

5 AMAZING MUSLIMS

WHO THOUGHT FOR THEMSELVES



SID ROTH

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I was born in Tehran, Iran around the time of the Islamic Revolution. My parents were teachers and quite religious. When I was fifteen years old, I entered the world of Islam and for several years I participated in all the religious duties. Since all of the communication with God was in Arabic (not Farsi), after a while I was discouraged and did not continue any further. I always loved God and I believed God exists and helped me. After high school I entered university and started studying in the field of engineering. After a while I was very tired and hopeless about living in Iran. Since my grades were good at the university, I did not have to participate in military service and left Iran to continue my education in Canada. I was hoping for a better life by obtaining my

doctorate and living in a better environment. Despite reaching all of my goals by completing the degree, finding a well-paid job, and becoming a Canadian citizen, there was still a void inside of me. I felt there was something lost and I had not found it yet.

During that time I was concerned about my relationship with God and my actions affected my relationship with him. If I did something good, I felt God liked me but whenever I did something wrong I felt at a distance from him. All these ups and downs in my relationship with God made me very upset and concerned.

Islam, like many other religions does not have a solid answer for life after death. Whether a person goes to heaven after death or not depends on his/her deeds and it only becomes clear after death. This was a big concern for me because I had sinned many times and I felt I could never go to heaven based on the few good things I had done. At that time from the bottom of my heart I asked God to rescue me from the situation I was facing.

One day one of my non-Iranian friends invited me to a Bible Study where they studied the Word and had fellowship. I had no interest in becoming a Christian so I told my friend I would

attend for a little while and then leave. At the gathering I made new friends including the guest speaker whose appearance seemed quite strange. I had judged him according to his appearance and I could not believe he could be a man of God! When the meeting started, despite his strange appearance, the guest speaker spoke with so much passion and power that drew me closer to listen to the Scriptures he was quoting from the Bible. The speaker spoke of Joseph's story. I never knew Joseph's story had such a deep and beautiful meaning. He compared the life of Joseph with Jesus. He said God kept his promise with Joseph and all the suffering and struggles that Joseph endured was a benefit to him in the end. Just like Christ redeems us from our sins, God rescued the world of famine through Joseph. That night I also witnessed prayer and worship. They had a special joy during their worship. I was surprised why I did not have such passion, interest, and knowledge of God.

My journey with Christ started that night when I met the Lord. Within a month I came to know the Word of God and accepted Jesus as my God and savior. I received water baptism and I was filled with the Holy Spirit. There was a deep excitement and I felt very light because the

Lord had cleansed all my sins. The Lord had indeed heard my cry and he chose me according to his amazing grace. The Lord did much in my life within a short time and I grew in him. After three years he sent me back to the Middle East where I have been living for the past ten years.

I serve him and I share the Gospel with those he puts on my path. Indeed the Lord saved me and I became his ambassador. He changed my heart and my mind and now my life has a purpose. By coming to know the Lord, my life has become more beautiful, but not easier. All the challenges in life help us become more Christlike and bears much change in our life. God's love is eternal. At the end of our lives we will meet the God who has met us personally in this world and we will see him and know him face to face. My brother and sister, the Word of God says now is the time of your Salvation! Draw near to him and offer your life to him. God is the potter and we are the clay. Allow him to mold you into vessels of gold and silver for his great work and purpose. Amen!



My personal belief is that every person's life story is just as unique and precious as their fingerprint. My story is a personal journey with God; therefore, I trust it can be a source of encouragement for you to also reflect on your own journey with God.

My name is Daniel and I was born in a Muslim family in Iran which is the land of ancient kings such as Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes. The land where Daniel the prophet became the prime minister, Esther was the queen, and Mordecai was the court official. Also the land where the king gave permission for the Israelites to return to their homeland from exile. They supported this return and also the building of the wall and the temple in Jerusalem in the

country where Christ the Messiah was going to be born.

My mother was a Shiite Muslim and quite religious. All of her life she kept her religious duties by regularly saying her Namaz and keeping her prayer and fast according to the Islamic traditions. Unlike her, my dad had no strong religious beliefs. Because of our parents' differences, my siblings and I always witnessed their relational challenges, fights, and arguments.

