

coffee. I felt around in my vest and pulled out the little green book. If anyone asked I would tell them it was religious poetry. I read and read and read. I couldn't stop. This man who was doing these miracles mesmerized me. I had read about Isa in the Qur'an, but this book told much more about him. The exhaustion of the day caught up with me. As I put my head on my pillow to think about what I had read, I fell fast asleep.

As I lay in deep slumber, I felt something like warm water running down my face. I wiped it off, but when I looked at my hand it wasn't water - it was blood! Terrified, I lifted my head and looked up. I saw a man suffering and hanging on a cross. His blood was running down onto me. Somehow I knew that the blood ran down on me for a reason. What was the reason? I reached for the wood at the foot of the cross and wept. What did this mean?

I woke up confused. What was going on? I couldn't tell anyone, or they would think I was crazy or possessed by a demon and that I was a Kafir or heretic.

I had to find out quickly what all of this meant. I quickly made arrangements to travel to a city in the north where there were a few churches. But when I entered in my uniform, the church people refused to talk to me because they thought it was a trap.

I felt hopeless. I finally told my sister and she was enraged. She told me I would have to stop this foolishness before I disgraced the family and maybe even got killed for talking about a man on a cross. She was even more afraid that I would be considered a Kafir. As a traitor to Islam, it would be the greatest shame for my family - a stain that would never be wiped away. If people found out that I was a Kafir, no one would want to marry her because of the reproach and shame.

Still, I couldn't rest. I had to know the meaning of my dream and the little green book. I traveled to another city in the north in search of Christians or a church that would not be too afraid to talk to me. I found a Christian bookstore and went in. There was a young man named Tarek who took time to talk to me.

I spoke so fast and erratically that I expected him to tell me to stop, but he just nodded his head in agreement and seemed to understand what I was saying. When I was done, he opened the book, the Injil and started pointing out the different aspects of my dream in the green book. He told me about Jesus. He was the One who made everything. He was the One who was with God in the beginning. He was the One who was God! He was the One who became flesh and dwelt among us!

Tarek went on to explain the dream, the nails, the wooden cross, the man and the blood. But why would God allow him to suffer and die in such agony? Tarek said it was all because of love. I was beginning to understand all he was saying, but I still had one question. "Why was the blood on me?"

