



I've Got Zoë

Ricardo Discovers What being Born of God Means

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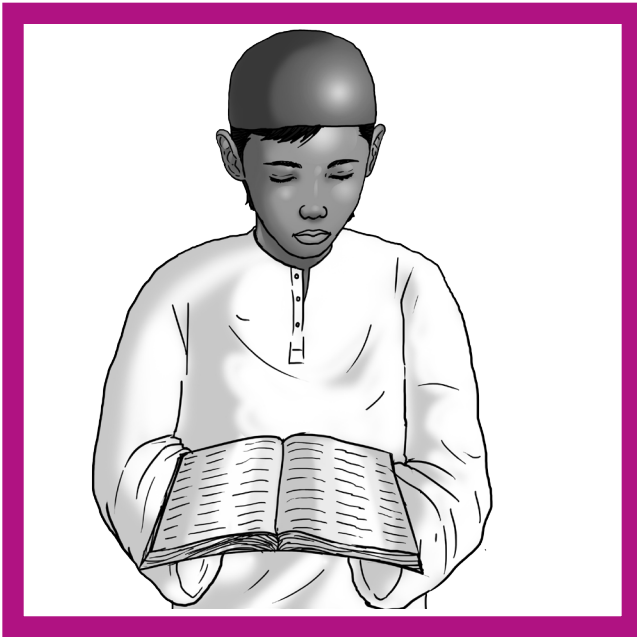
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***“You are of God, little children,
and have overcome them,
because He who is in you is
greater than he who is in the
world.”***

(1John 4:4)

“Umi! Umi!! Umi!!!” Tijani cried to his mother. “I can walk! I can walk!!”

His voice echoed through the dark lobby that connected his bedroom to his parents’.

He stood startled just beside the table in the lobby. There were books scattered all over the floor alongside his crutches, but in his hand was a book he held firmly to his chest.

It was 3:15 am. The silver moon was high in the sky beaming its radiant light into the lobby.

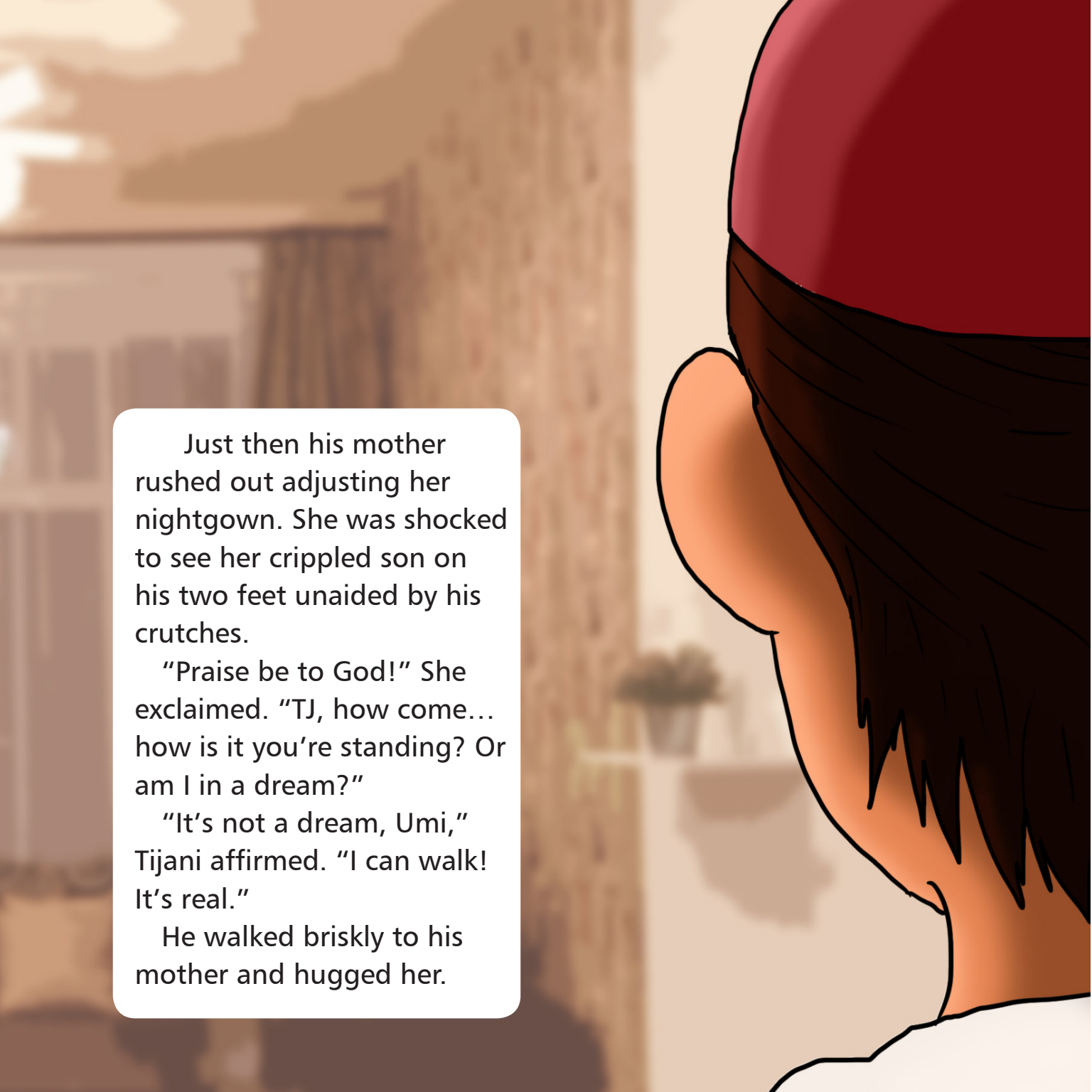
Tijani took another step again. It took a minute or two for this new experience to sink it, even though he could see it... feel it! Then his lips stretched wider into a broad grin. This was a miracle!





