



FORSAKING
MY FATHER'S
RELIGION

BY MOHAMAD FARIDI

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This book is dedicated to my wife Susan and my supporting Pastors Glen and Janice Lambert who encouraged me to put my testimony in writing. A big thank you to Jerry Churchill and to John Clive who made the publishing of this book possible.

SECTION ONE

My Father's Religion

MY NAME IS MOHAMAD FARIDI. I was born and raised in a devout Shi'ite family in Tehran, Iran. My father, who came from a very poor family in Northern Iran, worked in the local hospital as a lab technician. He was a very hard working person; and at a very young age began to take care of and provide for his parents and siblings. He put himself through college and helped many of his siblings obtain their degrees as well. Even after he got married and had a family of his own he helped his siblings out financially. My mother came from a very religious Muslim family. She worked as a phone operator in the hospital until she got married. After that she stayed at home and took care of me and my two older brothers.

All children born into a Muslim family are dedicated to Islam, at birth, by the reciting of the *Shahada*, in their ears before being handed to their mother. It was no different for me. From

Shahada is an Islamic creed declaring belief in the oneness of god and the acceptance of Muhammad as his prophet.

a young age, I learned to read and recite the Quran, the holy book of Islam, in Arabic even though my mother tongue was Farsi. My parents insisted that I participate in the various Shi'ite rituals, and that I attended congregational prayer and Quran classes in a Mosque, which is a house of worship. I was taught and confessed that "There is no god but Allah and Muhammad is his prophet." I was also taught along with all other Muslim children that Islam is the culmination of all religions and superior to all other ways of life. Allah and his prophet Muhammad, who is Allah's last messenger, wish to see Islam established throughout the world.

From a young age, I ached to know Allah and loved learning about Islam. Islam is a religion of submission; the word Islam literally means submission and surrender. I willingly surrendered myself to the submission of Islam. As a result, I joined religious groups and became the most zealous of my family in seeking Allah and Islam. Although I am the youngest of my siblings, I encouraged and persuaded my older brothers to be serious in following Islam. I washed (*Wuḍū*),

Wuḍū (pronounced vuzu) is the ceremonial washing of head, face, hands and feet before Namaz or touching the Quran.

and prayed (*Namaz*) five times a day. I would wake up before the sunrise every day, wash myself with cold water and do my morning prayers, which is a series of standing, bowing, kneeling, and pressing my forehead on the ground the whole time reciting the ritual prayer (*Salat*). I also joined the congregational prayer at the local mosque for the afternoon and evening prayer times. For Muslims, gathering in a mosque and praying together is evidence of their faith's power and unity. After these prayer times, we would listen to the Sheikh's sermon and engage in discussion about religious matters. After everyone had left, I would pick up after them and then leave. These were just some of the religious duties I performed in my daily life.

Sheikh is a Muslim leader usually with graduate level education in Islamic theology.

Along with many other Muslims, during the holy month of Ramadan, I fasted thirty days. Fasting was from dawn to dusk. You are not allowed to eat, drink, smoke, or engage in sexual relations during this time. My family would wake up an hour before the sunrise, eat a meal, recite Quran, and spend some time in prayer before dawn. My mom

encouraged us to join her in reciting the entire Quran during Ramadan.

The next important month in the Shi'ite calendar is *Moharram*, the month of blood. During this time Shi'ite Muslims remember and ritually mourn for their dead Imams, who according to the Shi'ites are the first appointed leaders after the prophet Muhammad. During these times of mourning, we would gather at certain mosques or shrines. At these locations a Sheikh would recite the eulogy of the dead Imam and people would weep and beat and cut themselves.

Shrines are holy tombs of the dead Imams or their descendants, and they are in many locations throughout Iran.

Men, to the rhythm of the eulogy, would beat their bare chests with their hands till it was bruised. I participated in as many of these services as I could. I did these things assiduously, beating my chest and bruising my back with chains; and I would also kneel before a fellow adherent, allowing him to strike my head with a sharp sword several times to imitate the way Imam Ali was martyred. I even could hear the strikes of the sword inside my head. Blood ran down the sides of my head and when I touched my head

with the palm of my hand hair and blood were on it. Once after beating myself on my chest for nine straight days, I was so weak, broken, and in pain that on the tenth day even though I wanted to go and participate more I could not. I felt so condemned for failing to

Imam Ali was Prophet Muhammad's son-in-law, believed by Shi'ites to be the successor after the Prophet. He was killed by the strike of a poisoned sword to his head.

continue with these rigors that day, and thought to myself what kind of Muslim am I? My participation in these ceremonies left scars on my back and head, which I still have today. I did all of this to please Allah and fulfill what was asked of me by Islam. For I had been taught that one day I would have to stand before Allah, who would be holding a pair of scales and the pile of bad deeds had to be outweighed by my good deeds if I was to enter paradise. All these rituals were acts of duty to put more weight on the good deed pile; and yet, still there was no guarantee for me.

