I knew inside that God existed. This God was just not revealed through Muhammad. As I left the library that day, I sensed God looking down at me from above. I felt a strange peace as I forsook Islam that day...as if God was waiting for me to find out who He was.

I decided to search for the truth in other religions. In a big university, there is no want for religious diversity. I spoke with Hindus, Jews, and Catholics alike, trying to understand their beliefs and searching for something that made sense to me. I even met a Buddhist girl who had converted to the Ba'hai faith. I was interested: what made her convert? She explained to me about the emptiness of Buddhism, and how Ba'hais believe that all religions at one point had been revealed by God but were corrupted by man. "This sounds good," I thought. I agreed to visit a Ba'hai temple with her and I started to read about the Ba'hai faith. Somehow, when I went to the temple service, I felt emptiness. Then I learned some parables about their prophet, Bahauallah that really disturbed me. I knew that the truth wasn't here, and I began to grow weary and frustrated with searching.

A Catholic friend had given me a Bible. I started reading it from Genesis but I was discouraged by its length. Christmas break was coming, so I decided to take it with me to read on vacation to Pakistan. (I had the Bible with me the entire time, but thankfully, no one found it. I had no idea at the

time what the consequences might be for having a Bible there.) Our plane made a stop in Saudi Arabia. As we were pulling into the terminal, I caught a glimpse of the Saudi Air emblem: Two single-edged swords, and a shield. I remembered words of Muhammad that I had read in my class on Islam: "the power is with the sword." I watched as young soldiers searched our plane for liquor and narcotics. After reaching Pakistan, I was moved by the graffiti I saw on the city walls, reading, "Oh God show us your miracles," and "Inshallah we shall be saved." I was grieved by the street children, the beggars and the lepers, lining the sidewalks.

I was also deeply touched by the love of my extended family towards me. I didn't know whether they knew the truth about Islam, and if so, how they could believe in it. My uncle tried to explain to me about the rights of women in Islam, but I remained unconvinced. Instead, I came back profoundly affected by the sadness and despair of my country. I returned the Bible to my friend.

Late one night, I told another friend about my depression and my inability to see meaning in life. He asked me if I believed in anything. I told him that I believed in God, the prophets, and that if I was good I would go to Heaven and bad I would go to Hell. He asked me, "well, do you basically think that you have been good all your life?" I answered that I hadn't killed anyone or committed adultery. He said, "so don't worry about it! You'll go to Heaven." Obviously, I was very confused. I asked him how that could be, how could I go to Heaven. He asked me if I had ever read the New Testament. I replied that I had not. He asked me if I wanted to read it, and I did. As we opened the Bible to the Gospel of Matthew, I felt an enormous peace come over me – the same peace that I had felt that day when I had left the library. I knew that the answers lay within. Today, I know that this peace was that which was spoken of in the Letter to the Philippians: "the peace of God, which transcends all understanding" (Philippians 4:7).

We read aloud the first twelve chapters of Matthew. I felt enormously secure, as if God Himself was in the room with me, holding me. The words of Christ filled my dry and parched soul like refreshing water. The way that He spoke was with such authority! One passage made a particular impression on me: when Christ was being tempted in the desert by Satan. Satan told Jesus to throw himself down from roof of the temple. Jesus answered, "Do not put the Lord your God to the test" (Matthew 4:5-7) It was at that moment that I understood: Jesus is the Lord your God! Suddenly, thoughts began to run through my mind such as, "God can do anything. If He wants to come to earth in the form of a man, He can!" Could this man be the same Messiah that was spoken of in the Koran, the babe who uttered, "I am the slave of Allah" (Sura 19:32)? I didn't think so.

From that night onwards, I had a hunger to read the Bible. I read the Bible all the time. Another close friend bought me my own Bible. I dissected every sentence, every word to try to find fault with it. I brought my questions to several classmates whom I knew to be Christian. They answered me as best as they could. More important than their answers, though, was the love that I saw expressed in them, towards me. One of my friends, Cathy, didn't even know that I wasn't a Christian. Because I had a Bible, she assumed that I was a Christian. One night, I was very worried about an exam we had the next day. I left a note on her door, asking her to stop by. When she came to my room, she approached me, knelt down beside my chair, and took my hand in hers. She said, "Don't worry...He died for you." When she spoke those words, my heart cried out inside. I had never heard those words before in my life. Someone would die for me? That entire night, I thought about those words, which filled me with a love I had never known.

My Christian friends told me about an event which was coming up, where a man named Cliffe Knechtle was coming to speak on campus. They encouraged me to attend, since he specialized in

answering questions about Christianity. After the meeting, one of my friends introduced me to Cliffe. I told him my story, about how I was searching for the truth and for answers. He sat down with me for an hour and a half, just listening to me and answering my questions. He was so kind and gentle and honest. I went home that night, knowing that I had all the answers that I needed. I needed only to make a decision, to believe, or not to believe.

I decided that I could ask anyone questions – but if Christianity was real, God Himself would have to show me. One night, alone in my dorm room, I decided to pray to Jesus for the very first time. I awkwardly said: “Jesus, I don’t know who you are. I don’t know if you’re a prophet; I don’t know if you are the Lord. I don’t know if you’re dead, or if you’re alive. But if you are alive, and if you are Lord, then please show me.”

God answers prayers, my friends! “Ask, and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you” (Matthew 7:7). Two days later, I received a letter in my mailbox from an old high school friend – an atheist. In this letter, he told me that he had become a Christian! He wrote: “I don’t know why I am writing you this. All I know is that I must tell you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved!” I almost fell over, the words jumped out at me so strongly. Later, I found out that he had written that letter at the exact same time that I had prayed – that he had sense of urgency, to tell this to someone. It just happened to be me.

In April of 1989, I made the decision to believe and gave my life to the Lord Jesus Christ. The Word of God says, “small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life” (Matthew 7:14). Understanding the fullness of Christ’s atoning death on the cross took many years for me, especially since I was raised believing in the Muslim concept of the “scales.” The truth of the matter is that, as a Muslim, I knew that I wasn’t

going to Heaven. No one can enter Heaven without the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me" (John 3:21).

God Answered Me!

This story is a true account of a testimony in the life of one person searching for God.

Hello and God bless you. My name is Amal and I testify that what you are about to read is all true and correct to the best of my knowledge as God Himself is my witness. My prayer is that God will speak to your heart and use this testimony to bless you in a special way in your life.

Basically I grew up in a strict Moslem home. My father is Palestinian from Israel. My mother is from Brazil. She was Catholic. My father met my mother in Brazil while away from his homeland on a trip. They got married and my mother converted from Catholic to Islam. Like most people who come to the states, they both traveled to the USA in search of a better living. They settled in Los Angeles where I was born less than a year later.

I believed everything I was taught about Islam and felt our religion was superior to all religions of the world. Though, as I grew older some of the teachings of Islam began to bother me, like the dress code of being all covered up. I could never figure out why I had to wear long sleeves. I mean how much can

a man be stumbled by my elbow? Then there were the ritual prayers. I didn't like saying the same thing over and over. It felt so strange like a kind of alienation towards God. I was taught that if you prayed in the Arabic language God would hear it even more, but I couldn't speak the language and felt left out. I tried writing out the Arabic prayers in English, but still something was missing. I wanted to pray from my heart, not from words that were not mine. Other teachings bothered me also like abstaining from certain foods, but the one that got me most was the – many wives in heaven – theory. I asked my dad if I was going to heaven and he couldn't answer me. He was quiet about it. As a teenager I thought "I don't want to be in heaven in some strange man's harem...just the thought gave me shivers up my spine. No, I definitely knew for sure I did not want to go to "that heaven" at all.

In 1981 at the young age of eighteen, I made the decision to marry my first cousin in order to please my family. I was always wanting to please my family, especially my father. I had never attended a high school dance nor had I ever dated anyone because it was against my fathers' wishes. Yet two months out of high school I was married. To my dismay not even this action seemed to please my father.

In 1985 I enrolled in college against my husbands and my fathers wishes. They felt that I should be home in the kitchen "where a woman belongs" . With the agreement that I was to maintain all my "wifely" duties at home, I was allowed to continue college. I had become pregnant with my first and only child. I had a precious baby boy. It was probably the biggest struggle of my life but, I managed to complete my tasks at home, maintained an honor roll status and won two awards at school, became a new mother, and finally graduated college. As I look back I now know that I had done it all for my fathers approval, yet still this did not seem to please him either.

It was 1991 when I was away on a business trip with my husband. He had started this business of selling clothing at

state fairs. My husband, me and our friend, whom I'll call "John" to maintain his privacy, had traveled through different states. We slept in hotels, and worked 16-18 hour days. Oklahoma was our next stop. We had a fourteen hour drive ahead of us and we had to leave in a hurry to make it there in time to set up for the state fair. I wanted to take something to read on this long drive, except I didn't have anything with me and we had no time to stop at the convenience store. Instead of being bored for 14 hours, I decided to take a brown Bible that was sitting on the night-stand of the hotel room we were staying at. When I was approaching the door to leave, my friend John, a catholic, stopped me and said "Amal you've never stolen a thing in your life and now your going to start with a Bible? You can't do that! Are you O.K. ?" I laughed at him "Oh John," I said "It's just a bible it's not like someone's going to miss it. No one really reads these things, and anyway I'm just borrowing it. I will mail it back." Then John said "Hey I thought you were a Moslem, why do you want to read the bible all of a sudden?" I replied "Well, I'm just curious about what it says and besides, there's nothing else to read on this trip." With that we all hopped into the truck and started the long drive. While in the truck for about an hour I soon became bored. I was sitting on a small stool in-between John, who was driving and my husband, who was sitting in the passenger seat. I was staring in awe at the array of colors the setting sun was casting against the clouds in the sky. At the same time I began singing a song I remembered as a child... "Glory, glory hallelujah, glory, glory hallelujah, glory, glory hallelujah." and then I stopped because I couldn't remember the rest of the song. We were passing through a scene that I gave thanks to God for creating. Once again I sang those words again having no clue what they meant but somehow knew it was exalting God for his creation. With the frustration of not being able to recall the rest of this song's lyrics, I asked "God teach me a new song to sing to you." I looked into the clouds thinking surely He'll answer me, but alas I heard no thundering voice coming through the

clouds as I imagined this is how God would speak. All of a sudden, I thought to myself how silly I am while remembering I was taught, "God speaks to no one". I looked down at the bible I brought that was sitting on my lap and opened it. I had decided I would read whatever page I opened to. This is what I read:

Psalm 108

A Song or Psalm of David.

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory. [2] Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. [3] I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations. [4] For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds. [5] Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: and thy glory above all the earth; [6] That thy beloved may be delivered: save with thy right hand, and answer me. [7] God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice, I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth. [8] Gilead is mine; Manasseh is mine; Ephraim also is the strength of mine head; Judah is my lawgiver; [9] Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe; over Philistia will I triumph. [10] Who will bring me into the strong city? who will lead me into Edom? [11] Wilt not thou, O God, who hast cast us off? and wilt not thou, O God, go forth with our hosts? [12] Give us help from trouble: for vain is the help of man. [13] Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies.

It was so odd, but I felt that somehow God was speaking to me through what I read. Out of curiosity I looked at the page number I was reading, it read "666". Whoa! I shut that book so fast remembering all the teachings of satan and his number, 666. "Is God trying to tell me this book is satanic?" I thought. After more pondering I came to the conclusion that all books with so many pages had to have that page number also. Feeling terribly silly, I discarded the thought of the

bible being satanic.

A few days later in Oklahoma I was very sick with a bad flu. I was so dizzy and unable to walk that I stayed in the hotel room that day while my husband and John were working at the fair. I was alone and in bed in this dimly lit room. My thoughts began to wander and I began thinking of how miserable my life was. I was so unhappy. I missed my child because I hadn't seen him in a month. And here I was on this "so-called business trip". My husband was not a very sharp business fellow, he was always searching for that "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow", so to speak. I had calculated out that we were losing about \$400.00 a day yet we were bound by state fair contracts. This and so many other problems in my life began to scream at me inside my head. I decided that if I went on thinking about my problems it would not be good for my health. With that thought, I grabbed the remote control and turned on the TV. I was switching channels looking for a movie or some show that could get my mind off of my problems yet, it was too late. I began crying and in anger threw down the remote control on the bed and the TV switched channels by itself. I didn't know what channel it had landed on because my eyes were so full of tears. As I was crying I heard a voice of a man on the TV he was saying something about Jesus and immediately I thought "Oh great that's all I need now, one of those crazy Christian preachers on my TV set. In self pity I cried even more while this man kept talking. He said "Your feeling so confused because you've got so many problems" and in my crying state I agreed and said "yes I'm feeling so confused and I've got so many problems". Then he said "Your crying and your desperate." And I replied out loud "Yes I'm crying and desperate". It was that moment that I decided I wanted to see who was talking to me. So I sat up in bed and reached for a tissue to wipe my tears and focused on this man on TV. Then he shouted, "You just sat up!". I began to cry even more loudly while I put both my hands up to my face shaking my head left and right. "Yea I just sat up", I

replied. Then he said "You just put your hands up to your face like this and your shaking your head like this" I gasped and quickly and intensely stared at the TV set as this man was imitating my exact action. I couldn't believe it, He was talking to me! Then he said very loud while pointing straight at me through the TV, "Woman Jesus is your answer! Come right now to the TV set right where your at !" Without even thinking twice I leaped from the bed, and ran to the TV set and knelt down in front of it. Mind you I couldn't walk prior to this though somehow I was able to almost fly all of a sudden. He said, "Quickly there's no time to waste, put your hand up to mine and repeat after me." He held his hand up with his palm towards me and asked that I put my hand up to his. As I pressed my hand against his hand on the TV screen he said, "Now repeat after me." He then began what I know today as "the sinners prayer". Somehow I knew deep within that this was the way to God. He began talking so fast while I was concentrating hard on the words... you see in Islam I was taught if I didn't say the prayer correctly God wouldn't honor it. As I began to repeat after him the best I could a strange blue neon colored light pierced through the very center of my palm that was pressed against the screen. This light went through my hand, up to my shoulder, to the top of my head and down to my feet but only on the right side of my body. It then shifted to the left side of my body. It felt like a type of soothing energy. This blue energy light then began to circle in an oval shape inside my body and began to grow outward spilling out into the dimly lit room. I was not frightened at all and knew this was good. The circle of light grew bigger and lighter in color until the whole room was filled with a brilliant white light. A feeling of love that I never knew overwhelmed me. I felt so safe, somehow I had become one with this light of love. I knew this was the closest I had ever been to God. When it was all over the man on TV said to call the number on the screen if I had said that prayer. I quickly picked up the phone and called. A dear sweet old lady answered the phone. She congratulated me on accepting Jesus into my heart. And I said

"Oh thank you. I knew something good was going to happen today you see because it said so in my horoscope." She replied, "Now dearie... as Christians we don't read horoscopes." That was my first lesson. She said to me that God wants to give me gifts now that I'm a Christian and asked if I would like info on receiving these gifts. "Sure I would like that" I said while my mind pictured a pretty box with a ribbon on it. I didn't really know what she was talking about. Still I gave her my address to mail the info. I hung up the phone and sat on the bed thinking of all that had just happened.