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Just then his mother rushed out adjusting her nightgown. She was shocked to see her crippled son on his two feet unaided by his crutches.

“Praise be to God!” She exclaimed. “TJ, how come... how is it you’re standing? Or am I in a dream?”

“It’s not a dream, Umi,” Tijani affirmed. “I can walk! It’s real.”

He walked briskly to his mother and hugged her.

A woman wearing a grey hijab is leaning over a chessboard, moving a piece. A man wearing a white shirt and a red cap is sitting across from her, looking thoughtful with his hand on his chin. The chessboard is purple and yellow, with red and yellow pieces. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Tijani was fondly called TJ by his parents. He was a sweet and gentle child anyone would like to be around with. Unfortunately, he had no friend. Since the accident, Tijani had kept to himself. He couldn't play football or cricket with his friends on the field anymore. However, his mother always kept him company, reading a book or playing the chess together.

“Fahad Quadri!” Tijani’s mother called out to his father, as she swept off the praying mat under her feet to a corner. “God has visited us in a mysterious way while we were asleep.”



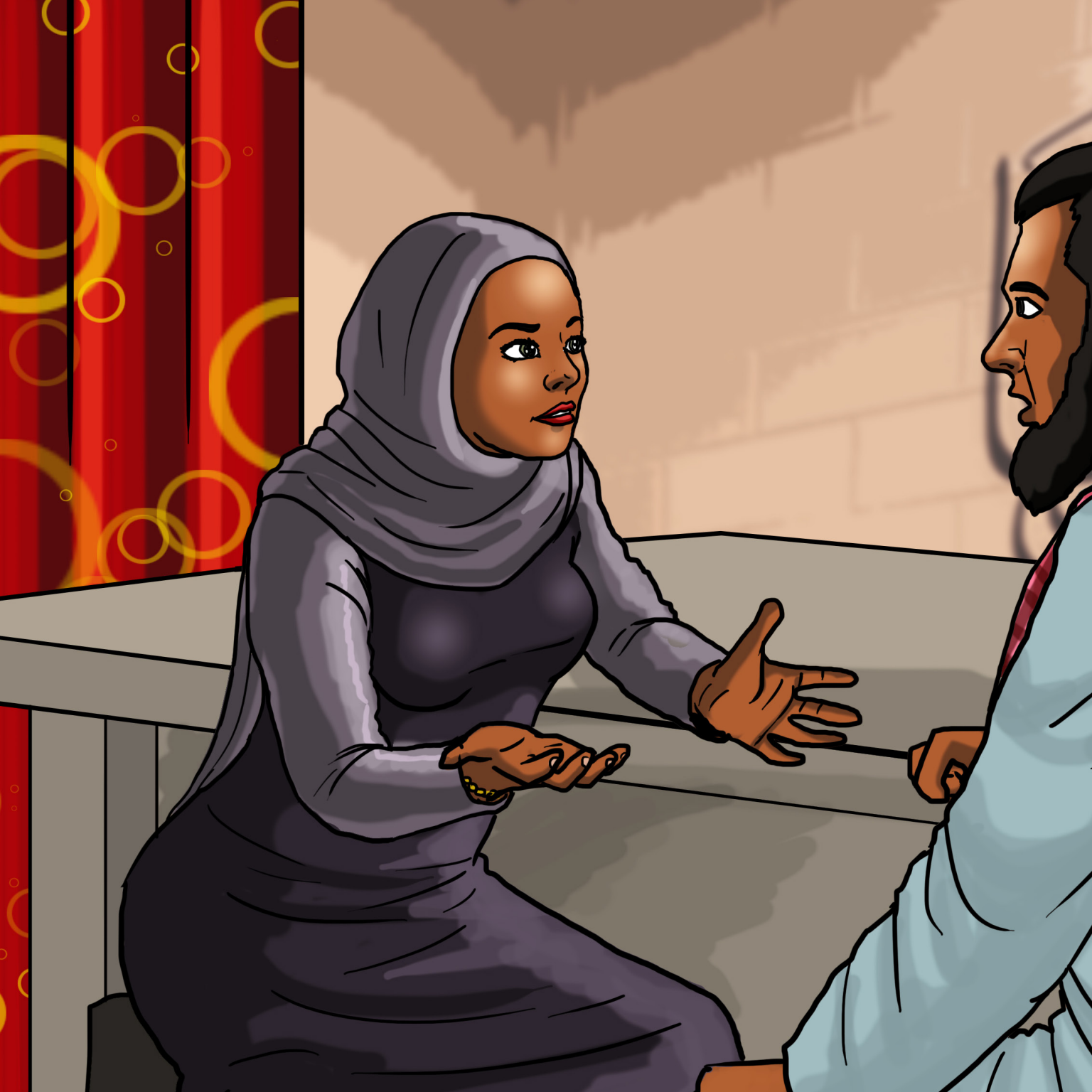
Tijani's mother could hardly contain her joy. She had gone through a lot for her son, who had become crippled from the car accident.