I have a lot of memories from the nights when my dad would come home late, around mid-night, after partying with his friends. He would encounter my mother's disapproval for being drunk and late. My mother would even physically beat my dad. These childhood memories deeply bothered me and my sister and brother. I always thought to myself I must follow my mother's path, she seems right and caring. I decided my dad's path was to be avoided.

From a very young age I learned from my mom how to say the Namaz and fast. I was thinking that was the healthy way to live. Now that I look back I realize that as I became a teenager and older, I was drawn to sinning and an ungodly lifestyle too. In my childhood I hated when my dad would come home and greet me

with a kiss smelling like cigarettes and alcohol. Now that I had become a teenager, I had started to smoke and drink alcohol also. It was as if the generational sins had genetically been passed down to me. I did not have control over these issues and everyday I was directed towards more darkness and sin through excessive partying, relationships outside a marriage covenant, and all that this world had to offer. Everything had become like a tangled yarn, more and more complicated where I spent most of my youth.

Finally when I was twenty-seven years old, I met a girl named Esther. I believe the Lord put her on my path. Because of my love for her, soon I decided to marry her. Shortly after getting married, we decided to leave Iran and start a better life. We wanted to go to a country where this would be possible. As we were settling down in Turkey, we realized living was becoming more difficult than before, as if we had been confused and swamped up in a place we could not find our way out of. Every day it was becoming more difficult to escape.

Finally after three years, a group of Farsi-speaking missionaries who carried the Gospel of Jesus Christ shared the good news with us. They shared about the message of forgiveness,

freedom from sin, and receiving eternal life. My wife and I joyfully accepted this revelatory message and gave our hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the savior, the Christ who can forgive people no matter what race, nation, and background they have. He can draw everyone close as the co-heirs of eternal life.

Since the beginning of our faith, through reading of the Scriptures and dreams and visions, Jesus Christ gave us a deep passion to share the Good News with anyone we met. We shared about the amazing events that had taken place in our lives. After a while in our home we started to serve people alongside that small group of missionaries. Our home had become a small house church and in that house many people, just like us, gave their heart and life to Jesus Christ. They tasted the joy of leaving the sins behind, receiving forgiveness, and entering the kingdom of God. They started pursuing a righteous lifestyle.

Now that years have passed, we are regularly amazed at the transformational work of the Lord moving away from death and receiving eternal life. Through his grace, God used my wife and I to save many people from their sins and to walk in the Kingdom of God with Christ as our

Savior. We are delighted to see this good news being shared through our Story to many nations and people. We want to share the opportunity to share the Good news and its blessings with everyone. Jesus Christ said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Anyone who enters through this path will surely receive eternal life.

We hope the story of our lives inspires a passion in your heart to know the Truth. Jesus Christ said: "You will know the truth, and the truth will set you free."



FOROUZAN'S STORY

Peace comes through trusting. What is impossible for me, is possible for God!

My name is Forouzan (meaning bright, luminous). Unlike my name which I have always loved, at one point in my life I realized I was living in mere darkness. I was the youngest child born in a large family. My mother was very religious and strict and my dad was intelligent and very calm. I passed my childhood joyfully and in peace.

Growing up in that environment, in my youth I was sometimes religious and sometimes I would reject all my beliefs and enjoy worldly pleasures. The strange stories of my life began when I was still a teenager. The Islamic Revolution

in Iran completely changed the lives of my family. Our family fell apart because my dad was in the military. For six years I did not see my parents. These difficult years created a large emptiness in my heart. I became a person full of stress, fear, anxiety, and depression.

Many events took place during those years. The most important event was my marriage which took place in my parents' absence. On that important day of my life I was without them. All I could hold on to was their picture framed silently on the table. The next time I was able to see my parents my child was already one year old.

I will make the story short. Although my husband was very kind and my children were healthy and successful, there was always a void within me. All those years away from my parents had deeply affected me. Rarely anything made me happy. I had become hopeless, broken-hearted, and nervous. In other words, I was dead among the living!

