

Danger in Dhaka-Part Three

“I told you Dhaka doesn’t have room for Christians. What do I have to do to convince you?”

Sanjoy said nothing.

“I see you’re alone.”

Kamrul knocked a pile of brightly colored shirts onto the dirt floor. Then he knocked over the pants.

As he turned to leave, he scooped up a pile of pants that had fallen on Sanjoy’s mat. “Thanks for the new pants.” Then, he was gone.

Sanjoy hung his head and tried to pray. Why was all this happening? Why would God let Kamrul behave like this? He searched for his Bible under the piles of clothes, but it was gone.

When his father returned, Sanjoy told him about Kamrul’s visit, the mess, and his missing Bible. His father cleaned up the scattered clothes, then carried Sanjoy home.

That night, Sanjoy lay on his mat and tried to pray. He didn’t understand why some people hated Christians so much. His family had only been kind to their neighbors.

He didn’t hear another sound until his father whispered to him in the middle of the night.

“Sanjoy, get up. Kamrul is here to see you.”

Kamrul? Here? In the middle of the night? Sanjoy pushed himself up on the mat. His father pointed Kamrul to the mat beside Sanjoy.

“I’ll be just outside if you need anything,” his father said, warning Kamrul with a stare.

Kamrul held out a Bible in his hands.

“I found this rolled up in the pile of pants I stole. I’ve been reading it ever since I got home. It’s what my mother has told me all along, that Jesus is the Savior.”

“Your mother taught you about Jesus?”

Kamrul nodded. “She has taught me about Jesus for many years. My father forbade her to speak of Jesus in our home. The first time she defied him, I told him what she had done. He was so mean to her, but she kept telling me about Jesus. But I never told on her again. Why do you keep telling people about Jesus when it causes so much trouble?”

Sanjoy tried to think of something to say. But the memories of what Kamrul had done held his mouth shut.

Kamrul hung his head. “I don’t blame you for not wanting to talk to me. I wouldn’t either.”

He turned and picked his lantern.

“Wait!” Sanjoy said. The lantern. Something suddenly made sense. “You carried a lantern with you tonight.”

“I had to see where I was going.”

“I just remembered something I read in my Bible today. Jesus is light. He shows us where to go, just like your lantern. He told His followers they were like lamps that gave light to everyone. But not everyone wants light.”

“What do you mean? Why would anyone want darkness?”

“Because they’re used to it, and the light hurts their eyes. When my father woke me and told me you were here, I didn’t want to open my eyes. They were used to the dark from sleeping. The light hurt. Sometimes people hide their eyes from light, just like they try to keep their lives from God.”

“Is that why you won’t stop telling people about Jesus?”

“Right. It’s the light’s job to keep shining. Then the choice is up to you.”

“Could I keep your Bible for a few days?”

Sanjoy smiled. “Sure! We could even read it together. I won’t be going too far for a few weeks.”

Kamrul said, “I’m sorry I broke your leg. I was just trying to scare you. But I think now I’m glad it worked out this way. I think I’ll be back soon with a lot more questions.”

“And I’m sorry I stayed angry with you for so long.”

Sanjoy watched Kamrul slip back out into the night, holding his lantern in front of him. He prayed Kamrul would soon discover the true light that never went out.