

CFI Student Testimonies

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CFI currently serves over 200 students. Here are just a few of their testimonies. Each student has a testimony of the call of God in their life.

Names have been changed to protect the students.

1. Yakubu Bukar of Hausa origin from Jigawa State



I was born in a Muslim family from Jigawa State, but I grew up as a fisherman so I was not living with my parents. I was living in both the Chad Republic and Nigeria for business - to sell my fish.

I was a fanatic and I preferred reading the Quran at all time, also to speak Arabic as God's given language. One day a friend called me and was trying to read the Bible and preach to me. Though I refused to listen I had peace about what he was saying. Another day he said he noticed I was not happy when he spoke with me the last time about Jesus and said I could have his book (the Bible) to read after my normal Muslim prayer and then ask God to show me the way to Salvation.

I ignored this for a while. But one day I read and prayed and since then my life experienced a change. I also had a dream in which I was in a sea helpless, but somehow I was helped and found my legs on the ground. Then I was hungry and wondering what will I eat and who will help me, a tree grew and started producing fruit of two different types. Then I saw three stars appearing and all the three stars mentioned my name and said, "You are the man God appoints. He will use you to deliver your people who don't know me".

So I got up and prayed the Muslim prayer. At 4:00 pm it happened again like a vision, "Don't forget the covenant you have with God." I decided to come to my family country of Nigeria, seeing that God wanted to use me. Reaching Zaria I stayed with a minister of Christ for about 9 months. Then I traveled to my family's place. When I arrived my

younger brother opened my bag and saw the Holy Bible and some Christian novels. He took them to my father and handed them to him. When my father asked me I thought he just wanted to know if I am Christian so I said no, but he said he saw me with the Bible and some Christian novels so I said they belonged to a friend. He asked what I am doing with them and that I should leave his house since I am no longer a Muslim. So I left to stay with someone. After some days my father came and pleaded that I should come back home. I did not know that he had planned with some people that as soon as I came they would set the place ablaze, to burn me.

But through God's mercy a friend heard of the plan and told me and said I should not go home to sleep. They set the house on fire and thought they had burnt me inside. Until the following day some of them saw me and said "Shuabu didn't you sleep in your room yesterday?" I answered, "No". They said, "Your father is looking for you. Then some one told me that I should not go to see him because he will kill me. Some friends helped me to get transport money to run. I left to Hajeja and from there they sent me to pastor Daniel Zigi's refuge centre. Later I came to CFI.

2. Samaila Bala from Bauchi State



Many people were coming to me and preaching the gospel, which I considered false and fairy tales. After about one year and then seven sleepless nights I repented. In one of the nights I saw a vision. I was told that I should not joke with it and that it is the message that will bring me to life. The next morning I went to my mother to seek advice. I told her that here is my intension. I said I want to be a Christian, by turning to the Christian religion, but I want this matter to be between the two of us. My brother should not hear about it.

She began to make their religious incantations, adding that I want to spoil their family name, a notable family of their area in the Islamic religion without a single testimony of one Christian. She said if I insist in becoming a Christian, I will have to pay her all the breast milk I have sucked from her when a child. I begged her not to tell people. As I was

talking she rushed out and came back asking me for the second time if I insisted in becoming a Christian to spoil their religion family names. I said I will continue on my intention. She raised her voice calling on people to come.

My brothers and neighbors came and the place became chaotic. Some were suggesting that I should be killed; others were saying that I should be taken to the Emir's place. On reaching the palace the Emir was not in. They further advised me to recant my intention of becoming an infidel. They asked if I heard them and I answered yes. So they dispersed to their homes. I went to the Madaki (the Emir's Assistant) who is a Christian, to tell him my intention. He was afraid and asked if I am serious, because being a Christian in this area is a difficult task.

He phoned the ECWA pastors of our town, who said that they should move me away from his house to avoid a problem with the Muslim people. The pastor however refused to come, insisting that it has to be in the night, when they will take me away from there. The Madaki therefore hid me in his house till evening and asked me if I truly meant I wanted to become a Christian, and that I should wait till evening so that the people will not notice when they are moving me out.

But without notice there was a summons from the palace on the Madaki to come to the palace. When he went before the Emir, the Emir did not ask him where I was. He just told him to go and bring the Emir's brother (me) to the palace now. He accused the Madaki of coming to the palace to take his brother to preach to him to spoil his family name. The Madaki said he had never spoken to me about becoming a Christian. The Emir threatened the Madaki with an option, to produce his brother or he will be removed from the Madakiship.

