

# BASHIR

By Carole Ward

(Transcription of an interview with Carol at **Night Light Show**

<https://soundcloud.com/nightlightshows/161-nightlight-send-me-where-no-one-wants-to-go>)



In 2013, in South-Sudan, before its 1<sup>st</sup> eruption of internal war, somebody told me: -You're gonna meet Bashir, he is from Khartoum, he is a black Sudanese, - they are Arab Sudanese and Black Indigenous Sudanese-

He came from the south to Khartoum when it was one nation still, as an undercover missionary. He set up his business supporting mission work with videography, training reporters of Algecira. He used his income to make Arabic bible stories for children on DVDs, and numerous other Arabic teaching tools for undercover Sudanese missionaries for Muslim areas, equipping and doing leadership training and missionary equipment of the black Sudanese believers, to

reach into not just Northern Sudan, but the northern part of Africa that are mostly Muslim areas.

He had been in Khartoum for over twenty years, and he had been captured and in prison many times, because he was suspected to be “a spy”, and be equipping people like this, and the people he was training and sending into villages and areas around northern parts of Sudan, oftentimes got arrested and brought for confinement and imprisonment in Khartoum, and then, execution. So Bashir himself and many of his own imprisoned were watching the arresting and imprisonment of these young, zealous, radical believers that he trained and sent out, and now they’re imprisoned with him, and up for execution.

And one after the other, before they were executed they were telling him their stories, so he got to hear the feedback and the fruit of what he equipped and sent them out to do. And one after the other they would say:

***-We got up there to these villages, God would show us exactly the huts where to go, we’d see a whole village come to Jesus, from one hut after the other, from signs, wonders and miracles, and get turned upside down in a week, and we knew it would cost us our lives.***

And Bashir would ask them. –Why did you do it? And the answer was the same, one after the other: ***-What is our life in exchange for a whole village coming to Jesus? Our eternity is secured, theirs is not. Why wouldn’t we?*** One of them answered, Have you seen David run from Goliath? Are you kidding? ..Or the three Hebrew children bowing their knee before the gods of Nebachadnezzar at that time? If we die we’ll die, but we’re gonna stand for the testimony.

So Bashir would watch them executed. Now he didn’t face execution himself because he was suspected by the Muslim leaders at that time that he was a spy, and they wanted his information, so kept saying: -Give us your data base. He had to hand them his website, but he said passwords to which they flipped every ten or fifteen minutes; it was confounding their mind, and even made suspect even more: -This guy’s a spy; so they beat him aggressively, kicking, smashing, all kinds of torture, it was so painful. It was only two days under solitary confinement,

when I met him for the first time. And then they released him and followed him to try to see what his movements were in building and raising the underground church to go into these areas. But this last time they arrested him, and said: -This is it! We are executing you!

They put him in solitary confinement and they fed him with crumbs through this little hole on the top of this cement cell, watching him on camera, and if he moved his lips they came and smashed his head on the concrete, kicked in his guts with their boots, all kinds of whippings and beatings. It was a little toilet hall, and there was only water for drinking, it was said the “21 authority days”, and then the sure execution. – If you don’t give us the information we need, the data base, why you’re doing this, and who are all of these “Jesus people” that are going north, converting our people. He didn’t give them the information; they had the data base, but again the password kept changing and made them angry.

So the day before his execution he walks a lawyer and said: - I don’t know why I’m doing this, but I wanna give you one last chance, you either turn in your information to us and your bank account, your vehicle, your business, and everything you own, and get on the next plane out of Khartoum, and never show yourself again in Northern Sudan, or tomorrow’s your execution. Obviously he chose the first.

So he gets on the next plane deported out, lands in Juba, some believers meet him, and I see him there the next day telling us the story as we sat on the floor around him listening, like we’re listening something out of “The Voice of the Martyrs” just bawling, and bawling, and I’m saying: - Bashir, what can I do? How can we get in there? I wanna go! He said: -No, you can’t go there. You’re too noticeable, you’re a secure risk, but you can raise up an African army that can go. He said: -We need Arabic bibles on solar, we need USB drives. I gave my last ones away.