Among these Shi'ite expressions of devotion is the duty of waiting for the reappearance of Imam Mahdi, the 12th Imam in Shi'ite sect. He is believed to be the savior and was born

but disappeared and will remain hiding from humanity until he reappears to bring justice to the world. Iranians believe that he is hidden in a particular well. Generation after generation has been waiting for him to reappear. For 1200 years in fact! “Maybe this Friday he will come, maybe,” we would say to one another. We were always ready; and so we kept the doors and alleyways clean in anticipation of his return, but he has never appeared. I would sit at this well for days, writing my prayers, throwing them in the well, and waiting. But he never responded to me. I asked the Sheikhs, “Why does he not respond to me?” They always answered me, “Son, you are not worthy enough yet.”

As I dove deeper into the teachings of Islam, I realized that what I was doing was not enough. The only certain way according to the Quran to achieve the ultimate goal of entering Paradise, was to become a martyr for Allah in the holy war, Jihad. Jihad unifies Muslims in a common goal to cleanse this world from all ungodliness and prepare it for the savior to come. I was prepared to become a martyr. I wanted to sacrifice my life willingly in Jihad, and suffer a worthy death to gain Islam's paradise. In actuality, all I was truly seeking was forgiveness from my sins and a

relationship with god. He was the holy one and I was the unholy. No matter how devoted I was to him as a servant and submitted to all that was required of me; he distanced himself from me. My submission was driven by fear. There was no personal relationship between god and I and no felt warmth of affection in my heart, either from me to him or from him to me. It was all actions done out of duty.

SECTION TWO

Encountering the Truth

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO, I finished my mandatory service in the Iranian Revolutionary Army. Shortly afterwards, I met up with an old high school friend to catch up on life. During our conversation, he began to tell me how much his life and his family's lives had changed since they became Christians. This was the first time in twenty-two years I was hearing about Christianity. After two hours of hearing his account of what God had been doing miraculously in their lives, I was very confused. None of it made sense, until the moment he explained that Jesus sacrificed his life also for me and my sin, that God "so loved you that he has given his only begotten son to redeem you from the guilt of your sins," and that He would give me eternal life if I only believed. This was the very thing that for so long as a Muslim I had worked so hard to obtain, sacrificing myself and shedding my own

The Iranian Revolutionary Army protects the country's Islamic System, inside oppositions, and boosts Iranian regime influence globally.

blood, but never came close to achieving. The message of what Jesus had done through his sacrifice brought me to my knees; I repented and gave my life to Jesus Christ that very day. I didn't know him but I trusted him, because he laid down his life for me.

The next Friday I went with my friend to a service at an Armenian Church in Tehran. When I walked in, I encountered a tangible pleasant peace and a love that I had never felt. It was a feeling of lightness; a liberation from my condemnation. I wanted to stay there forever. I was home. The years of rigorous Islamic rituals never produced such a peace. As I was captivated with the overwhelming peace, I noticed on the overhead screen at the front of the building, "Turn your cell phone off to respect the presence of the Lord." I thought to myself, "That couldn't be right. The presence of the Lord can't be contained in this building." But at the same time I could not deny the presence of the Lord that was with me. Then the church service started, and the people started to sing, clapping their hands and praising the Lord because He had died for them. These Christians worshiped with a song that said:

*Yes, Jesus you gave it up for me.
You gave up glory,
Dignity of heaven to reconcile me to God.
Yes, you gave it up for me.
You gave up your life on the cross.
You forgave my sins and gave me hope.
Yes, you gave it up for me.*

The words of this song proved to me that this God is meek and lowly hearted. But that was not the end of His story. They were also celebrating the fact that He had also risen from the dead; he had come back to life! This struck me, because it was completely the opposite of what I had practiced in my life – weeping and mourning for those Imams who had died and were still dead.