The Madaki said, "If it is the issue of Madakiship I can step down, but honestly, I have never spoken to your brother about becoming a Christian". The Emir said ok, he will remove the Madakiship and ordered that his house be searched and that if they find me they will torch his house with fire. The Madaki said ok, truly, he is in my house, but if we go and bring him, what will you people do to him. The Emir said that does not concern the Madaki, who was hoping that because I and the Emir were relatives I would be safe. The Emir said the Madaki should set aside the issue of us being relatives.

The Madaki came home and told me that I should be brought to the palace. He said if I truly want be a Christian whatever the people want to do to me, Jesus can avert it. The Madaki insisted that I should go to the palace. I told him that if I go to the palace I have to recant and become a Muslim or they will kill me and said I would not go. But with his persistence I followed him to the palace. On reaching the palace gate I saw a crowd. When they saw me come they started saying they would kill me. Some didn't even want me to be questioned incase I recanted and was allowed to live.

When my brother heard what they were saying, he came with a cutlass saying they should allow him to kill this infidel before I destroyed our family name. The Emir asked me why I wanted to destroy their family name and that I have betrayed their trust. The Emir asked

whether I am still insisting on becoming a Christian. I said what my mother has told you is what I am standing on. An Iman (Islamic clergy) slapped me. The Emir said they should not do that to me as the youth are already outside with weapons and if they come in they will have a murder case on their hands. The Emir threatened to remove him from his Imanship! The Iman apologized and left the palace. Someone else took a cane and began to beat me with it.

As they were doing this my uncle from Bauchi town, who is a director with BSADP, came in. I considered him to be a wicked person, but my escape came through him. I didn't know if he was called on the phone, but he arrived in the evening and entered the palace asking where is the infidel Mamuda? The Emir asked again if I would recant my earlier stand to be a Christian. I said no. The Emir collected the horsewhip from the hand of the palace attendant and started whipping me. My uncle who came from Bauchi said that today's world is a world of civilization and so they should not kill me or there will be trouble. He advised that everybody should leave the palace, while they would determine what to do with me.

After every body left my uncle advised the Emir to allow him to take me to Bauchi so that he can talk to me to change my mind. The Emir agreed and my uncle took me into his car. Some youth knew that he was going with me and they threw stones at the vehicle and broke the back screen. I arrived in Bauchi without shoes on my feet, with only the clothes on me. He gave me cooked meal to eat. I refused to eat. He asked if I was angry. I said I was not angry. He said what made me to become a Christian, is it lack of money, or did Christians give me money. I said no, but I will tell you the truth. For a long time they have been preaching to me and I refused, but about seven days before my repentance I could not sleep and in a vision I was told to hurriedly receive the message, because that is what will take me to Salvation.

My uncle said I should have mentioned this earlier so that they could have taken me to traditional or psychiatric doctors, because this is a demonic attack. I said this is not a demonic attack. He told me that if I insist of becoming a Christian the holy book agreed that I should be killed. He gave me an opportunity to think about it, till the morning. But God worked His miracle for my escape. Thinking back, this always encourages me, anytime I want to go back or I am discouraged.

Early in the morning I heard the garage door open and my uncle drove in with his car. He saw me standing and asked me if I have said my prayers this morning I said yes. He said that is good. This means that I have come back to my senses. He further said, I should take my bath and prepare so that we will return to the village.

Later he called me and said that the governor has called him to represent him in Maiduguri. Therefore, my going back to the village with him will not be possible. That is how God did His miracle. He further advised me to accept to return and tell them that I have even had my prayers in his house and that my uncle will call them. But if insisted in becoming a Christian again they would kill me. He said that he will ask his driver to take

me to the village, because they will not tolerate anyone who wants to tarnish the name of their family.

He went and took his bath. I did the same. I didn't have any money with me. As he was about to enter his vehicle he gave me N5,000 and told his other driver to take me to Wunti Gate, so that I can buy shoes and whatever I want to buy. I had proposed in my heart to look for my sister in the Federal Polytechnic Bauchi, but I wondered how to escape, because I notice before he left he called the security man and spoke to him. As he left I went to eat and later came to the security gateman and said that I want to go out to ease myself. He refused to allow me to go out. I insisted that this is my father's house and I not a prisoner. Then he told that he was specifically told not to open the gates for me until the driver comes. I said I know that if I run I will be cheating him, because they will dismiss him from his work. He refused. I threatened to climb over the wall and go out. He said no and opened the gate.