Another crisis in my life happened when my son got into a car accident and God truly gave him back to us. While he was in the process of healing and recovery, a friend invited me to a prayer meeting at their church. I attended the underground church meeting in Iran seeking my

son's complete healing. Over time I realized there was something very attractive about those meetings so I started to eagerly attend on a regular basis. After four months of inner struggle, during one of these weekly services, I heard the voice of the Lord clearly telling me: "confess your faith!" The voice was so clear and alive that to this day when I remember it, my heart fills up with joy! I heard that voice three times and the fourth time it was me declaring in a loud voice "I want to confess my faith!" Although these words did not mean much to me, but on that day I prayed the prayer of Salvation.

What is interesting is that from the very first days of my New faith, things started to change in me without my own effort. The Word of God refreshed my soul, brought hope and joy to my heart, and truly left a footprint in my life without me realizing at the time. This was the beginning of another season in my life.

I was set free from much bondage without my own effort!

From the very beginning I trusted the Lord. I was disciplined little by little. All this took place in the secret and no-one knew of my faith. The major changes, however, were quite evident. My family and friends noticed the changes and they

curiously asked about the cause. My daughter and my son met the Lord in a unique way and they gave their heart to the Lord also. Wonderful and Amazing things kept happening continuously. When my family and relatives found out about our faith, almost everyone rejected us and left us alone. Life became very difficult both socially and economically. We were under pressure in every way, but our trust had grown so much that nothing could discourage us.

At last we immigrated to another country. The days we spent there were a great opportunity to know the Lord more and surrender more. Despite all the struggles, the Lord's presence was so tangible and powerful that the three of us moved forward with much hope, completely trusting the Lord's promises.

Because of residential issues, despite our expired passports, we were able to miraculously return to Iran. We passed through the airport without any problems. After three months and three days, due to security issues we left Iran again. We followed the Lord's plan. For six years we lived in Turkey. Right away we were invited to participate in theology courses and again we witnessed God's incredible and amazing works. We spent all those days in full time ministry at

the church. During those years, everyday was full of incredible testimonies of God's unique works.

My son and daughter both got married in that country and our family expanded. This was surely the love and grace of God, but aside from our spiritual family, we had no meeting with my relatives. From the first days of my faith, I stood in the gap and interceded for my loved ones through prayer and fasting. To my surprise, a few of them received Salvation.

In the sixth year, the police and the government of Turkey asked us to leave the country again for security reasons. Turkey is predominantly a Muslim nation and since we were active members at the church, some muslims had created problems for us.

It was against my desire, but we came to Canada. Leaving Turkey and my church family behind was very difficult for me, but I had no choice. After the move, for a while I was confused and kept asking myself 'what am I doing here?' There was no response from the Lord, until one day I encountered him in a special way and a new season began in my life. The Lord provided a new ministry for me beyond my imagination. I started serving a family of three online. Within a few weeks I recognized the purpose behind my encounter with the Lord. The ministry that

began with three people has now expanded to a few hundred people in a number of different cities. The Lord is continuously at work. Glory to his name!

I know this well that when we trust the Lord with all of our heart, he never leaves us. Even if we experience days where we cannot see his hand at work or we cannot hear his voice, nothing takes away from his unconditional love and nature. He is the God who acts continuously in our lives and he finishes what he has begun in us. Today I can boldly say: 'I was dead, I became alive'.

In this short writing I only shared a part of God's work and miracles that I have experienced throughout the years. It is just a drop in the ocean of his love! The free and unconditional gift of Salvation that is granted to us is a precious treasure that cannot be compared to or bought with any other treasure on earth. It is only the blessed blood of Jesus Christ that covers our past and our sins. With his robe of righteousness he wipes off humanity's nakedness, fear, rejection, and the cruelty of our fallen world. With his love he is ready to rescue anyone who is lost and leads them into their divine destiny. So my friend I say to you "taste and see that the Lord is Good!" He is a compassionate father who loves you dearly.



I was the only daughter in a family of eight! My birthplace is in a small town in Iran where I grew up. My parents were quite different from each other. My dad did not believe in God although he always sought the truth and enjoyed reading books. My mother was a devout Muslim and feared God. Because of our parents' behavior, arguments, and fights my five brothers and I had challenging behavioral problems in our pre-teen and youth.