Was this real? What did just happen? Immediately God brought to my memory a day in my life two years prior. I remembered crying out in misery to God while kneeling on the floor of my living room at home. I remembered holding my fist up towards the ceiling and saying to God "Are you real? Why don't you answer me if your real? Why is my life so miserable? I want you and no one else to answer me because I just can't trust anyone anymore! I want to follow you but I don't want to waste my time in the wrong religion, I want to be sure. Answer me, please answer me!" God was reminding me of my questions to Him in such a vivid way it was like a movie screen in front of my eyes. Now I knew what had just happened. God Himself answered me in His own miraculous way. I don't know if the light I saw in that room that day was a vision or actually in the physical realm, but I do know that what I saw and heard was real and that I had finally met the one true God in a very special way.

The next day I was back to work at the fair. Earlier, I found a blue bible in the hotel room that was exactly the same as the brown one from the previous hotel room. Secretly in my heart thinking blue would look better in my living room, I exchanged bibles. My mind was not on work, but rather on the bible and I had a strong desire to read like I never had experienced before. When my husband finally left the booth I took out the bible being so careful that he didn't see me. I then began to read Genesis. Wow! I was reading the same bible

but it was different now, more powerful, more real! I loved it and kept reading even to the point that I forgot I was at work. All of a sudden a man's voice asked "What are you reading?" Startled, I looked up and realized my booth was filled with about a dozen people, yet I hadn't heard any of them come in. Shyly I held up the bible to the man and showed him the title on the cover and then I put the bible back down. Suddenly shame and fear filled my mind as I thought "Oh if my dad saw me reading this bible he would be so angry." Then the same man again asked with a big smile "Well, what are you reading?" Could this man not read I thought, what is his problem? In frustration I finally said out loud "The Holy Bible!"

All of a sudden the other people in the booth began shouting in turn, "Glory to God", "Amen", "Praise the Lord", "Hallelujah!". I looked around the booth smiling back at these faces that seemed to be beaming with light and they all seemed to be so happy.

I looked back at the man who asked me the question and asked "Are you all together?"

"No, I'm just here with my wife" he said with a huge smile. Feeling so overwhelmed with all these customers all of a sudden, I quickly went around the booth asking if any of them needed help. No one needed any help, but each one in turn encouraged me to go sit and read the bible. They were all Christians! Then another man that stood beside me said, "You sure look like your enjoying what your reading" "Oh yes it's very good. Have you ever read this book? You really should." I said. "Yes I have read that book and it is very good" he replied. "Are you a Christian?" I asked. He smiled at me and replied "Yes, I am". "Oh", I said shyly "Are you with any of these other Christians here" "No", he replied. I stood up from my chair, "Really? Can you answer a question about Christianity" I asked. He looked at me grinning "Well he said I think I may be able to help you because that's what I do.

You see I'm a minister and my father is a minister and my grandfather was a minister and my son is studying to become a minister. So you can feel safe to ask me a question about the bible." "Well", I said "I have this problem. You see yesterday I became a Christian and I kind of took this bible from the hotel and now I fear that God may be very angry with me for stealing." He chuckled and said "That's great that you've become a Christian but you have no problem because that there is a Gideon's bible and these people make bibles to put into hotel rooms for people like you to take. They are happy when they find a bible missing. And God is even happier that you are reading His Word." I was relieved and filled with joy that I could actually keep the blue bible. When they all had left I found that I sold more that hour than I had in any day during the month and it happened while reading God's Word. From that day on I never again was fearful or ashamed of reading the "Holy Bible". God had placed all these Christians who were all separate yet there in my booth at the same time that day to encourage me. Is it coincidence? No it's God!

Back at home in California, I received that pamphlet in the mail with info of "How to receive gifts from God". I remembered the sweet old lady on the phone the day I became a Christian. It was evening time and I was alone in my bedroom. I took the pamphlet and began to read about the "gifts". The first gift was called the gift of tongues. It said pray that the lord will touch your vocal chords then wait. So I got on my knees next to my bed and prayed to God that he would touch my vocal chords. I then got back up sat on my bed and closed my eyes and waited. About 2-3 minutes later my mouth moved and made the shape of an "o" and I spoke the sound "o" then in turn my mouth began making other shapes and I would speak those sounds...the sounds repeated to form different words and the different words repeated and became sentences. I was speaking a language I had never heard in my life. It was fun. I looked at the pamphlet again and saw the next gift called "Interpretation". I prayed again and received that gift. Then

came prophecy, and so on down the list. By the third day, the God that was so far away was now my best friend in the whole world. The very first thing I remember Him saying to me was "Amal I love you", I cried for 3 days after that because I was feeling so unworthy of his love. I couldn't understand why Jesus would die for me. I was not accustomed to this kind of love.

One day in prayer I asked God who the Holy Spirit was. He answered very clearly "1 Corinthians 2: 12, 13, 14, 15, 16". I said "God, I don't understand" . He then repeated the same answer and told me to open my bible. I had never heard of this word "Corinthians" before and I wondered what all those numbers meant. But God knew me and knew that I would open to the table of contents. I soon found it and this is what I read:

1 Cor. 2:12-16

Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. [13] Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. [14] But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. [15] But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. [16] For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.

After reading that I said to the Lord God "You mean the Holy Spirit is my teacher?" Then I heard very clearly "Yes" said the Lord. Oh was I overwhelmed with joy. Then I asked "Holy Spirit do you mean You will teach me this bible?" Once again the Lord God spoke "yes" He said. A feeling of warmth and joy overwhelmed me so much I thought I was going to burst. You see

I wasn't allowed to go to church. My newly divorced father had disowned me, my brothers were ashamed of me and my husband persecuted me daily. I had Moslem relatives calling me daily, because they wanted to teach me Islam in a better way. Yet my heart was fixed and no one could ever tell me that what happened wasn't real. God does speak to us! God himself took care of me and every time I had a question, he told me where to look in the bible. This took place for three months. One day he instructed me to go get baptized at this local church in my community. So on the day of my baptism my friend "John", yes the same one that was in Oklahoma with me, asked to come. He said he never witnessed a "Christian baptism" before. While at the baptism, John was holding my towel and the Pastor mistook him for someone whom was there to get baptized. John told the Pastor that he was planning to get saved at the church service first. I stood there in shock at what I just heard come out of Johns mouth. Then right there he repeated the sinners prayer and was baptized also. I was so full of joy that my friend had found God. To this day I claim Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. And heaven, yes I want to be in heaven with Jesus where I will praise the best friend I will have ever had on earth. He is my Father God and it's Him whom I try to please today.

It took two years for God to answer me and it was His perfect timing. You may have finished reading this just now and probably wonder if this is true. I assure you I wouldn't have wasted my time writing this if it were not. Jesus Christ is the answer, He is God!

In Service to My Lord,

Amal

In the Valley of Tears

I am Timothy Abraham (this is my Christian alias), a simple Egyptian from the Delta region. Farms surrounded me from every side with streams of the luxurious Nile river endowing life with fertility. I had a strong Islamic upbringing in my childhood, studying in the village shop for teaching the Quran (al-Kutaab). They taught me to fear God (Allah in Arabic) who created the Heaven and the earth in six days. There was not a single reason to doubt a religion which emphasized fearing God, doing good work and living a moral life. The recitation of the Quran was meant to produce a sense of tranquillity. I enjoyed the Sufi circle of worship, as they adored the person of Muhammad. This was Abu-al-azayem's group. I was searching for more closeness with Allah Almighty.

One evening around 7:00 p.m. in al-Mahatta mosque, having finished praying al-Maghrib prayer, I was introduced to Muhammad Imam and Sulleiman Kahwash. They were vitally influential in incorporating me into their group "The Muslim Brotherhood – i.e. al-Ikhwan al-Muslimin." They encouraged me to be a devout Muslim and fast on Monday and Thursday of every week and break the fast with them in the mosque where we ate bread, cheese, palm dates (tamr), and delicious salad. I diligently imitated every thing the Prophet Muhammad did, even the sitting posture of the Prophet as he was eating. They were so kind to me. They also saw in me the potential of being an eloquent speaker. Therefore, Sulleiman Hashem, the leader at the time, approached me gently, "Ibrahim, you are called by the Quran's teaching to proclaim the message of Islam "da'awah." "My Allah!" I pondered. "I am just 14 years old and I am easily intimidated." Nevertheless, Sulleiman gave me a stack of books to study in preparation for the sermon I was to deliver the next day. From then on, it became customary for me to preach a sermon on the first Monday of every lunar month. I was filled with zeal as my leaders had arranged for me to go

across the neighboring towns, preaching from mosque to mosque. I zealously wanted everyone to follow the Tradition of the Prophet Muhammad, and subsequently, my sister had no choice but to obey my Quranic command and wear the veil which indicated modesty. I needed my father's approval. I wondered if he had ever heard his son, the 14 year old Muslim evangelist preach. To my astonishment my father was sharply criticized by people for having a son who was now a "fanatic." My father became wrathful over my Islamic radicalism and thoughtlessly punched me in the teeth. Today my front tooth is a fake one. It reminds me of my former perseverance to the point of death to be a zealous Muslim fundamentalist and my willingness to be persecuted for my commitment. My father burnt my Sunni (mostly wahabi and salafi) Islamic library.

I was never daunted by any of this and continued to preach Islam everyday in the morning parade (taboor as-sabah) as well as in every mosque where I went to teach. It never occurred to me for a second that Islam could be wrong. In my pursuit to propagate Islam everywhere, a magazine came into my hands which had pen pal addresses from the United States. I chose one at random and wrote, hoping to convert the man into Islam. I wrote to John from Pennsylvania, USA back and forth for two years, each trying to convert the other. I read every book I could get hold of to refute the Bible. To make things worse, I had no respect for the Bible as I put my feet and shoes on it since the Quran taught me it was corrupt.

Then John surprised me by coming to visit me in my village. That was the first time I saw a real Christian. His sincerity, frankness, genuineness, and openness impressed me. John stayed with me for two months. He had an amazing prayer life which served as a model for me in my latter life. I did not know that Christians prayed until I saw a "living epistle" right in the middle of my house, a man from a far off land who became one of us and genuinely incarnated the love of Christ. John had an amazing prayer life, for he prayed more than he talked,

speaking the words of the Bible. I became jealous of John's intimacy with God and increased my recitations of the Quran.

The Quran presents a god who is on the look out for ways of tormenting his slaves. A Muslim may do as many good works as possible in this world and on the Day of Judgment God weighs the deeds of every individual in a "balance." The good deeds will be placed in one pan of the balance, and the evil deeds in the other. If the good deeds are heavier, then the believer will go to the paradise described in Quran as a place of sexual pleasure and frolicking with the wide-eyed huris (sura al-Waqia 56:20-23). However, Christ our Lord said "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like angels of God in heaven" (Matthew 22:30). My Muslim friend, according to Islam, if your evil deeds are heavier, you will be cast into the fires of hell. It looks like you would need to be only fifty-one percent good to get into paradise. Yet you remain absolutely unsure whether or not you are going to heaven. All you say, my Muslim friend, is, "Only God Knows!" You hope for the mercy of Allah and hope that the angels or the Prophet will intercede for you in the last day, so you will be saved from Hell.

I was like you my Muslim sister or brother, right in the same boat until I knew that you can be absolutely sure of going to Heaven. Tears well up in my eyes just to recall how lost I was and now that I am found. While trembling in tears, seeing the majesty of God, I rejoice to know that I have eternal life for certain.

God in the Bible is both just and merciful. His justice requires that everyone be punished in Hell, for He is perfect 100 percent. No matter how hard we try to please God, we always fall short of His perfection. Our good works will not bring us closer to God. God saw our insufficiency, and decided to pay the penalty Himself. He sent His Word Isa Al Masih (Jesus Christ), who is absolutely sinless and faultless to carry the punishment of our sins on the cross. What can you

say to the Judge when He chooses to pay your penalty for you? The Bible says in John 3:16 "For God so loved the world that he gave His only Son, so that whoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." It is because God loves us that He sent His Word, Jesus Christ, to die for us. Islam never grants us the assurance of going to Heaven, but Christ absolutely does! Praise God! Thank you, my Lord, for sovereignty choosing to pay the price Yourself in the Person of Your incarnate Word, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the express revelation of the nature of Allah Almighty.