After the service, my friend gave me a New Testament (a “Gospel”) and told me, “This is the living word of God written for you. Go and read it and God will talk to you through this book.” I read the gospel over and over during that week. As I read it, I got more immersed in it, and it became more alive to me. Every time it offered me something new. I got more connected to the Bible, and God

started really talking to me through it. I thought at first that I was being manipulated. It seemed that someone had studied my life and had written the New Testament just for me! But, I could not put the Bible down. One of the verses that came alive to me and set me free that week was:

“Come to me all you who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light.” Matt. 11:28-30

How did the God of the Bible know that I had labored for so long and was heavy laden carrying religion's heavy yoke? Rest was the very thing I had been searching for in Islam, my entire life, and had never found. Through the eyes of Islam this life is a constant labor and service to Allah and his prophet. The god that I served and had been sacrificing my life for was never satisfied with me. He always wanted me to do more, even to the point of taking my life in Jihad. And then, only then might I have rest and enter paradise. But now I was being introduced to a God who has already given

His Son's life for me and for my sins. He sacrificed His own Son for my forgiveness. And I had already enjoyed His peace for free, a peace that despite all my extreme efforts, I had never experienced. Everything that I had worked for through rituals - peace, rest, and forgiveness of my sins - was already freely provided in Christ Jesus. I so wanted Him in my life, and to know Him more and more.

The cost of not practicing Islam any longer was great. I had committed THE unforgivable sin of *Shirk*, saying or accepting that there is another God other than Allah. One day when I was home praying to Jesus, my dad heard me and came to my room. He asked me what I was doing because the way that I was praying was foreign to him. I told him that I was praying to

The cost of renouncing the Muslim faith is to reject your family's values and what they believe, and as a result of that you lose them and your friends. The Muslim faith teaches that if you commit shirk, you cannot be forgiven and there is no chance to return; your punishment is to live in hell for eternity. According to the Islamic law you are sentenced to death if you convert to Christianity. You literally are signing your death warrant.

Jesus. He asked me, "Why Jesus?" I said, "Baba, I found someone who actually listens to my prayers and answers back. I became a Christian." I went too far for him that night. He got very upset, saying "WHAT!" I was excited and he was mad. He said, "Astaghfir Allah!" meaning "beg god's forgiveness." He started cursing me, and kicked me out of the house. With no place to go, I told my Christian friend what happened, and his parents took me to their place and let me stay with them for a while.

There, I got to know other Christians who were part of the underground churches scattered throughout various cities in Iran. My friend's parents were relatively new believers and yet they led a

The underground churches usually have between 10 to 15 people and meet in a home. They generally consist of family members, neighbors or other fellow Christians. Everyone shares all that they have with fellow Christians- from home, to food, to clothes. They gather together, worship God, pray and share the gospel. Some of the home group leaders oversee multiple underground churches in their city and/or other cities throughout Iran.

church in their home. During our times of gathering together we would read the Bible, pray, and talk about the testimony of the Lord Jesus. We would also watch Christian TV broadcasts from the United States through Satellite TV. Other Christians from various cities would come to their house for fellowship. This is how I got to know Christians from various towns and cities throughout Iran, and I would travel to their homes churches as well. One of the best periods of my life was during the time that I spent with my friend's family. They truly loved me and accepted me like a son. We discussed the Word of God and prayed and fasted together. During this time, I learned more and more about Christianity. My eyes were open to a very different way of life! I was being taught about the love of God, and I grew in spiritual matters.

After four months, my mom talked my dad into letting me come home. She believed I had been brainwashed by a Western cult and that they should give me a chance to repent and become a Muslim again. When I went home, they carefully tried to persuade me to return to Islam; but, when I was away I had learned much more about Christianity and my Lord and Savior Jesus. Instead of my

parents persuading me to return to Islam, I started trying to convert them to Christianity. I shared with them about the love of the Lord and his miracle of transforming lives and the hope that He has given me. First they mocked me, then they ignored me, and then they got angry. They stopped having that kind of a conversation with me. I was allowed to sleep in our home, and that was it. There was very minimal conversation with my family. My parents felt that I had betrayed them. Whenever we had relatives visiting our home, I was sent away, because I was a shame to my family, and they did not want me to talk to anyone about Jesus.

During this time, I started attending an Armenian Iranian Church that had a Pakistani Pastor with a congregation of around twenty people. On my first visit the Pastor realized I was a convert and he carefully questioned me why I was attending their church. Since he knew his whole congregation, I stood out like a sore thumb. After a little time, he realized that I was genuine, not a spy for the Iranian government. He sat with me every Thursday for two hours and taught me the basics of faith in Jesus, and the history of Christianity. I was spiritually hungry, and I used every opportunity to learn more about Jesus. I attended a

variety of Church services on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and three times on Fridays. My whole life revolved around my new faith.

