

## **THE MAN IN WHITE.**

Based on an actual account.

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### **Part One.**

*The Mohammed in this story is a real person. The major events are true, only a few details have been added.*

*Many Muslims around the world have little or no knowledge of Jesus Christ and are first introduced to Him as "The Man in White," either through dreams or visions that God gives them. Keep them in your prayers, so many are enduring rejection and persecution from their loved ones, once they turn to Christianity and accept Jesus as their Savior.*

It was early morning and already the sun rose hot and bright over the Nigerian countryside. Seven year-old Mohammed stepped out of his family's small wooden hut and began doing his chores. His father owned a herd of cattle, and according to tradition, the youngest son needed to rise first. Mohammed milked the cows, and sent them out to graze. Then he built a fire to keep the flies away. He loved the cows so much that he liked to call them his very own.

Mohammed loved one person more than his cows. It was his father, whom he affectionately called, "Baba." In his eyes, Baba seemed to be the greatest man in the world—always so strong, smart, brave, and wise.

"Baba, I want to be just like you when I grow up," Mohammed would say every day. His father would only chuckle. When Father knelt down to pray to Allah, the Muslim god, little Mohammed would do the same. 'Allah is the one and only true god:' his father often said.

"Mohammed, you must always remain a Muslim, because it is right! Allah will reward you for your endurance. You must NEVER listen to any foolish Christian talk about their god, the Prophet Isa. ("Isa" is the Muslims' name for Jesus Christ.) The son would nod in obedient assent to his father's frequent words of wisdom. As he grew older, he had a deepening hunger to worship Allah and to honor his name.

Ten years went by. Mohammed grew into a tall, lean young man. He still tended cattle, lived in the same hut, and helped his father in the same fields. Yet, something was different. He often felt lonely and hollow inside.

"Baba," he approached his father one night, "I must request one thing. I have a growing hunger to get a proper education and attend an Arabic school, so I can better understand the Koran, our holy book." Mohammed believed that he could find rest for his soul if he acquired knowledge about its writings.

"Yes, perhaps I will send you to Bauchi, to attend Sheik Ibrahim's school," his father responded thoughtfully. Mohammed felt like leaping for joy.

Several years went by and Mohammed also received education from other schools about how to interpret the Koran and the fundamentals of the Islamic religion.

"Allah, greatest god of all; he often prayed, "I want to serve you with my life. Show me the way to go, so I can be called great in your sight" It seemed the hungrier Mohammed grew for his god, the farther away Allah seemed to be.

When Mohammed was 22 years old, he began wishing to travel to Saudi Arabia for further advanced studies. But his father asked him to come home. "Son;" he said gravely, "you mother and I feel it is best that you get married before leaving for Saudi Arabia. After all, isn't Allah's will for every man to be married?"

Mohammed stayed silent for a long time. Oh, how desperately he wished to fill that haunting, empty void in his soul. He replied soberly, "Baba, I want to know Allah more intimately. This is the deepest desire of my heart. It is even a desire stronger than marriage. His father shook his head in perplexity. When would his son ever be satisfied with receiving an education? Was it driving him mad?"

Mohammed reluctantly stayed home on the farm and went back to being a herdsman. Because he had received several years of religious training his family and relatives revered him as their spiritual leader.

One dark night, everything in his world changed. It came in the form of a series of terrifying, mysterious dreams. In his first dream, he walked along through a field when suddenly evil men in black robes began attacking him. The following night, he had the same

dream, but his terror vanished, when still in his dream, a tall, peaceful looking man dressed in a long, shimmering, white robe appeared.

The Man in White asked, "My son, what are you doing here?"

"I don't know!" Mohammed cried in distress.

The Man in White reached down and lifted him up and replied, "Let me take you home. I love you, my son!" Continuing in his dream, Mohammed watched in awe as the evil men fled at the sight of the Man in White. He wanted to be in His presence forever. It seemed as if he had been trapped in a dark dungeon, then suddenly had freedom to walk in brilliant, heavenly sunlight—a world of glorious gardens and rainbows.

When Mohammed awoke, he couldn't stop thinking about the dream. Who was the Man in White? Why did he feel this way? Was this more than an ordinary dream?



