

Give Me Jesus, Lawrence's Testimony

My father is called Masaba Abdu. My mother died in 2002, my father is still alive. However, all of my clan is in Islamic faith.

Therefore, I was born in a Muslim family and this accounted to all of us as the children of Masaba Abdu (Shekeh) to be Muslim. My father married eight women and all of these women produced children. To cut this short in my family we are 48 children and among the 48 children I am the second to the last child and my mother was the last wife of Masaba Abdu's family.

My mother was not born a Muslim but it was the force of my father that she converted into the Islam faith (she was Catholic). I grew up in a Muslim family in Busia District, Uganda.

Futhermore, my sister, whom I follow, left education at the level of Senior Two. This was because she had conceived (by our neighbor's husband who was also Muslim). This scenario caused wrangles and misunderstandings that the neighbor, who impregnated my sister, ran away together with her up to Mbale. By then I was in primary four. Because I loved my sister so much and on this ground I had to follow her to Mbale after a period of three months.

Arriving in Mbale, I continued with my faith as a Muslim and I was very happy, most especially during the fasting of the month of a Ramanthan because whenever I completed the fasting my father would send me new clothes as a sign of appreciation. This encouraged me to make my faith permanent. At school I could not share a desk or sit with a non-muslim. I used to call them "the Katherunah (infidels) and I claimed that these are people who are not worthy before the presence of almighty allah and whose prayers will never be answered on this planet by allah. When I was promoted to primary five I began getting dreams about Jesus Christ.

At first, I saw a man surrounded with six humans having wings. The one, who amidst the six was shining. He called my name, "Abdulalah! Abdulalah! I am the King of Kings. I am the first and the last. Today you are mine. Come on." I came near him, trembling but he insisted "Come, come, come!" Then as I came near Him, He stretched His right hand and greeted me. After that He disappeared. Therefore, I woke up full of joy in my heart.

I told this to my sister, and as she had such a strange talk with me she called her husband (Isa) to come and hear. When her husband asked me to tell him again what I saw in the dream he concluded by saying, "Jesus is a

demon that Christians worship.” I was not moved by this. From that time I began associating with non-muslims students at school and it was surprising to the teachers.

It was Friday after lunch when people of Scripture Union came giving out Bibles. I was the first person to be given one. This added to my joy and as I opened the Bible, immediately I landed on the scripture in John 3:16. After reading this I began crying and the whole class could not tell what was going on. The teacher sent me home with some friends.

Arriving home, I entered the house and went to bed. On Sunday I prepared myself, without telling anyone, and went straight to church. I found the pastor preaching on John 3:16. After the sermon he called people who wanted to be saved. I was the first, he led me and I confessed.

My father heard of this two months later. He declared not to see my face in his house and added that I am not among his children and he ended by saying that he would not educate me. For me I wasn't upset because I had it in my mind that I could let everything go but as long as I have Christ everything is OK. Muslims in the mosque claimed that since I have converted to Christianity I will run mad in the span of two weeks, which of course I didn't!

My sister also chased me away. I began sleeping in the church for about 4 years while I was studying. Every Sunday they would collect for me some money to help me through the week. After 4 years I began surviving on my own. Some church members supported my education up to Senior 6. Not only that but they also tried to push me to University for one year and at the end they failed.

Finally, as I speak, I am now a member of Jesus Christ's Church (Restoration) Mbale Uganda, believing in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. I joined this church in 2011 and my life has never remained the same to this date.

Up to this date my father is still a Muslim and among the 48 children I am the only one in the family who is not Muslim. I am contented by this.

I say: Let everything go but as long as I have Jesus Christ
Let everybody hate me but as long as I have Jesus Christ
Let my clan deny me but as long as I have Jesus Christ in me
Everything is OK and it shall go well with those who love the Lord.

My former name for Islam was, Adudalah bin Abdu but now I am called Lawrence Wandera.

May Jesus Christ bless you as you meditate upon this testimony.
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