She recalled the pain she went through nursing Tijani. Most times, she would carry him on her back to get to school on time before the first bell rang for the school assembly. She would walk the same long distance at 3 pm to support him home; however, Tijani preferred to walk with his crutches instead. It was painful for them as they had to walk in the intense heat of the sun every day from school.

But, seeing her son now standing and walking, she was the happiest mother that night. Now, Tijani would play football and cricket; he would run, jump, and do every other thing his friends did.









“Abu-Tijani!” Tijani’s mother called out again to Tijani’s father. “Where are you, come out and see for yourself.”

“Amina! What’s all this noise about?” Tijani’s father responded nonchalantly, dragging his feet slowly on the wooden floor. “Can’t I have some sleep, moreover, it’s late and ...”

“Abu-Tijani, look at TJ,” Tijani’s mother interrupted. Pointing at Tijani, she said, “Look at our son, TJ?”

“God is great!” Tijani’s father screamed. “What’s happening here? TJ how come you can stand without using your crutches?”

“He’s not just standing, Abu-Tijani,” Tijani’s mother said, and then turned to Tijani. “TJ, show your father; let him see you walk!”





Quickly, Tijani walked with gusto up and down the lobby. His legs had gained more strength, and he could even run without difficulty.

“God is merciful, he does his things at his own pace and time,” Tijani’s mother commented almost at the point of tears. “Look at what he’s done for us!”

“God is indeed great!” Fahad agreed almost immediately with a broad smile.

That was the first time in a long while Amina would see her husband, Fahad Quadri smile heartily!