When I knew that I was out of sight I ran to the main road and joined a commercial motorcycle which took me to Wunji Gate. From there I got into a taxi to the Federal Polytechnic Bauchi to see my sister. She said she hoped I was well. I said it is well, because she did not know what had happened to me. She had already become a Christian seven years ago. She said it is not well since I am not wearing shoes. Then I narrated the issue to her. She raised her hands and began thanking God and later began to cry with tears, stating that God has started doing His work. She said I called her an infidel when she became Christian.

She said there would be trouble if I remained there, because they would look for me in her house. She said I should go to a pastor's house. At the pastor's place I confessed and received Christ as my Lord and Saviour. The two weeks I spent at the pastor's place I was not going out. They were threatening my sister to know where I was. After these two weeks I was taken to Kano to Narya Mallama Hannatu Adamu's place and then after some time to CFI. Since coming here I have heard that my sister was taken to Das in Bauchi State for questioning concerning my whereabouts. The ECWA Church had to come to her rescue. They took her to the Mosque. She was asked to place her hands and swear if she doesn't know where I am.

She said in the name of Jesus and laid her hands on the Quran and said she did not know where I am. She told me she was pricked in her conscience for lying but she said it to save me, because the moment she would tell them where I am no matter the time of the day they will come and pick me from there.

It is almost two years now. I cannot go to my town. Wherever I am discouraged in my Christian life, I find strength in what my senior sister has done for me, to continue in the faith. This I know that it was not my wisdom or knowledge that has done it and kept me through this year.

3. *Buba Adamu from Kano State*



I was born again in 2004 in Kano State, Nigeria. I was brought up in a Muslim family. My parents are still Muslim believers. My father is Hausa and my mother is Fulani. Looking at how I became born again, I would say that I didn't look for Christ but he looked for me. It all began with a dream where I saw two men dressed in white robes with white linen around their waist in the form of a belt.

From the chest down to the skirt was another red like design that vertically crossed the belt and the whole thing looked like a cross. One of them stepped forward and began to tell me that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Suddenly I woke up and began to say to myself that it was a demon and that God forbid that such a thing should happen to my family. This dream repeated itself three times and I tried to keep it to myself. On the third time I told my mother. Surprisingly I heard my mother say the same thing, that it is a demon. She called an Islam scholar to handle the issue. This man demanded for a white fowl and a red one, according to the colour of the robe the demons wore.

According to him, he was going to use fowl to perform some rituals that would keep the demons away. Well he did his own part of the ritual. But afterward as I continued to study the Quran, I stumbled into a verse of chapter 3 of Aliimran which says that God gave Jesus the power of hell and to give salvation. After this, I was personally converted and convinced in my heart that Jesus is truly the way. I therefore told my mother that I wanted to be a Christian. She so much fought the idea that she began to cry and said if only she had known that I will one day turn away from Islam, she would have taken my life the day she gave birth to me.

My parents tried to persuade me to reject the idea of my new faith. But I was so convinced of this that I couldn't change my mind. When they realized they could not hold me back, they told me that I would have no inheritance as their son. And one night at about 10:00 pm, they threw me out of the house. I did not know where to go that night, but as I was going I found an uncompleted building and decided to sleep there and continue my journey the next day. Miraculously, not up to an hour later I saw a man walk into the building who asked me to follow him. I tried to speak but he told me to stay

calm. When we went out I discovered he had a car outside. He asked me to get in. I got into the car and straight away he drove me to an ECWA church and left me in the hands of the elders and then he drove away.

Later the gate man told us he didn't see the man driving into the premises. Till today, I don't know who that man was neither do my church elders know him. He has never come back to the church to find out how we are doing. That was the beginning of my experience in Christ's kingdom and I am grateful to Christ who has found me.

4. Salihu Malgwi, Fulani from Adamawa State



I visited a friend in Jalingo. While staying for some time I started having dreams that someone in a white garment was giving me fish cloth. One day I sat down to relax and two men came to preach the gospel, so I told them the kind of dreams I have. They preached and told me the only way to salvation and I accepted Christ.

From then for some time I was taken to school under Living Faith. When I traveled home my parents saw that I no longer prayed Muslim prayers with them. When I told them I am now a Christian they tied my hands and legs to begin to persecute me. This continued for about two days until I was able to escape and I went back to Jalingo. My brother followed to look for me.

