

GULSHAN ESTHER

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THE STORY OF A MUSLIM WOMAN HEALED BY JESUS

PART 1: PILGRIMAGES TO MUSLIM HOLY SITES TO SEEK HEALING

Gulshan Fatima was from a devout Muslim family in Pakistan. Her mother died just after she was born. She had to go everywhere by wheelchair as she became a cripple when she was 6 months old due to contracting typhoid which caused the left side of her body to be paralyzed. Her father was a religious teacher with his own *murreeds* (followers). Her family belonged to the Sayed family, the family of Mohammad.

Her family believed in miracles and healings and traveled with her to many Muslim holy sites to pray for her healing when she was 14 years old. These places included all the stages for pilgrims on the Hajj. She was washed with holy water from *Zamzam*. She went to Mohammad's tomb in Medina, in the mosque at Madni. Due to her father being a *pir*, she was actually allowed into the locked part of Mohammad's tomb. She went to Al-Masjid Al-Aqsa or the Dome of the Rock. She also went to Karbala, another holy place, in Iraq. Gulshan and her family prayed for healing at all these places but she went home disappointed.

A few years after her trips, her beloved father died. While she was mourning, she prayed to God, "What terrible sin have I committed, that You have made me like this? As soon as I was born, my mother was taken away, and then You made me a cripple, and now You've taken away my father. Tell me why have You punished me so heavily?"

A low gentle voice replied in her own language, "I won't let you die. I will keep you alive."

"What's the point in keeping me alive?" she queried. "I'm a cripple. When my father was alive, I could share everything with him. Now every minute of my life is like a hundred years. You've taken away my father and left me with no hope, nothing to live for."

The voice came again, vibrant and low. "Who gave eyes to the blind, and who made the sick whole, and who healed the lepers and who raised the dead? I am Jesus, son of Mary. Read about Me in the Quran, in the Sura Maryam."

She read the Sura Maryam in her Arabic Quran but she was not fluent in Arabic and could not understand everything, so she asked one of her servants to go and buy an Urdu version which would enable her to understand it clearly. Because Jesus had spoken to her, she believed He was alive, and after reading about His power to do miracles in the Quran, she believed that He could heal her. So, she started to pray to Jesus but continued to do *sholat* too. Her first prayer to Jesus was "Oh Jesus, son of Mary, it says in the Holy Quran that You have raised the dead and healed lepers and done miracles. So heal me too." Then she started to use her prayer beads from Mecca to pray her Muslim chant but added the words "Oh Jesus, son of Maryam, heal me" to each prayer. Gradually, over time, she dropped the Arabic words and just prayed "Oh Jesus, son of Maryam, heal me" for each bead. She would do this over and over again, during her spare time, between her 5 daily prayers. She did this routine for 3 years.

One morning, at 3 am, she was considering why she wasn't healed.....

PART 2 : JESUS APPEARS

One morning, at 3 am Gulshan was considering why she wasn't healed after 3 years of prayer.

[Praying to Jesus] "Look, You are alive in heaven, and it says in the Holy Quran about You that You have healed people. You can heal me, and yet I'm still a cripple." Why was there no answer, only this stony silence in the room that mocked my prayers? I said His name again and pleaded my case, in despair. Still, there was no answer. Then I cried out in a fever of pain, "If you are able to, heal me- otherwise tell me." I could go no further along this road.

What happened next is something that I find hard to put into words. I know the whole room filled with light. At first, I thought it was from my reading lamp beside my bed. Then I saw that its light looked dim. Perhaps it was from the dawn? But it was too early for that. The light was growing, growing in brightness until it surpassed the day. I covered myself with my shawl. I was so frightened. Then the thought occurred to me that it might be the gardener, who had switched on the light outside to shine on the trees. He did sometimes to prevent thieves when the mangoes were ripe, or to see to the watering in the cool of the night. I came out of my shawl to look. But the doors and windows were fast shut, with curtains and shutters drawn.

