

Agonies of the Seeking Man

By Timothy Abraham

It is no secret that life is birthed out of death, out of agonies, of heart-rending travails. Such was my life in search of the truth in that I experienced every kind of mental, emotional, and even physical agony you could imagine. Determining where one spends eternity is no trivial matter for it is one of two places, Heaven or Hell. May Allah grant us the promised Heaven as He purchased us from Damnation as He, glory be to His exalted Name, fulfilled that in the person of His Word, Isa Al-Maseeh, glory to His Name.

I mentioned earlier that I had a pen-friend who I sought to convert by all means from Christianity into Islam. To achieve such a worthy task, I read every book I could lay my hand upon. That pen friend was John from Pennsylvania. He visited me for two months—right in my own house in the simple village that was rich in the hearts of its farmers who knew how to love and care.

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 the 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 theirs 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 here is not 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 inerrant 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 depths 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, Muadh ibn Jabal, and Khalid ibn Walid. Yet I persisted in asking God to guide me.

Guide me, O Thou great Allah, 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 tears, "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 could get from Him. I tried to keep my faith secret and so was baptized secretly in a pastor's house.