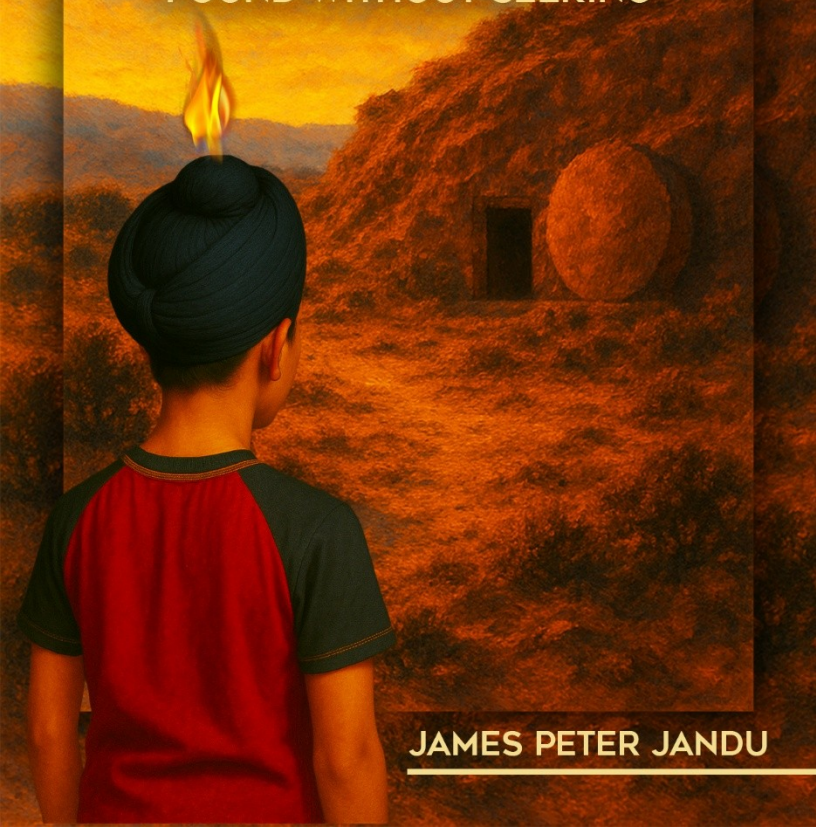


SIKH NO MORE

FOUND WITHOUT SEEKING



JAMES PETER JANDU

Sikh No More

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About this Book

Purpose of This Book

The purpose of this book is not to convert anyone to Christianity. Instead, my deepest desire is that my story will fulfil God's will.

What This Story Shares

In this story, I share my experiences and how God gave me a new life. My experiences may seem unusual to many readers, but millions of people have gone through a similar experience.

A Gift to You

This book is my gift to you. Please read it and pass it on to someone else who will do the same. Do not let this book go unread.

Preface

I arrived in this country from Africa as a seven-year-old Indian boy, barely able to speak or write any English. Today, I am writing this book to you in that very language.

Sharing Testimonies: A Personal Struggle

I felt a quiet nudge for years—a whisper from God urging me to write my story of salvation. But I kept putting it off. I would tell myself, “I’ll get to it...one day.” But that “one day” never seemed to arrive. There was always something more pressing, always a reason to put it off.

In any case, I have never been fond of sharing stories about myself. Even when it comes to what God has done in my life, it feels like I am making it about me, not Christ, or I am telling a story nobody asked for. I would much rather talk about Jesus—

His story, resurrection, and epic win over death. Now that is the kind of message that truly stirs a fire inside me!

But deep down, I know there's power in personal stories. Testimonies are like windows—people can see through them and glimpse God's work. I knew God could use my story, but I kept putting it off. Maybe it was false humility. Perhaps it was the thought of reliving everything—those raw, unfiltered moments. Whatever it was, it held me back—until one ordinary September in 2023, when God turned the gentle nudge into a thunderclap that shook me to my core.

A Sign from the Past

It was just a typical afternoon. Half-distracted, I was casually scrolling through Facebook when a post stopped me cold—it was posted on 17th September 2023. It was a black-and-white photograph with the caption: "I think this is Park Avenue. Taken 1973."

I blinked, staring at the screen. *1973?* That was the year I was born. My heart quickened as I looked closer at the image. It was Park Avenue, captured in grainy detail—the street where I first encountered God long before I had heard the gospel. I remember that day so clearly. I was just a boy, but I felt something powerful—something unexplainable—and I knew it was real. More about that later.

As I stared at that photo, more memories came rushing back. Just a few yards from there, I first heard the gospel. I could almost hear Steve's voice, the sincerity in his tone. And just down the road, I first felt the Holy Spirit's convicting presence—so real, so undeniable.

Heaven grabbed me by the collar when I saw that photo—I could not ignore it anymore. I knew I had to write my story.

The Promise of a Shift

Then it hit me—God had spoken to me years ago, saying, *“When you turn 50, there will be a major shift in your life and ministry.”* I had held on to that promise, but I did not know how it would all come together.

And now here I was in 2023, precisely 50 years from 1973. That Facebook post was not just a random image. It felt like God had reached through time and placed it before me as a reminder. It was as if He was saying, *“Now is the time. No more delaying.”*

Just imagine—back in 1973, when I was born, someone took a photo of the spot where God would meet me less than 16 years later. There was nothing special about the image itself, but what was even more remarkable was that a stranger posted it on social media at just the right time for me to see it.

The Push I Needed

But that was only the beginning. 2023 brought other signs, each one nudging me further, like puzzle pieces clicking into place. It was like God sent an angelic street sweeper to clear the path, sweeping away every excuse I had for holding back. I had to share my story—how it all began, the journey of faith, the struggles, the victories, and everything in between.

“Alright, God...I’ll write the story... in stages.”

Introducing the Series

This book is the first part of a series to walk through my story. It tells the story of my life before Christ, the moment I first encountered His amazing grace, and those early steps of my exciting life in God.

I will also share a life-changing experience I had on **16 April 1990**. It was not just a powerful encounter but a complete

turning point—one that rewrote everything I thought I knew.

Are You Ready to Walk This Journey with Me?

This is not just my story—it is a testimony of God's faithfulness, patience, and life-changing power. Come with me, step by step—real, raw, and unfiltered.