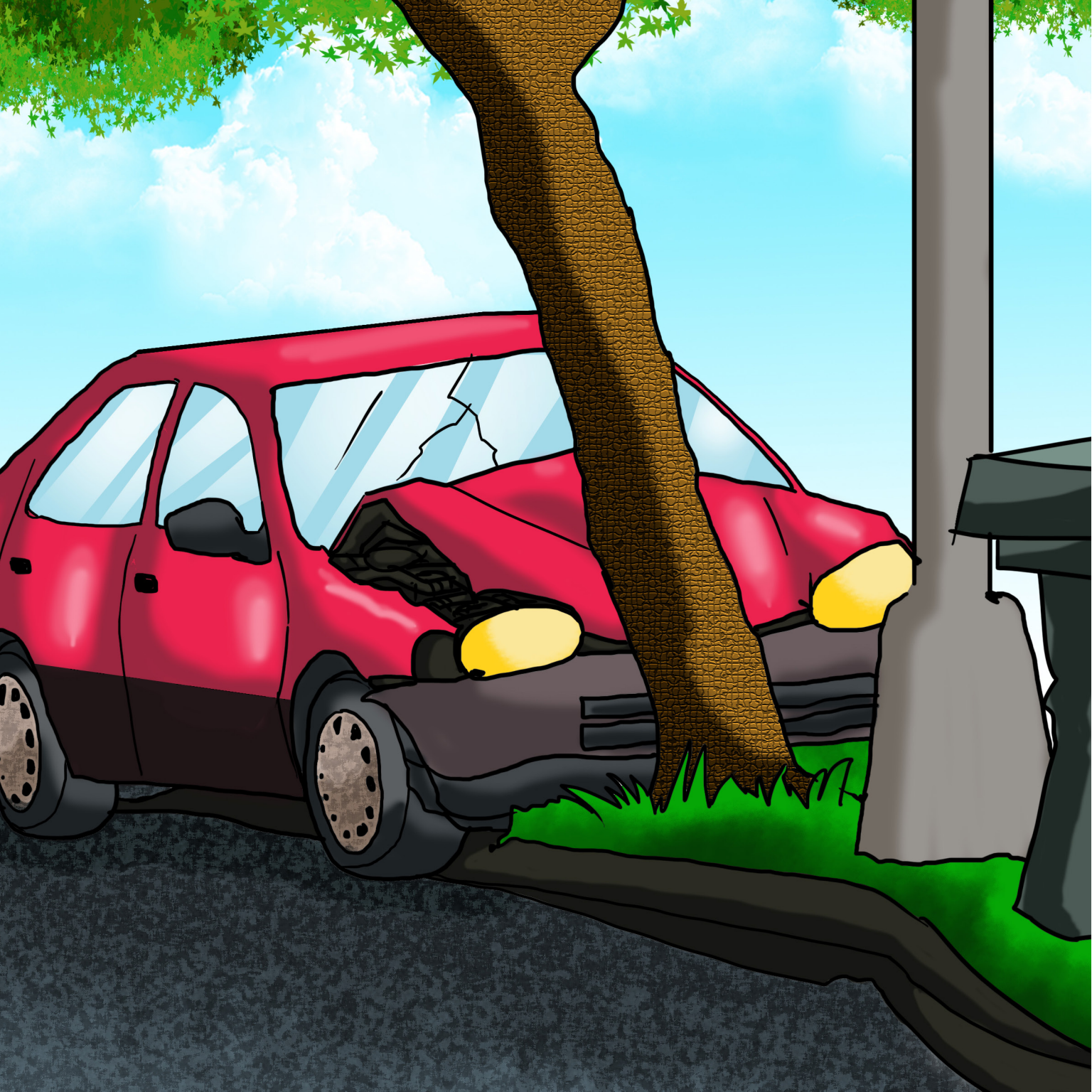
Fahad Quadri was a religious scholar, who spent most of his time in his studies. He devoted his life to teaching his faith and travelling around the communities within his district holding public lectures.

After one of his public lectures, Fahad, and his family, while driving home, ran into a heavy dust storm.

As they drove through the sandy road, Fahad developed a severe cough. Although he had been feeling some pains in his chest when he coughed, he hadn't paid much attention to it nor seen the doctor.

On this day, the cough became louder and more intense. He bent over sharply as though he'd been punched in the stomach, and drops of blood spattered on his laps. Amina watched helplessly as her husband lost control of the wheel, and ran the car into a huge tree by the road.