At the time, I was working as a taxi driver. In the car I drove for the company, I would listen to an audio Bible as I drove, and I also kept a Bible on the dash board. Whenever a customer would ask me about the Bible, I would tell them about Jesus. Some people came to believe in Christ as a result; many others rejected it. One day, the owner of the company took me aside and told me that some of the people I had shared the Gospel with had reported me to the Iranian government. He told me, “You are like my son, and I want to protect you. If the government comes after you, your family will also be in danger.” So he let me go to protect me.

I was, at this point, very afraid. The first thought that came to mind was to leave Tehran and go to a different city. The only people I could trust were fellow Christians that I knew in other cities. So I started contacting them. But they told me, “It is too dangerous to go there. The churches have been under attack and many Christians have been arrested.” I knew one of the next candidates to be arrested would be

me, and I knew the time had come for me to leave Iran altogether. Within a few days, I had packed all I had in a duffle bag and prepared for one of the biggest moments of my life. The night before my departure I told my family that I had to leave the country and that it is not safe for me anymore. They were already thinking that I was out of my mind, but they didn't believe I was leaving forever. The next morning I left everything behind that I owned, bought a bus ticket to Turkey and left.

SECTION THREE

Wilderness

THE CROSSING OF THE IRAN TURKEY border was full of fear and anxiety. I was really afraid that my name was on a blacklist and that I would get stopped. The bus arrived at the border around midnight. Before we got off the bus driver told us that our bus was having mechanical issues so we would need to get on a different bus once we passed through customs to the other side. So I nervously gathered up my belongings, got off the bus and preceded to the Iranian customs. I cleared customs without difficulty and carefully looked back to see if I was being followed as I walked through a gate and into the no-man's zone between the two countries. Then after 20 yards or so, I went through another gate into Turkey. There for the second time I stood in line with many other Iranians to clear Turkish customs. It was around 2:00AM when I was finally allowed to proceed to the bus station to catch the Turkish bus to Istanbul. Around 5:00AM the bus finally appeared. Together with many others, I got onboard to continue the journey. But, for some reason the bus driver would not start

the bus and leave. After minutes of nothing happening, someone asked if anyone knew why we were not moving. A man said, "I know Turkish let me ask the driver." So he talked with the bus driver, who then began speaking very loudly. We asked the Iranian man what was going on and he explained to us because this bus is an upgrade we must pay \$20 extra per person or the driver will not depart from the station. We told the man we already paid for our tickets in Tehran, and that this was the connecting bus that we paid for, adding that it was not our fault and that we did not ask for the upgrade. He was asked to go and tell the driver to start the bus because it was getting very late. But when he did this on our behalf, the driver screamed back angrily and stormed off the bus. Another passenger said that we all should just pay the extra money so we could get on our way. He handed the man the money, and naturally everyone followed suit, and we finally left the station.

I travelled across Turkey and reached Istanbul. When I arrived, I rented a motel room in a part of the city that was full of Iranians. In the motel I spoke with other Iranians about the incident at the border with the bus driver. They told me that this is a common occurrence, where the driver,

the interpreter, and the first contributor of money all work together, as a part of the transportation mafia. They use this trick often to cheat naive passengers like us.

Now that I was in Turkey I needed to figure out my next step. Because I was not permitted to stay in Turkey for more than 90 days, I looked for a smuggler to get me to somewhere in Europe. Sometime back I had met an Iranian called Seyyed who had an import-export business in Istanbul. So I located his business and went to talk to him to see if he had any connections to anyone that might know a smuggler. He introduced me to someone who had “connections”. When I spoke with this man, I learned that the cost to be smuggled out of Turkey to Western Europe was between \$6,000 and \$8,000 US. I did not have that amount of funds, so I asked if he could get me a job so that I could come up with the money. He told me that working on a touristic visa is illegal. My reply back was, “So, it is fine to smuggle me but it is not okay to give me a job?” He responded, “It is what it is.” With great agitation I went back to talk to Seyyed and get his advice. He asked me, “Why do you want to be smuggled to Europe?” I explained that I could not return to Iran because my life is in danger,

and briefly explained my story to him. He said to me, "Before trying any other dangerous schemes there might be another way. If you are legit and truly your life is in danger, there is a place, called United Nations, which helps individuals like you."