Chapter One

Life Before Christ

I was told, “Never convert!”

As a child, I was shown horrifying pictures—men with their arms and legs crushed on giant wheels, faces frozen in pain. I was told these were Sikh martyrs, tortured and killed for refusing to give up their faith.

Sikh history is soaked in blood and bravery. In the 17th and 18th centuries, especially under the Mughal Empire and later Afghan rulers, Sikhs were hunted down, tortured, and executed in the most brutal ways imaginable—all because they would not convert.

Some of the Sikh Gurus themselves were killed.

- **Guru Arjan Dev**, the fifth Guru, was made to sit on a red-hot iron plate while burning sand was poured over him.
- **Guru Tegh Bahadur**, the ninth Guru, was publicly beheaded in Delhi for defending the right of Sikhs and Hindus to worship freely.

Then came the Wadda Ghallughara—the Great Massacre of 1762—when tens of thousands of Sikhs, including women and children, were slaughtered.

The tortures were terrifying:

- **Scalping** – The hair and scalp were ripped off, a deep insult to Sikhs, for whom uncut hair is sacred.

- **Breaking on the wheel** – Limbs shattered one by one on a giant turning wheel.
- **Boiled alive** – Thrown into boiling water or oil.
- **Skinned alive** – Flesh peeled from bone.
- **Sawed in half** – Bhai Mati Das was tied upright and cut slowly with a saw for refusing to deny his faith.
- **Hot plates** – Somewhere forced to sit on blazing metal.
- **Dismemberment** – Limbs were hacked off one by one.

Many were known to whisper prayers—Japji Sahib on their lips—even as their bodies were torn apart. That unshakeable faith, even while dying in agony, shaped Sikh ideas of martyrdom, spiritual courage, and the warrior spirit that grew in defiance of oppression.

I still remember those haunting images—bodies twisted on wheels, blood pouring

from broken limbs. In the middle of all that—blood, broken bodies, and stories of fearless faith—I was told, “Never convert!”

Something Good Is Going to Happen

Even as a child, I had a deep feeling that something big awaited me. I couldn't explain it, but it was strong, like a whisper that I could feel deep within.

I remember standing in Littlewoods while my sister flicked through the clothes racks. The hum of quiet chatter and the rustle of fabric filled the air. Suddenly, a strange feeling washed over me, like a light switched on inside my mind. It felt like I had a secret appointment with a plan much bigger than I could understand as a child. From that day on, it was like a clock started ticking in my mind—louder and louder—as if counting down to something important, something unknown. Something I would later recognise as a

God encounter of the Bible kind! God had been writing my story long before I knew there was a story to tell.

But let me be honest—I was not exactly a saint, even if I did wear a turban and show up at the Gurdwara. The turban was on straight, but my halo was a bit lopsided!

A Life of Crime

I was about eleven or twelve when I left our big house on Pemberley Avenue—one of the most prestigious streets in our town—and headed to the town centre with my cousin.

The fluorescent lights of WHSmith cast long shadows over rows of neatly stacked notebooks and bright pens. My cousin stood just ahead of me, his hand brushing over a display of pencils. I watched closely as his fingers paused, hesitated, then slid a pencil up his sleeve with a quick, practised move.

My stomach tightened. I turned away, the smell of fresh paper and ink suddenly too strong. "I'm not a thief, I'm a Sikh—just get me out of here!" I thought to myself, as my heart pounded and I hurried towards the store exit.

My footsteps quickened as I made my way toward the door. Behind me, I could hear his shoes shuffling against the carpet, following closely.

Caught and Consequences

Just as I stepped out, a firm hand landed on my shoulder. I froze. My heart skipped a beat. I turned to see a stern-faced staff member, his eyes sharp and unblinking. "Back inside," he said, his voice steady but strict.

We were led to a small, cramped room at the back of the store. The walls seemed to close in with every step. A bare table stood

in the centre. “Empty your pockets,” he ordered.

My cousin went first. He reached into his coat pockets and pulled out some goodies. They clattered onto the table one by one.

The room went quiet—proper courtroom drama vibes. Everyone stared, waiting for me to pull out some massive stash of stolen gear. I took a deep breath. I was not trying to look mysterious, but I slowly reached into my pocket.

And what did I pull out?

One sad little elastic band.

It just sat in my palm, looking up at me like, “Is it my moment then?” I placed it on the table as if it were priceless evidence. To me, it looked embarrassed, too.

I was innocent, yet I felt guilty by association. After threatening to call the police and tell our parents, they thankfully let us go. Phew! We managed to get away, but the clock was ticking for a meeting I could not avoid.

Until then, though, things took a turn for the worse.

Slipping Into Crime

After that incident, my cousins started turning up at my house with loot. I could not even imagine owning so much stuff. It honestly felt like an open invitation to a life of crime.

Eventually, I began to “borrow” things myself. This grew until I had more than I knew what to do with.

Even though I did these things, I still considered myself a good person. I would share any money I had with other kids at school, buying sweets for them all. I loved

animals and was known for that. I thought I was good deep down—we all do. But the truth? It is just a mask. Beneath it, we are rotten—far worse than we would ever admit.

A Heart Turning Dark

I had a secret. Deep down, my heart was turning cold, dark, and unforgiving. Every night, as I lay on my bed, its weight pressed down on me like a heavy stone. I knew something inside me was changing, slipping further into darkness, and no matter how hard I tried to stop, the darkness kept pulling me back. It was like fighting a shadow I could not catch. I felt trapped in a battle I was losing, and the harder I fought, the darker my heart became—harder, colder, more broken. At the same time, I was living out who I was: a sinner dressed as a saint. Some of you reading this know exactly what I mean, but you fool yourself, wrapping up your wrongs in a cloak of kindness and self-

righteousness. I tried to turn—but it was like something held me frozen.

A Turning Point

Little did I know that things were about to change, for the better, during this turmoil. The God of heaven and earth was watching—He knew me.

Let me be honest before God: if what I am about to share had not happened, I genuinely believe I would have ended up one of the worst criminals in my town—maybe even the whole country. That is how dark my heart was.

Thankfully, God had a different plan that began long before He created the world, when He chose me. But I will not take you that far back. Instead, let us take a quick detour to Africa.

