

The Desert Son - A Testimony from Saudi Arabia

I was born in Saudi Arabia as a member of a Muslim family. We were a very happy family, and I loved my relationship with them. I also felt very happy because I did all the things that God asked me to. I had learned one sixth of the holy Qur'an by heart and a lot of the Hadith. When I was a teenager, I became an Imam for the mosque.

I was always very serious to do all that God ordered me to do: fasting during Ramadan, praying five times a day or more, Hajj and so on. I was, at that time, very desirous to meet God at the last day, even though I had no guarantee he would accept me. I had always hoped for this. My hope grew when I started to think about fighting in the name of God (Jihad) in Afghanistan. I was sixteen years old. My parents would not let me go because I was too young. So I decided to wait until I was old enough.

I always had love and respect for the Muslim people, but no love or respect in my heart for Christians, and the Jews were my first enemy of course.

After some time, the devil found his way into our home and our life, and my life became very difficult. Slowly I drifted far away from God until I reached a point that I believed there was no God at all.

My life became busy. I had a very good job and earned a lot of money, yet I was still not happy because I was afraid of the day I would die. Sometimes questions came to my mind—will I be with God in heaven or not? It was very frightening to think, even for a few seconds, that I might not be there. I was fearful of my future.

One day I was battling with a big problem in my life. I was in my room looking through the window up at the sky. Then I remembered God, and I wanted to pray to him to ask him for help, but which God should I pray to? Allah? I was sure that he was very angry with me because I had not prayed for a very long time. Or Jesus? I knew He had done a lot of miracles in the lives of other people.

Then I said, "Jesus help me!" I don't know why I spoke like this. I sat down on my bed and told myself, "What is this stupid thing you just did?" Anyway, I did not expect anything

to happen or my problem to go away.

However, one and a half days later, my problem was solved! I decided to find out who this Jesus is. Is he God as the Christian people say, or is he a prophet as Islam teaches? At this time, I left my country and travelled to Europe.

On the third day of my trip, I decided to go back to the Middle East. During that night I had a dream. I was standing in a cross shape with a low wall around it. In my right hand, I had

a big stack of blank white paper. I was standing at the cross beam, and I was looking at a small group of people who were standing at the top. They all wore long white clothing, but one of them was different. He was standing at the right side, and with his left hand he was leading the people through a door in the wall. Beyond the door was light, and I could not see what was in there. One moment I was standing in the dream, and the next moment I was seeing the cross from above. It was difficult for me to understand this.

When I woke up the next morning, I felt a very beautiful joy in my heart that I never had before. I also felt a love in my heart. I just wanted to walk and to walk and to ask every one I met, "Do you know Jesus?"

It was more than a great feeling. It was happiness that I had never

known before in my life.

After one year of reading the Bible in an honest way, I understand now what happened to me. I found my way to God, the real God, the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope now that all the people I love, my family and my friends, and everyone to change and begin to read the Bible in an honest way. I am sure that God will help them to find their way.

I feel love in my heart, and I am very happy to know Jesus. When I was a Muslim, I could never imagine that the Christians were right. After that I found out how much God loves me, and I became a Christian. Yes, He loves me, He loves you, and He loves the whole world.

Jesus Christ loved us, and He still does. And don't forget in the last day nobody can save us, only Jesus Christ.