My friend helped me and I went to the Living Faith church where they asked what happened to me. I told them what my parents are doing to me because I became Christian. So they asked me what I want to do. I told them all that I want to go to school where I can learn how to read. So they took me to Evangelist Daniel Zigi in Jos. Then after that I eventually came to CFI.

5. *Yusuf Itiya, Hausa from Niger State*



I was converted in a Muslim college but my teacher didn't know. I was in a trance and I saw flames of fire and Jesus appeared and told me the fire I saw was for me and my family who refused to be a Christian but has been preached to and we reject Him. As I was crying I came to understand that it was only a vision. I went to the Muslim teacher and told him what happened and he said I have committed sin and that is why I had this kind of appearance.

And another day Jesus appeared again and asked me to believe. So I said I am afraid because if I became a Christian I will be killed. I went on telling Him that yesterday my uncle was killed as a result of being a Christian. Jesus in response told me that if I became a Christian He would take me to a place that no one could touch me. So I went to the teacher the second time and narrated everything that happened to me. He told me that it is a lie because I am still living in sin.

The third time Jesus appeared and said from henceforth I should not tell anyone my encounters with Him unless I meet a pastor or any Christian who is ready to pray with me. So I became restless and I didn't tell anybody about that. And from time to time I kept hearing His voice and all things He said to me, but was not able to tell anyone.

One Friday after the Muslim prayer I decided that today I must believe even if they killed me. I waited till 1:30 pm and then went to visit Pastor Bala with two of my friends. We prayed together and from that time the fear that they may kill me if I became Christian left me. But soon my two friends Mathew and Ezekiel went about telling people of my conversion. From that day my parents began to search for me in order to take my life just the way they easily killed my uncle.

In order to arrest the situation, I decided to go to my pastor together with my two friends and tell him that I wasn't converted, just to keep my friends from spreading the news, even though I knew that I was truly born again. As I did, they stopped spreading the news and I continued going to the Mosque for the next three months. After this my parents threatened to lock me up in the cell, so they were planning to arrest me. As soon as I realized this, I left the town to Kebbi State, though I didn't know anybody in Kebbi.

As soon as I arrived there, I landed in a pastor's compound (Pastor Dan). Though I didn't know him, the bike man landed me in the house. As I got there the man's house was burgled by some thief. So he thought I was the thief. I had to explain my situation to him, making reference to the pastor in whose hand I was converted. Finally he accepted me.

Pastor Dan therefore had to arrange for me to move to another local government area called Bena. At Bena I faced some temptations. Some unknown people kept appearing to me and telling me they were sent to kill me if I would not renounce Christ. It happened so much that I couldn't take it, so one day as one appeared, I told him that Jesus is the one who called me and that if he continues to appear to me Jesus will kill him. From that day, they ceased coming.

After this a snake continued to appear to me. Some times I would just wake up from sleep and see one lying down and the boy whom I was sharing the room with would not see the snake. Afterwards, I told the snake what I told the man who was appearing to me and the snake ceased showing up.

It was from Bena that I came down to Jos. The very day I left Bena to Jos, my father who has been searching for me in Jos was leaving Jos to return home. Up to this day my father is still searching for me. I believe that God will not leave me until He has fulfilled His purpose in my life. Even if they arrest me today and kill me, I know that I am saved.

6. Aminu Dauda, Hausa from Kano State



When my father was younger he was given out to some missionaries to be taught how to read write and eventually preach the gospel. He was with them for about 8 months after which they said they will go back to their country and take my father and he agreed. The missionaries did not go immediately, but they delayed for about two weeks. My father's mother (my grandmother) therefore went to their mission station and collected my father back home, and so he wasn't able to go with the missionaries.

But the gospel was stamped out in his heart until the year 1999 when my father took a sick person suffering from a tooth ache to a hospital in Kano State. There some New Life Gospel people came to visit and pray with people in the hospital. They specially prayed for his patient and afterwards visited with food and other provisions. When my father's patient was to be discharged from the hospital he went to the church and called on the church to come to his home town and establish a church so that they can teach his children the gospel.

They came in August 12th 1999 and have been until now. Then they started their classes to teach a, b, c, d, etc. All my father's children were recruited to be taught, but I was exempted and separated to be nomadic, taking care of father's cattle along with the Fulani's cattle. I would take days before visiting home for any victuals. My father was bent on not allowing me to be taught. He visited me in the field and told me not to visit home. He said that instead of me coming home when I have a need, I should only send a message to him and he would make sure everything was brought to me.