Out of Africa

Born Under a Brutal Regime

I was born at a very young age in the town of Mable, Uganda, in a house, not even a hospital. I figured I would stay and see what all the fuss was about.

Meanwhile, in 1973, a photographer took a random photo on Park Avenue in Bedford. His shutter clicked with mechanical precision—click—an image I would one day see.

It was February 9, 1973: by then, Idi Amin had been in power in Uganda for about two years, following his January 1971 coup that overthrew Milton Obote.

Idi Amin was one of the most brutal dictators of his time, marked by fear, violence, and countless deaths. If you want to learn about Idi Amin, check YouTube or Netflix's documentary 'How to

Become a Tyrant’—episode three, ‘Reign Through Terror,’ covers his rule. For a dramatic take, watch ‘The Last King of Scotland’ (2006), starring Forest Whitaker, who won an Oscar for playing Amin.

And the time I was born? I’m not sure. Most likely at night—some even say it was just last night. The ceiling fan wheezed its broken rhythm as I arrived. At the precise moment during early 1973, Amin was dealing with the aftermath of the Asian and attempting to redistribute their assets to Ugandans loyal to his regime.

In August 1972, Idi Amin gave Uganda’s Asian community just 90 days to leave—no warning, no mercy. They had built the backbone of Uganda’s economy, running businesses and trade, and Amin saw them as a threat he had to crush. That brutal order tore families apart, uprooting lives overnight and leaving chaos in its wake.

I was born after that storm had passed, but the shadow it cast still lingered. My father knew Idi Amin, and this was the fierce, fractured world I was born into—where fear and power ruled every breath.

Life Under a Dictator

We lived comfortably, with a photo of my father and Idi Amin hanging on our wall. But life was not all roses—more like roses with sharp thorns.

One day, soldiers stormed into our home. A bullet hole still marked the living room wall. But, as a child, all I could think was, “Hey! They have taken my shiny new bike!” Despite that childish hardship, I have many happy memories.

Childhood Memories

My father was a man of respect and quiet power. They say he watched over the Asian community in Uganda, a guardian of sorts. He owned a carpentry factory—my childhood playground. I spent hours

there, climbing trees to snatch ripe fruit or staring in wonder at a giant black and yellow spider weaving its web just outside his office, like a tiny king guarding his realm. It was not just the spider living the royal life—it felt like we were living like kings and queens.

Jungi was our servant at home. He would chop off chicken heads, and I would watch the headless birds run wildly before crashing to the ground. When he spotted me in the corridor, he would press against the wall or leap into the nearest room, letting me pass—his fear a mystery to me. But I never forgot the time I saw my dad drunk, Jungi on the floor, a sword looming over him like a shadow of death. Maybe he had done wrong, but so had I.

Once, by mistake, I ate the food meant for Jungi that was left on the dining table. That table where, as kids, we'd flick the skin from hot milk cooled down onto the wall—

stains that never seemed to disappear. We were wild and free,

At school, I wore blue shorts and a white shirt. My brother and I stood out, with white handkerchiefs tied around the balls of hair on our heads. I remember the day an enormous snake slithered into the playground, and the children were throwing stones to chase it away.

We ran barefoot, chasing lizards of all shapes and sizes. Once, while cutting sugar cane with a machete, I nearly sliced off my finger—a scar still marks my left index finger. Another time, I almost hurt myself with a bow and arrow. I fired it backwards, and the arrow whizzed past me like a wild bird. On that note, exotic wild birds were everywhere.

Before the rain, strong winds would battle the vultures struggling to perch on the big tree outside our house. I would watch them hover, almost frozen mid-air,

fighting the gusts to grab a branch. The rain would fall—brutal and relentless—but the air stayed warm and tropical, and the wind would blow through our house, rattling the bird cage.

We had two African grey parrots, but they eventually escaped. Since these birds live for ages, they might still be out there, flying free—perhaps not. What was certain was that one day, I too would break free from my cage and soar.

Until then, the scorching African sun blazed down as I stepped out of the shade long after the rains, feeling my skin sizzle in the intense heat. Those warm, carefree days beneath the African sun came to an end in 1980. While I played under African skies, God quietly set the stage for a story I did not yet know I was part of.

Arriving in the UK

When, just seven years old, I was sent thousands of miles away to cold, grey England.

A Shock to the System

I was shocked by the sight of so many pale-skinned people, their skin almost as white as snow. We called them *Mazungus*. I'm still unsure what surprised me more—the pale faces or the weather.

Stepping outside Heathrow Airport, I was hit by a biting chill that cut straight through me. The bone-freezing winter air wrapped around me, leaving this coatless African Indian boy shivering on the pavement. It was a feeling I had never known before—my body numb with cold, each breath puffing out in misty clouds.

.
This strange, icy land was now my new home, although I had never grown accustomed to the cold. I still hate the cold

and dread piling on layers of clothing—yet my skin stays sun-kissed brown, perfectly cooked by the sun.

Becoming a "Coconut"

In Western Asian culture, I was labelled a "coconut"—brown on the outside and white on the inside. Outwardly, I followed Sikh traditions, with my long hair tied up and covered by a cloth, but inwardly, I welcomed Western ways with open arms, although I still hated the cold.

Little did I know, God had a plan—a divine purpose to set my soul ablaze with the fire of His Holy Spirit. But first, He had much to teach me—how to spell, for a start.

Off to School I Went

Not long after, I was packed off to Edith Cavell Lower School. My African accent probably stuck out like a sore thumb, too! I still remember that spelling test—I had a cheeky peek at the lad next to me because I had not the foggiest how to spell *when*,

why, where, or what. Interestingly, many decades later, I found myself using these very words as questions when preparing sermons, just as a preacher from Cambridge had taught me to do. My education would empower me to read the Bible, a crucial chapter in my future story.

A Glimpse of the Bible

The first time I came across the Bible was in my school's Religious Education classes. Back then, it seemed like just another book—ink on parchment, nothing more. I could not have imagined how those pages would one day come alive for me, shaping my life in ways I never expected. But before the Bible ever caught my eye, a simple ball captured my imagination.

I was thirteen when I stumbled into a lunchtime basketball practice in the school hall. I had no idea that a simple moment would spark an obsession—that the sound of the ball hitting the floor would echo through my teenage years. I

did not know it then, but I was heading for a collision between the court and the cross, between the basketball and the Bible.