## **Part Two.**

*Mohammed was named for his father his hero. Mohammed's growing up years had been spent learning about Allah, the god of his father. Mohammed experienced unrest. His recent dreams had only caused more questions. His heart longed to serve the true God.*

*This story is based on an actual account and depicts the way some Muslims are finding Christ today.*

Mohammed could not go back to sleep. His heart was filled with a wonderful hope and peace as he replayed the scene of the Man in White appearing to him in a second dream. "Why," he asked, "did he rescue me?"

All was still outside except for the occasional rustling of cattle passing by their hut and his father's deep breathing. Mohammed softly arose from his cot and crept outside. The moon shone brightly on rolling plains of grassland. Was the man in the white robe Allah or was he perhaps the prophet Mohammed?

He wondered. But in his innermost soul, he was quite sure it was not the prophet his people worshipped.

The next morning Mohammed told his father about the mysterious second dream.

"We shall go immediately to the witch doctor:' Father said.

"But Baba, what about the Man in White? He only defended me from evil. He said he would take care of me if I trusted in him."

His father looked both angry and amused. "Son, this is a mere dream. Forget it! The spirits are trying to steal your mind since you are intelligent and strong."

After the native doctor examined Mohammed he turned to Father and said, "It is a good thing you brought your son to me. He is under a spell and in two days he would have died" He gathered a few kola nuts and instructed Mohammed's father in their use. "Rub these nuts on his forehead at bedtime. It will ward off every evil spirit and they will never return again"

But no witch doctor's ancient rituals could keep the Man in White away, for that very night Mohammed had another dream. Again, the black men began tormenting him. Yet, when the peaceful, mysterious man in the white robe appeared, they all disappeared. He turned to Mohammed and asked, "Do you want my help?" Mohammed nodded. Once again the wonderful man in the shining white robe spoke to Mohammed as if he knew him personally. "I love you, my son!" Then Mohammed awoke.

"Baba, I had another dream; he told his father in the morning, "But I had no fear because the man in the white robe protected me from evil. Father, I believe this is more than a dream:' "

Father hastily replied, "No, you are being confused and harassed, just as the doctor said. You must keep on using the medicine. Then, in time, your mind will be healed."

Mohammed obeyed his father, but none of the witch doctor's medicine stopped the dreams from coming. He continued to have them for six nights in a row. And always the Man in the White Robe appeared to defend Mohammed from every evil assault. At the end of each dream, he would say in the warmest and most reassuring voice, "I love you, my son!"

On the seventh and final dream, Mohammed was given a most startling revelation. He finally discovered that the glorious man in white was the prophet, Isa, whom the Christians called Jesus Christ! In this last dream, Mohammed saw himself sitting Linder a tree in a lush, green, valley with misty waterfalls and warbling songbirds.

Beneath the tree were many books of various sizes and titles. He

began picking them up at random, paging through them as if searching for something. He came to an especially large and heavy book, when suddenly beams of crystal white light began moving steadily toward him. From within the light, there emerged a figure and stood before him. The figure walked toward where Mohammed was sitting. "What are you reading, my son?" Mohammed noticed for the first time that he was holding the Christian's holy book, the Bible. "Would you like my help in understanding my book?" the man asked.

Mohammed gazed into His face, and replied, "Yes!" In the next several moments he learned a shocking truth. In his dream, Jesus was telling him that He alone is the way to God! When Mohammed awoke, he knew he had to make a choice between Jesus Christ and the Muslim god, Allah.



### **Part Three.**

*Mohammed struggled with the dreams he was having. Was Jesus Christ the true God? His father thought all Christians were foolish. He loved his father and couldn't bear to hurt him.*

In Mohammed's final dream Jesus Christ was saying with loving affirmation, "Mohammed, this book is from God. All of these chapters and verses are God's Word. Have you ever heard of the way, the truth, and the life?" Jesus continued speaking, I am the way, I am the truth, and I am also the life. No one can come to God except through me!"

Mohammed's heart filled with awe at how Jesus spoke with such powerful authority, as if He held the keys to death and life itself.

"Mohammed," Jesus said with great power in His voice, "I have come to give you eternal life! If you accept Me as your Lord and Savior, you will become a child of God."

Mohammed gazed at Jesus in amazement, "Does God have children?"

