

## **I'M HUNGRY**

Abu Atif opened one sleepy eye. The clock by the bed verified that it was the middle of the night. What was that loud banging? he wondered. It must be that some of the kids are still up. He pulled the blanket over his head and immediately drifted back to sleep. Then he heard the loud knocking again and someone calling, "Abu Atif! Abu Atif!" This jarred him awake. He rubbed his eyes and shouted out, "What's going on?"

"Abu Atif, please come! Hurry!" the shout came back.

Someone must be in trouble, he concluded. He jumped up and pulled some clothes on. When he opened the door, he saw a neighbor to whom he had previously witnessed. She blurted out, "My son is dying, can you please come to our house immediately?"

"But I'm not a doctor, ma'am."

"I know, but you are a man of God. If God will hear anyone, He will hear you. Please come right now, before my son dies!" she pleaded.

So Abu Atif hurriedly slipped on his shoes and ran through the night with the stricken mother to her house. When he arrived, many family members and friends were surrounding the boy's bed. He was writhing with horrendous stomach pain. Everyone thought he was in his final death throws already. But in the eyes of his mother Abu Atif saw faith and hope.

A serenity and peace came over him. A great sense of compassion filled his heart as he looked on the scene. God gave him a sense of spiritual authority. He looked at all the family, neighbors, and friends. As he remembered the story of Elijah, he asked everyone to leave the room. They looked at him in disbelief wanting to have these last moments with their loved one.

Again Abu Atif said, "Please leave. May everyone leave this room."

Obediently, though reluctantly, everyone left. He followed the last one to the door and closed it behind them. He walked back to the bed, knelt beside the young man and raised his voice to heaven. He prayed out loud, "As surely as God lives, may You heal this boy that these people may know who You are. May Your name be glorified. May You heal him once and for all, in the blessed name of Jesus, amen."

As he pronounced the name of Jesus, the boy stopped the violent convulsing. He opened his eyes and stared at Abu Atif. "What's going on?" he asked. When he had barely assimilated the situation the boy asked, "Please call my mother. I'm very hungry."

A big smile spread across the face of Abu Atif as he realized that God had used him as an instrument for the healing of a Muslim young man. "Our God lives today," he rejoiced, "just as He lived in the days of Elijah and in the days of Jesus." He went to the door and

invited the people back in. They were dumbfounded and totally amazed to see the boy sitting calmly on his bed.

The father asked his son, “What happened? What medicine did he give you? How did he heal you?”

The young man declared in the hearing of all the people, “He didn’t heal me!”

Before his son could say any more, his father shouted in his excitement, “What do you mean, he didn’t heal you? Tell us what happened.”

Then the boy told the story as he remembered it. “When Abu Atif asked everyone to leave and closed the door, he walked back to my bed, and prayed to God, but as he said the name Jesus, my body was healed.” The young man felt renewed and sat on the bed, the picture of health and a testimony of what Jesus had done. Again he said, “I’m very hungry.”

Today that boy is a part of the house fellowship in Abu Atif’s home. He has given his heart to Jesus and he wants to open a new house church down the street in his own home. This is how a house church movement begins. And so the kingdom grows. Let us join Abu Atif in his prayer that this city will be gripped by the power of Jesus.



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