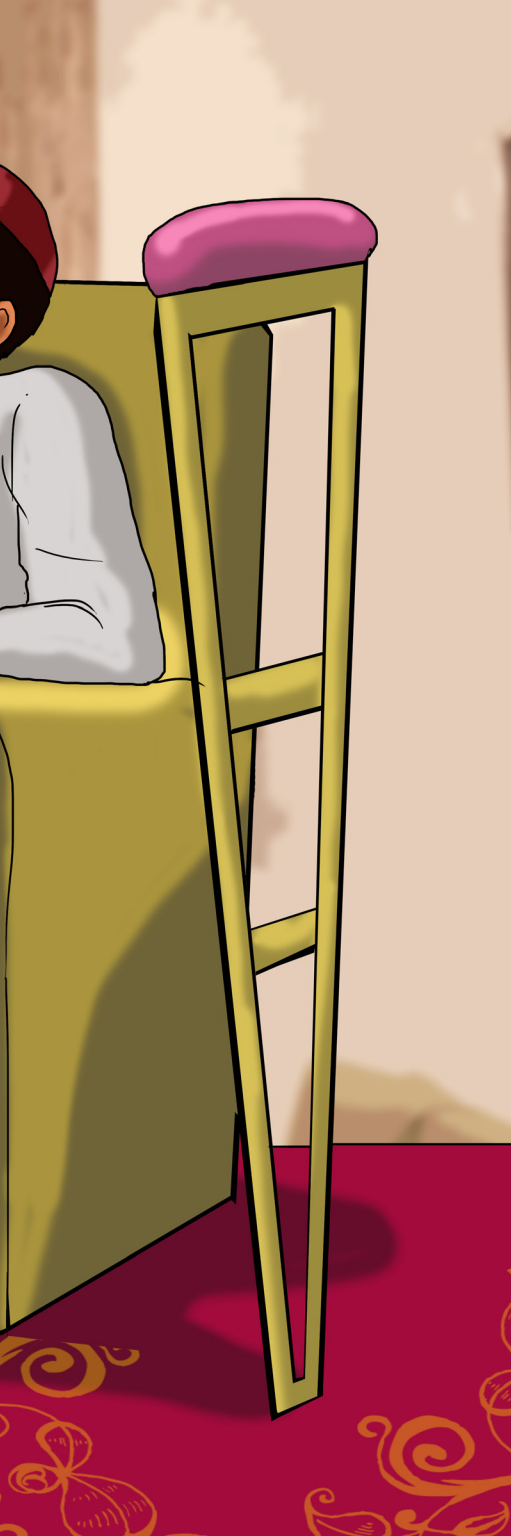
He gained consciousness some hours later in the hospital. He had a deep cut in his head, which had been dressed up with bandages.

“Where’s my wife and ... my son?”
He cried out.

“Peace be onto you, Quadri,” Doctor Ibrahim greeted and went on to explain that his family was fine.

However, he was moved to a secluded room, because he had been diagnosed with tuberculosis, which could be contagious if not properly treated.





That was four years ago. Fahad recalled the whole incidence all over again in his mind. Things had been very difficult for him. Amina sustained a deep cut on her right shoulder. But Tijani was not very fortunate. He suffered a spinal cord injury, and the doctor said he would never walk again.

He had met the best doctors to help his son walk, but got the same result – Tijani would never be able to walk again.

The doctors' report had been proven wrong. Fahad looked at his son again, trying hard to believe it was real.

"God has decided to bestow His mercy on me and lighten this burden which he caused me to bear!" Fahad said. "This calls for a thanksgiving, we can't keep quiet about it."









“Baba,” Tijani spoke up, “I got healed by reading this book.”

Fahad and Amina’s celebration was cut short by Tijani’s response. Suddenly, there was a complete silence in the room that you could hear a pin drop.

“What do you know, my son?” Fahad reprimanded him mildly. “Only God gives blessings.”

“That’s true Baba,”

Fahad, irritated by Tijani's explanation, took the book from him and stared angrily at the book, as he flipped each page hurriedly.

"Stop this nonsense talk, Tijani," Fahad said angrily. "This book is forbidden!"

"But Baba ..."

