

AFRIGO

A Testimony from Fatma
Nigerian missionary

By Mercy Kambura

While in boarding school, my friend Dorothy and I would pray together. She was a Christian; I was a Muslim. Our prayers always left me asking, "Why do we hear and understand what she's telling her God, while I don't know what I'm telling mine?" I wanted this God who knew my language. Therefore, I made up my mind that I was going to marry a Christian, and I'd remain a Muslim. But God had planned it better than I had. He saved me instead. Now He speaks to me in a language I understand. I currently serve with my husband, helping other women find God just as I did.

My Mom, a Christian, had married my dad, a Muslim. When I was five, they separated, and my Mom left us. Our family disintegrated, and I was a sad, mistreated child for a long time. One day, God opened my ears to His voice knocking on the door of my heart, and I became a Christian.

My journey to salvation was long. Most of my friends were Christians, and I was always fascinated by how they related to their parents. Having grown up in a polygamous home, I admired that.

I started dating a Christian, but problems began when I said I would marry him. I lost interest in doing the Islamic prayers. When my brother asked, I said I wasn't interested because I was marrying a Christian. He reported to dad, who thoroughly flogged me. The relationship didn't survive.

My Auntie saved me and took me away, but asked me to go and apologize and say I wasn't planning to leave Islam. I did. I went on to study Information Technology in Abuja. One day, I was sitting outside waiting for my boss to open the door. A young man approached me and said God was calling me to be a preacher. I told him my dad wouldn't allow such an abomination.

But the young man was on a mission. He followed me up until finally, convicted, I accepted Christ. I couldn't go home. I acquired a Bible and hid it in my box, but my cousin searched my suitcase and found it. My uncle decided to come to pray for me so that the demons would leave me.

I fled to a different state where I have lived to date. While there, I met my husband, a Muslim background believer, and together we serve God, reaching Muslims with the Gospel. I can help other ladies going through what I went through as a new believer. To reach a Muslim, let them see the good works in you first. Christ should be seen more in your character than in your words.

Talk in terms a Muslim will understand and dress like them if necessary. A Muslim man will allow his daughters to associate with someone dressed like them.

We have been asked to recant our faith and revert to Islam, but we can't let go of this treasure.

[#Pray:](#)

- For my dad, that God will save him. He saved me; He can save him too.
- For my Mom, that she would go back to God.
- For God to keep us growing in Him.
- For many people to come to Christ as we testify.

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