My young adult years and studies at the university were without purpose and meaningless. After I got married, despite having a family and a peaceful life, my inner world was full of anxiety and unrest. This condition had caused digestive and autoimmune issues for me. I visited different

doctors and used various medications but they were not effective. The condition worsened more and more every day. To gain some peace I turned to yoga, different practices, and meditation.

Every evening I would go out in the nature and sit by a river meditating so I could calm the anxiety and the inner pain. Regularly I read self care books and books on mysticism.

Around twenty years ago I attended a prayer meeting with my mother-in-law. They were Assyrian Christians and in that atmosphere, I felt such a peace and presence that I had never experienced before in my life, even during the times of meditation. For a long time I continued attending these prayer meetings which were held at a farmer's home who happened to be quite a meek woman. I always rejected her invitation to attend church. I did not believe in any church or religion. To me, a church building was just like a mosque and religion was opium for all nations. Finally one day the farmer gave me a video tape of Jesus' life story as it is told in the Gospel of Luke. I remember I watched that film several times that day and cried continuously as I watched it.

Afterwards I started to study the Gospels. I started with the Gospel of Matthew. Before

getting to the Gospel of John one night I had a very strange dream. I dreamt my husband and I were traveling on a winding road. On a steep hill I noticed a group of people had parked their cars on the side of the road and they were going up the mountain towards a spring running down. In my dream I asked my husband to stop the car. I then went up the mountain with much an excitement and started drinking the water as much as I could! This dream was a spark of hope for me because I was so thirsty to understand the Truth. After years of pain and thirst and trying to reach out to any mirage, this was a promising, new hope. That thirst had not been quenched by living a good life, education, or any other achievements. In fact, after reaching every goal, my life had become more and more disappointing and painful.

As I continued to study the Gospels, I came across John 4:14 which was a wonderful promise for me, a confirmation for the dream I had: “But whoever drinks the water I give them will never thirst. Indeed, the water I give them will become in them a spring of water welling up to eternal life.”

That day I went on my knees and in prayer I said to Jesus that I wanted to drink of that water. Soon after, I surrendered my heart and my life to Jesus completely. I made a commitment to the

church to receive discipleship and to grow in spiritual maturity. My life entered a new season. My lifestyle of living in the dry desert full of anxiety, loneliness, and void had come to an end. I had entered a green, prosperous land full of joy in his Word, together with the Holy Spirit and fellowship with other believers. The path of my life had been full of ups and downs, sometimes quite steep and full of pain, but with his word and his comforting spirit he led me out of the furnace.

Now that I look back after nearly twenty years, I can join the writer of Psalm 23 and say: “the Lord is my shepherd I lack nothing.” Since then whenever I pass through the darkest valley, I am not fearful or anxious like before. His Word has been like a staff giving me strength through the ups and downs of life. He not only blessed me and supported me like a Father, he also gave my life purpose and meaning. I can say with confidence that he is the answer to all of my thirst and need for the living water. He continues to be so. In him I lack nothing.

After a few years, my husband, my mother-in-law, my mother, one of my brothers and his wife, and nearly twenty of my friends came to know the Lord. I spent my time aside from being a fitness instructor, in sharing the Gospel and

discipling them in the secret. In Iran there are a lot of security issues, but I was full of joy ministering to others.

After a few years, our Assyrian church was closed by the government officials. Our pastor and his wife were under house arrest and all the names of church members had been noted. My husband and I continued the meetings in our home and in the home of other church members, in the secret.

Twelve years after I had become a Christian, despite the limited and dangerous conditions in Iran, together with my husband and my son we travelled to Turkey for our water baptism. It was a splendid day! For many years we dreamt of our water baptism but our pastor did not have the courage or the permission to baptize us because he had been threatened and intimidated by the government officials. After our return to Iran, the Lord called us back to Turkey to serve among the Iranians living there. Obeying this call was not easy at all, especially for me. To leave my elderly mother, as her only daughter, to leave my friends and a good job, to risk my son's education at the age of fourteen to go to a country with no permanent residence and its limitations, and to go without any financial support from any

organization was just like Peter saying yes to Jesus and coming out of our secure living to walk on water! For many days I prayed with tears against this call of God and I wanted a way out, a confirmation to stay in Iran near my relative and friends.

