

Christian Jihad

Just got back from the street. That special street in Chicago's Albany Park neighborhood. It's Friday. The Muslim holy day. That means Muslims will be visiting their mosques in my "hood." I've counted four now, maybe five. I am convinced there are more Muslims meeting in Albany Park than Christians at this point. Their people are dedicated, vibrant, assured. They walk in comfort and freedom, unlike what I would experience in any of their home countries.

I would not be surprised to see Albany Park become the next Dearborn, Michigan. Been there? There is a street, and I've forgotten its name at present, but I was there...a street that for miles is lined with Muslim mosques and businesses. A total take-over.

The world has known many take-overs. I think right away of how Romanism comes into an area, meek and mild as a lamb at first, then growing in confidence as it grows in numbers. Having babies. Making converts. Flying in members. Before long the nation or neighborhood is demanding equality, then superiority. Enter the tiger. Begin the killing.

I suppose every movement operates that way. Notice how women's liberation has slowly risen far beyond its humble, even believable, beginnings from a despised and persecuted assembly of the raped and over-worked etc, to running for President of the United States, showing that it was top spots it had in mind all the time, not only the Biblical desire of loving children and being a helper to a man without being stepped on.

But I totally digress. Point made. Muslims are slowly gaining ground in this and many other nations.

I have no desire to stop that growth. I've hung around the words and lives of men like Richard Wurmbrand, who lived through an invasion of his country, by Nazis and then by Communists, and used the invasion to preach the Gospel to the invaders, not to become a whiner and panic his way into burying the message.

The scary thing about the present Muslim invasion is not that they desire to use our freedom in order to take it away, not that they would be delighted if minarets rose from every neighborhood center, not even Sharia law. The scary thing is that Christians are so weak in numbers and energy and enthusiasm for Jesus Christ that they are selling their buildings to Muslims and running for the suburbs. That's Albany park, anyway. The churches that exist are in the main just trying to hold on, to survive. No one seems to see any reason for concern.

It seems to me that little is being done to bring these Muslims to Christ. Or anyone else. At the main traffic center of the community stands the Kimball station. Hundreds and hundreds of people there every day. Also there every day are the Russellites (Watchtower, Jehovah's Witnesses), and the Mormons show up a lot too. Muslims and Hindus and Buddhists are there too.

I'm aware of only one Christian group, situated in the community, that makes the Albany Park neighborhood its mission field.

Albany park is not my home turf, but I adopted it as such many years ago. Yes, we were some of those folks who did the suburban thing. I truly regret it.

So, I like showing up there on a regular basis. Fridays, I enjoy taking my trailer-made-into-a-preaching-station to visit the various services.

Which brings me back to today. First, I circle the Islamic Center about 4 times. But wait, I don't just circle. I talk. Well, not really. My trailer talks. In bold letters you will see "Who Is Jesus?" and "Jesus says, Come to Me, I will give you rest." In English, and of course, Arabic.

Then I head over toward the ornate mosque on the other side of the community.

There I slow down in front of the entering worshipers, who are hand in hand with little children, dressed all Muslim-looking for the occasion. Many look at my message trailer. Sometimes faces frown. But seeds are planted. I have an answer to the "Who Is Jesus?" question, that I will provide in time.

I kick it up a notch at the second stop today. I have this "sandwich" sign that I decide to use here. I park the trailer. Flashers on. (Not exactly legal here. I see the worshipers have done the same thing.)

Sign is out. It says "Have you heard about the real Jesus? He is God."

I know it's not nice to ruin someone's day like this, but no one seems to be concerned. Doesn't hurt my conscience much either, in the light of eternity. In Hell.

There is this one guy. He's about 16-18 years old. Typically teen he flies against the wishes of the older more mature guys who just want to leave me ignored.

"Your sign is wrong!" he says defiantly.

"Who told you that?" I answer.

"We just know." I like the "we" thing. Islam is a community. The church was supposed to be too, but often we are on our own.

Later he tries again. Several times, actually. The same accusation. He throws in that his "references" are true. I remind him that Jesus came several hundred years earlier. He has no response for that now. He will learn one.

But will the "Who Is Jesus?" question that I have deposited in his brain encourage him to go deeper than his elders? Which one of these hundreds of men (and they were mostly men!) will pay the price one day?

And will I be willing to pay the price today? What I have done is such a little thing. Where are the other Christians who will care about these people? Why have we let them intimidate us, rather than waging our own form of jihad, the preaching of the Gospel?

Will we pay the price our brothers and sisters in Islamic lands are paying and continue to preach to Muslims when Sharia says we cannot? The night is coming. Let's get busy.