After John left, his influence stayed. I thought I would depress John by saying, "John, your visit made me a stronger Muslim in the faith and do not try to convert Muslims anymore." Yet John prevailed in his supplication and prayers. His intercessory prayer moved to LORD to wake me up in the middle of the night as I had no sleep or rest. Inner conflict reached its zenith. Restless, I reached out to my Bible and opened it at random.. I found, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" I remember one day in the heat of a debate between me and John, I made fun of the Bible and said, "John, your Bible is the most absurd thing! How can you believe the story of Saul who became Paul, the servant of the Gospel?" John said, "The story is true, and that is why I am patient with you. You will be another Paul one day!" I replied, "John, you must be out of your mind to think for a second that I could leave the religion of all religions, Islam!" Reflecting on "Saul, Saul ..." I said Lord! Me? Me persecute You? I did nothing to You in person ... I remember I turned in a female medical student to the police ... but I did nothing to You. Is it true that He who touched one of Your people touches the apple of Your eye?"

Islam denies the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ because the Quran intended to deprive the Jew of the victory they claimed was their in Jesus' death. The Quran asserts that God put somebody who looked like Him on the cross in the place of

Jesus. Now my Muslim friends, God is not in the business of fraud, for if he had wanted to deliver Jesus from the cross, He could have done it miraculously without having to deceive and put Jesus' likeness on someone else. This Quranic error is too blatant, and proves that the Quran has no divine origin. What is more, the Quran is self-contradicting, for while it claims that the Jews did not really kill Jesus it also affirms very distinctly the reality of Jesus' death in the sura of the family of Imran 3:47/54 – 48/55 as it states:

When God said:

“OH JESUS, I SHALL CAUSE YOU TO DIE, AND THEN I SHALL RAISE YOU UP TO ME.”

My Muslim friend, my goal is not here to proselytize you, but to raise the ultimate questions, Who is Christ? Was he crucified? And how does this affect you? If the whole history of humanity revolves around Christ, then my entire life and existence should revolve around Him too. Denying the cross of Christ is contradicting history itself. Muhammad himself is claimed in the Quran to have been urged, by God, to refer to the People of the Book (the Jews and the Christians) is he in doubt concerning the Quran?:

“And if thou (Muhammad) art in doubt concerning that which we reveal unto thee, then ask those who read the Scripture (that was) before thee.” Sura Yunus 10:95

For the first time in my life, I began asking the question “why?” and challenged everything I took for granted. All postulates were critically examined. This got me into trouble in an authoritarian society. Questions, they say, fly in the face of Allah. Obey. That is All. In the Islamic Brotherhood, our motto was “samaana wa ataana” i.e. “we have heard and obeyed.” After years of study, I came to two logical conclusions: The Bible is the

inherent Word of God, and Jesus is the Word of God. I began to

see it was possible for Jesus to be God. Intellectually, I accepted all the claims of the Christian faith, but in my heart I still feared being struck dead for calling the Almighty God "My Father." I needed a miracle! The Bible teaches us that no one can say, "Jesus is Lord" except by the Holy Spirit (1 Corinthians 12:3). No wonder every Salvation experience is one of a miracle of birth out of death into eternal life!

From the depth of my heart, in the midst of inner conflict, I cried out to Allah, even in the mosque, "Lord, show me the truth! Is it Jesus or Muhammad? Could it be that You are my Father? Show me the truth, and the truth you lead me to I will serve all my life whatever the cost may be!" I burst into tears since I knew the cost could be outrageously too high for a weak, thin person like me. For how could I afford to be cast out of my family and sleep on the streets like a homeless person? And what if my leaders in the Islamic Brotherhood would find out about me? And what if they, in their Islamic righteousness and zeal, rush on to defend Islam and kill me? According to the Islamic religion, an apostate should be given a three day opportunity to recant, and after that the infidel's blood is legitimately shed in the name of Allah! The words of the Prophet Muhammad kept ringing in my ear, "Any person (i.e. Muslim) who has changed his religion, kill him." This tradition has been narrated by AbuBakr, Uthman, Ali, Muadhbn Jabal, and Khalid ibn Walid. Yet I persisted in asking God to guide me.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty.

One night Christ appeared to me in a dream and said with a tender sweet voice, "I love you!" I saw how obstinately I had resisted Him all these years and said to Him in tear, "I love You, too! I know You! You are eternal for ever and ever." I woke up with tears all over my face filled with abundant joy, believing that Christ Himself touched both my mind and my

heart, and I yielded. I was filled with great passion for Christ, jumping up and down, singing praises to His name and talking to Him day and night. I would not even sleep without God's inerrant Word, the Bible, next to my chest.

I experienced what a "spoiled child" of God would: God would give me anything I ask for in prayer. But then the Lord wanted me to love Him and worship Him for His own sake, not for what I get from Him. I tried to keep my faith secret and so was baptized secretly in a pastor's house.

Filled with the joy of salvation I could not hide or deny Christ anymore. Therefore, when my childhood friend asked me if Christ was crucified, I answered, "Yes!" and explained why. He prayed with me to receive Christ. He was shaking and perspiring every time he prayed with me. He could see how mighty the name of our Lord Jesus was. My former leaders in the Islamic fanatical group, desiring to know who the spearhead was, threatened to kill him if he would not tell them everything about my evangelism. Sadly, he betrayed me and I was beaten up in front of the mosque where I had formerly preached Islam zealously. In their sight I was a blasphemous infidel who deserved to be killed unless I would recant. They regarded my conversion as the most horrendous form of desecrating Islam and the Quran.

Since my secret conversion was now made public and Muslims plotted to kill me, I had to flee. I was hunted by Muslims from my village in the Delta, to Ismalia until I arrived in Cairo where my Christian friends lived. Yet Christians were not willing to shelter me and I had to go back to the village, seeking refuge in His protective hands. I came back from Cairo and found an angry mob of Muslims filling up our house. My mother was wearing the garment of mourning, dressed in black as is the custom in Egypt. To them by deserting Islam, I was dead!!! Muslim women yelled at me, "Your mother doesn't deserve all this from you. Why cause her all this grief?" Another woman lamented, "Poor mother! Here son left her for

the Christian infidels. If I were her, I would kill my son for running after the infidels like a dog." I received a letter from a friend in Jordan who reported that my father was walking down the streets in Jordan weeping bitterly as Muslim laborers there reproached him severely. He stayed sick in bed for a month because of this until he and I talked on the phone.

It is absolutely unforgettable that outraged Muslims broke into our house in this barbaric way. My mother knelt down at the feet of our neighbor "Sayed" begging him to spare my life and kill her instead. In such indescribable agony, my mother disowned and disinherited me before all people in my village. I love my mother more dearly than any person in this world, but no human power, regardless of how gigantic it is, can separate me from the love of Christ. I will always live for Jesus.

My Bible, all my Christian books, and music tapes were confiscated and burnt. I decided to flee from the Delta region to Cairo. Even though the police were tracking me down, the Lord blinded their eyes and protected me. In Cairo, I was hiding at M.'s, an Egyptian Baptist friend who was comforting me all the time. I broke down when he read,

"So they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name" (Acts 5:41)

I am grateful to God for providing this friend, M., who disciple me, teaching me to live a victorious life rich in worship and thanksgiving. He gave me a pocket Arabic New Testament and told me frankly that his parents were afraid. Also I was told that if they continued to hide me they would be in jail forever. I had nowhere to go. So, upon the advice of my secret pastor, I went back to the village, hiding the Arabic New Testament in my socks, praying that it would not fall out. I was eventually arrested and released repeatedly. I

learned what it means to have God as my only Hiding Place. In prison, my Savior knows I have come to experience true peace. I was not shaken because I saw Christ in prison, not myself. I sang songs of joy in the midst of tears, anticipating the shining Morning Star to come and deliver me. I decided to hide the Bible in a place where the police could not confiscate it – in my heart by memorizing it. I have since made it a habit to sleep with my Bible by my side. Five years later, I managed to flee Muslims' attempts to kill me and I was shocked to find out that there are some professing Christians in America who attack the Bible for which I was willing to die. God's word has given me promises of faith which I apply as a little child and pray them through in confidence. The gates of Heaven open as we pray through God's Word. His word speaks life!!!

Once when I went to give my mother a Mother's Day gift, she asked me rhetorically, "Mother's Day gift?" I answered, "Yes" every time she repeated the question. She looked at me with such crushing grief and said, "My son, whom I waited 15 years to have and finally was born is now dead. I disown you till the day of judgment, Ibrahim." I cried but Christ touched my heart and said, "I am your family now! I am your father, brother, mother, sister, friend, and everything to you, Timothy, now." I cannot forget those days when my mother would call the police to arrest me. She even went to a witch to put a curse on me and bring me back to the fold of Islam. The witch said, "Your son is following a path which he will never forsake and he will be victorious all his life as long as he walks in it." These words, from the mouth of a witch, brought my younger brother to know Christ. The testimony of demons about our victorious Lord renders skepticism and unbelief absurd (Please read Romans 8:35-39). You also can be more than a conqueror through Christ, your Victor who loves you! Believe it!

I lost my Bible and all my Christian books were confiscated. All I had was the radio. I went sneakily to get my radio to

listen secretly to Voice of Hope, searching for some comfort-songs in the night. (By the way, I speak now publicly over Voice of Hope since I live in a free country, America). Yet my mother caught me and she immediately snatched the radio out of my hand and beat me on the head with her shoes. I was just 20 years old at that time. I prayed for a Bible and the Lord heard me. I went to pick up a Bible package from the post office. The head of the post office, Kamal, slapped me forcefully and punched me in the face. I saw all kinds of terror...I was crying from the intensity of pain. He said to me, "You just go after these Christian infidels, leave Islam and we will wipe you out. We will send you behind the sun!" I felt trapped praying fervently to leave Egypt and practice my faith in Christ. Father of comfort, you never left me. Please remind me of your Son hanging on the cross crying out in the depth of agony," My God, my God why have you forsaken me?" Lord Jesus, they all forsook you, and yet You found rest in Your Father. I need to depend on the Father as you did".

After 3 years, I decided to move to Cairo which was not any safer. The last time the police had arrested me they said, "According to us, you are an infidel who has committed high treason. Next time we arrest you, it will be capital punishment." To make it worse, the "Christian" landlord told me he could not shelter a fugitive criminal anymore. I was not welcome in my own country anymore. Nevertheless, the Lord intervened, and a Palestinian evangelist, Anis Sharrosh, introduced me to Dr. Paige Patterson. He began to help me apply for a visa to the United States. At first, I was denied the visa, but Dr. Patterson did not give up. Finally, I was granted an entry visa, and I was supernaturally able to leave Egypt. Lord, You never deliver your children out of bondage to bring them back into it...Help me to live somewhere to practice my Christian faith without the police harassment. Lord, please do whatever it takes so I don't have to live in an environment where people would force me to go into the mosque. You want your children to worship freely even if this means fleeing for

their lives like me so that Christ becomes all in all.

If it had not been for Dr. Patterson, I would have been history today. I was scheduled to be executed, and God saw that He had more work for me to do. So, he used Dr. Patterson in supernaturally rescuing my life. God Almighty is a Father of the fatherless (Psalm 68:5), and when my father and mother forsake me, as David declares, the LORD holds me to Himself. Is God the Almighty, Your Heavenly Father, my friend? (Galatians 4:6) God the Almighty and Majestic One delights in you personally (Proverbs 8:31).

Lord, may I never be secure or seek easiness in life at the expense of union with You. Didn't you tell us Lord, "And you will be hated by all on account of My name, but the one who endures to the end, he shall be saved" (Mark 13:13)? Please don't let me rush your salvation, Lord, in the midst of trouble, but please give me patience so I can endure hardships as a soldier of the cross of Christ! Lord, may Your love consume me to such an extent that the doing of your will would be the real bread of my life. In Christ's name, amen!

ANOTHER LIFE

YOU WILL LIVE ANOTHER LIFE

Testimony of Seham

*"Ye shall know the truth, and the Truth shall make you free"
John 8:3*

"You did not choose me, but I chose you" John 15:16

I want to give praise and glory to God almighty and to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Alpha and Omega. Jesus Christ the Word who came into the world to save a sinner like me. The same Savior wants to save you too, and his love is forever.

How I became a Christian? What I experienced words can't explain. I was transformed and became a new person, I was set free from a lie, I saw the light, and I experienced a new life with Christ *"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulations, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?"* Roman 8:35 *Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us"* Roman 8:37

I was born in a Middle Eastern country from a Muslim family of eleven children, the only education my father had was how to read the Koran and write. My mother had no education because of the Islamic belief that there is no need for girls to have education. She became a wife at the age of 13 to a much older man. Women's opinions and rights were ignored and oppressed, they did not enjoy the freedom Christian and Jewish women enjoyed. I was the only girl among my sisters that had some education. I had no choice but to accept the way I lived and suppressed my feeling of unrest in the family. I never thought one day that I would live in a Western country. It just did happen. I left with members of the family to this new country which became my home and I loved it. I did not know about Judaism and Christianity and the Holy Bible, Islam kept me in the darkness. The Quran taught me that Jews and Christians are infidels (Kuffar), it taught me if I reject Islam I will be also an infidel (Kaffir). Women do not have to go to the mosque, it is not important and if they go they are separated., this is the practice of Islam in the Middle East and Muslim countries, if you see it differently in the West, that is not the true Islam, they are changing it to attract the westerners to follow this belief.

