

Women in difficult situations

Married to a Muslim in Canada

See: 1 Peter 3:1-2

Everyday I wake up next to the man that I married. He is a Muslim, and I am a follower of Jesus. When we decided to get married, neither of us was practising our faith, so it was an easy decision. In fact, our faiths looked quite similar in many ways, and he had convinced me that they were indeed very similar. Even though I knew I had married a Muslim, his decision to start practicing (just one year after getting married) came as a huge surprise to me. It totally upset the balance that we had living out our faiths in a very nominal way. Along with anger

Malika in Central Asia

Malika's husband who was involved in criminal activities was killed. Malika remained alone with her four children for some time. Then she met several believers and came to Christ. Since her entire family were Muslims, Malika and her children were forced out of their home when her family learned about her choice for Jesus. She lost everything she had. She no longer had a place to live nor a means to earn money. Two of her children were sick, one who was 12 even needed regular heart medicine. Malika kept her faith, and her new family helped her work things out.

at him for changing, I also felt a growing resentment towards his religion that was apparently stealing my loving, caring husband and replacing him with someone who was so focused on rules, regulations and merciless rituals. Our romantic relationship definitely suffered.

My husband's rule-keeping deeply affects my life. For example, during Ramadan it is especially challenging because he will basically not touch me all day. This is hard for me because I see marriage as an open, living, breathing expression of love and commitment to each other. Sometimes, physical expression is needed to say what words cannot.



Asba in the USA

I asked a Somali friend to tell me about the market in Mogadishu, the capital of Somalia. She began to tell me of the sounds and sights she remembers from her happy days in Somalia, and of the people she would have run into at the market. I looked her in the eyes and said, "Asha, I'd love to visit your homeland with you someday." She took my hand in hers, and her eyes welled up with tears. She wasn't crying because I had said something sentimental. She was full of grief as she told me, "My friend, the Somalia of my memories no longer exists." (See the article on Day 14).