

### Story of how sister Kim embraced Islam

I was raised as an Evangelical Christian. All my life I went to Sunday school and church nearly every Sunday with my mother. I was constantly told that Jesus (pbuh) was God's Son and that he died on the cross for saving our sins. As a child, I didn't think much of it, I just believed in whatever I was taught.

But once I got into high school, I started to question the Bible. I would wonder why (if he is so powerful and can do anything) would God find it necessary to send himself in human form to save the world from sin, but then we also call him God and God's son at the same time-the Trinity does not make sense and is irrational. But I felt bad questioning so much because I was taught to "not question God". I felt like I did not have enough faith in Christianity. So I stopped questioning and continued to follow this faith blindly. I did whatever I could to get closer to God. I would read devotionals and the Bible at least twice a day and pray every night to God that he would make me a better Christian. But whenever I prayed, I felt like no one was there. I always felt as if I was talking to myself. I continued to do it anyways.

Around the end of my senior year in high school, I watched an episode of Oprah and saw a Muslim woman on there. As I was watching her, I stared at that scarf on her head and wondered why she was wearing that, or any Muslim woman for that matter. I had heard about Muslim women being oppressed on the media, but I never thought about that when I saw a Muslim woman. Whenever I'd see a Muslim woman on an airplane, I'd think "TERRORIST". So I see this Muslim woman and got a sudden fascination with this scarf she was wearing on her head. I went on the internet and started looking up info. on Muslim women. I found out that the scarf was called Hijab. It was so interesting to me. I read why women cover themselves up that way and grew more and more interested in Hijab. I wanted to wear it so badly but knew it would be a stupid idea because I was a Christian. So I looked around in the Bible to see if it told women to cover their hair, and it did. The only reason I was doing this was to have a reason to cover myself like Muslim women. I had no other knowledge of Islam at this point. I just knew a lot about Hijabis.

I soon started read more and more on Islam. Islam made so much sense to me, I began to believe in it, and this scared me. It scared me to even believe in this religion that contradicts a lot of what I had been taught to believe. I kept telling myself that God is only trying to test me and that Islam is false. I even looked up reason why Satan created Islam and made a list. I did not want to believe in this religion, I just wanted to be a faithful Christian although I had no faith at all.

During the summer after graduation, I didn't believe in anything. Even when I spent five weeks working at a Christian Bible camp. The children would ask me how they could get closer to God and Jesus, but I couldn't even give them an answer. It boggled my mind to think about getting closer to "God and Jesus". Aren't they the same? Or are they?

Up until I started college, I didn't think about religion. I believed in God, but that was it. I'd think to myself, "Which God is the true God?" I'd cry sometimes thinking about it. I was so confused. During the first couple of weeks of school, I read more on Islam because I couldn't help but find out more about it. I was still really thinking about Islam, even when I didn't want to. And so, I was chatting with one of my contacts whom I met online, he was Muslim. I told him my story and he helped me say Shahada. I didn't feel anything, though. This was my first time saying Shahada and I felt nothing. The second time I said it by myself. I felt something...

Since classes started, I would see this Muslim girl wearing hijab walking around campus, and it baffled me because I

was going to a private Christian University. One day, I got the guts to approach her and say that I had converted to Islam and was not sure what to do or how to do it. We exchanged numbers and she gave me a brand new Quran. What I didn't know was so amazing until later was that this was all taking place during Ramadan. On September 29th, 2008 they (her and her parents) even took me to Mosque with them where I said Shahada, again, in front of an Imam this time. The women at the mosque were so excited, especially since it was Ramadan. After I said Shahada officially, I cried. I had never felt so peaceful before. It was the best night of my life. I can't even explain it.

I know that I have made the best decision of my life. Nothing could live up to it. Nothing. My friends are accepting it, and my family is too. But what I'm more afraid of is what the people from the church I used to go to are going to think (gossip).

MashAllah, I can no longer say that I am living my life in confusion. Everything is all good and, inshAllah, it will stay that way!

Former Christian Abdullah DeLancey becomes a Muslim -- My story

My name is Abdullah DeLancey. I am Canadian and I am employed as a Patient Service Worker at the local Hospital. I have been married for almost 20 years and we have 3 wonderful children. Alhamdulillah. I am a now a Muslim. I wasn't always a Muslim though. Previously; I was a Protestant Christian for all of my life. My family brought me up in the Pentecostal Church until I was an adult at which time I moved to a fundamental Independent Baptist Church. As a faithful Christian I was very involved at Church, giving lectures for the Adult Sunday School and other duties. I was eventually elected as the Deacon of the Church. I really wanted to further my dedication to God and decided to pursue a career as a Minister. I was awarded a scholarship to help me start taking a Degree in Divinity. My goal was to be a Pastor of a Church or a Missionary.