I was 17 years old when one day I was down and depressed, it

was a new beginning for me in this foreign country. I went for a walk in the street alone, I felt no one can understand me at that time, only the creator who I loved and feared, but there was a wall a barrier and emptiness and doubts. Across the street was the house of a neighbor that I never met, the door was opened and the children were going in and out happily, I approached the door and I was shy. A sweet old lady asked me about my name, I told her that my name is Seham, she lived alone she was peaceful, joyful, smiling friendly and respected woman. I did a fast comparison in my mind, I saw the joy on this woman that my mother did not have, then she asked me if I go to church, I told her I don't, then she asked me, do you know Jesus Christ as Lord? I was interested and curious. I asked her to tell me about Jesus, in a few words, she told me about Jesus, His second coming to judge the world and stopped. She gave me a Bible and a small booklet about the Lord Jesus' second coming, on the front page was the photo of Jesus. I took them from her, but she asked me if I can give or share this Bible with my brother. I left her house rushing home, I felt I wanted to know Jesus. I did not know this Christian woman, not even her name. So I went straight home and secretly I entered my bedroom, closed the door and alone without telling any one, I turned the Bible pages. I told myself that later I would read it, but I was not patient I wanted fast response from Jesus because I needed help immediately, I held the booklet she gave me in my hands and on it was a picture about the second coming, but I did not want to read it, I held it in my hands, and I said Jesus you the Lord help me, I need help, I was on my knees calling Jesus to help me, I wept, my tears were coming down, trying to get relief. I felt tired and weak I wanted to sleep, as I got up I was in doubt, I said maybe he did not hear me. I laid my head on the pillow closed my eyes, I saw unusual dream that I was alone outside, all of a sudden the sky was darkened, I looked up, I saw the sky opened, immediately I knelt down in shock and speechless, looking at this opening in the sky, a bright shining light I saw a man, wearing a long white robe slim with

long hair till shoulder neat and a short beard, standing in the middle of this bright light, He looked with power, behind Him a few men were standing in a row wearing pure white robes, they have white short hair and a white short beard it was pure white, but my eyes was fixed on this great man standing. I also saw a beautiful throne, a chair, I felt this man has control and power, then He began to come down towards me standing on a small cloud, on His right a man all in white hair and short beard and have white wings riding a white horse, on His left side a man with the same description, both coming down but He is in the middle ahead of them, then he stopped in the air and both of them stopped. He looked down at me I was in shock speechless my mind was telling me He looked like Jesus. I was on my knees, He looked serious and He said these words: *"What do you want?"*

I was surprise, speechless and I did not know what to say, I felt, who am I? that this great man is coming down for me, I was trembling not knowing how to answer Then He said to me: *You will live another life.*" He spread His hands, beautiful pure sparkling drops felt on me, I was electrified and comforted, then He moved far away and stopped, I couldn't explain why He made that stop again at a distance? Then He returned back at the opening of the sky, when it closed, a strong earthquake shook the ground I was still in the same spot on my knees. I saw stones falling down but none touched me. I woke-up in the morning knowing that what I saw that night was unusual I couldn't forget it. I told myself this person is Jesus Christ no doubt, I felt no one will believe me, so I kept it to myself. I did not go back to this woman to tell her what happened, I avoided her completely, I did not know why? I never saw her again. But don't forget, there is a spiritual warfare that was the reason why. I went on with my life and I tried to forget the dream, so It will not affect my Muslim belief and I had felt If I got closer to Christianity I will become a disbeliever and subject to what the Quran teaches.

One day I got rid of the booklet and gave away the Bible after I kept them in my drawer for a while, so that way they will not affect my belief and the fear of becoming a Christian, this gave me uneasy feeling. But I could not apply Islam, I felt always an obstacle it did not benefit me, and every time I read the Quran I was down, uncomfortable and have an unexplainable fear. How changeable and unpredictable feeling surrounded me. I felt like a barrier exist, an emptiness not filled I used to think this is how it should be when I worship God.

Years passed by, and the dream will come back to my memory. One day I was visiting my sister in law at her residence we were watching television. I turned the channels and there was someone speaking, but deep in my heart I wanted to hear about Jesus and the Bible, but we both wanted to laugh at his speech pick on him and he repeated a word as we were laughing, all of a sudden he hesitated and spoke these words, he said: *"there is a lady watching, her name is Seham, you are 33 years old, the Lord is going to work with you."*

When I heard what he said I was speechless and we both stopped laughing looking to each other surprised. These words did not affect my sister in law as it did affect me. I told myself it couldn't be me? I am a Muslim, maybe someone else has the same name, same age... I tried to forget it for a while.

Few years later, it happened one day when I was at home. I felt helpless without hope, and this world is leading me down the hill. All of a sudden, I felt weak and a thought told me: why you don't seek Jesus? I answered back:: how? And a thought told me: go to a church, find a church. I listened, I felt at ease, I drove determined to stop at a church that I used to pass by many times before. I was anxious, the door was opened, I entered, I was alone all was quiet, but my eyes focused on a big crucifix on the wall. I felt that I needed to kneel, when I knelt I was touched, my tears came down, I said: "Jesus, you did it for me as I stirred at the cross, at that moment." I

gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, I was very sorry I waited too long to know Jesus. I felt a peace never experienced before, the barrier broke, my burdens, my worries were gone, and I was set free. *"And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."* John 8:32

I felt the love of Jesus for me and for all of us, it was a new life a new beginning for me with the Lord. *"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life"* John 3:16

Later the Lord guided me to open the Holy Bible at a page that talks about baptism. I wanted to follow the Lord's words I wanted to get baptized, and I didn't know what it meant. Then I was led to a woman, that I never met before, I contacted her, and she was surprised because I was a stranger to her. We arranged to meet, and her name was Hala. At that time I didn't know about the divisions of Christianity. What was on my mind is to follow Jesus Christ and to fulfill his word.

Hala told me she belongs to another church, the Orthodox Church, I told her it's OK with me if this is God's will. She arranged the appointment between me and the priest. So it happened before the baptism the evil one tried to interrupt. I was disappointed and I complained to the Lord Jesus, I depended on the Lord . At the end the baptism happened, the priest was helpful to me. The Lord is my strength I was alone in this journey only the Lord understood me. Through the Holy Bible I received many answers to my questions.

But Jesus looked at them and said to them ,*"with men this is impossible but with God all things are possible."* Matthew 19:26 *"Behold I send you out as sheep in the midst of wolves. Therefore be wise as serpents and harmless as doves."* Matthew 10:16

"Ask , and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find;

knock, and it will be opened to you.” Matthew 7:7

And behold , I am coming quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to everyone according to his work.” Revelation 22:12

The Straight Path

Testimony of Athanasios

I was born to Muslim parents, and I'm a descendent of 'Ali Ibn Abu Talib the cousin of Mohammed, the prophet of Islam, and the fourth Caliph (i.e., "ruler"). At an early age, I was one of the Muslims believers who performed all of the religious duties, from praying to fasting and everything in between.

I was planning to be an Imam of a mosque, like my grandfather. I started to study the Fiqh and the Quran (Islamic sacred scripture), but after some time, I felt bored reading similar books and essays. I recognised that there are a lot of differences in Islam. For instance, in Iraq (my country), there are a lot of Shia, and it was strange for a Sunni like me to know that there was someone different from his faith but claiming to be Muslim, so I decided to study the various Islamic schools of thought.

After a lot of reading in this field, I become more familiar with Mu'tazilah than any other school of thought. Mu'tazilah is more reasonable than the rest of the schools, in the sense that it involves argumentation and philosophy. I began to be open-minded for the first time in my life. Gradually, I decided to study other religions. I tried to preach the Quran, starting in Da'wa (i.e, evangelism) with some young Christians, using my good knowledge of the argumentative

tools, and I created many faith problems for them. Because of this, their families appealed to the priest of their church and asked him to invite me to visit him. Arguing with him was very difficult for me because he always answered all my doubting questions. After I had known him a year, he died, but he had changed a lot of my thoughts about Christianity. However, I still didn't believe in it.

After this, I started to see Islam with new eyes, seeing the contradictions in it, studying it in comparison to Christianity. One night in a dream, I saw a vision of a man with a beard talking to me: **"Son"**, he asked me, **"why do you attack my sheep?"**

I replied, "Who are you sir?"

He answered, **"Jesus Christ"**

So, I answered his question, "I'm not attacking your sheep, sir, I'm trying to bring your lost sheep back to the straight path." He said, **"You are the one who is lost; I'm the straight path."**

I woke up asking myself a number of questions: Did I really see Jesus? He said that I'm lost. What did he mean? Does that mean that the Christian is right and that I'm on the wrong path? But it was only a dream. Still, Mohammed said in one of his Hadith that if you see a prophet in a dream, you see him truly because Satan could not act like a prophet in a vision. Obey him, and follow what he says. That is what Mohammed said.

After some time being a little confused, I left the two religions and became a non-believer. Around that time, my father (a high-ranking officer) died in a car accident, which we assumed was a natural accident. So, I kept carrying on with my life, and because I had inherited from my father a good fortune, I was able to do a lot of wicked things – wasting money on sex, alcohol, drugs, whatever I could find for pleasure.

After a period of time, I heard again a voice (which I knew was Jesus's voice), saying, "**Run away from your country NOW!**" This voice was firm with me, so I woke up, I bagged my things, and in a few hours, I was outside Iraq and heading for my mother's home in another Arabic country. When I was in the airplane (that was 1990, and Iraq was not under the siege), I began to doubt my actions and started to blame myself for the stupid thing I was doing. But then, I told myself, "Well, let's have an early vacation. I can at least thank Jesus for that". And I smiled at the evil thoughts about what I was going to do for pleasure on my trip.

When I landed in the Arabic country that I was travelling to, I went to my grandfather's house. There, I called my mother back in Iraq saying, "Mom, don't worry – I'm visiting here for a while, and then, I'll return home". She replied, "Don't ever think about coming back – there was a police unit seeking you!" Knowing that I had never broken the law or even been involved in any political opposition, I answered in shock, "What??!! What you are talking about?!" She said, "They were seeking some military documents that they think that your father hid, and for this (they had told her), he was assassinated. Thank God that you left-they thought that you had the documents. They took your brothers (from another mother), too, to investigate them". [Note: My mother was protected during all of this because she was an Arabic journalist working with her country's embassy, so nobody could hurt her or arrest her for investigation without permission from the ministry of foreign affairs.]

I was shocked. I felt dizzy. I could not imagine what would happen! But if I were there in Iraq, they would torture me to confess what I had not done, and maybe they would kill me. What an unexpected danger I had escaped from! I had never imagined that I would have to flee for my life. I had never had a thought that I could ever be in such danger. Who could have known such a future for me?! God alone could have known

it! So, was Jesus God?!! I really became confused, shocked, dizzy, and – in this condition – passed out. After a few hours, I woke up from my comatose state, and I start to pray to God, sincerely asking Him to show me the way, the truth. After that, I dreamed again of Jesus, and he said to me, **“I love you. Why you don’t love me likewise? Come to me because I have a plan for you”**. I woke up crying. He was looking for me, and I was trying to escape from him. He wanted me to be with him, and I was not. He had saved me from the hands of the Iraqi torture machine, so I told him, “I’m coming to you, Jesus, even if this costs me my life”. At that moment, He entered my life, and become my Lord and Saviour. I really was washed in His pure blood, becoming another person, I experienced his joy and peace, and became one reborn in His grace.

The only real worry that I had, however, was about my means of living, for I had left my wealth behind me, and unfortunately for me, the Iraqi authorities had confiscated all my property. But the Lord showed me that I couldn’t rely upon material wealth anyway, for a few months later, Iraq invaded Kuwait, and the Iraqi Dinar, which was officially 3 dollars and in the black market merely 30 cents, fell enormously in value. Most of the wealth that I had inherited from my father had been in Iraqi currency, and I had it in the bank while I was living in Iraq. If I had still been living in Iraq during the Gulf crisis, then instead of having \$300,000, I would have had only \$300!! Thanks be to Jesus for showing me that I can only depend upon him, not upon worldly things.

From this, I derive comfort. After a long period of time in my mother’s country, where I was witnessing for Jesus, extremist Islamic groups there discovered my apostasy from Islam. They held a faith court about me, and commanded me to repent and renew my faith in Islam, or they would kill me for being a Murtadd (i.e., “apostate”). They gave me two days to make my decision. I tried to go to the police for protection, but the

police arrested me for inciting activities against Islam and disturbing community security. They put me in jail and started to investigate me, asking about other converts and about missionaries. I was lucky that I had not been baptized yet because they emphasised the following questions: “Have you ever been baptized?!” “Who baptized you?!” “Which church do you attend?!” “Who evangelized you?!” My being a foreigner helped me, for they eventually released me and commanded me to leave the county, giving me only a very short period in which to do so. God provided me a visa to a safe country, and I left my mother’s country within the time they had demanded.

I’m seeking asylum now in a safe country, so please pray for me to get asylum – and pray for my mother, too, for she is still a Muslim, and I don’t know when I will ever see her again. Unfortunately, I’m her only son, and I was her only financial source till I left. May God bless you, and guide you to His truth.

Athanasios Abdulrahman

P.S.: Update, three years later: After many court trials, and having suffered rejections in several countries in my request for asylum as a religious refugee, I finally live now in a safe place the Lord provided for me.

Why I became a Christian?

By Nusrat Aman

I was born in an orthodox Muslim family in Pakistan in 1958. I studied in Islamic missionary school and college administered by Ahmadiyah Movement in Islam, Pakistan. During study in a

very zealous Islamic missionary school and college, I developed an interest to study Islamic religion. So, I joined the Ahmadiyah Movement which was declared a non-Muslim heretic religion in 1974 by the Government of Pakistan.

I came to know the word, "Christ or Messiah" first time in the literature of Ahmadiyah Movement against Christianity. The founder of Ahmadiyah Movement, Mirza Ghulam Ahmad claimed to be, "Masih Maud" (Promised Messiah). I was very happy and enthusiastic to preach the doctrines and teachings of Ahmadiyah Movement which were new and very attractive to me. I remembered all the references about second coming of Christ in the Bible and Koran without having deep insight into it.

