I became a Christian in July 21st 1996. Let me tell you how this came about.

I was a very devoted Muslim but I began to feel that there was something missing in my faith as a Muslim. I started praying to God to show me if the Muslim faith was the truth and soon after that, I began to have strange dreams. In one of these dreams, I saw some Christians standing in line to get into Heaven. I tried to get into this line also, but a very tall being blocked my path and I started to cry because the side I was on was really horrible but the side they were on was a beautiful place, so beautiful, so blue.

I could not get this dream out of my mind. It really haunted me. I confided to my Muslim friends about this dream, except that I didn't tell them it was Christians in the line in my dreams because I was scared of what they might think.

Well, they just said that God was telling me to pray more, and I did. But increasingly a great emptiness and depression enveloped me, an emptiness like I had never experienced before. I couldn't sleep and I even started taking Ryhiphenol ("roofies") to get away from that feeling. I became a totally different person, a recluse, and started to seek out psychics, ... but it only becamse worse. I even wanted to commit sucide. I did not even fear death anymore.

Then, the day I told my best friend (who was an agnostic) that I was going to take my life, she said she remembered some Christian ladies who had come to see her a few times, and thought they might be able to help me.

That same day, I met with them and they shared the gospel with me, and they prayed for me, and that terrible emptiness began to lift and this huge load on me was taken off me. I started attending Church with them and the second time I went, the pastor gave an invitation to receive Christ. I was so torn up inside. I fought the Holy Spirit and was trembling. I did not accept his invitation but as I was walking out of the service, the Lord spoke to me: It is now or never.

I broke down crying on the sidewalk and said to myself, I must go back to the prayer room where the people were getting prayed for to receive the Lord, and I did.

God removed my burden and I started seeing everything in a new light. Soon I began losing friends and all I loved and knew. But God loves me and gave his son for me, and so that I would never perish.

Incidentally, my best friend got saved the same day in a different church. The Lord showed me I was truly on the right path.

I have never regretted becoming a Christian. It has been hard at times because I have been persecuted so much but I have become even stronger in faith because of it. Right now I have a son who is being brought up as a Muslim and his father has denied me rights to communicating with him. I have surrended my son to God because it has given me sleepless nights thinking of my son who is thousands of miles away from me and I have no control of what is happening now but God is in control. Please pray for me and a miracle from God that I will one day be able to see my son again as we are now even living on different continents. I pray that this short testimony of mine will touch those who read it. God Bless You All.

In Christ, Leah

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