

make a decision whatever happens, joy or sadness, friends or no friends, father or no father. Then, while praying I had a vision of Christ. I felt then that He was everything to me. This was the most beautiful moment of my life.

My heart was filled with joy and I cried out, "Lord accept me. Sin has dominion over me, but you can deliver me of its hold." In that moment I knew, deep in my heart, that I was fully accepted. There was a complete change in me and I knew I had crossed over from death to life (John 5:24).

In the world there is tribulation

Afterwards I returned home. My sister told me of my father's cruel intentions. He had decided to lock me up in my room and never let me out of the house. So I left the house immediately and went to a Christian friend who put me up for the night. The following day, the police arrived to inquire why I had fled my father's home. I was advised to leave the town immediately – which I did – and took refuge in the house of a missionary who employed me for the translation of the Holy Scriptures. Later I was baptised.

When the fanatic Muslims heard about this, they were more than furious. While I was being led by a Christian in a little cart, about 200 furious men jumped on me, dragged me from the cart and started beating me with big sticks until I fell to the ground unconscious. Thinking I was dead, they left. The police were powerless in front of such a determined gang. But they helped my friend to lift me up and put me back in the cart. He drove me to his house and treated my wounds. The police chief urged my friend to send me away from the town as he did not have enough staff to stand up against such a large gang.

Rejoicing and alive in Christ

I joined a group of Christians and helped the spreading of the word of God with them. I spent thirteen happy years with them. I saw hundreds of conversions. People gave up their idols of stone and wood. They were baptised and became fervent disciples of Christ.

We certainly had many 'adventures' while visiting villages. Blessed be our Lord for protecting us from wild animals, tigers, leopards, serpents, also from floods, many other dangers and especially from men with evil intentions. Many were converted. What a privilege to bring the Good News of Jesus Christ to people who have never heard it. Yes my friends, it is really wonderful to be saved, to receive eternal life and to serve our Lord Jesus Christ

Sheik Abdul Aziz

Would you like to receive an "Injil" or need something explained? Please write to:

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I was born a Moslem ...



I want to tell you why I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour.

My father Sheikh Hamed, was a rich business man with a good education. He spoke several languages. He belonged to the fighting tribe of the Sheikhs. I received a strict education according to the Moslem teaching, "There is no other god but God and Mohammed is his prophet."

The Bible and the Koran

Moslems accept a large part of the Bible, but they refuse certain texts of the New Testament concerning the divinity of the Lord Jesus, the only Son of the Father. They cannot accept one God in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

They also deny the atoning death of Christ on the cross and His resurrection. They teach that during the crucifixion of Jesus, God took Him to heaven and another man who looked like Him was crucified at his place. They believe, however, that Christ will return to earth one day in His human body.

My father was sort of a reformer. People used to meet at his house to discuss doctrinal problems. When I was thirteen, my father sent me to a missionary school so that I would get a good English education. The rest of the family did not agree. However he persisted on sending me, but seriously warned me against the Bible.

Nevertheless, in spite of my prejudice against Christianity, I was soon captivated by the content of the Bible.

I discovered two things:

1. In the eyes of a holy God, I was a sinner. I was lost and needed a saviour.

2. By means of the atoning death of His Son on the cross at Calvary, God offered a way of salvation.

In spite of this, my Muslim friends considered me very religious. I would go to the mosque five times a day to pray. I fasted and accomplished faithfully all the rituals of my religion. This made me feel good and satisfied with myself! However, one question remained and bothered me very much, "What will happen when I die"?

My father reacted zealously

I told my father how I felt. He was puzzled and recommended a serious study of the Koran and a serious comparison between Islam and Christianity. I came to the conclusion that the Koran does not lead to salvation and is not inspired by God. Mohammed had no credentials (rights) which certified he was God's prophet and even less a saviour since he had to pray for the forgiveness of his own sins.

Then my father suggested that I study yoga and the philosophy of theosophy. I agreed and became a Chela, a disciple of a famous priest in Mecca.

I was taught to learn by heart certain passages of the Koran, to repeat Allah's name thousands of times while holding my hands in a certain way to prevent them from doing wrongful actions. But I was disappointed and received no help at all. I could not get rid of my sinful nature!

Christ and Satan's opposition

Having tried to observe conscientiously the religion of my ancestors without finding relief for my soul, I went back to the Bible to find – at last – the secret of salvation.

I persevered in my search and came into contact with several men of God. One of them led me into a real understanding of the truth, which shattered the very foundation of my Muslim faith.

I learnt that the Lord Jesus really was the true Son of God. He became a man similar to us but without sin. He suffered an atoning death at Calvary, so that I could be free.

The devil told me that if I became a Christian, my father would expel me from our house and the members of my family and my friends would consider me dead. Nobody would look after me. It seemed very hard to leave a beautiful house and become a beggar, chased from place to place and perhaps eventually be killed. The devil tried very hard to crush me with terrible visions of my future.

The Holy Spirit and prayer

Then I thought to myself, "Could I not accept the Lord Jesus in my heart as my Saviour and keep it secret"? – Darkness invaded my soul. There was a painful struggle in my heart which was so thirsty for deliverance and new life.

My father finally realized what was happening to me. In his fury, he burned my Bible and all my Christian pamphlets and books. Then he said to me, "Now you must be reasonable and keep away from all this literature." I replied, "Father you can burn my Bible but you cannot burn what I have in the depths of my heart."

The Spirit of God is very real. He continues His work deep in the soul if only we let Him speak to us through the Scriptures. At that time several Christians met to pray for me. I joined them and felt that the Holy Spirit was leading me to