I had no idea that an extraordinary calling awaited me at fifteen—a call that would come most unusually and unexpectedly.

Chapter Two

My Conversion Experience

At no point in my journey did I decide to follow Jesus. He chose me, I did not choose Him. Crazy, right? Let me elaborate. Some people claim to find God in cathedrals; He found me on a street.

Open Heaven Moment on Park Avenue

This happened before 1989—less than nine years after I first set foot in England in 1980. One day, before I became a Christian, I was walking home along Park Avenue when I suddenly stopped in my tracks. As though drawn by something beyond me, I looked up at the sky, where it seemed the very heavens cracked open.

In that instant, I felt exposed—like God had peeled back the layers and saw every dark corner of my soul. In the weight of that glory, I suddenly became aware I was a sinner—and He knew it too.

Just as suddenly as it came, the heavens seemed to close, and I walked home, quiet, changed, and unsure of what had just happened.

From that day, a quiet guilt began to gnaw at me from within. I had not heard a sermon or been taught about sin or Jesus—it was all unknown to me. Though I was not yet a Christian, that experience was nothing short of a direct revelation from God—clear, personal, and impossible to ignore. You could call it a mini-Damascus Road experience—just a glimpse of what would come. Later, I would have the real thing.

Not long after that strange and powerful moment, something else happened—

something that changed my life. At first, it felt like a random meeting. But looking back, I see it was God, gently pulling me closer to the calling God had placed on my life.

Meet Steve

The year was 1989—a year that would become a significant turning point in my life. I was sixteen, walking home after one of my usual trips to the shops. My pockets were stuffed with items I had, well... *borrowed*. As I turned onto Park Avenue, a stranger on a bike pulled up in my path. Remarkably, it was only a stone's throw from the very place where, not long before, I had watched the heavens tear open in a vision.

As I reached the end of Roff Avenue, standing at the edge of Foster Hill Road, ready to cross and make my way down Park Avenue, I saw him—a lone Indian man on a bicycle, riding along the road. I

did not know it at the time, but the timing was no accident. Heaven had arranged this moment. Our eyes met—just for a second. I kept walking, unaware that a divine plan was already in motion. But as I turned onto Park Avenue, he was off his bike, standing before me. He had parked it deliberately, as if he had been sent to intercept me. And then, without hesitation, he introduced himself.

I found out later that God had spoken to Steve. He had heard a clear command: 'Stop that boy and tell him about Me—you may never get another chance.'

Steve had a gentle spirit and a soft-spoken nature. There was something different about him—purposeful in his speech. I had no idea at the time, but that meeting was not by chance; it was a divine appointment set before the foundation of the world.

Steve did what he said—he stood with me and his bike for over an hour, sharing the gospel. He said it was the most important conversation happening in Bedford that day. I nodded, listened, even said I would attend church that Sunday. We agreed to meet at the end of Pemberley Avenue.

But when Sunday came... I never showed up. I thought I would never see him again, but God had other plans.

Somehow, Steve found out where I lived and just showed up at my door! I have no clue how he knew which house was mine—I must have mentioned the street, but honestly, with all the spicy smells wafting out, my place probably screamed “Indian household” louder than any house number! From that day on, we started meeting regularly. Every time we walked and talked, he spoke passionately about Jesus—always Jesus.

Conviction in Bedford Park

I still remember one walk through Bedford Park when we paused by the Pavilion near the tennis courts. Steve turned to me and said, *“People’s hearts are turning to stone.”*

Those words pierced right through me, much like the crowd who were “cut to the heart” when Peter preached on the Day of Pentecost (Acts 2:37). In that moment, I felt a deep conviction, sharp and unmistakable. It was as if a razor had sliced through my heart, revealing the darkness that had been creeping in for years. I knew my heart was growing colder, caught up in things I should not have been involved in. Without divine intervention, I was certain I would end up in serious crime, not just petty theft but the kind that would land me in prison for decades.

A Heart Transplant from Heaven

Without my knowing, God had already begun His work—a heart transplant of sorts. And the Master Physician, Dr. Jesus, had planned my life-changing operation long before I realised I needed it.

As I write these words, my eyes fill with tears. The door to my redemption and salvation slowly creaked open in that moment.

First Visit to a Pentecostal Church

I stepped hesitantly through the worn, wooden doors of the rented church hall—an old building belonging to an Anglican church, heavy with the weight of countless prayers and stories. Entering Steve's Pentecostal church for the first time was like stepping into another world. The old hall with wooden floors held a small group of Caribbeans—one white man on drums, and two Indians: me and Steve. "Drums in

church?" I thought. "They must've only hired him for the night!"

The energy in the room was electric, the worship lively and full of passion, utterly different from my usual visits to the Gurdwara. At the temple, everything was boring and orderly, steeped in tradition. But here, they spoke of God as if they truly knew Him, as if He were someone they met with daily. With each visit, I felt something deep within me begin to stir, something I could not quite explain.

Water Baptism and a New Beginning

Listening to the teachings of Christ sparked a genuine transformation in me. "When they asked if I wanted to be baptised, I simply said, 'Yes.'" But truthfully, it was not my decision— 'yes' had already been planted deep in my heart by a God who had chosen me long before I was born. It was not long before I

was baptised in water on 20th August 1989.

As I rose from the water, I felt a huge weight lift from my shoulders. I did not see it coming—it just happened. It was not only a symbol; it was real. That feeling of freedom and peace remains clear in my mind today, just as it did then.

As amazing as my water baptism was, it was only the beginning. I could not have guessed that the road ahead would explode with wonder and rewrite everything I thought I knew about God.

When I turned seventeen, my spiritual journey soared to new heights.

Baptism of the Holy Spirit

It was April 16, 1990, during an Easter Youth Conference at the Corn Exchange in Ipswich. I went, not realising for a second

that my life would be forever shaken to its core, lit with purpose.

As the service drew to a close, people were invited to come forward for prayer and to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Back then, I did not even know what speaking in tongues was. I now understand that speaking in tongues refers to someone speaking in a language unknown to them, inspired by the Holy Spirit, an experience described in the New Testament as a sign of God's presence and empowerment.

At that time, all I knew was that I wanted more of what I was experiencing.