Meanwhile, I did not know about the visit of the preachers. So I agreed and was away from home for about 3 months. My father visited me and said he was visiting the next village for a naming ceremony, for which I knew he will spend the night there. So I went home and met the visitors teaching my brothers and sisters a, b, c, d...etc. I sat afar off but was listening and writing. One of the teachers asked who I was and whether I was a member of the family. They asked I wasn't among them and they were told that my father instructed that I should not be taught.

My father was afraid that I would become a Christian because of the dreams I told him about, seeing a vision where I am above them in the air telling them to accept Christ who is the only Saviour. I had these as a child when I didn't know Christ or Christianity. So anything about Christianity my father would take every effort to distant me from it. I was fascinated by what they were teaching and often stole myself so I could catch their teaching. Whatever I stored in my memory, when I returned to the field I would practice writing them on the ground that is how I learned how to write.

Secondly, my father was afraid of me because of some predictions (or foresights given me) e.g. whenever they wanted to sow seed and I would tell them not to sow this particular seed, when they obeyed it went well for them. One particular year or season I told my father who intended to plant cotton seed, that groundnut will be better. They argued with me but my father agreed. My senior brother said who am I that they should listen to me? One of them slapped me. My father shared the farm into two and planted the cotton and groundnuts seeds. That year the cotton seed was bad and the groundnuts were good. Since then he was afraid to expose me to Christianity.

Thirdly, one of my senior brothers was given a book containing the gospel of John. I entered his house and stole the book so that I could read in the field. I read the whole of the book which changed my life. I could not perform the Islamic rites as I used to do anymore. Whenever I visited home my father began to notice that I don't do my prayer anymore. I would tell him I always do my own in the field. Meanwhile my brother whose

book I took fought with his wife and she left the house. He accused her of taking his book.

The time came for me to really receive Jesus Christ and be free from it being a secret. It was 2002 when my father decided that my junior sister (a Christian) should marry a Moslem who she didn't like. The man was by father's brother and my father beat her because she would not marry. She then ran away until today. This incident made my father angry. He went to the pastor of the church on the land my father gave and told him it is time for him to leave because the purpose for which he brought him was to teach his children how to read and write, "But now my children will fragrantly disobey my instructions and so you will have to go."

The pastor told my father that my father was only an instrument God used to establish the church and that only his denomination could tell him to leave. My father was angry and reported the matter to the police and to the 'Yan da'awah (religious police). They supported him to drive the pastor away and destroy the church. New Life Gospel took a lawyer because they had formally paid for the piece of land at the cost of 800 naira and so my father lost the case.

While this was going on my father came to the field to tell me to renounce Christ and he would give me a car and the whole herd of cattle that I was taking care of and other things. But I said it is not my concern it is only Jesus Christ I want. He was angry and devised various things to discourage me from accepting Christ, but to no avail. He was afraid of me because of the kind of charms he had given to me. He knew that even if he came in the night to beat and kill me with whatever he may use, I would overcome him so he was worried and confused. (Though I didn't use the charms at all.)

He called me again for the second time and talked to me to convince me again to denounce Christ and I refused. He made a move as if he wanted to beat me and I ran out of his room to go back to the cattle field camp. But I was moved to return back to him again in spite of his threat. He further told me to denounce Christ. I refused. He called people and told them that they should cast a spell and make incantations to kill me. He contacted a witch doctor (Muslim mallam) to execute me. The mallam said if the spell falls on what I love when I go there it will kill me.

They succeeded only in destroying the cattle, because of my attachment to a particular female cow which used to lick my head. When I went to the field I saw I saw the cow had fallen and I tried to raise her on her feet. The cow urinated blood and it splashed on me. When I noticed that it was going to die I removed my knife to slaughter it, so that it wouldn't be that it died on its own, in which case it would be an abomination to eat it.

When I came back home my father did not welcome me as he used to, rather he was angry, so I told him what happened and how I slaughtered the cow. He said who will eat what an infidel has slaughtered? I did not say anything. He saw that he could not succeed. He threatened that he must kill me if I didn't denounce Jesus Christ. I left home and as I left he started praying all day till the following day. Somebody came to call me and said

my father was calling me. I went home to see him and he told me that he now allowed me to go anywhere I wanted to and to follow any religion I desired but I should not take anything.

I had spent about 12 years taking care of his cattle, in which I was supposed to be settled, but he refused and I didn't care. He further asked me to forgive him so that he can be healed since he has allowed me to go and do whatever I like. I said to him if it is because of me that he is sick I have forgiven him. He was healed the following morning. When he was healed he came to the cattle and told me to leave. He also told my brothers never to welcome me into their homes. I slept in the bush.

