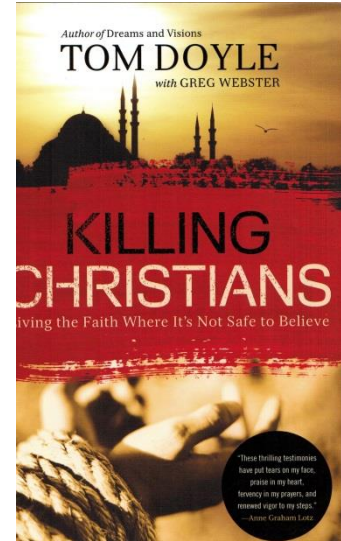


*Killing Christians* pulls no punches in portraying the realities encountered daily by Christ's disciples living in a pagan culture. The eight individuals sharing their experiences of standing for Jesus in the Middle East illustrate suffering unimaginable to American believers.

Azzam Azziz Mubarak asked the local imam for spiritual guidance about what the seven dreams he had of the Great Prophet, Jesus, and was knocked to the ground for asking. Returning home he saw a cross on his bed covered in blood and called his mother and brother to come and see. His younger brother threw him to the floor and kicked him in the face, his mother calmly told him to, "Leave, son, and don't come back." He fled to a nearby village and the next day received a package from his father, a clear plastic bag containing the remains of his mother and a photograph of two men with swords standing over her. Without restraint he became a bible smuggler, sharing a coffin with a corpse out of Somalia, only to return inside another coffin bringing bibles donated by Kenyan believers. When he later confronted his mother's killers, he forgave them. The killers were paralyzed by his words of forgiveness and one confessed he had longed for words like this often. The three met for a week before Azzam brought them to an underground church to meet the rest of the believers. They told those assembled Azzam's mother's last words were, "Jesus, Jesus, I love you."



Farid Assad and Pastor Joseph are picked up by Hanna, a taxi driver, in the center of Damascus, Syria and takes them to house in a northern suburb for an underground church meeting where thirty people were singing, many with hands raised in worship. Both Sunnis and Alawites were in attendance and stood shoulder to shoulder. After singing they jointly participated in a foot-washing service. Majeed Husain, the brother of an Alawite sheikh, told how he, wondered why he was having dreams, and Jesus said to him in each one, Follow Me. The next morning Farid got a phone call from his father about two terrorists who would return the next day for the ransom or kill both him and his wife. Farid and Hanna leave immediately to rescue his parents. After his parents are picked up and they are halfway to a safe house his father insists they visit a Muslim family because the father had eight Jesus dreams in one month. Once they are back in Damascus, leaders among the believers meet and agree to fast for a week while praying for God's direction whether to stay or leave. The following week the ten leaders and fifteen new disciples share how God had led each to his decision to stay. They pooled their money and bought a graveyard because they consigned themselves to a violent death and have no expectations for tomorrow; but to live doing what Jesus has planned for their lives, we have never been more free.

Dori Hadad's A-list lifestyle instantly ended the day her husband was taken away by terrorists. Being forewarned by, Hassan, her brother-in-law, she quietly left with her two children. A holding facility with neither food nor toilets they left at midnight, walking the last few miles into Jordan. Hassan called her again as the Zaatari refugee camp was in sight to warn her to avoid it because terrorist sex-slave buyers were inside. Their first day in Amman, Hassan's secretive friends found an apartment and provided food for her and her two children, but that first night they listened to the screams from a neighboring house where the people were beaten to death by an imam who concluded they were insane to become Christians. One new friend, Samar, told her how you can tell someone who has become a Bible person by the love in their eyes. A bible was given to Dori, which she read every night for several hours and when she slept, Jesus was often there to greet her in her dreams. On day it was confirmed her husband was dead. A few days later she awoke one morning heartbroken over her loss. Later that day, Dori committed to her life to Jesus despite the cost. A few days later their food ran out and Dori prayed for Jesus to improve their miserable life prior to drifting off to sleep. Later that night she saw Jesus sitting on the throne, smiling and He looked straight at her with intense loving eyes; and told her, Dori, you are now my daughter and now I will take care of you. The next morning a deliveryman brought groceries, day two clothes, then beds and blankets, etc. until at the weeks end her apartment was fully furnished.

Professor Rafia Abbar at the Imam Islamic University, department chair of Islamic Studies for Women jolted herself awake yelling, "Jesus", after He appeared to her as a man in a white robe who said, "Rafia, I love you. I am Jesus." Rafia, and her daughter, Noreen, went to Australia for a year to earn a master's degree, however a passenger in the next seat on the plane, mentioned Muslims having dreams of Jesus. Rafia confessed she had been having dreams about Jesus for about six months. She shared each of her five nighttime encounters with Jesus with this woman of vibrant faith. Rafia returned from Sydney as a follower of Jesus. A week later Professor Abbar went to meeting of the Way and was recognized by a former student, Mina, another believer; who within the week was beaten to death by her uncle for her faith in Jesus. When she heard that her student was dead she told her family members that night at the family dinner table, "I love Jesus and I follow Him now. I'm not practicing Islam anymore." Everyone there quickly looked down, all eye contact was avoided. Three nights latter two uncles held the quivering knives inches from her face. For ten minutes they stood frozen in place. Noreen said, "Mommy, I knew Grandpa's brothers would not kill you. Didn't you see Jesus standing in front of you? He was holding their arms back. They didn't hurt you because they couldn't. Jesus was there, Mommy." Mother and daughter moved across town and still live in Saudi Arabia.

Read more:

<http://www.amazon.com/Killing-Christians-Living-Faith-Believe/dp/0718030680/>