The Vision and the Light

As voices rose around me in prayer, I pressed in, praying until my throat burned dry, every word scraped from the depths of longing. Then suddenly I was caught up in a vision—a radiant light burst before me, like staring straight into the heart of the sun. Without a second thought, I

reached for it—and as my spirit stretched toward that light, it did not just meet me... it merged with me. It was as if heaven came rushing in, crashing through every part of me with holy fire. Then something happened that I did not expect or understand. It took me entirely by surprise.

Suddenly, there was a sound. Words began to pour out from the depths of my being, a language I had never heard before. It flowed effortlessly, like a gust of wind thundering through me. I spoke in tongues—like the disciples in Acts, alive and blazing within me!

I could not contain the joy—I started dancing. Yes, me—the one who could barely shuffle two steps in rhythm—was suddenly dancing as if set on fire, moving not wildly, but with a rhythm that would make even a professional envious. My usually neatly secured turban took its journey east while I danced west. But in

that moment, I didn't care. But here is the shocking thing: I was dancing in heaven—or at least, I saw that. It was a celebration, a private party between me and Jesus.

*"I tell you, there will be **more joy in heaven** over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who need no repentance."* — **Luke 15:7**

Alright, you want the juicy details—got it!

I was fully conscious the whole time, even trying to stop the flow of that mysterious language I spoke so fluently, but it was like holding back a flood. The more I tried, the stronger it came.

In that holy moment, I forgot everything around me. I saw myself dancing in heaven, with Jesus standing before me. The room was vast and entirely white, with no visible walls. Like a carpet woven from clouds, the floor appeared soft beneath

my feet, and I was dancing right before Jesus.

There are no words that can truly explain what I experienced. Maybe my spirit did journey there; only God knows. But I am sure that heaven touched the earth that day, and I had a face-to-face encounter with Jesus.

When the speaking in tongues finally stopped, I opened my eyes, stunned to find I was still at the conference, still on earthly ground. Later, someone asked me how I felt, and I replied unprepared: *"I feel like I have been washed deeply from within."* It felt like I had been cleansed with holy fire, a washing from the inside out that reached every corner of my being.

That experience changed everything—I had been born from above, just as Jesus told Nicodemus a person must be to enter the Kingdom of God.

But now, like Daniel stepping into the lions' den, I had to return home.

Returning Home

Our family home was a grand three-story building on one of the most affluent streets in town. My bedroom was on the second floor. The room had once been used for Sikh worship, where my family would gather to recite sacred texts. The floor was covered in crisp white sheets, and we always removed our shoes before entering. By the window sat the Guru Granth Sahib, the open holy book, displayed with deep reverence, just as it is in a Sikh gurdwara.

Even after that room became my bedroom, the walls remained adorned with large framed pictures of the Gurus—a constant reminder that I lived in a Sikh household. The gurus in the photos seemed to watch me, their eyes silently

accusing me of defying everything they had taught.

A Bold Declaration

That night, I returned late from the conference, fearless and overflowing with joy. In a bold move, I removed the large, framed pictures of the Sikh gurus from my bedroom walls and left them on the landing. Looking back, that moment could have marked the beginning of the end, but I was walking in supernatural boldness at the time.

The next morning, I braced myself for a fight, but shockingly, nothing was said. No one ever mentioned the pictures again. God is still in the business of shutting the mouths of lions!

Over time, my family was stunned. They could not quite grasp what had changed in me. But I knew the truth—I had met the living God. I was born into the five Ks, but now I was reborn through three nails. I

once carried an empty heart—but now, I had encountered the One who walked out of an empty tomb. There was no turning back—the decision had already been made, not by me, but for me.

I did not consciously choose to follow Christ—He chose me. I heard the gospel, I believed, I received—it was a gift I never earned and a decision I never made, but one made before the creation of the world in the mind of God. A gospel seed had been planted in my heart, and it began to grow, unstoppable and alive. A new life of adventure with God had begun.

Chapter Three

Life as a New Christian

A New Fire

Everything changed after that Easter holiday. When I returned to school, I was burning with a newfound passion that bewildered my friends. They could not understand the transformation that had occurred—I could hardly understand it myself.

The person staring back at me in the mirror was no longer the same. The old version of me—the one trapped in darkness and bound by habits I could not break—was gone. I was different, renewed from the inside out.

April 16, 1990, marked a significant milestone. There was a *before* and an *after*, and I lived in the *after*. I could not keep it in—I had to share it with anyone who would listen.

Evangelist with a Turban

I left for school each morning armed with leaflets and tracts about Jesus. Imagine it—a young Sikh boy with a turban, fearlessly preaching about Jesus to anyone who would listen! Break times and lunch breaks were dedicated to sharing the gospel. Sometimes, I would gather small groups around me, firing questions at me rapidly. The answers flowed from my mouth with a wisdom and clarity that was not mine—it was supernatural, far beyond my understanding. It reminded me of when Jesus, at just twelve years old, amazed everyone in the temple with insights far beyond His years after His parents had lost and then found Him:

"...sitting among the teachers, listening to them, and asking them questions. Everyone who heard him was **amazed at his understanding and his answers**. When his parents saw him, they were astonished." (Luke 2:46-48).

I was experiencing exactly what Jesus said would happen: "But the Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, **He will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said to you.**" (John 14:26).

The school grounds became a place to seek out anyone open to hearing the good news.

Even the walk home became an opportunity to share the gospel. I would share the gospel with those who walked alongside me, and when I saw them safely to their doors, I wasn't finished. I would knock on the doors of other students,

eager to share the message of Jesus. One of them was a boy named Delroy Samuels. I must have driven him mad with how much time I spent chatting away about the love of Christ at his doorstep.

A Bold Request

Once, I asked the Head of Year if she could organise an assembly with the entire year group so I could share my testimony. She explained it was not possible due to strict school regulations. Undeterred, I asked if I could put up posters around the school, and she agreed. I designed my gospel posters and posted them in every available corner. One day, I spotted a large empty noticeboard and asked a teacher if I could use it to create a full display about Jesus. Surprisingly, the teacher agreed, and I often caught glimpses of students and teachers stopping to read it.

I remember working on some art for my studies in the art room one afternoon. Suddenly, I felt the Holy Spirit nudge me,

saying, *Go to the cafeteria*. It was not lunchtime, and I knew the room would usually be empty. But I packed up my things and rushed there. To my surprise, one girl named Julia was sitting alone. I shared the gospel with her.