Later I went to my uncle's cattle field and slept among his cattle. When he saw that I was there I told him everything. He was afraid of my father and he said he would not allow me to stay with him. I encouraged him to allow me to stay, saying that the worst my father could do was to report him to the "yan da'awah". I said if they report him they can take me to them. So I began to take care of his cattle, taking them out and back.

One day somebody told my father that I was with his junior brother, so he reported his brother to the "religious police" (yan da'awah) who summoned him and he took me with him to the "hakimi" village head. When the village head saw me he said I am a matured person and I am older than the age that I could be forced to do any religion that I do not like. When the village head spoke this word, my father said he would make it clear to everyone that day that I would not inherit anything from him. #

When we returned my uncle would not allow me to continue staying with him, for fear of what my father would do. My brothers also would not welcome me to their houses. Above all, the pastor of the church did not agree that I should stay with him for fear of my father, saying that since my brothers did not receive me he cannot receive me also. He said it would be too difficult and so I should go and look for a place and only come to church from there. That is how I continued to live for almost one year without a specific place to stay.

It was after this that the CAN (Christian Association of Nigeria) local Executives had a meeting and resolved that I should get married. Everything was arranged. When my uncle heard about it he gave me one goat and a sheep which I sold and used the money for the preparation of the wedding along with what other people contributed. My brother later gave me a place to stay with my wife.

The court case over the land lasted unto 2005 when the case was ruled against my father in favor of the church who formally took possession of the land till today. This finally put the nail to my final separation with my father, to the extent that if my father would see me coming his way on the same road, my father would take the other way because he did not want us to meet face to face or be together with me.

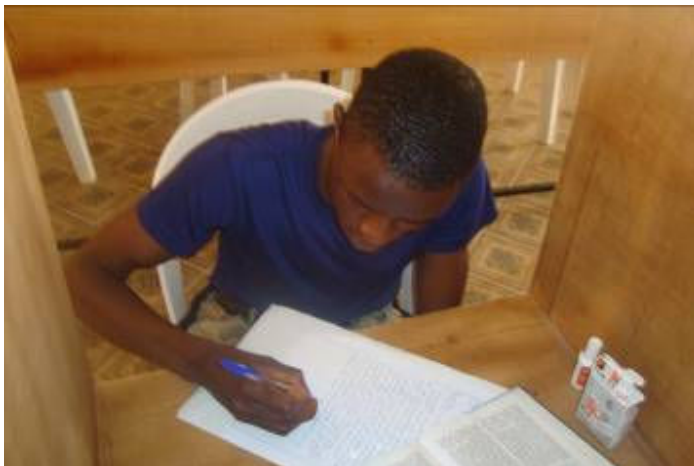
The pastor in my area was transferred to Kano. I was always in his mind because he knew my heart desires and my persistence in the work of God. He thought it will be good for

me to have a theological training. He therefore joined me with Christ Ambassadors, but they said they could not take my wife, son and me to be trained. However, they gave me a bicycle and other things and said that when I am strong enough financially I can come to be trained.

While I was waiting the pastor got to know Ilima Hannatu Adamu (of Christian Mission Center, in Narya of Garko). He sent me to be with her and her ministry. She then sent me to CFI for training. I left my wife in the house of my uncle.

So far six from my family have become Christian. The congregation of the church in my area is about 45. I am hoping to go back to the church and continue as their pastor. Meanwhile, the whereabouts of my sister is not known to my father. I am intending to bring her here to CFI to be trained, by the grace of God.

7. Samaila Adamu, Katsina State



Born 1st August 1988 of Gidan (household) Bakula, Yari Bori town in Kafur Local Government Area of Katsina State of Northern Nigeria (far North central). The Bakula household was a Muslim household.

I started “makaranta book” i.e. Western education in Layin Borkono Primary in Yari Bori town. One day we closed from school and on my way home, while throwing stones indiscriminately I hit my fellow pupil in the eye and wounded him and he fell down crying, I ran into the farm near by to escape him wounding me. As a result I decided to end schooling from that day. I asked my parents to send me to “makaranta allo” i.e. Islamic school. I was taken to Tsiga town in Bakori L.G.A of Katsina State. I was there up to four years and attained the level of “32 Izihis” (Izo or Izihi 32). I was there until a famine occurred in year 2003 and this sent me home.