A blunder that saved me

One day I was passing in front of a church, I thought it to be a good opportunity to ask the priest why he does not become a Muslim and a follower of Mohammad; all the prophecies have been fulfilled in the personality of Mohammad? I went to Church and asked someone that I want to meet the priest. That person guided me toward the priest and I introduced myself that I am a Muslim and want to know why you don't believe the Prophet Mohammad whereas Jesus himself told that he isn't good enough to carry His sandals. The priest offered me to have a seat and became busy talking with other people. After relieving from other people, he asked me, "would you please give me reference where has Jesus said this thing?" I took the Bible from the priest and immediately opened the book of Matthew chapter 3:11-12 and read it before the priest. He said me to read the whole chapter from verse 1-17. I read, when I finished, there was no need to explain me whose sayings are these words and about whom are these words said. I was embarrassed and suddenly offered another reference which was:-

John 14:30:-

"I cannot talk with you much longer, because the ruler of

this world is coming. He has no power over me,"

The priest said I don't disagree with you if you want to apply this verse on your prophet Mohammad. He explained this verse in the light of other verses in the same book that the terminology, "ruler of the world" is used for Satan in John 12:32 and John 16:11 also.

I was ashamed within myself and very angry with the organization and the so-called Second Messiah who himself used these quotations in his revealed books. I quitted the priest office silently without even saying thank you for your help.

I became reactionary and decided to study, Koran as well as the Bible more in detail and in depth. For this purpose, I joined a correspondence course with a Bible Correspondence School in Pakistan. Being zealous preacher of Islam, my thirst to be well equipped with Koran and the Bible urged me to study the Bible to develop insight into the word, "Messiah" and the second coming of the promised one, as I studied the Bible, I felt need to know the prophecies about first coming of Messiah and its fulfillment.

I was well versed in Koran and its language, so while studying the Bible an automatic comparison between two books came to my mind. The Greek Christian Scriptures (New Testament) pictorial language impressed me and I realized that it is not just a biography but in every narration there is a happening of great events reflecting that God was walking with man.

Whereas reading of Koran doesn't show anything special, more than two-third of it is from pagan legends or distorted jest of Torah (first five books of the Bible). No person can keep his/her concentration while reading the Koran as its topics and issues change frequently after every two or three verses abruptly.

I realized that Jesus in His earthly ministry showed a great

authority. He was confident, authentic and offensive to His critics. His critics always escaped from confronting Him. We read in John 6:41, 43 that when Jesus was addressing a crowd along a lakeshore, the people started grumbling about Him, because He said, "I am the bread that came down from heaven but didn't dare to criticize openly instead that Jesus answered, "stop grumbling among yourselves."

At another occasion, Jesus said, "I talk about what my Father has shown me, but you do what your father has told you. You are the children of your father, the devil and you want to follow your father's desires." (John 8:38, 44)

In contrast, instead of Prophet Mohammad, his critics were offensive and confident. They said,

"We will not believe you until you make a spring of water gush forth from the earth for us; or until you acquire an orchard of date-palm trees and grapes, and produce rivers flowing through it; or let chunks of sky fall over us, as you assert (you will); or bring God and the angels as a surety; or you come to possess a house of gold; or ascend to the skies, though we shall not believe in your having ascended till you bring down a book for us which we could read." (Sura-17:90-93)
In response to this entire Prophet Mohammad said, "I am only man and messenger." (Sura-17:93)

The Turning Point

I studied the Koran and the Bible vigorously. One verse of Koran stuck me, all of my beliefs and dedication crumbled to earth. This verse is in the Koran,

Sura (chapter) 46 "Al-Ahqaf" verses 9:-

"Say: "I am not a new Messenger to come, nor do I know what is to be done to me or you. I only follow what is revealed to me. My duty is only to warn you clearly."

I could not have the courage to wait (destruction) undecidedly until the Day of Judgment. How could I follow a person who doesn't know about himself and doesn't know about the persons having trust in him?

Conversion

In Pakistan conversion to Christianity was a social, economic and cultural challenge for me, where 95% population is Muslim. Christians are a tiny minority and a change of religion means dis-fellowship of all community relations. A constant fear of mob action, Muslim crowd can do any thing against Christians in the name of Islam. Even relatives and close friends settle their personal grudges and property disputes against Christians accusing that they have said against Islam or Prophet Mohammad. Christians can be sentenced to death under law of blasphemy or by the Muslim mob itself whereas the false accusation in the name of Islam does not have any punishment.

In this scenario, I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior and baptized in 1979 secretly from my parent and relatives. For 10 years I was Christian among the Christian circle and Muslim before my parent. The pressure from my parent to marry in a Muslim family forced me to disclose my faith that I can't marry with a Muslim girl (marriage between a Christian male and a Muslim female is not recognized in Muslim Personnel Law in Pakistan).

I am happy that my Savior Jesus Christ knows who He is (John17:14, 21) and what can He do for me? (John17:02) I have confidence in Him.

He said:-

"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one goes to the Father except by me."(John 14:06)

Now, it is my burden to preach the Truth as commanded by Jesus

(Matthew 28:20) and how terrible it would be for me if I do not preach the gospel! (1-Cor 9:16)

I worked in Pakistan as a project manager community development until 2001 and then migrated to Canada in an independent category.

I am a volunteer and ready to welcome any queries, criticism or dialogue on Christianity.

Nusrat Aman

E-mail: naman@gosonic.ca

E-mail: nusrat04@hotmail.com

ALLAH'S PATH TO HELL or Jesus' path to Heaven

A True Story

Everything looked wonderful for me as I, (a civil Engineer) entered my office for my daily work. My father was a clerk, and though his salary wasn't enough, my mother, a street hawker, supplemented the shortfall. In fact, it is my mother who paid for all her children's education and maintenance. I relieved my mother of most of the expenses, but gave my father only a token sum every month.

My world took a sudden turn when I meet an Ulama (Islamic Holy Man). He showed me how the muslims were subjugated by the other religions and the world conspiracy against Islam, with the USA in the centre of it. He said, the USA purposely pushes Human Rights everywhere, because it contradicts with most of

the Islamic believes and practices, and making Islam seem out of date. The Jews further manipulate the Americans for their selfish interests to control the Middle-East. Allah realized this, and said in Sura 5.51 of the Quran, not to be friends of the Jews and Christians. But the muslim countries are 'sucking' up to the USA. The lack of an Ustaz (religious teacher) in my area, depriving the muslims of adequate knowledge of the beauty and wonders of Islam, was another subject talked about at great length. After a month of convincing talks, I made enquiries in the state capital and got all the details to join the Islamic college. After a lot of soul searching and with the hate instilled in me, I decided to give up my job as an engineer, but my mother protested. In the end, I managed to convince my mother, as it was for Allah and I joined the Islamic College.

Having graduated as an ustaz, I was soon posted to my neighbourhood. There wasn't a proper Islamic School and so I conducted classes in my home, at first. Though, I was good in my Islamic Knowledge, there were times when I was stuck for answers for my innocent students, and began to add a bit of a lie here and there for the sake of defending Allah. In fact, during my Islamic College Lectures there were a lot of suppositions without factual support. When contradictions within the Holy Quran arose, it was easily solved by the words 'Allah knows best', or by mixing up some Hadith and come to some sort of an acceptable answer. (Most muslims know how to read the Arabic language in the Quran. But generally, most muslims don't understand what they are reading. Therefore, a muslim generally, don't know what the Quran says and will need an ustaz to explain to them). Thus, this cooking of the facts was common and stretching the facts for the sake of Allah was prevalent. Lying became second nature to me and even I, began to believe my own lies. Hate for everything non-Islamic was part of my training.

My trip to Mecca for the Haj (pilgrimage) was tiring but

eventful. I did not have the rare opportunity to see inside the holy Kabah and the holy idols inside, which Prophet Muhammad had helped to place, as explained in Bukhari's Hadith. But, I wondered why the symbolic Stoning of the Devil ritual (by men throwing stones at a pillar in a pit) was made so important in such a holy place. I felt only holiness and sacredness should be observed, and no ritual about a devil had any place, especially in Mecca. Due to the extreme heat, everyone was sweating profusely and was smelly. But the gathering of more than one million people was awesome and chaotic. After I returned from Mecca, I began wearing a white skullcap to show that I have done one of the 5 pillars of Islam (pilgrimage to Mecca).

Two months later, my father came to me for support, for his idea of having another wife. To justify his case, he told me he had already made this 19 year old girl, pregnant. I was furious, but Bukhari's Hadith told me that Allah created women as 'play-things' for a man. But thinking of my mother, struggling to feed and educate us, I felt so sorry for her. Without her, my father would not have been able to feed, educate and clothe his children. With my mother's support, even he enjoyed life, and after using her for all these years, he now wanted another younger wife, less than half his age and younger than three of his five children. But Allah is merciful and has given men advantage over women, as a man could even have four wives at any one time. Though, I found all sorts of excuses not to support my father's idea, I did talk to my mother about it. She was all tears, and did not go to work that day. We discussed the second wife issue at great length. When she said she will not agree to a second wife, I told her she had no choice, as he could divorce her without her consent and marry this woman anyway, and that will mean, she having to leave her children, as the father owns the children in Islam and not the mother. This tore her apart even more.

When my father brought his new wife home, my mother spent most

of her time out, but bringing back less money. This put the pressure on my father, as he did not have enough for himself and whenever my mother was home, it became like a war zone. We siblings kept to ourselves with my mother, leaving this new member of the family, all to herself, until my father came home from work. During this time, I was promoted and was even sitting at times, as a judge for the Sharia court (Islamic Court). My own mother's experience, shadowed me all the time and I could not except Allah's pronouncements in ignoring the love, care and importance my mother provided for all of us. This had a bearing on my judgment, of some of the cases in the Sharia court. I have seen the arrogance of man against their muslim wives, and most of these women had, just like my mother, contributed so much for their children and household, and being presented to me many a times beaten to a pulp, all sanctioned in Islam by Allah. I thought, at first, these to be exceptional cases and Allah could not be wrong in his pronouncements. But when I kept seeing more and more women (usually 35 years and above, and one came to court in a plaster-cast on her entire left hand and left leg in a wheel chair), I began to have doubts, and began pouring into my Islamic books for a better and humane solution to a muslim woman's treatment by her husband, and a muslim man's easy divorce etc. but in vain. (Marriage in Islam is not a sacrament before God, but just an ordinary contract – usually verbal – between the groom and the bride's father or closest elder, and can be broken anytime the groom wishes, without his wife's consent. This always infuriated me, because in her prime, she is used as a loving wife, only to be discarded later, like a used tissue paper). But, I could not find any more humane a solution to these abuses and to the rampant divorce issue in Islam. It only made me more tense.

I was called one day, to the Mufti's (Chief Islamic Priest and Administrator) office. I was asked to form a committee to try and standardize the Judgments of the Islamic Justice System applied in the Sharia courts. You see, because the Quran,

Hadith, & Sunah were all open ended (not precise, for instance, Allah says in Sura 4.34 of the Quran, that a 'disobedient wife should be beaten by her husband and deserted' until she is corrected. It does not say how many beatings, which part of her body, when a husband should beat her, how, why, if she is pregnant or not, whether forcefully or not, with his hands or a whip, for what reason, in which place, etc. It is completely left to the husband and his sole judgment of his wife's disobedient way. Many times, we had women coming to us to show the beating marks on their bodies, but there was nothing in Islam to stop this, except in cases where the wife's bones were broken, to advise the husband, if at all). If 4 witnesses gave evidence of a man's theft and his right hand was cut off as punishment, and sometime later, if 1 of the witnesses admitted to giving false witness under pressure (false witnessing is common in the Sharia courts), what then? There was a lot of chaos, with different judges interpreting Islam in various ways. (Islam is not open to present ideas, like applying DNA, or accounting systems, or cyber crimes, medical, environment, civil aviation, democratic principals, human rights, or pay interest for purchases or loans, etc. but sticks to a 1,100 year old patriarchal system's way of life, to be applied to today's conditions). The accused in our courts, began choosing some judges to be present and absent for other judges. So you could have a queue for a few judges but no case for most of the other judges. Lawyers were not required in Islam, but witnesses were very important, and we do get many false witnesses coming forward with all sorts of accusations against people they have fallen out with. When I started my work to standardize the judgments, I began having numerous problems, arguments, etc from every direction and became very unpopular. There were no two judges who had the same interpretation of the Quran and penalties to be meted out. They couldn't even agree on a broad margin of interpretation and penalties (like the minimum and maximum prison terms, etc). The judges' main protests were 'it is not in the Quran'. In the end, the plan was scrapped, and Islamic

Justice was allowed to be meted out, according to each judge's interpretations and knowledge of Islam, and the chaos continues to this day. I was very disappointed, of course. (In fact, for every failure of the muslims, there is at least one Christian and/or Jewish conspiracy made up for the blame. The muslims, will never accept their 1.100 year old justice system to be out of date. It is easier to blame the West and to say 'they don't understand Islam', than to try to justify Islam, because muslims know in their minds, it will surely be considered barbaric and out of date, and also because the Quran contradicts itself and the verses are open ended, and ignorance of the actual meaning of the verses in the Quran. So it is easier to blame the West for 'ignorance' and keep them wondering, when in truth the West is right all along, in their assumptions of Islam. Because the Quran contains many contradictions and out of date material, a muslim will never debate with a non-muslim, because the non-muslim could use the Quran against him, so it will be better to say 'you don't know the beauty of Islam' and save face. This is the mindset of a typical muslim. A muslim generally cannot take a joke. This is the truth. Keep arguing with him and you will actually do him a favour). (Go to the website www.answering-islam.org and see the long list of contradictions within the Quran, yourself).