I was simply about my Father's business—preaching the gospel. Because of my constant preaching, students began calling me 'Jesus.' It was not mockery; it was recognition.

For some, it was like music to their ears; for others, it was anything but. For me, it was not just music—it was food. Doing the will of my Father was my nourishment. I had been commissioned!

Prayers

I spent every spare moment praying and worshipping. One of my favourite ways to do this was by listening to gospel music.

One day, Steve handed me a cassette tape by a gospel group called *Commissioned*. I had never heard anything quite like it. The melodies and lyrics stirred something deep inside me. I played that tape on repeat, over and over, until the songs became stamped into my very soul. The music of *Commissioned* became a soundtrack for my spiritual journey. It was more than just music; it was a lifeline, a bridge between heaven and earth.

My bedroom would often be filled with God's presence as I prayed and worshipped, those songs pouring out of the little tape deck like rivers of life. Hot tears would stream down my face, not out of sadness but of awe and His love for me. It was as if the walls of my room had faded away, and I was standing face-to-face with Him. His presence was so tangible that I found myself speaking to Him as if He were right there in front of me—and He was.

For reasons I cannot quite recall—maybe sharing a room with my brother or not having a door lock—praying was not easy at first. If I wanted to pray longer, I had to find another room.

I would retreat to the bathroom or toilet to pray. I am sure others wondered why I spent so long in there. But for me, it was a sanctuary—a hidden place where I could meet with God away from watchful eyes.

These were not just prayers; they were conversations—honest, heartfelt dialogues in which I would pour out my soul and sense His responses in the stillness. It felt like heaven had come down, right there in my bedroom.

Fasting

My longing for everything God had for me drove me to prayer and fasting. For years, I fasted half a day—Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays—when we did not have church services. Occasionally, I

would go three whole days without eating anything but water. The hunger was real; I remember walking through Marks & Spencer's to be near food. My senses were so sharp that I could smell food from far away.

Church Services

Following my Baptism in the Spirit, God gave me a solid desire to serve Him fully. Filled with the Holy Spirit, my passion for Christ sometimes went beyond what was reasonable. I attended church services multiple times weekly—Sundays, midweek services, and even all-day weekend conferences.

"I was glad when they said to me, 'Let us go into the house of the LORD.'" — Psalm 122:1

No distance was too far; I would travel to evening services in distant towns on Saturdays.

Tennis Rackets and Turban

In the very early days, I left home clutching a tennis racket—my perfect cover. No one suspected I was heading to church. I never said I was playing tennis—they just assumed it when they saw the racket in my hand.

Picture this: me, wearing a turban, walking into a Pentecostal church with a tennis racket like a typical Sunday outing.

These were no ordinary church services. The church roared with thunderous praise—shouts of “Hallelujah!” shaking the rafters. The preacher’s voice crashes like lightning, fierce and unrelenting. Hands slam pews, feet stomp like war drums, and the air thickens with sweat and holy fire. Drums pound, guitars scream, and the organ wails—a sacred frenzy where heaven and earth collide. The church services pulsed with life, and hardly

anything could keep me away from those transformational services, where God was present.

One Sunday morning, during a service with a visiting preacher named Elder Baltimore Green, he spoke about the crucifixion of Christ. As I sat in the middle aisle, he described in detail how Jesus was whipped with a cruel lash made of leather straps. Attached to the ends were sharp pieces of bone and jagged metal. Each time the whip struck, it did not just hurt—it tore into His skin, cutting and ripping it open. The pain was unbearable, and every blow was full of violence and purpose. The Holy Spirit opened my eyes to understand the suffering Christ endured for ME. It felt as if I were there, witnessing it all in person. I truly felt as though I had crucified Christ—but the truth was, I was also crucified with Him. My eyes filled with tears, but I fought hard to hold them back. My eyes brimmed with tears, but I fought

with everything to hold them back. I blinked rapidly, stared at the floor, and tightened my jaw, doing whatever I could to hide it from those around me. I did not want anyone to see the storm inside. Such heavenly experiences were worth any price.

I never missed a church service—except twice. One Sunday was my sister’s wedding. I was there in the morning, watching her get married, heart whole and proud. But as soon as the last word was said, I caught the train straight from the wedding, racing against time to make it to the evening service. I stepped off that train and did not pause for a breath, heading straight into church, driven by a fire that would not let me stay away.

But secrets do not stay hidden for long. Eventually, my family found out. Maybe the late nights gave me away—after all, tennis balls do not glow in the dark.

Raised Voices

When my family pressed the knife of insults to my throat and whispered 'choose,' I finally understood what Jesus meant by counting the cost.

Of course, they did not skin me alive—but the anger was real. Things quickly heated up when they found out I had become a Christian. The looks, the silence, the sharp words all said the same thing: "You've betrayed us."

Sometimes, voices were raised when we disagreed. I asked my sister, "Are you upset because I'm not angry?" Looking back, I probably sounded arrogant, but deep down, I knew God's grace was holding me steady.

When my family discovered I had become a Christian, it caused a deep rift—one that has never fully healed. They declared, "If you start attending church, you won't be

part of this family!” But despite their words, I went anyway. From that moment, I lost the experience of close relationships and support from my siblings and mother. The clash of beliefs and traditions drove a wedge between us, which still lingers today like a hidden wound that refuses to heal.

Eventually, they begrudgingly “accepted” that I was going to church—but with a cold warning: “Cut your hair, and you’re out of this house.” I was ready to walk away, but held on to my turban for a few years. Wearing it had lost meaning—it was just something I kept out of habit. I still remember the excitement and the faces of church folk when they saw me, a boy in a turban, standing fearlessly in church, preaching in a Pentecostal style.

My family’s rejection of my Christian faith was apparent. Some mornings, I would be woken by ‘holy’ water sprinkled on me. Other times, I would wake to find the

outside of my door wet—evidence of their attempts to purify what they saw as rebellion.

Steve did not come to my house very often. But one day, he did. I sat with him in the living room when my brother came home. The moment his eyes landed on Steve, his face hardened. Without hesitation, he marched straight to Steve, eyes blazing with fury, his voice low but sharp, ordering him out. The room felt heavy and tense. Steve stood up slowly, looked at my brother, and quietly left.

