

# Christmas poem by Christian from Muslim Background

*'Christmas comes but once a year' – A Poem by Foozie, December 2019*

*What does Christmas mean to you? I'd really like to know.  
Is it all about songs and dance- And Santa coming in the snow??  
Do you worry what to buy -....from where?  
And count the number of Presents?  
Oh! the stress of such expense to bear-  
Or, - do you care MORE - for "HIS PRESENCE"??  
Do you wonder about the Christmas story-  
Of Mary Joseph, & our Saviour's Birth?  
Or would you rather NOT think to yourself--  
Why God's Son\* came to Earth??  
It's a miracle God came down to us!  
And He knocks on each heart's door;  
Do you THANK GOD for His "INDESCRIBABLE GIFT"  
Or say: "Please don't - I have heard it all before!!  
I don't see what the fuss is all about?  
With traffic jams, and shoppers all out!  
The greed to buy it all, -and feed - On roast turkey pork and sprouts!  
One can't get to buy just milk, ----the queues are ever so long!  
Oh Why don't they give up singing – the same old Christmas songs!"*

*Paedophiles, Rapists, Drug addicts - & knife hate crimes too---  
Terrorise ---our daily lives, ----and we just don't have a clue!!  
How the chaos in our fractured society can ever be CURED!  
Is God really there???----- Does God really care?  
For our Broken World, – to be RESTORED??  
Emptiness stalking, in each human heart, - Searching for value in each shopping cart.  
Quiet & comfort that we can't afford, - Is offered us so freely – from Christ our Lord  
He who granted us such "intrinsic worth", - Godhead Incarnate -through a Virgin Birth;  
Christmas without Christ? Tell me, how can it be?  
So many people change it – to suit themselves you see.*

*Yet, Christmas is THAT VERY TIME - to reflect why we gather here  
The meaning far beyond the lights, of toys and gifts we share.  
God laid aside His Majesty- to be with US - on Earth, you see  
To HEAL our World and BROKENNESS - To give us HOPE & PEACE instead  
But it's really ALL down ----to YOU & ME .....*  
*For: "I am the only Bible, ----those around me –might ever read".*

*\*used in figurative not physical sense like in Surah 8:41: the traveller (waibni alssabeeli)*

Would you like to find out more about the author of this profound poem? Continue reading her gripping story in her own words below:

## Circumcision of the Heart



**My name is 'Mahfooza'** which means 'Protected (by God)', though I am also called 'Foozie'. I am from Pakistan, but have been in the UK since the start of my school years. We are a very big family of 12 children (that's a cricket team with one spare!) I am right in the middle of 12 - the only one saved.

We came here in the early 1950's but my parents found the climate hard and went back with the younger half of the family; I was the youngest one left behind in care of older family members. At age 15, my Ahmadiyya Muslim parents called me to Pakistan, because my father was ill. I became the family breadwinner. In those days (1960's), women did not step out to work. I was called terrible names, even spat upon, because I went out to work amongst men.

I found it not only difficult, but also impossible to make friends. I felt a total misfit - even in my own family. As soon as the younger ones finished school, I flew back to England, on borrowed money, thinking I was 'coming home'. On arrival, I was detained at the airport, with threats of being sent back. All my previous school years, or my family settled here was of no consequence. I then found a name of an 'agony aunt' in a women's magazine and wrote to her about my dilemma. She advised that if I applied for nursing, I would not be sent back. I did so and ended up working in a mental hospital in Birmingham.

When I qualified as a Mental Health Nurse (RMN), I had no work permit, so I did another four years study and qualified as a Teacher. Then, after eight years of student life, I got my work permit and my British Passport. However, during my time in nursing, I joined the Nurses Christian Union. I had wanted to pray for my mental patients in hospital, but I also wanted to ask God WHY? - Why did He make me - if I am 'too white' for the Pakistanis and 'too black' for the English. I used to say to God: 'It's OK for You, You are God and high above, how could you know what it's like to feel hurt or rejected?' In my loneliness, I longed to get married and have children, but doctors told me I could never have children. Pakistani men do not marry women who cannot have children (though I had not wanted an arranged marriage). So I continued to feel rejected and unwanted, even here in the UK.

But at one Christian rally, I heard a Pastor repeatedly say: "Christ has said: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life - No man comes to the Father but by Me.'" Well, here I was - desperate to meet with God, to find answers to my identity and life; so I gave my life to Jesus. It's only when I made this commitment, that I began to understand what Christ had done on the Cross for me. Up until then, I felt condemned and without hope of any forgiveness or acceptance, but then I knew God accepted me - just as I am - white or black, four ft. ten and growing sideways, funny nose and ears, and even with my multitude of sins - God - accepted Me! This was thrilling but also humbling. At last, I felt I belonged - not in this world of chaos and confusion, but as a child of God, in His Royal Kingdom.