I found out some more information and made my way to the United Nations office. There they took a few details from me concerning my circumstances, and told me that they would be in contact with me. I was sent from Istanbul to Nevşehir, a different town in Turkey, where I had to report to the Police Department. The officials at the Police Department took my Iranian passport and set up an appointment for an interview with them, which was just to get basic information about me and why I left my country. They told me that I needed to come every weekday to check in. So, till the moment I left Turkey, I would go as required, every day and sign my name in a book, together with all the others who were seeking refugee status.

I spent three hard and lonely years in Turkey. Turkey, like Iran, is another religious Muslim country but from the Sunni branch of Islam. In the cities where there is plenty of tourism, a façade of a peaceful kind of Islam is presented; whereas elsewhere, when you live among the Turkish people you often experience the ideology of the Muslim Brotherhood, a sect of Sunni Islam.

Sunni is the main branch of Islam. 90% of the entire Muslim population is Sunni.

As a refugee, you don't have the right to work or study. In order to survive and eat, I worked illegally, doing various rough jobs on construction sites. I was already looked down upon by the Turks because I was from Iran, but when most of the Turks that I worked for realized that my name was Mohamad and that I had become a Christian, they treated me horribly. They would give me the jobs that were the most labor intensive. At one job site I was required to carry over 100 lb bags of cement and plaster on my back up the stairs to the fifth floor, and bring back down bags of

I was named after Muslim's holy prophet, Muhammad, who is the central figure and founder of Islam.

sharp, broken pieces of concrete and glass which penetrated through the bag and cut my back. When I asked my employer if I could drag the bags on the floor down the stairs since they are cutting my back, he told me no. The bags banging against the stairs would make noise and the stairways would get dirty. While living in Turkey and working among the Turks I learned their language. Sometimes I wished I would have never learned it, because of all the insults that I endured on a daily basis.

Despite the persecution, through the underground church of the refugees in Turkey, I got to know and become friends with two different Christian couples. Both couples work with refugees in Turkey. They dramatically impacted my life and encouraged me when I was at my lowest point.

Three months after arriving in Nevşehir, I had my first interview process with the UN officials, which was an interrogation. The interview lasted four hours, and every movement I made during the interview was watched and studied. I was told after this interview that they will make a decision as soon as possible and I was to go back to my place and wait. In the bitter cold of Cappadocia's long winters, I

burned coal to heat my place; however, I only could afford to heat up my bedroom and the rest of the small apartment I lived in was almost as cold as it was outside. Whenever I had to do anything in the other part of the house, I wore many layers of clothing and hurried as fast as possible to get back to my warm room. Everyone used coal in Nevşehir, it seemed. A black cloud separated the town from the sky through most of the wintertime. These conditions did not soothe my weariness of waiting day after day to hear an update from the UN regarding my case.

Hearing from the UN was the thin thread of hope that kept me going through these conditions. This hope, however, was broken one evening after a hard day of construction. I came home, pulled up the UNHCR's website, and punched in my case number. In bold red letters it said REJECTED. My head fell and I had no strength to raise it back up. The thought of being deported back to Iran devastated me. My physical body could not handle the stress. I began sweating and shaking, and I passed blood for two days. I was tormented by the thoughts of rejection and questions of what my future held. Nevertheless, after a few days, I realized I had no choice but to keep going.

I was permitted to file an appeal, and this involved asking for a second interview. This would be my last chance with the UN. When I filed I asked for the reason of the rejection. They simply stated that, for a brand new Christian like me, I had too much knowledge of the Bible, and it appeared to them that I had been prepped for this kind of interview. I was now back to square one. I had to redo the whole process once more, with the knowledge that this would be my last chance. And so my stay in Turkey lasted two years more.

I will never forget the day that I received the message that my refugee case had been accepted and I had a departure date. I was attending a Christian conference. While everyone else was eating and fellowshiping, I had a feeling and decided to check my case status online. I typed my case number in the UNHCR's website and saw that my case had been approved. I jumped up, screamed, and ran down the stairs to share the good news with my fellow believers. As I was running down the steep stairs, I twisted my ankle, rolled down the rest of the way and hit the guard rail with a loud crash. Everyone came running to see what had happened. Screaming from the pain of my sprained ankle, I

told them my case was accepted, all the long waiting was over, and I am going to America.