One day, I caught my mother swallowing some tablets and found it to be pain-killers. I took her for a hospital check-up and it was revealed that she had cancer. She must have had it for a long time, because the cancer had spread all over. She was suffering everyday. Two years later, she succumbed to the sickness. We siblings were devastated. My world came crashing down with this loss. I tried to concentrate on my work, but became more and more frustrated for lack of proper answers. (For instance, a rape required 4 witnesses to convict the rapist, which is not generally possible or likely, so I always had to let the rapist go free, and at times, the same rapist was brought to court, having raped another girl, and without the 4 witnesses, I was paralysed, and had to let the rapist go

free again. Innocent young women's lives were destroyed in the name of Islam, and knowing him to be the actual rapist, yet Islam did not permit me to see justice done. Worse, if the Islamic court did not think it to be a rape, then the victim gets stoning to death for getting pregnant out of wedlock).

The old Christian lady in my neighbourhood, a few houses down the road, was diagnosed for cancer. Her Christian family prayed to Isa Al-Maseh (Jesus Christ) every night for her fast recovery in hospital. I thought this to be a futile effort, because without Allah's mercy, this old Christian lady's fate is assured – death. Three weeks later, I was shocked to see this lady, tending to her flower plants in front of her son's house. I plucked the courage to talk to her. She told me by the grace of Jesus Christ the Lord, her prayers were answered, and she was fully recovered. Her son came out and invited me in, for a drink. After talking at length, I went home confused and wondering, why did Allah not take care of my mother, who was a good muslim, much younger and sinless, but this old Christian lady, who has so much of faith in this Isa Al-Maseh (Jesus Christ), was completely cured. Perhaps, I thought, this could be Satan at work. The next day, I could not remove the thought of this old lady from my mind. I was bent on getting to the bottom of this episode. After work, I went back to this Christian's house to disprove this Jesus Christ theory and asked for their Injeel (New Testament). At first, they were reluctant, as my country is a Muslim country, and preaching Christianity to a muslim will lead them to all sorts of punishment. Later, this Christian man (her son) pointed to his Bible on the side table with his eyes. I picked it up (This meant he did not give it to me, but I had picked it up on my own accord from his house, and he could not be accused of giving me a blasphemous material). That night, I read the Gospel of Mathew and browsed through the rest of the Bible. I was astonished to note, how well the whole bible was written chronologically, and it was easy to follow the events. But I needed more insights into the events and their significance,

and made many more trips to this Christian's house, always at nights, as neighbours could get suspicious. Knowing my position and standing in the community, my hosts were also nervous of the situation, I was putting myself and them into. Days became weeks, and I used to rush back home to read more of the Bible every day. I liked the part where Jesus Christ asks any man who is without sin, to cast the first stone at a prostitute. There is so much of love, for one another in this Injeel (New Testament). All the tension and stress in me, began to subside, as I found peace and tranquility in this Jesus Christ. But my hate for all other religions was deep and still there.

I have always wondered, why only muslim females see shadows of ghosts and get hysterical collectively or individually in classrooms, factories, etc. whether in the night or day. This is not only common in my country, but in other countries as well. A muslim is not to take or keep photographs of any living thing (including humans), and this sounded so ridiculous to me, as I would have liked to keep a photo of my family for posterity. The Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem was built about 60 years (685-691 A.D) after Prophet Muhammad died (8th June 632 A.D. in Mecca). There was nothing significant to Islam in Palestine at the time of his death. Then why did Prophet Muhammad's body go to Jerusalem to rise to Heaven, when it should have been more appropriate for him to rise from the Kabah in Mecca, which is the holiest site in Islam. These serious doubts have always bothered me, with no answers, even from my older and wiser colleagues.

My engineering training gave me an analytical mind to decipher point for point. Prophet Muhammad had no prophecy before him, where as Jesus Christ had. Allah never talked to prophet Muhammad (except indirectly through an angel), But Jesus Christ had and was the Son of God. One of Prophet Muhammad's punishments for a thief, was to gorge the man's eyes out (Bukhari's Hadith), where as this Jesus Christ has nothing but

forgiveness and love for any man. Women are not blamed, for all the evil in this world, as in Islam, and is looked upon with equal dignity in Christianity. Allah seemed so remote, where as Jesus Christ seemed so close. In the Sura 3.7 of the Quran, Allah says only he can interpret the Quran properly. (According to the Hadiths, only about 700 of more than 6,000 Verses of the Quran is clear to man – less than 12%). Then why did Allah give us such a Quran, which no man can interpret properly? Isn't the Quran for man's use like the Bible? Most of the verses in the Quran is open ended, leaving a lot to guesswork, unlike the Bible. (Even for an Arab, it cannot be clearly understood, because it is presented in old Arabic – like the present Englishman trying to understand old English or Shakespearean English). Archeology cannot base their work on the Quran, because there isn't any history or geography in it, just verses of what Allah expects of man with punitive punishments specified, etc. where as the Bible is the story of Mankind, and even today, I am told, archeologists base their excavations in reference to the location and events mentioned in the Bible. Prophet Muhammad was uneducated, where as Jesus Christ was a teacher educating others. Prophet Muhammad had 12 wives, numerous concubines, temporary wives and female slaves (taken by beheading their husbands), and one of his wives was only 8 years old (Aisha) when he was 52. (After he was poisoned, according to Bukhari's Hadith he died on the lap of this wife, Aisha). He even had sex with his wife's slave at her dismay (out of wedlock). We would call such a man today as a sex-maniac, where as Jesus Christ was pure. In Sura 18.86 of the Quran, Allah says the sun sets in a dirty pond on earth. If Allah is the creator, how could Allah make such a stupid mistake? Shouldn't Allah have known the world to be round and the sun does not dip into a dirty pond on earth everyday, unless Allah is not God and the Quran is not from God. In the Quran, Sura 2.106 and 16.101, Allah says he re-edited the verses in the Quran and abrogated other verses for better ones. If Allah is God, then he did not need to change what he wrote in the first instance, because it should have been

perfect. But re-writing the Quran seems to be not God to me and Allah is just as a man, making corrections to his own work. (This Allah could have used a lot of 'Liquid Paper'). Who can ever believe, that Allah needs to correct his own work – but this is exactly what Allah says in these Suras of the Quran. In Sura 11.114, 17.78-79, 20.130, & 30.17-18 of the Quran Allah says every muslim must pray 3 times a day. But in the Hadith it says 5 times a day. Couldn't Allah make up his mind? Why this contradiction? There are so many contradictions, that I could not believe, that it took that old Christian lady to open my eyes to these blunders. Islam now seemed to be a complete and ridiculous farce to me. In contrast, the bible does not prescribe amputating the right hand and left leg for theft, or killing a person for giving up his religion, or killing unbelievers, (if Allah is the creator of man, then why should he prescribe the 1 billion muslims -1/6 of the world's population to kill the balance 5/6, – it sounds so ridiculous to me now) or stoning an adulterous to death, or blowing oneself up to bits, so that he can supposedly enjoy life in heaven as a martyr, with about 70 voluptuous fair virgin maidens, rivers of wine, honey, fresh fruits etc. It looks so false, barbaric and gruesome. In Sura 19.71 – 72 of the Quran, Allah says all muslims will go to Hell (Any muslim who reads this, ask your own ustaz what sura 19.71-72 means). That means, if anyone follows this Islamic path, will surely go to Hell (unless you explode your body with a bomb to bits and pieces, as a martyr). This sounds so barbaric and gruesome a thought to me. (Muslims always criticize Christians, Taoists, Hindus and Bhuddists of praying to idols. But in Bhukari's Hadith, it is stated that Prophet Muhammud helped the various tribes, replace about 30 idols inside the Kabah in Mecca, after it was expanded and re-constructed. Some of the idols have cracked and disintegrated over the years by the intense heat. They have the cheek to criticize other religions when muslims themselves pray and bow to idols). Time passed, with me in this limbo state and the more I went into the bible, the more convinced I became that

this is definitely the right path to God, and the Quran is not from God, or Allah could have been the creation of this barbarian, Muhammad, and claiming to be a Prophet or Satan himself in disguise. If Islam will only lead a person to hell, then it is the wrong path for me. In Christianity, I have hope of reaching Heaven, without having to go to Hell. (If Islam is so good, it should have united muslim countries, but all through out history, muslim countries have always been at war with one another). But I needed proper guidance to confirm my convictions to proceed further.

One day, I slipped in front of a shop. A stranger put out her hand instinctively and caught me from falling. I found out her name to be Maria, a Catholic Christian. She was single and by a coincidence, worked as a clerk, in the very Bank I go to. I managed to tell her my story and asked her if she could help me. She totally refused. I could not blame her though, looking at me, with my long beard, skullcap and my muslim robe, I looked ghastly and could frighten anyone. Furthermore, a Christian will get into trouble for helping a muslim to give up his religion (apostate). A few days later, I met Maria again and we talked for a while, and I could sense her giving in to my sincerity, she then said, she will help me only when she is free. It wasn't long, before we began going out together to her friend's isolated house, only after darkness fell and without my muslim robe and skullcap. My dates with Maria, were at first, more for a Christian education lesson than romance. But I began to get attached to her as time passed. It became obvious to me at this juncture that I could not lie anymore for Allah and Islam. I knew this part of my life was finished for good. Later, I made more official day trips to Maria's bank, to cash my cheques and deposit the money back, but in reality, only to steal glances at this beautiful and gorgeous lady in her early twenties. My brothers and sister liked Maria, when I brought her home, (but when my father and his second wife were not in). I also went for religious education and Bible readings in secret, often

together with Maria. We soon fell in love, but were always cautious in public. My brothers and sister were also very worried for my safety.

On Valentine's day, I sent a parcel to Maria, containing a rose, a ring and a card, saying "take the rose for the beauty and fragrance, but the ring for my yearning heart and my love for you". That night, as planned, I went to pick Maria for dinner. Maria excitedly, waved her ring finger at me, as she got into my car, and whispered in my ear "Dreams do come true, but I did not expect it, in the form of an ex-senior Islamic officer." I whispered back in her ear, "Thank you for saving me from Allah's path to Hell, and showed me Jesus Christ's path to Heaven". Some months later, Maria and I went separately (not to arouse suspicion), to the country's capital for my Baptism in the Cathedral. This was arranged by the church. After the Baptism, it looked like the sun had come into the Cathedral, and all was so bright and peaceful. I even felt lighter. Everyone congratulated me. After we had lunch in the Parish dining hall, Maria returned to our hometown, but I stayed back to find a job in this capital city.

I managed to get a job as a design engineer, in this country's capital through a friend, far away from my own city, for my safety. I know what muslims will do to an apostate (Kill me). The next thing I did, was to have a clean shave (no beard and mustache). I then went out to taste all the food I could eat. You see, a muslim is supposed to eat only Halal food (cooked by another muslim) or it will be considered Haram (forbidden and a sin). Without my skullcap, beard and muslim robe, no one took a second look at me eating Haram food. I felt so free from the yolk of Islam, not being able to do so many things before. Islam kept me in a straight-jacket with so many restrictions. It was like a very heavy weight taken off me. Life looked so wonderful, and I did not have to think of this and that before doing something. I even began singing often, to myself. One night, during my prayers, I cried to Jesus in

joy, for all he had done for me and hoped my brothers and sister, could one day share my joys in Jesus Christ, who has given me nothing but happiness and comfort. All the hatred in my heart had disappeared, and I only had love, for my fellow men (even muslims). I presented Bibles to my three younger brothers and my youngest sister. (One of my brothers and my sister have found the true path now and converted to Christianity. God bless them.)

Two months later, when I drove back for Maria, she was so thrilled to see me, especially without my beard. Caressing my cheeks with her hands, she said "now you fit my dream, of my handsome hero". She kept stroking my cheeks tenderly. When Maria and I visited the old Christian lady and her son, they were shocked and could not believe I was the same person, (without my beard, skullcap and my robe). Before we left, we all knelt down before their alter and said a prayer, thanking Jesus for his blessings, and the old lady made a special request for Jesus to keep us both safe and to watch over us forever. Then she turned to Maria, held her hands and said to her that she will always remember her in her prayers.

Maria and I got married in a very quite ceremony at the Cathedral of the country's capital. My brothers and sister, and Maria's parents, brothers and sisters came together in my chartered bus for our wedding. Though now, we have three handsome sons, Maria has not given up hope of having a daughter, and has my work cut out for me. Every night, we pray as a family together and Maria has been and is my mentor and the bulwark of the family, by the grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Reflecting back, to all those days, I think, it was not providence, that I accidentally noticed the old Christian lady, or Maria catching me from a fall, but the wonderful and mysterious work of my Lord, Jesus Christ, and I have never stopped thanking him, for all his wonderful gifts, to make my life the most pleasant, I could ever hope for. Thank you Jesus, my wonderful Savior.

Ahmed Simon

P.S. If you are a male muslim, believe me, your path can lead to happiness and Heaven, if you discard the yolk of Islam and take the path of Jesus Christ.

If you are a female muslim, (based on my own mother's experience and my previous work as an ustaz and judge), I know what you go through (the pain, suffering and humiliation) and can honestly sympathize with your position. But it does not need to be this way, does it? It is never too late, for you to break yourself free of this yolk, which binds you down.

Male or female, get rid of your world of untruths and hate (like me), and open your heart and set yourself free today, and experience love and joy through Jesus Christ. Take the first step now and believe me, you will never regret it.