Finally at the end of summer in 2010 we left Iran and moved to Turkey. In Istanbul we started to serve and receive training for ministry. After serving for four years among the Iranians in Turkey, through the UN we received our refugee status. In September 2014 we landed in Vancouver, Canada.

During all these years since I have believed in Christ and surrendered my heart and life in his hands, my husband and I together with our twenty-five year old son have continuously witnessed God's faithfulness and his provision. Particularly during these past ten years since we have said: "Amen" to his call and entered an unknown path. He truly split the seas to provide a way for us, he truly quenched our thirst in the desert through the streams, and gave us mana from above.

We have been living in Vancouver just over six years and God has given us grace to train and disciple several Iranians in this city for Christ.

Although our son had been a top student attending a great school, he lost his opportunity to attend university because of the travels and the moves we experienced. There were also financial limitations and language barriers for his studies, but by God's grace he has a good job.

To have love, peace, a victorious and fruitful life is my family's inheritance as we move forward.

“God is Good”

Amen



Life before my faith was full of pain, suffering, and darkness. If I wrote about all the events of my life on paper, it may add up to a few books and be void of any blessing for the readers. I will try not to write much about my past and focus more on the great work of the Lord. For me, the image of God since childhood was of someone who causes bad events to happen. I remember whenever something bad happened in our lives, my parents would say: “it was the will of God” or “this is the will of God, we cannot oppose it.” As I grew up, I came to the conclusion that the will and desire of God was nothing more than misery and agony. It was as if I was destined to see my loved ones pass away, experience a short marriage, and be rejected by my family.

I could not make myself love such a God, a God who saw my pain and suffering from

above but did not take any steps to help me out! Every day my hatred towards this God increased more and more until I decided to set him aside from my life and not believe in him any more.

Unfortunately every day I was going down deeper into the mud and mire; addiction and loneliness were destroying me. Death had become my deepest desire. A few times I tried to take my life but I was not successful. Sometimes I would think to myself that maybe this too, is God's will and desire for me to continue living this wild life so that he could laugh at me from above and say: "Yasaman, your destiny is to endure pain and be drawn in the a pit. You cannot fight your destiny!"

The last time I tried to take my life was during a New Year's Eve. I was living alone in an apartment in Tehran, struggling with poverty. The Iranian New Year was about to begin at 3:30am that year. I was laying down on the couch in front of the TV waiting. I did not want to sleep. I wanted to enter the New Year consciously, knowing what awaited me. At the same time I was trying to plan another way to take my life. Somehow I fell asleep and I had a strange dream.

In the dream I saw myself entering a building with muddy clothes. Although I had

never seen inside of a church building, I knew the place I entered was a church. In the sanctuary there were a few women sitting on the floor. They were praying in a language I could not understand. When the door closed loudly, they noticed I had entered. They smiled and invited me to join them.

Although I was ashamed of my appearance, I sat beside them quietly. I was continuously careful not to get mud on anyone sitting beside me. I was very anxious. I knew I should not have entered a holy place with such dirty clothes. I could not stay there for long so, I got up and while the women were worshipping and praying with their eyes closed, I left the building. As soon as I came out of the church door, I noticed everywhere was covered in mud. I saw many people sitting on their broken boats and each of them had been sinning in a different way. It was a very difficult scene to watch. I was in the mud at knee level, scared to go forward. I could not go back either. If I entered the church I would defile the sanctuary. I was deep in thought when suddenly a boat passed by me. I used the opportunity and jumped in it! I had not gotten far when I heard a loud cry of someone drowning in the mud. I wanted to get out of my boat and help

him, but I knew I would drown with him. Anxiously I cried out for someone to help him, but it was as if no one could hear me. All of a sudden I saw a well-dressed man walking on the mud! It was so interesting his clothes would not get dirty at all. When he came closer, I heard an internal voice telling me he was Jesus Christ. I was shocked. I saw Jesus go towards that man, taking his hands, and pulling him out of the mud. Suddenly I woke up. I was full of sweat and I had a strange feeling. Half an hour had passed into the New Year. I was deep in thought. Why should I have such a strange dream?