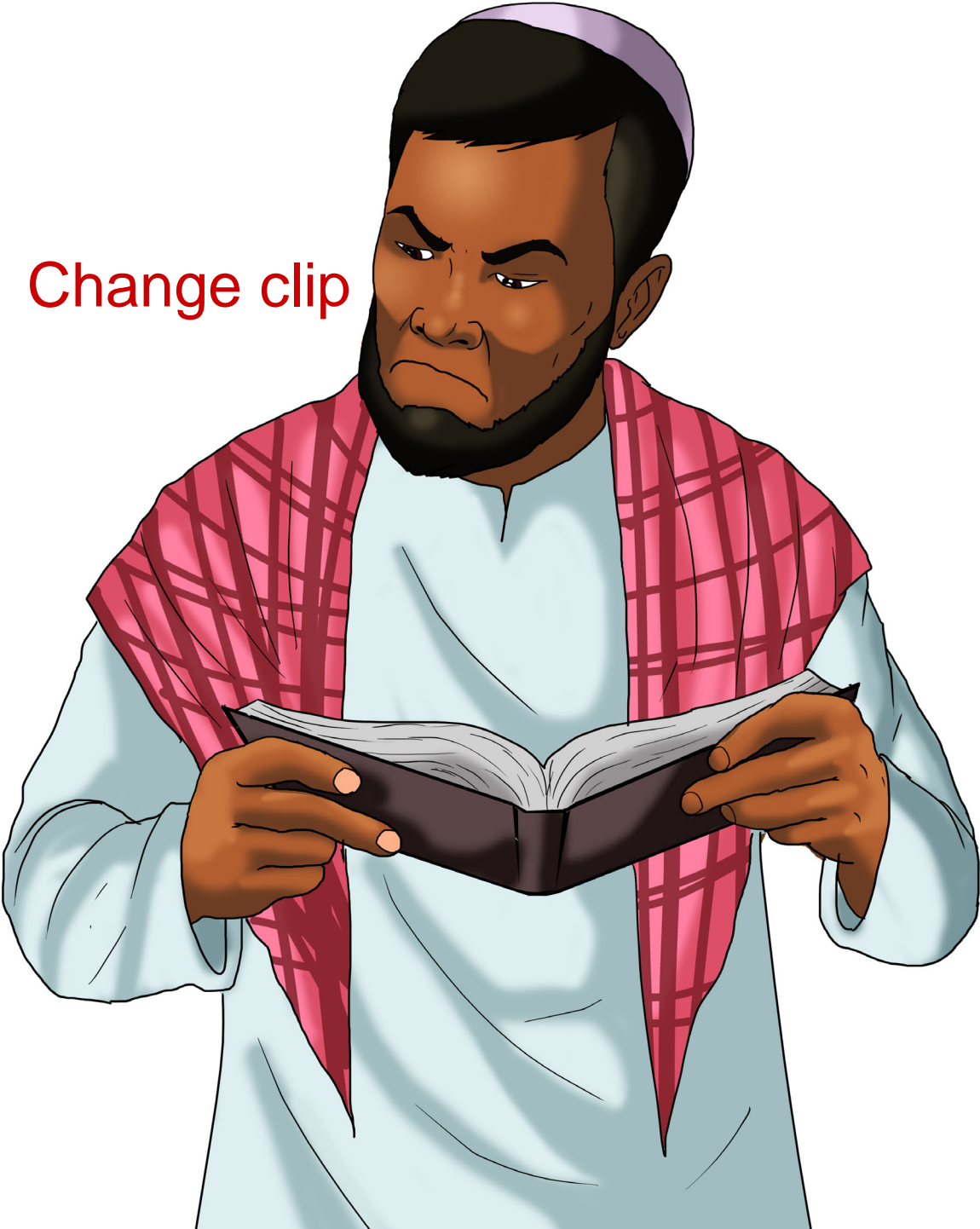
"What do you mean?" Fahad interrupted. "Who told you a book can heal your leg? This book can't even raise itself let alone heal you."