I then became aware of figures in long robes, standing in the midst of the light, some feet from my bed. There were 12 figures in a row and the figure in the middle, the 13th, was larger and brighter than the others. "Oh God, " I cried and the perspiration broke out on my forehead. I bowed my head and prayed. "Oh God, who are these people, and how have they come here when all the windows and doors are shut?"

Suddenly a voice said, "Get up. This is the path you have been seeking. I am Jesus, son of Mary, to whom you have been praying, and now I am standing in front of you. You get up and come to Me."

I started to weep. "Oh Jesus, I'm crippled. I can't get up."

He said, "Stand up and come to Me. I am Jesus." When I hesitated, He said it a second time. Then as I still doubted He said for the third time, "Stand up."

And I, Gulshan Fatima, who had been crippled on my bed for 19 years, felt new strength flowing into my wasted limbs. I put my foot on the ground and stood up. Then I ran a few paces and fell at the feet of the vision. I was bathing in the purest light, and it was burning as bright as the sun and moon together. The light shone into my heart and into my mind and many things became clear to me at that moment.

Jesus put His hand on top of my head, and I saw a hole in His hand from which a ray of light struck down upon my garments so that the green dress looked white.

He said, "I am Jesus. I am Immanuel. I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. I am alive, and I am coming soon. See, from today you are My witness. What you have seen now with your own eyes you must take to My people. My people are your people, and you must remain faithful to take that to My people."

He said, "Now you have to keep this robe and your body spotless. Wherever you go I will be with you, and from today you must pray like this: 'Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily

bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen."

He made me repeat the prayer, and it sank down into my heart and mind. It was beautiful in its simplicity, yet its profundity, so different from the prayers I had learned to say from my childhood up. God is called "Father"- that was a name that clutched at my heart, that filled its emptiness.

I wanted to remain there at the feet of Jesus, praying this new name of God- "Our Father".....but the Jesus vision had more to say to me, "Read in the Quran, I am alive and coming soon." This I had been taught and it gave me faith in what I was hearing. Jesus said much more. I was so full of joy. It could not be described. I looked at my arm and leg. There was flesh on them. My hand was not perfect; nevertheless, it had the strength and was no longer withered and wasted. "Why don't You make me whole?" I asked. The answer came lovingly, "I want you to be My witness."

The figures were going up out of my sight and fading. I wanted Jesus to stay a little longer, and I cried out with sorrow. Then the light went and I found myself alone, standing in the middle of the room, wearing a white garment, and with my eyes heavy from the dazzling light. Now even the lamp beside my bed hurt my eyes and my eyelids drooped heavily over them. I groped towards a chest of drawers, which stood against the wall. In them, I found a pair of sunglasses, which I wore in the garden. I put them on and was able comfortably to open my eyes to see again.

I carefully shut the drawer, then turned and looked around my room. It was just the same as when I woke up. The clock still ticked on my bedside table, showing that it was almost 4 am. The door was firmly shut and the windows, with the curtains drawn tightly across, were closed against the cold. I had not imagined the scene, however, for I had the evidence in my body. I took a few steps, then a few more. I walked from wall to wall, up and down, up and down. My limbs were unmistakably healthy on the side that had been paralyzed. Oh, the joy I felt.

PART 3 : GULSHAN'S SISTER ANIS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN

Gulshan's family were absolutely astonished about her healing but when she explained that it was Jesus who had healed her, they told her not to tell anyone about it as it was embarrassing for them. She was unable to keep it a secret though! Could you?

Gulshan followed the instructions from Jesus and read more about Jesus in the Quran. Some time later.....(God works slowly....but His timing is perfect).....Jesus appeared to Gulshan again. He was alone this time. He took her to another place. It seems she went in her spirit. They arrived at a church. The members could not see them. Jesus explained that He wanted Gulshan to go to this place and ask them for a Holy Bible. Jesus then took her back to her house and left her.

Gulshan then tried to accomplish the task given to her by Jesus. The place was not easy for her to get to but she finally made it there. When she met the pastor and explained that she was a Muslim and wanted to have a Holy Bible, the minister became frightened and feared for his life. However, he told Gulshan to wait while he went away to pray. God gave him peace in his heart about Gulshan and her request and he presented her with a Holy Bible.