Those were hairy days—and they were about to get even hairier... or less hairy. There was one thing my family fiercely insisted I never touch. It was like a sacred badge, a symbol I was forbidden to remove.

Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow

In the woodwork room at school, a sign hung on the wall: “Hair today, gone tomorrow!”—a warning for girls to keep their hair clear of the machines. But I was the only boy with long hair—uncut since birth, tied up tight in a neat little ball, hidden beneath a handkerchief and held together with a worn-out elastic band. That sign was not meant for me, but in its own strange way, it was a prophecy written just for me.

One of the loudest prayers I ever prayed was the sound of scissors through my hair. That day, as steel scissors sliced through the weight of tradition, I felt the lightness of rebirth.

The decision to cut my hair was not something I came to lightly. I continued wearing my turban for years after being baptised in the Holy Spirit. No one explicitly told me I had to remove it. There

was one exception—someone I met at an event somewhere in the UK. I had no idea who he was. He walked up to me with a Bible, eyes bright with purpose. “Can I share some verses with you?” he asked, glancing around for a quiet spot where we could talk. As he flipped through the pages, searching for the verse, I gently interrupted, “It’s in 1 Corinthians 11, isn’t it?” He looked up, a little startled, and nodded sheepishly. I was not dismissive, but their words fell to the ground that day. It would take far more than a few quoted verses to cut away something that had been part of me my whole life.

Cutting my hair would not simply be trimming strands; it would be severing ties, or at least that is how my family saw it. They reminded me often enough. It would bring shame to the family name, they said. More than once, it was mentioned that I’d be thrown out if I did such a thing. Those words were not idle threats; I knew the weight they carried.

But the desire grew. It was like an itch that I could not scratch. I wanted to cut my hair—hair that had never known the bite of scissors since the day I was born, except for that one incident when another child had stuck chewing gum in it, forcing a reluctant snip. The problem was that, as a student, I had no money to spare for a haircut. I would need to ask for help, which meant talking to my eldest brother.

I remember standing outside his bedroom door, the muffled sound of music leaking from the crack in the door. I took a deep breath, trying to muster the courage to go in and tell him. Minutes passed, my heart racing, my mind wrestling with every consequence. Finally, I stormed in, armed with all the bravery I could muster—only to find the room empty. The music was still playing from his sound system, filling the space with rhythm and bass, but he was nowhere to be seen. Disappointed and slightly relieved, I trudged downstairs and

found him. I told him, 'I want to cut my hair.'

To my surprise, he did not argue. He did not try to talk me out of it or remind me of the family honour. Instead, he nodded, grabbed his keys, and said, "Let's go." Not only did he take me to the barber, but he also paid for it.

I will never forget sitting in that hairdresser's chair on St Peter's Street. The place was bustling, and I found myself by the window, my hair untied and hanging loose for the first time in public. Strangers walked by the shop, glancing casually, unaware of the epic moment. The Italian barber approached, his eyes lighting up as he saw the length and thickness of my hair. "You could sell this, you know," he said with a grin, holding up a handful. "Wig makers would pay good money for it."

I smiled politely and said, "Short back and sides, please."

This was not about money—I had already been bought:

“You are not your own; you were bought at a price. Therefore, honour God with your bodies.” (I Corinthians 6:19-20).

Within minutes, the scissors began their work, and I felt something release with each snip. Years of tradition, expectation, and cultural weight fell to the floor in neat piles. As they swept it away, strands of a former life gathered and were discarded. When it was all done, I stared at my reflection. My head felt lighter, and my face was almost unfamiliar.

I stepped out of that shop and into the sunlight, running my hand over the short bristles where thick hair once was. I felt exposed, yet strangely liberated. There were no words to describe it; it was like stepping into a new version of myself, one

unshackled and ready for whatever came next.

As I made my way home, I would have to face them all with my uncovered head and the truth that could no longer be hidden beneath layers of fabric and tradition. They saw an empty head where my turban once was; I felt a whole heart where emptiness once lived. I lost a turban but gained truth—His words were true.

Desire For the Milk of The Word

I was constantly yearning for the milk (basics) of the Word. I became such a fixture at the local Christian Bookstore that the staff started dusting around me. My technique was flawless—read just enough of each book to piece together entire theologies without buying anything. Little did I know my spiritual bargain-hunting would pay off shockingly and unexpectedly when I spotted a group of

young Indian Christians in the bookshop. I genuinely thought I was one of the few Indian Christians worldwide. Yet here, before me, was a group of young Indian Christians. And even more amazingly, my future wife was in that group. The Lord works in mysterious ways.

I used to wonder if my turban was straight; now, I wake up wondering if my theology is. The prayers of my early life in Christ still rise to my lips—'Lord give me knowledge, wisdom and understanding'—but now they mingle with new words and new understandings. Back then, my world was simple—one hand held a Bible, the other gripped a basketball.

By my late teens, I was captain of the basketball team—driven, obsessed, chasing a dream. I wanted to go pro. I lived and breathed the game, playing day and night, hungry for the court like it was my calling. Basketball became my world—my escape, my identity, my fire.

I recall a game we once played against Luton Sixth Form, whose team included four under-18 England players. We lost the match, but I was the highest scorer, and their coach took notice, coaching me during the breaks.

But as the love for the game grew, so did another pull... quieter, deeper. As the spotlight on the court grew brighter, so did the tension in my soul. One hand held a ball, the other gripped a bible. Church and basketball began to pull me in opposite directions—one feeding my pride, the other calling me higher. Sooner or later, I would have to make a choice. Well, it was not a choice — God quietly turned down the volume of the bouncing ball so I could hear His call.

Ultimately, I left the team. What I did not expect was that the rest of the players would walk, too. One by one, they quit

after me. I let go of the ball but held tight to the Bible.

The basketball bounced away, its lonely rhythm fading, as the sound of my footsteps led me to a holy Spirit-filled Bible study. My knowledge, wisdom, and understanding were growing slowly but steadily.

During a two-week work experience on Roff Avenue, someone asked me if I had attended Bible school. Without thinking, I blurted out, "I don't need Bible college because I know it all." The words did not come out right. I meant that whenever I spoke about the Bible, God would fill me with the right words. I "knew it all," but it was God, not me. Even I was surprised by the wisdom and answers that flowed out of my mouth.

