



Lifelines Outreach Ministry Email Newsletter

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November 23rd, 2010

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A Light In The Midst of Darkness

Happy Thanksgiving!

It was thirty past six in the evening, Saturday November 20th, a bunch of guys showed up to go out on a mission to revive the lost souls. The purpose was to launch an evangelistic operation on the street of Minneapolis. For some guys that was their second and third times, for me it was my first time. I was very energetic to walk around downtown Minneapolis and confront people who needed to hear the word of God. There were some people who seemed spiritually famished, they needed to be heard, they needed to listen to someone who talks about God, someone who could just give them the Truth about God's sovereign redemptive plan. I was so blessed to be with those guys out there proclaiming Jesus, as the Savior of our soul.

I was paired up with a fellow named Ted Blakley, I met Ted and his family a few weeks ago at Harvest Bible Chapel. Ted is down to earth type of a guy, he's modest, humble but he's on fire when he opens up his mouth to talk about God. I knew that he was going to be such an effective evangelist that night. It was a privilege to be with him and call him a brother. We walked around downtown Minneapolis, people were walking around, jumping in and out of different bars, laughing out carelessly, without worrying about their death or the consequences of not being in Christ and not knowing the meaning of spiritual salvation. Ted and I witnessed to different types of people that night, but there was one in particular, who truly was suffering from shame and guilt. Her name was Deja, she was 20 years old. She got pregnant by her boyfriend when she was 15. She said, her mother told her to abort the baby because the boyfriend left her after blaming her for getting pregnant and not using any contraceptive devices. She was crying incessantly as she was gently and slowly letting me know that she needs God in her life and she wants God to forgive her what she did to her baby. I felt so relieved and happy that God was using me to witness to her the awesomeness of His glory in Jesus Christ.

I asked her if she ever read the Bible? She said, oh, "yes", she reached into her bag and pulled out a faded black colored Bible and said that her grandmother encouraged her long time ago to read the Book of Psalms. She read it but couldn't understand it. She said, she loves God but can't understand the Bible. I sighed and then talked to her about the spiritual birth and what does it take for one to be called a child of God? I went on to say that our spiritual birth comes by God's grace alone and through our faith alone in Jesus. Jesus was born sinless and died on the cross for our sin, so you and I can be forgiven. I prayed with her and asked her to beseech God to grant her His grace and start believing in Jesus as her Lord and Savior. I then told her about my background and where I came from and how Jesus found me in the midst of my misery and pain and darkness.

She smiled and acknowledged my sincerity and the authenticity of my witnessing. I invited her to come to our church. She didn't have a car, but I told her that my wife and I will be more than happy to pick her up from her place and drive her to our church.

The most effective way to spread the Gospel is to be bold, direct, concise, clear and let the Word of God do its magic. It's perilously futile to try to concoct a scheme or a way to convert people into Christianity. The spiritual birth is anchored in the Word of God, all we need to do as slaves of Christ, is to go out and preach the Word of God. Unfortunately, there are churches out there that manipulate marketing strategies to get people falsely converted. The Word of God is powerful to change people's heart, Jesus is the Fountain of the Living Water, Jesus is the Light of the World, Jesus is The Way, The Truth and The Life, Jesus is the quencher of your thirsty spirit. If He wasn't all that, I would have not left Islam, if He was not all that, I would have not welcomed or sustained the mockery, and ridicules of Muslim relatives. I know with all my heart, that Jesus is the Messiah. He is my redeemer, and He lives. Amen. **-Farhad Barukzoy**

Just a Note: Farhad was born in Afghanistan and I met Farhad when I was in middle school. His family had come from a Pakistani refugee camp. Our families "grew up" together and we grew up practicing Islam. Later on, his niece would marry my cousin. Recently I was at work and the Lord lead me to sign on to Facebook, not knowing why but obeying, I opened it up and saw a familiar name, clicked on it and then saw Farhad's name. One thing lead to another and I saw that his wife believed in Jesus and well I got so excited "what if Farhad did too!" We connected on Facebook and with God getting the glory, you could literally feel the electricity of our phone conversation. It gives me chills thinking about it. For a former muslim to find another former muslim-words can't describe! Angels sing and we rejoice!!! But to know Farhad and know now how the Lord drew him to Himself is magnificent. I once read that sharing Jesus is like planting a seed, watching a tree grow and give fruit. To share Jesus with a muslim and they accept Him, is like digging a deep mine and coming out with a beautiful rare diamond. God is so good! - Shahe (Farhad's proud sister in Christ Jesus!)