One day, my father’s junior brother, who is a Christian and an irrigation farmer, went out to work and I decided to follow him. It was at this time that I began to observe his behaviour, the way he talked with other Christians with him. He never spoke to me about

Christianity, but on this faithful day as we were walking to the farm he began to speak to me about how Islamic religion started in our town Yari-Bori.

One day he asked me when I intended to go back to the Islamic school. I was surprised that as a Christian he was asking me about my return to the Islamic school. I did not answer him. Another day when he was to attend a “Sabon Rai Don Kowa i.e. New Life for All conference., he took some money and gave it to me saying it would be of help to me in the school. I took it, but before he could return from the conference I had spent the money and did not return to the school.

He called me again and gave me money, more than the first time. He asked me to return to school. I went back to the Islamic school. Within a few days I felt I cannot continue with the school and that it would be better to return home. I called a bicycle rider to take me home. Before we started our journey home I saw my father’s junior brother’s son who came to where we were. This created problem for me and my uncle, who was accused of sending his son to bring me back from school, to make me a Christian. My father’s elder brother noticed that I was not observing the “Sallah” the Muslim prayer. He told me that from today I must not follow my other uncle to the irrigation farm any more. When I didn’t stop he said it means I have become a “Kafiri” (infidel) and that the next day if he found me in the farm he would take measures.

In the night while I went to be with my friends there was trouble in the house. The room I stayed in was surrounded with people threatening that either myself or owner of the room may lose his life. When I came back I took a mat and lay down outside the room and said anyone who wanted to kill me should come and do so here. I did this to avoid the owner of the room being hurt.

As I was lying there my Christian uncle came. I told him that I wanted to be a Christian, though I have been nursing this in my heart without saying so, but he perceived my intention. My uncle woke up early the next morning and called people. When they came I was called among them. They said my uncle sent his son to bring me back from the Islamic school with the intention to Christianize me. I said that was not true, it was a coincidence because I had already prepared to come back that day. The people refused to believe me and said I should no longer see my Christian uncle.

The following day I went to my father and told him that since people are already saying I have become a “fafiri” (an infidel) I wanted to be a Christian. He was quiet for moment. He then asked me if I wanted to destroy their lives and cause them to loose their property, lands and farmlands and be totally ostracized from the community, with eventual death. As we were talking my mother came. Knowing my mother as a hot tempered person, I did not want here to hear it, but she heard it and began to shout on me, saying anyone who desired to be Christian in this community will have his hands amputated or be killed. I did not say anything and I wanted to leave their presence, but they refused to allow me, and advised me to continue as a Muslim as I cherished my life. I told them I have made up my mind and I left them.

The next day was Sunday and I sent a boy to bring a bicycle so that I may use it to go to church. My parents said the tires were deflated. I went on foot, going through farmlands to avoid being noticed. As I went a distance I saw a commercial motorcycle which I contracted to carry me to the closest village called Layin. From there I boarded a bus to Malumfashi. I went to someone whom looked like a Christian and he took me to the ECWA church. My uncle was there and he advised that my presence there could cause problems. He suggested that I be taken to an ECWA church at Angwan Tudu Mission, where I worshipped. Later as I came home I was asked where I went to, I told them that I had already told them what I want to do - I went to church. They began to curse me and said I shall never do well. They continued to warn me that if I did not return to Islam they would kill me.

I continued going to Malumfashi town to worship. One Sunday I went to a church close to our house, though I did not worship there. I went to another village called Konke to worship with my Christian friends. As I returned another uncle asked me why I became Christian; did the Christians say they would give me things? I said they did not give me or promise me anything. He told me that if I want to live I should return to be a Muslim, because he was once a Christian and later return to be a Muslim. He said that if I wanted to suffer death then I should continue as a Christian. As we were talking my mother came and sat by the door. As I was coming out of the door my mother hit me with her fist, cursing me etc. saying that I will not end well.

They collected all my property and threw them out and said I am cursed and an outcast of the family and that I should go anywhere I want to go. I took my bicycle without taking my property and rode the bicycle not knowing where I was going. I came to a village called Jalatu.

I stopped to watch a football match until the evening and brought myself a loaf of bread. I returned to my village secretly and entered the church and told the pastor who said I should go and tell my parents that since they have driven me away I will leave. Early in the morning I was taken to Yari-Bori town.