"God's children are born from His Spirit, not from the flesh. Do you believe God?" Jesus inquired.

"Yes, I believe in God," he replied. Jesus continued, "You must believe also in Me. In this world you will have many trials, but rejoice,

for I have overcome the world. Would you like to receive Me?" Jesus extended His hand toward Mohammed, who still in his dream, reached out and touched Jesus' outstretched hand.

"Yes, Lord, I will receive You." Suddenly, he awoke from his dream. "Was it just a dream?" he whispered into the dark night. Out of the stillness a voice said warmly, "I love you, my son!" Mohammed bolted out of his cot, trembling like a windswept leaf. Yes, he recognized it as the same voice in his dreams—the wonderful voice of Jesus Christ!

"Lord Jesus, are you here?" he called out, but there was no reply. Mohammed blindly stumbled outside. In his heart of hearts, he knew that Jesus was calling his name and that his many dreams were God's way of telling him to give his life to Jesus.

Beads of hot perspiration began running down his face as he remembered his father's loud commanding voice saying many times, "Mohammed, you must always remain a Muslim, because it is right. Allah will reward you for your endurance. You must never listen to any foolish Christian talk about their god, the prophet, Isa!" (Jesus Christ)

Mohammed's mind seemed to burn with a thousand conflicting emotions. In his mind's eye, he could see his father's rage and the rejection that would follow. He loved his father immensely and could hardly bear the thought of hurting him. But then came the shining face of Jesus Christ, whose voice rang with deep authority and power, "Mohammed, I am the way, the truth, and the life! I have come to give you eternal life!" In that moment, his mind was made up. He would say "Yes" to Jesus Christ. He arose from the dusty ground and washed his face with cool water. Tomorrow he would secretly go and see Jonathan, a Christian man in the nearby village.

"You must waste no time," Jonathan advised Mohammed the next day. "You must accept Jesus as your own Savior! I believe God has been calling you through your dreams to be His son." So there, in the humble pasture of Jonathan's farm, Mohammed knelt for the first time before the true God. With tears streaming down his face, he wept. "Forgive me, Lord, I am a sinner. I accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my Savior for the rest of my life." Jonathan gave him a Holy Bible and he marveled at how the words of Jesus in his dream

corresponded perfectly with the verses in the Bible. He had never felt such pure peace and joy. All his fears vanished, as snow that disappears by the warmth of the sun. He felt no fear when announcing to his family that night, "I have become a Christian. Please do the same because it is only Jesus Christ who came to save us and He is real"

In the days and weeks that followed, his father and relatives scorned and laughed at him. His mother tried to coax him that he should not be so fickle as to go by dreams and feelings.

Mohammed would always say bravely with a new boldness, "I will follow only Jesus!"

Early one morning, his father woke him and said with a strange coldness, "Come outside with me" Mohammed was startled to see his family and relatives gathered around him in a wide circle.

"Sit down," his father commanded. Then he extended a cup toward him and said, "You will drink this, and drink all of it."

Mohammed felt a horrifying stab of icy fear. Surely, this is a deadly poison, he thought.



#### **Part Four.**

*Mohammed knew his family was putting him to a grim test. He had gone against his father's wishes and accepted Jesus into his heart. He looked at the cup of poison in front of him.*

Mohammed swallowed hard as he gazed into his father's cold, angry eyes. Scenes of his life flashed through his mind. He remembered how, as a child, he had deeply admired Baba's knowledge and kindness and that he always wanted the best for his son. Now he was trying to force him to drink a deadly poison—all for leaving the Islamic religion and turning to Jesus Christ.

Mohammed knelt before his relatives that surrounded him, his heart thudding with a sickening fear.

His uncles shouted, "You have brought this upon yourself, you foolish infidel! Allah is the one and only true god and if you will continue denying him, we will watch you die!" Others shouted, "We will throw your body in the river!"

Yes, Mohammed knew that if a Muslim forsakes Islam, rejection, persecution and even death may follow. Yet, the wonderful face of Jesus Christ, glowing with power and compassion was ever before him. Jesus had appeared to Mohammed in his many dreams as the only way to God. How could I ever think of denying Jesus, Mohammed pondered.