However, becoming a Minister would commit me and my whole family to the Church full time for life. So just before attending Bible College, I thought it best to look at Christianity critically and ask some very serious questions about my faith. I questioned the trinity, why God would need a son, and why the human sacrifice of Jesus, as stated in the bible, was needed to provide me with forgiveness. I questioned the Christian belief of how all the righteous people in the Old Testament were "saved" and in heaven if Jesus wasn't even born yet. I pondered serious questions about Christianity that I had neglected to ask my whole life. The answers I received from Christians on these theological issues "which are the basis of the faith in Christianity" defied all reason and were absolutely beyond any logical thinking. Why would God give us a wonderful brain and then expect us to temporarily stop using it? Because that is what Christianity is asking people to do when they say you just must have faith. That is blind faith.

Realizing that I had always accepted Christianity, with Blind faith for my entire life and never had questioned it was perplexing to me. How could I have not realized this before? I could not find the answers in the Bible. Once I realized that the trinity was a myth and that God is powerful enough to "save" someone without the need for help from a son or anyone or anything else. Things changed. My entire faith in Christianity fell apart. I could no longer believe in Christianity or be a Christian. I left the Church for good and my wife dutifully left with me, as she was having trouble accepting Christianity too.

This was the start of my spiritual journey.

I was now without a Religion but believed in a God. This was a very hard time for me and my family as Christianity was all we had ever known. I had to search for the truth.

I began studying various religions and found them as false one after another. Until, I heard about Islam. Islam!!! What was that? As far as I could remember, I had never known a Muslim and Islam was not heard or spoken of "as a faith" in my part of Canada. Unless, of course, it was news stories talking bad about Islam. For me at that time, Islam was not even a consideration. Not on my religious radar at all.

But then I started to read a little about Islam. Then, I kept reading a little more. Then, I read the Quran. This wonderful revelation of truth has changed my life forever. I immediately started to study every piece of information pertaining to Islam I could get my hands on. I discovered the nearest Mosque was about 100 miles away from my city. So I promptly loaded the family van and drove my family to this Mosque. On the way, I was very nervous but also very excited at the same time..

I asked myself. Was I even allowed in the Mosque because I wasn't an Arab or a Muslim ? However after arriving at the Mosque I quickly realized I had nothing to fear. I was greeted by the Imam and the Muslims with a most warm greeting. I found them very nice. Nothing like the bad things the news always said about Muslims. They gave me a book by Ahmed Deedat and assured me I could be a Muslim. I studied all the material on Islam they gave me. I appreciated these books very much because our local library had only 4 books on Islam. After studying I was in shock. How could I have been a Christian for so long and never heard the truth. I now believed in Islam. I knew it and I wanted to convert. I was put in contact with the small Muslim community in my city.

On March 24th 2006 I went to the Mosque. Just before Friday prayer started and with most of the local Muslim Community present as witness. I testified that” La illaha ill Allah, Muhammadur Rasul Allah” “There is no God but Allah, Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah. I was now a Muslim. It was the best day of my life. I love Islam and have peace now.

Difficult times have come since I became a Muslim. When people started realizing I was now a Muslim they would shun me or laugh at me, most of our old Christian friends have never talked to us again. My parents have all but disowned me. I love being a Muslim and it doesn't matter if some of my fellow Canadians think of me as odd for becoming a Muslim. Why? The reason is that I alone, am the one that will have to answer to Allah after my death. Allah is the giver of strength and all mighty Allah has helped me through all the rough times after my conversion to Islam. I have many, many Muslim Brothers now. I have legally changed my first name to Abdullah, which I like very much. I am now the first and only Muslim Chaplain approved to work at the local hospital in my City. I am a Muslim and I am truly happy. All Thanks be to Allah.

That is how I became a Muslim. Islam is right for you too. Maybe you are not just randomly reading this article by chance. Maybe you already believe Allah is the one and only true God. Do you want to have life and become a Muslim right now. It is a big step.

But the best step you will ever take. Once you have decided that Islam is the truth. The only thing you must do to become a Muslim is truly believe and freely testify that “There is no God but Allah, Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah. Testify to this truth with me now. Become Muslim and have life.

### A Chicano's Story of Becoming Muslim

In The Name of Allah, The Most Gracious, The Most Merciful

Para leer mi cuento en Espanol.

My name is Ali. I'm a 31 year old Mexican born in America or as some would say a Chicano.

I thought I would make a webpage to tell my story of how I became a Muslim. I think it will Insha'Allah (God willing) help people understand Islam and why it attracted me. People have a wrong perception About Islam and Muslims, what little they know is usually from Movies and Television which is almost all the time false.

