



*Sheikh Mohammed's
Testimony*



This is my true testimony..



Mohammed

I was born Sheikh Mohammed bin El-hajj-umar, El-hajj-umar bin Muusa the late (Bin in Arabic means "son of") in a small village about 80 miles outside Kampala, Uganda to a very staunch Muslim family.

I was not able to go to school between 1980 and 1986 because of the civil war that raged in our country. The first school my parents sent me to was a Muslim school in 1987.

For seven years, I learned about Islam, reciting the Koran daily. I learned how to read and write Arabic fluently. After my elementary schooling, my father took me to an Islamic high school where I advanced deeper into the Islamic faith. Upon completion of high school in 1997, my father wanted me to continue my studies even further.

I was sent to "*Quran-Madastul-Islamiat*" (an Islamic theological institute in Cairo, Egypt) where I spent four years learning "*Daawa*" (the spread of Islam).



After my studies, I returned back to Uganda for a year and then went to Zanzibar for two more years for further studies of the "Dawaa." This was to strengthen me in bringing more people to Islam.

On my return back to Uganda, I put my skills to the test and taught at an Islamic center called *El-hajj-yusuf-mdalastul*. In 2006, I was given my first mosque where I served as an *Immam* (mosque leader).

One day as my friends and I were walking home from our "Juma prayers" (Friday prayers), we came by a church. Next to the church was Eagles Nest, a Christian school.

My friend Ramanthan said, "*Allah is not fair. How can he give such a beautiful building to the 'kafirris'* (non-believers)?" I added to his sentiment by saying, "*If there was a Jihad (Allah's war) against the non-Moslems, I would cut off their necks and take their school and church building and turn it into a mosque.*" (It is not a crime or a sin to kill a non-Moslem.)

"*Maybe Allah wants them to have all that,*" said another friend. "*Because it says in the Quran chapter 1, verse 2, 'He is*



merciful and most graceful that he provides to the believers and the non-believers.” As we continued quietly on our way, I did not realize then the profound role that place would play in changing my life forever.

A month later, I was standing on the veranda of the mosque facing Mecca, calling the Moslems to prayer (swalla prayer) as I had done hundreds of times. As I was saying the last words to my prayers "*Laa-ha-l lallah*" (which means "No one is to be worshiped except Allah"), I suddenly heard a voice behind me saying, "*I am the way the truth and the life, follow Me.*"



I turned to see who had said those words only to see a man with long brown hair in white robes and sandals. His eyes were shining as He stood there. He looked like no man I had ever seen. I fell on my knees with my face to the ground. When I came back to my senses, I found myself in the mosque surrounded by my fellow Moslems who were praying for me to recover from whatever had happened to me.

They began to question me as to what took place. I began to recount to them about the "man in white" and what He had



said to me. They concluded that it was a non-believing demon that appeared to me. Their advice was to pray to Allah to deliver this “demon” from me. (The *Quran* states that there are Allah-fearing demons and non-Allah-fearing demons. Allah-fearing demons are said to be Moslems’ brothers.)

I spent the next seven hours in the mosque praying to Allah to never again send that vision to me. I left the mosque later and returned home to tell my wife everything that had happened. She was amazed and couldn’t make any sense of it either.

After supper, I went to bed and the Man appeared in my dream. I tried to scream, but I couldn’t produce any sound. The man called me by my name and said, “Mohammed, don’t be afraid. I am the One who came to you during the day. Rise up and follow Me.” He took me to a high mountain and let me see many people who were Moslems. He told me to go and tell them to repent, for the time was very short and His return was near. I woke up and found the whole room bright with light from everywhere. I woke my wife up to see the light also. She did, and the light finally faded away slowly.

I thought about the cost of becoming a Christian. The price



seemed to be too high. I became hesitant, but the voice came back again to give me courage.

I decided to go to the church that my friends and I had walked by, and the one building I saw in my dream. I knew that in that building I would find what I was looking for...the answer to my state of mind.

I walked into the building and immediately the scales fell from my eyes. I sat in one of the empty pews. The building was exactly as I had seen in my dream or vision. I asked to speak to a pastor, and one of the assistant pastors came to see what I wanted. I told him that I wanted to get saved. He told me that all I had to do was to confess Jesus as my Savior. He led me in a prayer of confession, and I found Christ at Elim Pentecostal church in Kampala.

Back home, I was afraid to tell anyone that I was now a believer. I went about the routine in the mosque, but my heart was not in it. Whenever I tried to lead the faithful to worship, I would get headaches and my eyes would be in pain. I finally submitted my letter of resignation. I did not wait for it to be





read, but left quickly.

I was miles away with my few belongings when my letter was finally read. (I knew that the reaction would be deadly.) My wife refused to join me and kept the children. I was all alone, but I had Christ and my new brothers at the church.

My wife later called me and told me that they had kicked her out of the parsonage and that she was with her family. The word of my conversion spread like wildfire to all my family, friends, and relatives. All doors were shut to me.

When my father heard about my conversion, he did not believe it. He called me and asked if what he heard about me was true...I told him it was true. He offered me anything to come back to Islam. I told him that there was nothing on this earth more important to me than the salvation I had found in Jesus. He slammed the phone down very angrily.

He called me later to let me know that he never wanted to see my face again. The only time he would ever want to see me was when I was dead. He told me that my body would not be buried in the family graveyard. He went on to say that I should not attend his funeral if he were to die first because, if I came near his body, Allah would punish his soul.

I did not fare any better with my wife's family. They



promised to harm me if I ever came near them. The only way I could come to see them was if I went back to the Islamic faith.

I was not to see my wife or my children. During this time, one of my children (a son) died. My wife remarried my best friend from when I was a Moslem, which hurt terribly.

I moved into a one-room house, with the few worldly possessions I owned. But one thing I remember is that I was very happy to be a Christian. Outwardly, things were bad, but inwardly my heart was at peace with Christ.

I had a new family in the church, brothers and sisters who welcomed me and showed me love, mercy, and compassion by standing with me in my hard times. They were with me through the persecution. I was later baptized by Butch Dodzweit, my pastor at Elim Pentecostal church.

I have shared with many other Moslems and led them to the Lord. "Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life!" He is my passport to heaven.

"Peace be upon you brothers and sisters, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ our Savior."



Mohammed being baptized