I often gave testimonies during church, and the Holy Spirit would take over. It

became clear to others, though not to me, that I had a calling to be a preacher.

A Calling I Never Expected

Back then, the idea of becoming a preacher never crossed my mind. I was happy to serve in any way I could. But deep down, something was stirring—a divine plan preparing me for a calling I had never anticipated. Especially strange, since I was just a quiet thinker, not someone you would expect to stand out.

By nature, I am quiet, but that would change the moment I stood before a crowd. Sometimes, I was asked to share a few words at church. To my surprise, it felt like fire was flowing from my mouth. It became clear that my purpose was to preach and teach the Word of God.

God would often give me entire sermons to preach. The Holy Spirit would illuminate my spirit, and I would write down the

thoughts and verses by revelation. I rarely needed notes when I preached, apart from what I jotted down when God spoke to me. I would often show up as the main speaker without knowing the topic I would be talking about. Either God would give me the message right there, or I would step behind the pulpit, open my mouth, and God would fill it with His words.

It might have seemed like I was well-prepared, but I was always nervous before speaking. Yet the desire to preach the gospel burned within me.

Growing into My Calling

Over time, I began to accept that preaching was my true calling. Eventually, I became a pastor and led a church, but it all started from those early moments when God first spoke through me.

I spent years preaching about walking in faith, mostly while tripping over my shoes. And yes, I tried running from my calling

once—God just ran faster. He brought men into my life who had walked the same burning path I now travelled to prepare me—more about that in part two.

Conclusion

When I first picked up a Bible, I thought I was getting an instruction manual. We must learn to see ourselves the way God sees us—not through our flawed opinions, but through His truth, no matter the cost.

Losing My Family and Inheritance

My brothers and sisters and I lived under the same roof, bound by blood and genuine connection. Our parents spent many years in Africa, while the seven of us lived together in the UK. I was the youngest, with my brother just a little older than I. I was once incredibly close to my family, especially my brother. We spent countless hours playing together

and clashed more than a few times. We lived comfortably and got along well enough.

Our father was a successful businessman. He owned a thriving factory in Uganda that provided well for our family. With properties spanning across Uganda, India, and the UK, our home in the UK was no ordinary house; it was situated on one of the most sought-after streets—a location renowned for its private schools and million-pound homes.

But everything changed when I became a Christian. Suddenly, that life of comfort and luxury seemed distant, almost as if it belonged to someone else. I saw none of it anymore.

The Cost of Following Christ

Following Christ was not just a change of belief; it was a change of everything. I lost my family, my inheritance, and the comfort of that familiar life. Since I

became a Christian, it is as if they have been treating me as if I were already dead. But what matters most to me are the words of Jesus—they are the anchor of everything I believe.

Many of Jesus' words are just ink on paper: "If anyone comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters—yes, even their own life—such a person cannot be my disciple." For me, losing family was a lived experience. But what I gained in Christ was worth far more than any family, wealth, or property. There is simply no comparison.

My family said I betrayed five centuries of tradition. What my family called betrayal, I discovered was a homecoming. The Christ who called me has given me a new family and identity.

To this day, I do not have a relationship with my family. I do not know what it feels like to have a mother, brothers, or sisters.

I do not even think about what I have lost; that's how much greater Christ is than earthly things. It is like trading shadows for sunlight—how could I miss the dark when I have stepped into the light?

The Silent Pain of Rejection

Yet, a silent pain lingers. To be threatened with being thrown out, to be disowned simply for becoming a Christian—that kind of rejection cuts deep. It is not just loss; it is betrayal. A young man should be accepted for his beliefs, not rejected for them. For the family to turn away because of faith—that is a kind of cruelty I never expected. People might expect me to hold onto some anger towards my family, but I do not.

Ironically, some religious people react with anger when someone leaves their faith, yet they celebrate warmly when someone decides to join. My conversion was an act of God. If my conversion was truly an act of God, would you want to be

the one resisting it? Rejecting it? Even pushing back just a little? Because if you do, you are not just disagreeing with me—you are standing against God Himself.

Those who oppose me are often people who follow their religion while secretly harbouring a deep, hidden hatred for it. To them, I say: "Your perception of me is a reflection of you." I am fine. Do not worry about me.

But even in that silent pain that I rarely feel, I have found peace. What I lost in family and inheritance, I found tenfold in Christ. And that is a treasure that no one can take away.

Seeking God

"I'm a good person." That is what most people say.

But they mean *their* kind of good, based on their own rules and ideas of right and wrong.

But one day, Jesus broke through the noise. He said, **"No one is good—except God alone."**

Just like that, every human boast fell to the ground.

If God alone is perfect, then His standard counts. Not ours.

And by that standard? We all fall short—every one of us.

It is not just that we make mistakes—it is deeper than that.

Our hearts, the place where choices begin, are broken... twisted.

Without Him, we cannot even *want* to come to Him.

But here is the miracle: He does not leave us lost. He calls. He reaches. He softens cold hearts. He gives a new heart—a living one.

Only God can make the dead heart beat again. And until that happens, no one—*no one*—can truly follow Christ.

You cannot truly search for God on your own unless God, deep inside, has already started the change, unless He is already reaching out for you.

If you are not a Christian—if your heart has not been made new like I have talked

about in this book—then seeking God is not something you can do yourself.

But...

If, as you have been reading, you have felt something stir...

If you have sensed a quiet pull, like He is calling your name...

Then maybe—just maybe—He is.

That gentle tug on your heart?

That might be Him, reaching out. Please do not ignore it.

He is the one who starts the journey. All you need to do is respond.

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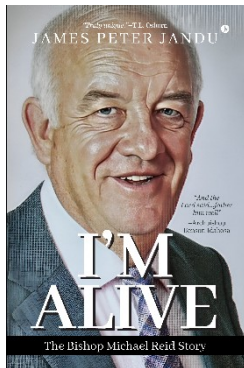
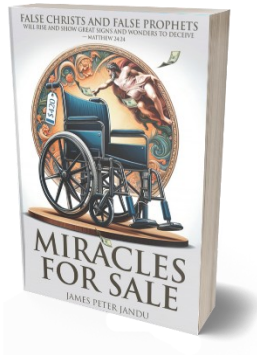
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