My life before was bad I had no direction in life. I was wasting my life away by dropping out of school in the 11th grade. I would hang out in the streets with my friends "partying" getting high, drinking and selling marijuana, most of my friends were gang members, I myself was never in a gang. I knew most of them before they turned bad, so it was not a problem. I slowly began to use harder drugs, I had dreams but they seemed to far away for me to make them reality. The more I became depressed the more I turned to drugs as a temporary escape.

One day a friend of mine told me that he knew where to get some good marijuana, I agreed to go check it out. We arrived and went inside this apartment their were a couple of people inside, we sat around and talked for a while and sampled the weed. My friend and I bought some and were getting ready to leave when my friend said one of the guys there invited us to his apartment to give him a book.

We left for this guy's apartment when we got there, he gave my friend a book and asked him to read it, and said that it might help him out with his problems in life. On the way home I asked my friend to show me the book that the guy gave him, it was the Qur'an (Koran).

I had never in my life heard of The Holy Qur'an, I began to briefly read some pages, while I was reading I knew that what I was reading was true, it was like a slap in the face, a wake up call. The Qur'an is so clear and easy to understand. I was really impressed and wanted to know more about Islam and Muslims.

The strangest thing is that I was not looking for a new Religion, I used to laugh at people that went to church and some times said that there was no God. Although deep down I knew there was. I decided to go to the Library a couple of days later and check out the Qur'an. I began to read it and study it, I learned About Prophet Muhhamed (Peace be upon him) and the true story of Jesus son of Mary (Peace be upon him). The Qur'an stressed the fact that God was one and had no partners or a son, this was most interesting to me since I never understood the concept of the trinity. The Qur'an describes the birth of Prophet Jesus (P.B.U.H ) and his mission. There is also a Surah (Chapter) called Maryam (Mary) and tells her story as well.

As a child I always went to church, my mother was a Seventh day Adventist and took my sister and me every Saturday. I never was really religious and stopped going to church when I was about 14 or 15. The rest of my family is Catholic, I always wondered why we were Seventh day Adventist and the rest of my family was Catholic. When we would go visit my family back in Mexico, we went to a Catholic church for weddings and celebrations.

Muhammed (peace be upon him) is the last Messenger of God sent to all mankind. The Qur'an tells the story's of all the Prophets such as Adam, Abraham, Noah, Issac, David, Moses, Jesus (Peace be upon them all) just to name a few, told in a clear and understandable manner. I did months of research on Islam I bought a Holy Qur'an at a bookstore and studied about World History and Islam's contributions to Medicine and Science.

I learned that Spain was a Muslim country for almost a thousand years and that when the Muslims were expelled from Spain by the Christian king and Queen (Ferdinand and Isabela), the Christian Spaniards came to Mexico and forced the Aztecs and others to become Catholic, history and my Islamic roots was all becoming clear to me.

After months of study and research I could not deny the truth anymore I had put it off too long, but was still living the life I was before and knew that if I became Muslim I had to give all that up. One day while reading the Qur'an, I began to cry and fell to my knees and thanked Allah for guiding me to the truth. I found out that there was a Mosque by my house so I went one Friday to see how Muslims prayed and conducted thier service. I saw that people from all races and colors attended the Mosque. I saw that they took off thier shoes when entering and sat on the carpeted floor. A man got up and began to call the Adhan (call for prayer) when I heard it my eyes filled up with tears it sounded so beautiful, it was all so strange at first but seemed so right at the same time. Islam is not just a Religion but a way of life.

After going a couple of Fridays I was ready to be a Muslim and say my Shahada (declaration of faith).

I told the Khatib (person giving the lecture) that I wanted to be a Muslim, the following Friday in front of the community I said my Shahada first in Arabic then in English: I bear witness that there is no other God but Allah and I bear witness that Muhammed (P.B.U.H) is His Messenger.

When I finished a Brother shouted Takbir! and all the community said Allah O Akbar! (God is great!) a few times, then all the Brothers came and hugged me. I never received so many hugs in one day, I will never forget that day it was great. I have been Muslim since 1997, I'm at peace with myself and clear in Religion, being Muslim has really changed my life for the better thanks to Almighty God. I went back to school to get my High School equivalent and computer repair training.

I had the blessing of being able to perform Hajj (Pilgrimage) to the Holy city of Mecca, it was an experience of a lifetime, about 3 million people from every race and color in one place worshipping Almighty God The Creator. Alhamdulillah in December of 2002 I got married in Morocco to a very good Muslim woman.

I think that Islam is the answer for the problems of the youth and society in general. I hope my story Insha'Allah (God willing) will attract more Latinos and people of all races to the light of Islam.