Why I Left Islam

By Ali Sina

I am often asked, Why I left Islam?. As absurd as it may be, some Muslims cannot even allow themselves to think that leaving Islam is an option, or even possible. They rather think that those who leave Islam are paid Jewish agents than accept the fact that people have freedom to think and some may even think that Islam is not for them. The following are my reasons:

Until few years ago I used to think that my faith in Islam was not based on blind imitation but rather was the result of years of investigation and research. The fact that I had read

a lot of books on Islam, written by people whose thoughts I approved of and delving into philosophies that were within my comfort zone, emphasized my conviction that I had found the truth. All my biased research confirmed my faith. Just like other Muslims I used to believe that to learn about anything one has to go to the source. Of course the source of Islam is the Quran and the books written by Muslim scholars. Therefore, I felt no need to look elsewhere in order to find the truth, as I was convinced that I have already found it. As Muslims say "*Talabe ilm ba'd az wossule ma'loom mazmoom*". The search of knowledge after gaining it is foolish.

Of course, this is a foolish idea. What if we want to learn the truth about one of these dangerous cults? Is it enough to depend only on what the cult leader and his deluded followers say? Wouldn't it be prudent to widen our research and find out what other people have to say about them? Going to the source makes sense only in scientific matters, because scientists are not "believers". They do not say something because they have blind faith. Scientists make a critical analysis of the evidence. It is very much different from a religious approach that is based entirely on faith and belief.

I suppose it was my acquaintance with the western humanistic values that made me more sensitive and whetted my appetite for democracy, freethinking, human rights, equality, etc. It was then that when I reread the Quran I came across injunctions that were not on a par with my newfound humanistic values, I was distressed and felt very uncomfortable to read teachings like these:

[Q.3:90](#)

But those who reject Faith after they accepted it, and then go on adding to their defiance of Faith,- never will their repentance be accepted; for they are those who have gone astray.

[Q.16: 106](#)

Any one who, after accepting faith in Allah, utters Unbelief,- except under compulsion, his heart remaining firm in Faith – but such as open their breast to Unbelief, on them is Wrath from Allah, and theirs will be a dreadful Penalty.

One may think that the dreadful penalty mentioned here pertains to the next world. But Muhammad made sure that these people received their penalty in this world as well. See the following:

[Sahih Bukhari Volume 6, Book 61, Number 577:](#)

I heard the Prophet saying, “In the last days (of the world) there will appear young people with foolish thoughts and ideas. They will give good talks, but they will go out of Islam as an arrow goes out of its game, their faith will not exceed their throats. So, wherever you find them, kill them, for there will be a reward for their killers on the Day of Resurrection.”

[Sahih Bukhari Volume 4, Book 63, Number 260:](#)

Ali burnt some people and this news reached Ibn ‘Abbas, who said, “Had I been in his place I would not have burnt them, as the Prophet said, ‘Don’t punish (anybody) with Allah’s Punishment.’ No doubt, I would have killed them, for the Prophet said, “If somebody (a Muslim) discards his religion, kill him.”

[Sahih Bukhari Volume 4, Book 63, Number 261:](#)

Eight men of the tribe of ‘Ukil came to the Prophet and then they found the climate of Medina unsuitable for them. So, they said, “O Allah’s Apostle! Provide us with some milk.” Allah’s Apostle said, “I recommend that you should join the herd of camels.” So they went and drank the urine and the milk of the camels (as a medicine) till they became healthy and fat. Then they killed the shepherd and drove away the

camels, and they became unbelievers after they were Muslims. When the Prophet was informed by a shouter for help, he sent some men in their pursuit, and before the sun rose high, they were brought, and he had their hands and feet cut off. Then he ordered for nails, which were heated and passed over their eyes, and they were left in the Harra (i.e. rocky land in Medina). They asked for water, and nobody provided them with water till they died.

And from Partial Translation of [Sunan Abu-Dawud Book 38, Number 4339](#) Narrated Aisha, Ummul Mu'minin:

The Apostle of Allah (peace_be_upon_him) Said: The blood of a Muslim man who testifies that there is no god but Allah and that Muhammad is Allah's Apostle should not lawfully be shed except only for one of three reasons: a man who committed fornication after marriage, in which case he should be stoned; one who goes forth to fight with Allah and His Apostle, in which case he should be killed or crucified or exiled from the land; or one who commits murder for which he is killed.

The following is very disturbing. I dare to say that any man who reads it and is not taken aback with disgust has a long way to go to become a human.

[Sunan Abu-Dawud Book 38, Number 4348](#)

Narrated Abdullah Ibn Abbas:

A blind man had a slave-mother who used to abuse the Prophet (peace_be_upon_him) and disparage him. He forbade her but she did not stop. He rebuked her but she did not give up her habit. One night she began to slander the Prophet (peace_be_upon_him) and abuse him. So he took a dagger, placed it on her belly, pressed it, and killed her. A child who came between her legs was smeared with the blood that was there. When the morning came, the Prophet (peace_be_upon_him) was informed about it.

He assembled the people and said: I adjure by Allah the man

who has done this action and I adjure him by my right to him that he should stand up. Jumping over the necks of the people and trembling the man stood up.

He sat before the Prophet (peace_be_upon_him) and said: Apostle of Allah! I am her master; she used to abuse you and disparage you. I forbade her, but she did not stop, and I rebuked her, but she did not abandon her habit. I have two sons like pearls from her, and she was my companion. Last night she began to abuse and disparage you. So I took a dagger, put it on her belly and pressed it till I killed her. Thereupon the Prophet (peace_be_upon_him) said: Oh be witness, no retaliation is payable for her blood.

I felt the above story was a manifest injustice. Muhammad condoned a man killing a pregnant mother and his own unborn child just because he said that she insulted him!

(Arabs used to sleep with their maid slaves. Quran perpetuates this tradition [Q.33: 52](#) *"It is not lawful for thee (to marry more) women after this, nor to change them for (other) wives, even though their beauty attract thee, except any thy right hand should possess (as handmaidens): and Allah doth watch over all things."* Muhammad himself slept with Mariyah the maid slave of Hafsa his wife without marrying her.)

Forgiving someone for killing another human being just because he said she insulted Muhammad is unacceptable. What if that man was lying to escape punishment? What does this story say about Muhammad's sense of Justice? During the past 1400 years, imagine how many husbands escaped punishment for killing their innocent wives by accusing them of blaspheming the prophet of God and this Hadith has made them get away with it.

Here is another one:

[Sunan Abu-Dawud Book 38, Number 4349](#)

Narrated Ali ibn AbuTalib:

A Jewess used to abuse the Prophet (peace_be_upon_him) and disparage him. A man strangled her till she died. The Apostle of Allah (peace_be_upon_him) declared that no recompense was payable for her blood.

It was not easy to read these stories and not be moved. There is no reason to believe that all these stories were fabricated. Why should believers, who have tried to depict their prophet as a compassionate man fabricate so many stories that would make him look like a ruthless tyrant? I could no longer accept the brutal treatment of those who chose not to accept Islam. Faith is a personal matter. I could no more accept that the punishment of someone who criticizes any religion must be death. See how Muhammad dealt with the unbelievers:

[*Sunan Abu-Dawud Book 38, Number 4359*](#)

Narrated Abdullah ibn Abbas:

The verse "The punishment of those who wage war against Allah and His Apostle, and strive with might and main for mischief through the land is execution, or crucifixion, or the cutting off of hands and feet from opposite side or exile from the land...most merciful" was revealed about polytheists. If any of them repents before they are arrested, it does not prevent from inflicting on him the prescribed punishment, which he deserves."

How could a messenger of God maim and crucify people on the account that they resist accepting him? Could such a person really be a messenger of God? Wasn't there a better man with more moral and ethical fortitude to bear this mighty responsibility?

I could not accept the fact that Muhammad slaughtered 900 Jews in one day, after he captured them in a raid that he started.

I read the following story and I shivered:

[Sunan Abu-Dawud Book 38, Number 4390](#)

Narrated Atiyyah al-Qurazi:

I was among the captives of Banu Qurayzah. They (the Companions) examined us, and those who had begun to grow hair (pubes) were killed, and those who had not were not killed. I was among those who had not grown hair

Also, I found following story shocking:

[Sunan Abu-Dawud Book 38, Number 4396](#)

Narrated Jabir ibn Abdullah:

A thief was brought to the Prophet (peace_be_upon_him). He said: Kill him. The people said: He has committed theft, Apostle of Allah! Then he said: Cut off his hand. So his (right) hand was cut off. He was brought a second time and he said: Kill him. The people said: He has committed theft, Apostle of Allah! Then he said: Cut off his foot.

So his (left) foot was cut off.

He was brought a third time and he said: Kill him.

The people said: He has committed theft, Apostle of Allah!

So he said: Cut off his hand. (So his (left) hand was cut off.)

He was brought a fourth time and he said: Kill him.

The people said: He has committed theft, Apostle of Allah!

So he said: Cut off his foot. So his (right) foot was cut off.

He was brought a fifth time and he said: Kill him.

So we took him away and killed him. We then dragged him and cast him into a well and threw stones over him.

Seems that Muhammad passed judgment before hearing the case. Also by cutting a thief's hand he is left with no other means to earn his bread except begging, which would be difficult

since he is defamed as a thief and so hated by people. Therefore re-offending becomes his only means of livelihood. After living many years in the West and being received kindly by people of other religions or of no religion, who loved me and accepted me as their friend; who let me into their lives and their heart, I could no longer accept the following mandates of the

Quran as the words of God:

[Q.58: 22](#)

You will not find any people who believe in Allah and the Last Day, making friendship with those who oppose Allah and His Messenger...[Q.3: 118-120](#)

O you who believe! Take not as (your) bitaanah (advisors, consultants, protectors, helpers, friends, etc.) those outside your religion (pagans, Jews, Christians, and hypocrites) since they will not fail to do their best to corrupt you. They desire to harm you severely. Hatred has already appeared from their mouths, but what their breasts conceal is far worse. Indeed We have made clear to you the aayaat (proofs, evidence, verses), if you understand. Lo! You are the ones who love them but they love you not, and you believe in all the Scriptures [i.e., you believe in the Tawraat and the Injeel, while they disbelieve in your Book (the Qur'an)]. And when they meet you, they say, 'We believe.' But when they are alone, they bite the tips of their fingers at you in rage. Say: 'Perish in your rage. Certainly Allah knows what is in the breasts (all the secrets).' If a good befalls you, it grieves them, but some evil overtakes you, they rejoice at it...

And

[Q.5: 51](#)

O you who believe! Take not the Jews and the Christians as awliya' (friends, protectors, helpers, etc.), they are but

awliya' to one another...

I also found the above statement false. The evidence is in the Bosnia and Kosovo crisis; where Christian countries, waged war against another Christian country, to liberate Muslims. Many Jewish doctors volunteered to help the Kosovar refugees, despite the fact that during the WWII, the same Albanian Muslims took sides with Hitler and helped him in his holocaust against the Jews.

It became obvious to me that Muslims are accepted by all the people of the world yet our prophet wants us to hate them, to disassociate ourselves from them, to force them into our way of life or kill them, subdue them and make them pay Jizya. How silly! How pathetic! How inhumane! No wonder there is so much inexplicable hate of the West and of the Jews among Muslims. It was Muhammad who inseminated the hate and the distrust of the non-believers among his followers. How can Muslims integrate with other nations while holding these hateful messages of the Quran as the words of God?

There are many Muslims who immigrate to non-Muslim countries and are received with open arms. Many of them get into politics and become part of the ruling elite. We suffer no discrimination in the non-Islamic countries. But see how our holy prophet tells us to deal with non-Muslims where we are the majority:

[0.9: 29](#)

Fight those who believe not in Allah nor the Last Day, nor hold that forbidden which hath been forbidden by Allah and His Messenger, nor acknowledge the religion of Truth, (even if they are) of the People of the Book, until they pay the Jizya with willing submission, and feel themselves subdued.

I also find the following verses completely against my conscience. I love all humanity and wish everyone to be happy

in this world and forgiven in the next. But my holy prophet bade me not to seek forgiveness for the unbelievers even if they are my parents and beloved ones.

(Interpretation of the meaning by Muhsin Khan):

[0.9: 113](#)

It is not (proper) for the Prophet and those who believe to ask Allaah's forgiveness for the mushrikeen, even though they be of kin, after it has become clear to them that they are the dwellers of the Fire (because they died in state of disbelief).

Quran and hadith are full of outrageous verses like these that to me are clear proof that Muhammad was not a prophet, but a cult leader. To force people to denounce their own family is what cults do. He was an impostor who lied so loudly and so forcefully that the ignorant people of his time believed in him. Then the following generations echoed these lies passing them to the next. Philosophers and writers were born in this atmosphere of lies and elaborated on them, embellished them, and made them credible. But when you go to the core of the religion, when you read the Quran and study the hadith you see they are nothing but pure nonsense. Rumi was a great poet and a mystic, he tried to give Islam mystical significance that it lacked. But what Rumi said is Rumi's thinking. Quran is bereft of mystical meanings. Muhammad's concept of religion and god was extremely primitive. Why Rumi, Attar, Sohrawardi or other mystics strive to attribute meanings to senseless verses of the Quran has to do with their upbringing as Muslim kids. On one hand, unlike the more rationalist thinkers such as Ar Razi, they could not denounce Islam altogether for it was ingrained in their subconscious mind. Nothing is more difficult to get rid of than religion. This is truly the most potent narcotic if it is administered to a person from childhood. Yet as intelligent people it was not possible for these great minds to accept the Quran for its face vale.

Therefore they tried to find exoteric meanings in meaningless verses of the Quran and it was they who gave birth to a new religion that had nothing to do with what was taught by Muhammad. Yet this religion was palatable to those with brains.