SECTION FOUR

Refuge

MY TRIP TO AMERICA WAS SURREAL. I couldn't really believe I was moving there. On the plane, I had to pinch myself because I still thought I was only dreaming of leaving all the difficulty of Turkey behind. It began with an eleven hour bus ride from Nevşehir to Istanbul. From Istanbul I had a fourteen hour direct flight to Los Angeles. There it took me five hours to clear customs. And then after clearing customs, I gathered my luggage, which contained everything I owned, and walked from the international terminal to the domestic terminal to fly another six hours to Seattle. This was the city I had been allocated to go to by the UN. My Christian friends who lived in Turkey were acquainted with a Korean Church in Seattle and introduced me to them, and so this is where I started my life in the US.

My first month in the US was very difficult. Everything was different -- the cars, the roads, the houses, the food, and the people. I was homesick and faced culture shock and depression. The gray sky and the dreary rainy weather of Seattle didn't help the situation either. I was perplexed by

my surroundings. During one of my first days in the US I went to the grocery store. It took me two hours to pick up some snacks. There were so many options on the shelves. All sorts of brands, sizes, and flavors made it difficult to pick up a \$2 bag of chips. As I was walking back to the place I was staying with the grocery sack in my hand I passed by a fairly sizeable man. He yelled at me, "CHANGE!" I jumped and fearfully thought to myself, "Change what?" I hurried away, and I never took that route again. When I talked to someone about this incident, He told me that the man was only a beggar and that he was simply asking for money.

A few days later, my caseworker showed up to process my paperwork. I asked him if it would be possible for me to move to a different city. He was happy to hear this and offered to send my documentation to the destination I chose. I chose to move to Los Angeles where the biggest population of Iranians lives outside of Iran.

When I arrived in Los Angeles I faced further culture shock. It was as if I was back in Iran but back in time. The community of Iranians who left Iran in the 1970's, during the revolution, brought their old customs and cultures with

them, and treasured them ever since. And the language they spoke was an older version of Farsi.

A few months after I arrived in Los Angeles, I started to work for a Persian Restaurant as a waiter. The restaurant morphed into a night club on the weekends. Late night shows with loud singing, belly dancers and drunk people was not an uplifting nor encouraging environment for a new Christian like me. All business was conducted by cash and through the underground black market. There were no records, no payroll, and no insurance! I thought to myself, “I did not come all the way to America to work in this type of environment, which was like working in a third world country.” During this time I felt I had to get connected, before it was too late, to other Christian believers. A friend took me to a small bi-lingual church a couple blocks from the place I was living. The church is truly the house of hope. I had become bewildered and lost in all the vastness of America, but the church lifted me up, gave me hope and encouraged me. And it was in this church I met my bride to be, and we were married the following year.

Meeting my beautiful wife and getting married to her was a life-changing experience for me. But nothing can compare to the life-changing experience of accepting Jesus as my Lord and Savior. By accepting Him into my life and converting to Christianity, nothing changed on the outside. I have had to face a new chapter of challenges – including a life threatening one. But inside me there is something new, fresh, painless, light and full of hope and joy. My life now has a meaning and a purpose – to love and to share freely God's message of hope with others.

SECTION FIVE

Your Decision

AFTER READING THE STORY OF MY LIFE you may ask yourself, “Is the truth worth dying for?” Leaving Islam or even speaking about it is very costly; however, thousands upon thousands of Muslims are willing to accept the truth and lay down their lives for it. Would you be willing to accept the truth and stand by it?

Jesus said, “I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man comes to the Father, but by me.” John 14:6

The Word of God promises, “That if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. For with the heart one believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” Romans 10:9-10 Romans 10:13 says, “Whoever calls on the name of the LORD shall be saved.”

Forsaking My Father's Religion

God, through His grace, has already provided forgiveness for our sins. All you need to do is simply believe and receive it. Pray out loud, "God, I confess Jesus as my Lord and my Savior. I believe that God raised You from the dead and I receive my salvation. Thank you for rescuing me!"

The very moment you commit your life to Jesus Christ, the truth of His Word instantly comes to pass in your spirit. This is the part of you that becomes brand new. I want to encourage you to get a Bible and begin to read it. Let the truth of God's Word renew your mind. Romans 12:2

Share this message with someone. It is easy for your name to appear in someone's testimonial. Let's share the good news and impact this world.

The purpose of this book is to share the Good News of the Gospel, give hope to the hopeless, and raise awareness about what a religion can do to its followers. Any proceeds from this book go directly to the ministry to spread this message to others.

For information on how to obtain more copies, write or email us at:

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