We met the deputy village head and their local Islamic police. They reported that I was deceived by Christians to convert to Christianity. I said no one forced me to be a Christian. I insisted that I will continue as a Christian. They sent for more police to drill me and frighten me. They said if I don't return to Islam I will be taken to Katsina to be punished, killed by hanging or electric chair etc. I refused.

They then said I should be taken to Kafur- the local government area headquarters, to see the District Head. He said he had heard what I have said, but I should note that I don't have any inheritance in my father's family or the Muslim ummah (community). I can continue to be a Christian, and should be returned home.

Some times they would give me food poisoned and I would eat it without harm. They also made plans to kill me in the night. God always got me through. This lasted for a

year. One day I said I wanted to return to school. My father said he is no longer interested in the issue of my schooling, unless I went back to Quranic school.

Later God scheduled that I will attend a Bible school in Malunfashi in Katsina State in April 2007. While in the school I came home for a holiday and I decided to inform Alhaji Muntari that I am now in school in Malumfashi. I did not meet my father because he was looking for me to kill me. But they found me and others gathered. They began to beat me with a rubber whip. I managed to escape and they chased me. I ran into the police station and a policeman took me inside. They continued to beat me and I almost lost consciousness. They took me from police custody to the Liman or Limani (Muslim cleric) in Bakori local government area of Katsina State.

Yet here they also planned to kill me, but God did not allowed that to happen. They kept me there and it came to a point that I faked a behaviour as if I am ready to do what they wanted. With this behaviour they decided to take me to school to continue my education in a secondary school there. I was given some people to watch over me so that I will not run away. It came to a point when I was about entering JSS 3 that I went out with one of my "security" into the town. When I saw that he had gone into the cover of a maize farmland, I ran without any luggage or victuals on me. I went to the chairman of New Life for All (Christian Organization). He took me to the house of CAN (Christian Association of Nigeria local branch) chairman. I was then brought me to Jos to CFI. After leaving the place they continued the case thought a lawyer till today

8. *Maina Abdulahi, Bauchi State*



I am from Bauchi State from Ganjuma Local Government Area in Mia village. I am 28 years old and have been a believer now for 8 years.

In the year 2002 in Mia I was a pagan from a family given to idolatry. My father's household converted to Islam, making me confess Islam as the true religion. One certain day I stood alone looking at the sky wondering who the creator of everything is. The feeling made me pray aloud calling on the creator to lead me to the truth and help me be

useful in his service and to lead me according to his truth (Islam or Christianity). I said to him, “The religion you want me to follow, put your love for that religion in me. If it is Islam, make me to follow in love, if Christianity, put a great love for it in my heart. This should be done in three days, for me to understand that you are the one who has given the answer.”

Within three days he answered my prayer. The love of Christianity filled my heart. With my new found faith my parents were seriously angry, even to deny me any means of livelihood. I was only 20 years old and I left home to a pastor’s house in who housed me. Later the pastor took me away from his house, having known the threat upon my life. By the time my parents came there to look for me, I was gone, safe. They threatened to kill me previously. My picture was everywhere in the public and a reward was announced to be given to anyone who will bring me back home, to make me a Muslim by force.

The pastor thought it wise to take me from Bauchi State to Abba in Abia State. This is about a day’s journey on bus. I was there for five years until my parents thought I was dead. In 2007 I decided to return home. Initially they thought they were seeing a ghost, but they gave me food and welcomed me back. In three days time my step mother called me apart and told me of the plans of my family to keep me in chains to forcefully make me a Muslim, to make me renounce my Christian faith.

My mother bought the help of a native doctor to make me come back. Despite the use of charms there was no result. The same pastor took me back to Abia State. I lived there for two more years.

The Lord laid it in my heart to go to a Bible school. I discuss it with the same pastor, who lead me to Christian Faith Institute in July 2009. Since my stay in CFI I have been on a scholarship. At CFI I have enjoyed rich knowledge of the Word. Moreover, the sweet fellowship among the brethren is such a blessing. I feel more loved here than I have ever experience at home in Bauchi State.

I have been on different mission trips under CFI. We went to Mia in Bauchi State, my home town, to start a church; a church also in Tafawabalewa; an outreach in Kawari, all in Bauchi state. I have personally organized crusades in Bauchi where 20-30 people came gave their life to Christ. The Lord has planted His love strongly in my heart to reach out to others for Christ. I am grateful for the grace of God upon my life. My mother passed on last year, in 2009. Before she died I personally led her to Christ and glory to God she was saved. I have experienced so much of God’s grace that I look ahead to see more. To God be the glory.

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