Thus we have two Islams. One that makes strives to attribute mystical significance and otherworldly meanings to the inane teachings of the Quran, as is professed by Sufis, and the other that rejects any interpretation of these verses beyond their literal meanings, as is practiced by the majority of Muslims with their hob in Saudi Arabia among the Wahhabis. And of course there is a myriad of sects that go in between these two extremes, each interpreting the Quran according to their own whims and caprices, each calling others mortad or heretics and constantly making war among themselves to impose their own "right" version of the pure Islam on others. However, the real Islam is not what its philosophers and mystics have inferred but what is in the Quran and that is the Islam of the fundamentalist and the terrorist. The real Islam is the Islam that abuses women, that allows men to beat their wives, that imposes penalty tax on the religious minorities, that wants to dominate the world by subduing all the non-Muslims, that calls for Jihad and killing the non-believers until Islam becomes the only dominant religion of the World.

My rejection of Islam is not based on the bad deeds of the Muslims but on the bad teachings of its holy book and on the bad deeds of its founder. Many cruelties and heinous acts of violence, perpetrated by Muslims throughout the centuries were inspired by the Quran and the Sunnah (the examples of the prophet). That is why I condemn ISLAM for the bad things that Muslims do. Any effort to humanize Islam is a waste of time. The obstacle to any reform is Quran. The enemy is Islam and that is the target of my attacks. I do that, despite knowing that I have become the magnet of the hatred of fanatical Muslims and my own life could be in danger. Yet I know that by

eradicating Islam we can save the world from the dangers of a catastrophe that otherwise is looming over our heads and could cause more disaster than the 1st and 2nd World Wars combined. Eradication of Islam means restoring peace among humanity and civility, democracy and prosperity in the Muslim world.

Ali Sina

Akbar's Personal Testimony

My name is Akbar, son of Mohammed Khaja Mohinuddin and my mother's name is Navanbee.

Before I could share my testimony, I would like to quote Romans 10:20 from the Epistle written by Apostle Paul, where the Lord says: "I was found by those who did not seek Me; I became manifest to those who did not ask for Me" (NASB). Apostle Paul quoted this Scripture from Chapter 65:1 in The Book of Isaiah.

The reason why I quoted this verse is to testify to the gracious, loving-kindness God showed according to this Scripture in my life and in the lives of my whole family. His Word has been proved to be true and it has been fulfilled in our lives. Though we did not seek Him, though we did not ask for Him, He found us and manifested Himself to us.

Here Is My Testimony

I am the sixth child to my parents following three oldest daughters and two sons. Our family was very religious and particular in following the traditions and beliefs of Islam.

My father was an engine driver working for South Central Railways and my mother is a house maker. My father was an

active member in the Mosque and my mother, a teacher of Qur'an, was very passionate towards Islam and serious about following its traditions, rituals, beliefs and teachings. My parents had brought us up in the same fear and faith of Islam.

God Manifested

It all started with my eldest brother, his name is Musthafa, who was born after my three elder sisters. One day as he was walking on the road, suddenly he heard a voice calling him by his name: "Musthafa, Musthafa, look at Me. I am the Lord your God." He looked all around to find the one who was calling him but he could not find anyone except himself in that place. It was a strange experience to him which had never before happened in his life. When the voice came again the second time, Musthafa recognized that it was coming from above.

Though he came to know that the voice was coming from above, he didn't know whose voice it was. Before he could think about anything else, immediately he was surrounded by Power which was like an electric power that led him to a small Christian tent meeting where a preacher was preaching about Jesus Christ. The Power which was all around him said, "The One who spoke to you on the way is the same One this man is preaching." There as that preacher was preaching about Jesus Christ, Musthafa understood that the One who spoke to him was Jesus Christ. There he accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour with a strong conviction as the Holy Spirit of the Lord dealt with him in his heart. As soon as my brother accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior, he was changed. He was no more reading the Quran or going with us to the mosque to offer prayer. He was not doing what he used to do along with us every day. My parents found out about his faith in Jesus Christ.

When my mother, father, and all of my family members came to know about Musthafa's new faith in Jesus Christ, they were very upset. We being Muslims did not believe that Jesus Christ

is the Son of God. According to the Quran, He is just one of the prophets among many other prophets. Allah does not have sons or daughters and we did not believe in the crucifixion of Jesus Christ because we believed that before the crucifixion of Jesus Christ Allah took Him up into the Heavens. Christians thought that Jesus was crucified on the cross and even Jews thought that they have crucified Jesus Christ, whereas we believed they crucified someone else whose face was changed by Allah into the likeness of the face of Jesus Christ. We also believed the Bible has been changed by the Christians, Jesus Christ came only for the Jews, and He promised about Mohammed in the Bible, who then came as a messenger of Allah for the entire world and we have to follow only Mohammed now.

My parents were unhappy and they were very angry with Musthafa. For many days arguments and discussions between Qur'an and Bible were going on but none of the other party got convinced. However, my parents noticed that whenever my brother prayed in the Name of Jesus healings were taking place. The sick people suffering with cancer tumours, the blind, the lame, and demon possessed people were getting healed when he prayed for them in the Name of Jesus and these things were under observation of my mother and father.

One day my mother's cousin's sister, my aunt, came to visit us. She was suffering with the disease of blood haemorrhage (The Issue of Blood) since many days and became very weak because of continuous flow of blood. She expected my mother to take her to a good doctor. Meanwhile, my mother asked my brother to pray for her and my brother agreed to pray for her. We all accepted and we were watching as he laid his hands on her and began to pray. As Musthafa started praying for her, suddenly she fell down on the floor and a screaming voice came out of her saying, "I will not leave her, I will not leave her!" and we understood that she was possessed by an evil spirit. As I was observing, whenever my brother took the Name of Jesus that demon which was inside of my aunt was shivering

out of terror and closing its ears. My brother questioned that spirit, "Who are you?" The demon spirit said, "I am a spirit sent by a person who was this women's enemy and wanted to kill her with this disease." When Musthafa said, "In the Name of Jesus Christ leave her!" that evil spirit was shivering and left her saying, "Because of you I am leaving her or else I would have killed her." After some time she got up and asked us, "What happened to me, and why was I on the floor?"

I asked her, "Do you know what all you spoke?" She said she didn't know anything about what had happened to her and what all she spoke. All she knew was she is healed! She could feel that healing and comfort and strength in her body; there was no pain, no flow of blood. She was full of joy and a great glow of happiness was on her face.

As this whole thing happened in front of my eyes I started reasoning, "Why evil spirit left in the Name of Jesus Christ? Why not in any other prophet's name? Why the evil spirit obeyed the command which was given in the Name of Jesus Christ? What is there in the Name of Jesus Christ that even evil spirit had obeyed to that Name? Why not the name of Mohammed? What Power or Authority does the Name of Jesus contain?" My mind was filled with all these kinds of thoughts and reasoning's.

My search for Truth

I decided to read the Bible to know about Jesus Christ who is claimed to be the Son of God by Christians. With an open heart in search of Truth I started reading the Bible. As I was reading, I came across Scripture in the Gospel according to Mark 16:16-18 where in the 17th verse Jesus Christ said, "These signs will accompany those who have believed; in My Name they will cast out demons..." (NASB). This verse of Scripture almost knocked me down and it opened my spiritual eyes. When I read this verse which was spoken by Jesus Christ approximately 2000 years ago, I was amazed to see that the

Word of Jesus Christ is true and still alive and that Word is working. It had manifested in front of my eyes and it is containing Life even now; still there is Life in those words. According to this Scripture, when my brother commanded the evil spirit in the Name of Jesus Christ, the evil spirit left. I could not deny the fact that the words of Jesus Christ are true and had manifested in front of my eyes.

This incident brought faith in me in the Word of Jesus Christ. My Muslim spiritual leaders had taught me that even if Jesus was given the Gospel, it is only for that time and for those people. If that was true, how come the words of Jesus Christ are working now? With this incident I understood that the words of Jesus Christ are not just for that time and for those people but for all the people for all generations till the end. I understood that, "If this Word of Jesus Christ has proved itself to be true, then all the words of Jesus Christ in the Bible, whatever He said about Himself and who He is, must be true." As I continued to read the Bible, each and every doubt and misconception about Jesus Christ and His Word (Bible) was answered. I have got all the answers for all the allegations made by Muslims about Jesus Christ and the Christian Doctrine. When I read the Word of God in the Bible, it corrected me and made me understand all of the wrong teachings against Christian Theology which I was taught by Muslim Theologians.

By the words of Jesus Christ, for the first time in my whole life I was introduced to God as a loving Father to whom I could go closer and speak to Him personally and fellowship with Him. For the first time the emptiness in my spirit was filled with God's Love and His Presence. I understood the Love of God and the purpose and plan of God which manifested through Jesus Christ by sending Him into the world to die on the cross to take away the sins of the world. And also the Judgment of the world as we see in the words of Jesus Christ in the Gospel according to John 3:16-17 which says: "For God

so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved" (KJV).

I understood that salvation is a free gift to all humankind through Jesus Christ from God, which man cannot achieve it by his good works. I realized God the Father had imputed Power in the Name of Jesus Christ for his Glory when I read the Epistle written by Apostle Paul to the Philippians Chapter 2:8-11: "And being found in fashion (appearance) as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name: that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth: and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of the Father" (KJV).

On December 24th of 1998 I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour and took baptism. Since then the call of God and the strong passionate urge in me to preach His Gospel and His Word of Truth to the dying world has been very strong like a burning fire in my heart. I resigned my job from a multinational company and I dedicated my life to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ and His Word of Truth all over the world till my last breath.

Ministry

My brother Musthafa and I started preaching the Gospel. As the days were going on, this news of our conversion spread all over the town and it was very embarrassing to my parents as, being an example to our whole Muslim community in our town and among all of our relatives, my father and mother felt very ashamed because they felt that it's a shameful act on our family's name that my brother and I were following

Christianity and preaching the Gospel. But as the days passed, one after the other of my family members accepted the Gospel and came to Jesus Christ miraculously as the Lord opened their hearts like He opened the heart of Lydia (Acts 16:14).

My Mother And Father Accepted Jesus Christ

One day my mother questioned God, "If what my sons are preaching is the Truth, I want to know about it." As she prayed she saw a vision in that she saw Jesus Christ. His whole body was wounded and blood was flowing from all over His body. When my mother saw this she could not bear it and she accepted Jesus Christ.

Though my mother accepted Jesus Christ, she was a secret believer because of my father. One day as my father was driving his train, he got down to check the engine. After checking it, he was getting back inside the engine and suddenly he felt something bite him on his leg. But he ignored it and by the time he came home his leg was swollen. When he consulted the doctor the doctor said, "It is elephantiasis and there is no cure or medication for this disease." My father was upset, feeling sad and thinking, "Why has this disease come to me since in my whole genealogy no one has gotten such a kind of a disease?"

We took the opportunity to share about Jesus Christ and we told him that Jesus Christ is all capable to heal him. Immediately my father said, "If He heals me I will believe in Him and accept Him as my Lord and Saviour." We prayed for him and we gave him a bottle of oil. We told him, "This oil represents the blood of Christ which He shed for you on the cross and by faith apply it." My father took the oil bottle and whenever he got the time in his working hours he applied it. When he returned from his work after two days, all the peels fell from his leg and his leg became normal. He was amazed at this miracle and this miracle brought faith in him and he accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior and also

he took baptism.

One after the other in my family accepted Jesus Christ including my sisters, their husbands, and also their children. Even my second brother, who was against us and used to criticize us, accepted Jesus Christ. Of course everyone had experienced miracles in their lives when we prayed for them so all of them accepted Jesus Christ.

Excommunicated

We have been excommunicated by Muslims from our religion and from our relatives, and all who were near and dear had forsaken us. Being reproached for the Name of Christ we esteemed ourselves to be blessed because He made us worthy to suffer shame for His Name. Many times being threatened to be killed we never looked back. Whatever we have suffered and are still suffering, it is nothing before Our Lord's Love and Crucifixion for us.

In our same town we started the Church Ministry by the call of God and we went on preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ throughout the villages which are all around the town and district. I have worked with Campus Crusade for Christ. I took the Jesus Film projector and went on doing Evangelism all around the villages and even into deep forests where tribal people lived, showing The Jesus Film and preaching the Gospel. Many came to Jesus Christ and accepted Him as Lord and Saviour. The Church was increasing day by day; many people were joining the Church as the Ministry expanded all around.

Winning Muslims for Christ Ministry

This Ministry is working among Muslims, having committed to the Great Commission of the Lord Jesus Christ: "Go into all the World, and preach the Gospel to all creation" (Mark 16:15). Jesus Christ commanded us to preach the Gospel to all creation. All will not be all without Muslims.

If we see throughout the history of the Church and even now, the only people who were not being evangelized are Muslims. We find very few people from the Muslim background who have come to the Lord all over the world. If the Lord questions the Church, "Have you preached the gospel to all creation?" the Church may respond, "Except to Muslims, Oh Lord!"

Two Reasons Why Muslims Are Not Evangelized

When I was praying to God He spoke to my heart and gave me the two reasons why Muslims are not being evangelized:

(1) The Church is neglecting the Muslims and thinking that it is someone else's work.

(2) Though some Churches want to evangelize Muslims, they do not know how to do so.

The Vision and Mission

The Vision and Mission of this Ministry is to impart the vision and burden for Muslims in the Churches and to train and equip the Churches for Muslim Evangelism. This Ministry conducts Training Programs, Conferences and Seminars to train and equip the Churches and the individuals for Muslim evangelism.

By this I can once again say that the Word of God according to Romans 10:20 has been fulfilled in my life and in the lives of my family members: "I was found by those who did not seek Me; I became manifest to those who did not ask for Me."

Let all the Glory and Honour be unto God Almighty who is rich in His Mercy and Grace. Amen.

Please pray for me and for the Muslim ministry that I am doing.

Yours in Christ's Service,
Peter Akbar

For further information please contact me
at: peterakbar@rediffmail.com