"Mohammed," his father said sternly, "We are giving you one last chance. If you value your life, you must return to Islam! You are being a very disobedient son. Forget the foolish Christian teachings and we will forget your disobedience."

Suddenly Mohammed remembered his dreams and how Jesus had always defended and protected him from every evil attack. And now at this terrifying moment, with death facing him, Jesus Christ also stood ready to protect him from the claws of evil. A strong peace flooded Mohammed's heart as he said, "Baba, I can never reject Jesus. He has given me eternal life. He will give you life, too, if you will only listen to His voice."

"Then may my bones be cursed forever for having a son who is a foolish infidel," his father's voice seethed with hatred. Rage swept through the little group that surrounded Mohammed. The cup of poison was thrust into Mohammed's hands. The acidic vapors rising from the cup already burned his eyes and nostrils.

"Baba, allow me to pray first," he said. Mohammed lifted the cup toward the sky and prayed in a loud, clear voice. Without further hesitation, he drank the contents then handed the cup back to his father. Mohammed quietly arose and walked back to his family's hut. He stumbled onto his cot. Already he felt sick.

The next morning, however, Mohammed was the first to greet his father. Baba was both mystified and furious that his plan had not worked. He immediately filed a report with the Islamic community to try to have those arrested who had influenced his son to become a Christian.

Several days later, Baba gave orders to his son, "Your disobedience to Allah and me as your father have gone too far. Today you will leave this house forever!"

Mohammed turned and looked his father squarely in the eyes and replied, "Baba, my only wish is that you and my household will find the same peace of Jesus Christ that I have found."

"Peace?!" his father spat into his face. "You are a miserable dreamer. Now I order you to leave us forever!"



### **Part Five.**

*Jesus had become a real friend to Mohammed, helping him through the dreams, through his family turning their backs on him. Now he would need to trust Him for the future, because Jesus was all he had.*

Mohammed obediently walked off into the woods, leaving his childhood home behind. "Jesus, You are my Shepherd. Lead me in the way You want me to go:" he prayed.

He had known a Christian missionary by the name of Jonathan living in a village about four miles away. Perhaps he could help him. As Mohammed walked along the familiar winding path, sadness engulfed him as he realized that he might never see his family again. I must trust You, Jesus, that You can change their hearts. With that reassuring prayer, he quickened his pace.

Suddenly several dark shadows flitted through the underbrush. Leaves rustled nearby, yet there didn't seem to be any wind. An eerie silence followed. Mohammed felt eyes all around him watching his every move. He looked around but saw no one. Mohammed kept on walking. Suddenly an arrow shot out from a bush stabbing him in the lower hip.

Mohammed screamed in pain and quickly withdrew the arrow. It was then that he realized with horror that the arrow was tipped with poison.

"Lord, Jesus, help me!" He cried in desperation. All was silent except for the humming of insects. Mohammed carefully stood to his feet, groaning in pain and despair. He couldn't even bring himself to stand upright. The nearest hospital was nearly 20 miles away. Jonathan's village was much closer, but could he endure walking with poison seeping through his veins and blood flowing from the wound?

He threw himself on the ground and wept. "Lord Jesus, please send help!"

Scarcely had he prayed these words when he felt a firm hand press his shoulder. The man helped him to his feet and slowly walked him

to the main road. "God must surely be with you today, because I hear a vehicle approaching," the man said.

It was an answer to prayer indeed, for Mohammed was then transported to the hospital where he received an operation that saved his life. The Christians in Jonathan's village paid his hospital bills and kindly took Mohammed into their midst. He grew stronger in his relationship with Jesus Christ and the Christians there were delighted to hear how Jesus had appeared to him in his dreams and talked to him as a special son. Deep in Mohammed's heart, however, was a lingering sadness for his father, Baba, and his family. If only Jesus could break through their darkness and save their dear souls, too!

For a year Mohammed lived hidden in Jonathan's village. But one day everything changed. Baba discovered that his son was alive. He had Mohammed arrested and thrown into a cruel, dark prison. For six long months Mohammed spent his days trapped in a prison cell. How he wished for a Holy Bible to grow in the Lord and to help pass the time. Yet he thought it mysterious how close to Jesus he often felt.

"Am I really alone? I have my Lord with me!" Bible verses went through his mind..."The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall have want of nothing... Blessed are the persecuted... Perfect love casts out fear ... Let not your heart be troubled; In my Father's house are many mansions ... I send you a Comforter..."