My family cut me off for a while, but I met my English husband Bill. God blessed us with one miracle son, - Adam. And just like Hannah in the Bible, I lifted my son at his birth and gave him to the Lord all the days of his life. Adam is currently far from the Lord. It is my biggest prayer that Adam will soon find Jesus as his Saviour. I also pray that I live to see all my Muslim family saved. (Amen)

**I would now like** to share with you a few of the differences I learnt in my conversion from Islam to Christianity. You may know that Jews and Muslims are so much alike. The Jews came before Christ and the Muslims came after. But both have many of the same Prophets in the Torah and the Quran as we have in our Old Testament. The problem is, the Muslims are still living similarly to the Old Testament times and fear losing their faith or identity if they changed. They observe strict laws and rules for one's conduct or outward appearance, but remain unchanged on the inside. It is believed that the Quran too cannot be changed and is the same as when the Prophet Mohammed first recited it.

The word 'Islam' means 'Submission' and the practice of it is very external - like it's on display. If one can't pay for education, you have to memorize the words of the Quran in Arabic and copy your elders - it's a 'Do it Yourself' or a 'DIY' religion, which starts from the outside working inwards, - ie, pray 5 times a day, fast 30 days in Ramadan each year, offer to kill a bull or lamb once a year and give the meat to the poor... The Muslims must also be circumcised and go to Mecca for pilgrimage. But there is no assurance or guarantee for forgiveness. If you question too much, or want to change it in any way, you are at risk of being killed; converts are also killed. However, most Muslims live a peaceful life and are not terrorists.



Having said all this, I have to say that I love my country. The name 'Pakistan' means 'land of purity'. I remember my travels in the rural areas, where I saw landscapes of breath-taking beauty of God's great handiwork and creation - worthy of His Praise. The lives of the average or simple village people with their tremendous warmth and hospitality far exceeds anything I have known in all my years in the West. It's also the land of my parents and ancestors. I pray for Pakistanis and all Muslims.

I realise how 'soaked' they are in their religious and traditional ways and that the Muslim society is such, it does not encourage them to 'open the eyes of their souls' or to think individually, nor to question anything. Their sense of pride, even without wealth or education, is their religion. The lives within their extended families, enables them to face their adversities and gives them a kind of security, which some non-believers in the West might well envy. It's like they have many of the ingredients to become "true Christians", only they do not know of our Lord Jesus. No one explained to them about Redemption, Forgiveness, or Life everlasting. So it is true when they say, 'In the West, we have Christ without the Cross, in the East, they have the Cross without Christ'.

For me, without the shedding of the blood of Jesus upon the Cross, we can never know God's Peace - 'The Peace that passes all understanding', for that alone guarantees our assurance of forgiveness. But you know something, we humans are not good at forgiving others. Its only through God's Grace, when we enter into a personal relationship with God and experience our own forgiveness, that we are able to forgive others. God's Spirit cannot dwell in us fully until we do. So, for me, redemption through the blood of Jesus on the Cross meant everything - it meant that God purchased my soul and I'm set free from slavery of sin.

Now all religions teach good things, but in all religions, one has to laboriously climb a ladder to 'try to reach God. But it is only in Christianity that God came down on that ladder to us. We do not have a 'DIY' faith, or need to wear robes, or cover our heads and faces, or to wear any kind of uniform to identify us as

Christians (other than in our actions), for our faith is not external or a 'show piece'. Even if we are born into a Christian family- it is still a personal choice for us to commit our lives to God. Christianity is not drummed into us with any threats or fears. By God's Grace (and by His Holy Spirit), we are "circumcised in our hearts," and our faith develops first from within, and then outwardly.

As Christians, our main concern is a close relationship with God, to do what pleases Him, to worry less, what pleases others, because once we are surrendered to Christ, the rest happens automatically. And while Muslims believe the Quran never changes, for me - the Bible is the "Living Word of God." I know I can read it - in all its modern translations - like, 'forever' - yet, I will only have scratched the surface. For me also, the Bible is Alive and its message is Eternal. It changes us, but our Lord Jesus remains the same, yesterday, today and forever (Praise God).

For example, when I read 2 Corinthians chapter 4 - about 'Treasures in Jars of Clay' I'm reminded that the Pakistani people keep their treasures in Jars of Clay, even today. However, Paul explains that God chose us humans to be His representatives, even though we are so weak and often fail Him. Yet, God enclosed His Treasure - into people like you and me - this is truly Amazing Grace! I will forever love the Lord Jesus for what He has done for me in my life, because 'Christ alone accomplishes all that is needed' (Heb. 10:12).

Of course, it is not easy to witness to Muslims, but God's light can penetrate the deepest darkness with Hope, with Restoration and with Reconciliation; - so the Battle is the Lord's not ours! We need only to be willing to do our part. He will do the rest. It worked with me when other Christians encouraged me. It will work for others like myself, because Jesus wants that NONE should perish, but that ALL should have an "everlasting and abundant life" - So be encouraged, have faith and remain blessed. Thank you for your time in reading this, and I pray it has been a blessing for you. - Mahfooza.

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For videos on the life of this remarkable woman see:

<https://url4.uk/nrZiX> and <https://url4.uk/Mfn6U>

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