And then I said; : -What are you gonna do? He said: -***I’m gonna be well again. I’m going back right in there!*** He said: - I’ve gotta go and be sent back to Germany for a treatment.

And I found out there while he was sitting there talking to us, his skull is cracked! And all of his internal organs are damaged and bruised, and they thought he was gonna lose one of his kidneys; they were smash from their kicking and beating, I mean he was a mess, and yet he held himself together. And his final words to us:

***“It is not gonna be the organized religion that wins the Muslim world to the Lord Jesus Christ. It's gonna be the radical sold out on-fire, zealous, young indigenous missionaries ready to die for their faith and they're gonna turn the villages, one village at a time upside down for Jesus. It's gonna win the Muslim world!”***

And I determined at that time: -God, how can we raise some? How can we send them? I asked Bashir for his phone number, and he said: -I can't give it to you. They'll follow me and I'll be dead.

So we left, and we prayed for him, I thought I'd never see this man again...two years later, in 2015 I'm in Juba, and I'm organizing the National Prayer Gathering; that is a story in itself, with a thousand believers, political, government, intelligence officers on their faces, on the crusade ground for 11 hours a day, seven days: 77 hours we prayed. And in the middle of that week the first Peace treatment was signed. It's miraculous. God did amazing things.

But as I was there for that prayer gathering in walks Bashir to the Crusade grounds, I just screamed! I couldn't believe it! I said: -You are alive! You're alive! I prayed for you! I prayed for you! Sit down and tell me! So another two hours and I was just bawling. -What's happened since I saw you last? He said: -I went down to Dubai and Germany, I got better, came back over to South Sudan, I went right back north, see, I can't use my passport. So he said: ***-I crossed the border at different places God would show me in different times where to go.***

He reminds me not only of the book of Acts, but Romans 8:45: *“As many as are led of the Spirit, are the sons of God.”* He said: ***- I was led by the voice of God.***

Sometimes I crossed the border inside of a gunny sack, they tied me to the back of a cattle with luggage crossing the border, I've been also crossing the border on the back of a camel with luggage, sometimes I get in a cattle truck, I sit down on the manure under their feet, and I cross like that; sometimes through swamps,

one day I went three days with swamp water up to my waist fighting snakes to get to where I was supposed to go into that region of Sudan with the Gospel.

He said: ***-When I'm over the border, if I miss God's voice, by one direction, right or left, -He said – I'm dead. So God speaks to me, and tells me what village, turn right, turn left, turn right, and go to such and such house in that village. I get there, -he says – And a house is 30 to 50 people, every time, that little house, in that Muslim village, packed with Muslim-dressed people, waiting for me! And when I knock on the door and I walk in and they go: - Where've you been? Where've you been? We've been waiting for you! And he goes like: -How did you know I was coming? And the story is the same every time: - A man came to us in a dream last night, and said, "somebody's gonna come and tell us about this prophet Jesus in our own language. Look for him, and be waiting."*** And they say: ***- We've been waiting for you.***

***He'd walk in, -of course this is a ready-made situation- and he's got their attention, it's a ready-made house church, and he begins preaching Jesus, he leads them all to the Lord, He said – I leave either solar, Arabic Bibles, or USB if I have any, He said – I'd stay 3 to 5 days, and baptise them all. And as they give their lives to the Lord, I leave one person or two in charge of the house church, and give them instructions, - Continue on!*** And they pack me a lunch, they never ask where I'm going, I cannot, it's a security risk, ***and I leave that village, and God would tell me exactly which way ahead, buy food, and I go to the next village. He tells me exactly which house to go in... same thing.***

***And he said: -I do this house after house, village after village, He said: -The last house, I was in, I baptized 56 Muslim believers.***

They're ready audience, because they're so tired of the darkness, the oppression, the victimization of what Islam is. It is a regime...they've grown up in it, and they want the answer, they want the truth.