Finally the long-awaited day for Mohammed's release arrived. He was sent back to his childhood home with a police escort. As he walked toward his family's hut, Mohammed was surprised to see Baba reach for his hand, saying, "We will put the past behind us. We encourage you to do the same."

For seven months Mohammed lived in harmony with his family and relatives. Baba gave him back his cattle and began making plans for buying three wives for his son. Mohammed's spirit grew more lonely and restless every passing day. He knew his faith was slowly dying. He realized then that his family's kindness toward him was a trick to try to make him forget Jesus.

Mohammed thought: I must make a decision. As much as this hurts, I must forsake my family and live somewhere far away. How can I ever starve my walk with my Savior?

"Baba:" he said one night, "Thank you for all you have done for me,

but I have a need beyond farming and marriage. Only Jesus can fulfill my deepest desires. I have decided to move to Jos." His father suddenly looked very old, sad and tired.



### **Part Six.**

*Mohammed's spiritual journey took him through many trials. His deep longing to know the true God had brought dreams about a "Man in White." Finally, he had accepted Jesus as clearly as it had been revealed to him. His family rejected him and stealthily offered him poison to drink. He ran for his life encountering a deadly arrow that was meant to stop him. God had a servant of His come upon Mohammed and take him to a hospital just in time to save his life. To hide in the village 20 miles away did not provide secrecy enough. His family found him and had him put in prison for six months. Then they had him released to come back to them.*

If only Baba could feel the great and glorious love of Jesus!" Mohammed thought to himself as he observed his father's lonely sadness.

Mohammed spoke gently, "Baba, I want you to know that I love you, even though you've twice tried to kill me. But I have chosen to forgive you, with the help of Jesus. It is my deepest wish that you and my family and relatives would get to know Jesus, too."

His father turned his face toward the wall and replied coldly, "I see that we will never agree"

After a long silence Mohammed said sadly, "And that is why I have decided to leave. I have made plans to live in Jos and will be leaving in two days. But I want you to remember that only Jesus can give you peace and eternal life."

For two years Mohammed never heard a word from Baba or any of his family.

One day he received an urgent and important message from home. His father was in the hospital and wanted to see him. Immediately, a flame of hope began burning in Mohammed's heart. As he traveled to the hospital, he went back over the last conversation he had with his father. Baba's voice had been cold, his countenance sad and wrinkled, with a haunting expression of hopelessness and bitterness.

Baba was such a devout follower of the Islamic religion, perhaps the most devout one in the entire village! Could the glorious light of Jesus Christ come through to him? Was God speaking to Baba?

Finally, Mohammed reached his father's hospital room. Baba's eyes were tightly shut and a deathly stillness hung in the air. Mohammed gently touched his hand and his eyes flickered open. "You sent for me, Baba?" Mohammed whispered.

Tears filled Baba's eyes and he said hoarsely, "Forgive me, my son. I've wronged you and hurt you so many times and you never grew angry or fought back."

"I choose to do nothing else but forgive you," Mohammed said with tears of compassion in his voice. "The Bible teaches forgiveness. I love you, Baba, but Jesus loves you so much more than I ever could."

Wistfulness swept over Baba's face as he replied, "Son, hold on to this God of yours with all your might."

"My God can be your God, too," said Mohammed. He clasped his father's cold hands in his own.

"Even after all the hurtful and wrong things I've done?" questioned Baba. A tear trickled down his gaunt face. "Yes, oh, yes!" Mohammed assured him. "God, the Christian's God, is pure love. He just asks one thing of us and that is that we accept Jesus as our Savior. Baba, he promises to receive YOU if you will receive Him

And so, in the next few moments, heaven's light reached down to a far away African village hospital—down to a man whose soul had wandered in unbelief, pitted against Jesus for many years. And his son, who had suffered much under his harsh hands for many years, finally fell into his father's welcoming arms. Together they wept with joy.

Reconciliation and love was at last beating the same rhythm in their hearts. And even though the son was the one who led his father to the true light, it was Baba who was the first to embrace the "Man in White" in heaven, for he died three hours later with the peace of God in his heart and the joy of the Lord in his soul.