Gulshan took the Holy Bible home and read it secretly. She found out that the 12 men with Jesus were His 12 disciples. She also found the prayer that Jesus had taught her. She learned about forgiveness of sins and baptism. She finally gave her heart to Jesus and became a Christian and got baptized. As a result, her family confiscated all the land her father had given her before he died.

However, though the persecution from within the family was quite hard to bear, it could have been worse. She was not thrown out of the family.

Sometime later Gulshan's sister Anis died due to sickness and complications after a difficult pregnancy. Gulshan arrived after she had already passed away. However, she didn't accept that fact. She prayed for Jesus to bring her sister back to life. It didn't happen straight away, but just before Anis was to have her final pre-burial Islamic wash, she came back from the dead. There was mass panic in the room....

Anis said, "Don't be frightened of me. I am alive." Anis' husband and the imam, maulvi and muezzin from the mosque came running in, hearing the commotion. The maulvi put his hand on her head and asked, "Bati, tell me the truth. What happened? What happened to you? Fourteen hours ago you died. We were preparing for your funeral!" She said, "I was not dead." "The lady doctor was there. You were dead. There was no life in you," he insisted.

"I was not dead. I was sleeping," said my sister. "In my sleep, I had a dream that I was about to put my foot on a ladder. At the top of the ladder, there was a Man in a white robe who was wearing a golden crown, and there was a light coming out from His forehead. I saw His hand above me and there was light coming from His hand. He said, "I am Jesus Christ, King of kings. I will send you back, and at the appointed time I will bring you here again." And then I opened my eyes."

Gulshan was later able to bring Anis to Christ due to this experience. Praise God!

PART 4: GULSHAN ESTHER'S BROTHER'S CONVERSION AFTER VISITING HELL

One day in 1990 I had a phone call from my younger brother Alim Shah. He told me excitedly that he wanted me to come to Pakistan as soon as I could, as he had some important news. I made preparations to go immediately, but could never have guessed what I was to be told.

Alim said that he had a massive heart attack, his third, and was taken to the UCH Hospital in Lahore- an American hospital run by Christians. There he was pronounced dead, and his body was undressed and laid on a slab in an empty room. The doctor then locked the door while he completed all the paperwork, including the death certificate. His family were informed of his death and were asked to collect the body.

Meanwhile my now-dead brother found himself in a terrible place. He realized that it must be Hell because everyone seemed to be burning in a fire. Alim was in a corner and by this time was screaming and shouting for help. Then he noticed what looked like starlight, and in the middle of the light was a crowd of people who were worshipping a Man they called Jesus, the Son of God. He recognized the name that I had spoken to him about so often.

He then approached Jesus and said, " Please, Jesus, you helped my sister Gulshan, please, help me. You are the only One who can get me out of this terrible place."

Then Jesus looked at Alim, and said, "My son, leave this place and live for Me."

Suddenly Alim woke up to find himself in a locked room, naked and lying on a slab. Eight hours had passed since he was pronounced dead. He got up, found his clothes in a cupboard, dressed, and then waited for someone to find him.

When the houseboy, who had been told by the doctor to get the dead body to give to the family, saw Alim sitting up on the slab, he was terrified and quickly ran out of the room. News of what had

happened spread like wildfire throughout the hospital, and when Alim's wife saw him, she fainted. Alim refused to leave the hospital until he was baptized in the chapel adjacent to the hospital.

At the first opportunity, he told all my family that I was right about what I said about Jesus, and that they must change their attitude towards me, which they did. From that time on Alim was a faithful witness to Jesus until his sudden death seven years later. So, I am now reconciled with all my family, and when I go back to Pakistan I always receive a warm welcome, and they even ask me to pray for them in times of difficulty."

May God bless these words and may many Muslims find salvation through this story. Amen

Excerpts from The Torn Veil by Gulshan Esther.

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