Up to that night, I only had two to three vivid dreams. The rest of my dreams were always a reflection of my day's thoughts and events. It was so interesting because I was not even thinking of God or his 'prophets,' so to see Jesus Christ in my dreams was very amazing. It left me with a strange feeling.

The New Year had started and I had no reason to stay awake. No matter how much I tried, I could not fall asleep. Somehow I waited until 10:00 in the morning when I picked up my phone and called one of my Armenian friends. I had not been in contact with her for a long time. She was not surprised I called her because

it was the first day of the new year and it is the tradition to call everyone and wish them a Happy New Year. As soon I finished greeting her on the phone, without any introduction, I shared the dream I had the night before. I asked for her church address so I could go there. Somehow I used a phrase that amazed even me. I said I had an invitation to go to her church! My friend was silent on the phone. I thought the phone call had been disconnected, but after a moment she said this in reply, "Yasaman, I am sure this time your invitation is from heaven." I did not understand what she meant, but since she had previously invited me to her church many times and each time I had refused to go, I thought maybe she was teasing me.

That day she gave me her church address and explained to me that I cannot go there on Sundays because the services were only for the church members; however, I could go there the following Friday. I was so excited and anxious at the same time. I could not wait! At last Friday came.

After lunch I decided to rest a little to get ready for the service. After I woke up I looked at the clock. I could not believe it was 7:00 in the evening already! How could time have passed so quickly? Suddenly a deep sense of hopelessness

took over me. I felt as if God would not like me to go to a pure and holy place. I recalled the scenes from the dream I had the night before. Again I thought about taking my life. It was as if there was no more hope left. I had to drown in the mud and mire that I had witnessed in my dream.

After a few hours my friend contacted me. She was very concerned about my emotional well being. She encouraged me not to remain hopeless and attend their church the following week. Something was telling me “you have lived a lifetime with such misery and poverty, wait another week.” I planned with my friend to attend the church service the following week.

At last the day came. I must admit I had never cried in public before. Pride and the difficult challenges of life had harden my heart. It was as if my tears had dried up for years. On that day, as soon as I entered the church, I started crying. That day was Good Friday. It was as if God had specifically arranged that day for me to attend church for the first time. When the pastor described the crucification of Jesus Christ, I had goose bumps. My body was numb. I could not move. At the end the pastor asked the congregation to pray. He said: “on the cross, Jesus Christ was crucified between two thieves. He suffered

for our sins and he took all of our transgressions upon himself to pull us out of the mud and mire. If you give your heart to Jesus Christ today, he is able to change your life and pull you out.” I could not stand under the divine power. As I had bent my head, I shed tears in silence. I said to Jesus: up until today, no one has been able to help sort out my life, but they say that you can! Okay today I give you this chance to pull me out of the mud, the sins, and the poverty that I am drowning in and save me.

As I write this Story, many years have passed. Yes, indeed Jesus Christ was the only one who had the power to change my life. I must confess throughout the recent years, I have experienced the love that I was deprived of for years. The divine love is unparalleled and incomparable. Everyday the Lord has protected me and directed my path. Glory to his name! Today he is the Lord and God of my life. I can say with certainty that his will and his desire for my life is always good. By now I have learned that the One who has promised that “not one hair on your head will perish”, He never wants anything bad for his children. Not only did He raise the dead two thousand years ago, but even today he is able to redeem the lives of people such as me. Glory to His Name!

from
Sid Roth

**People Who Think for
Themselves Change the World!**

Everyone has a supernatural destiny, but few reach it. Have you even wondered if there is something more to life? Have you even dared to reach beyond your comfort zone?

Only when you dare to think for yourself will you reach your divine destiny.

Sid Roth is an international speaker and television host of "Sid Roth's It's Supernatural!"

He has investigated the supernatural for more than 40 years. His program documents miracles and is viewed internationally.

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