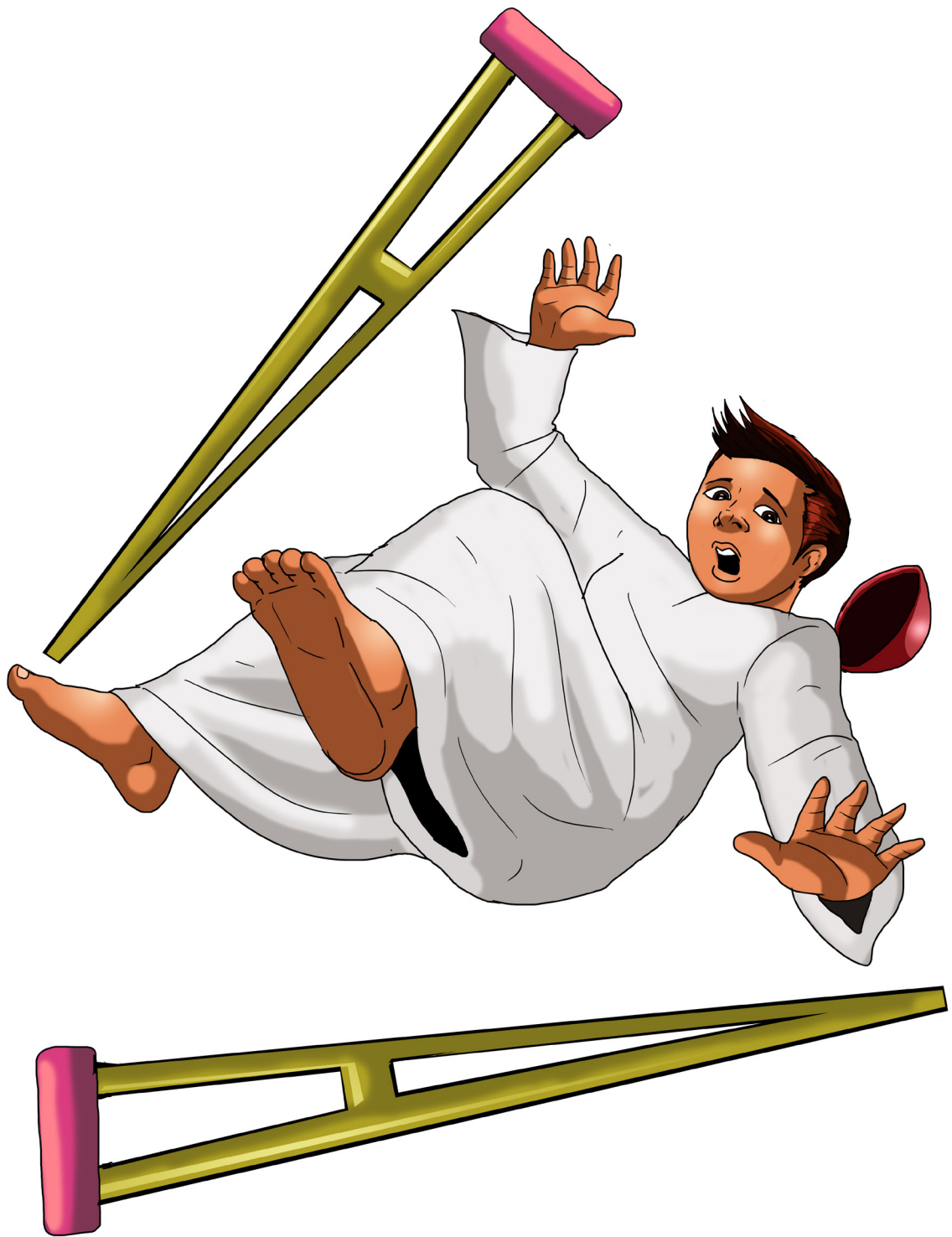
Fahad's mind flashed back to how he came about the book. Earlier that day, he found one of his pupils reading and telling his friends that the book had helped him find "Life."

He seized the book from him and decided to study it, so he could write an opinion against the book. However, he got home very tired and left the book carelessly on the table in the lobby to take a siesta.

Hours later, the same book had changed someone else. This time, it was Tijani. "How could my son claim to be healed by the same book I refuted?" Fahad thought.

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Fahad patted his son mildly on the back and bent down to pick the other books on the floor. Just then, he noticed Tijani was displeased and thought to give him an opportunity to tell his experience.

“Ok, TJ,” he said calmly. “Now, tell me how you got healed.”

“While I was sleeping,” Tijani began his story with a spark in his eyes. “I felt a sharp pain in my stomach. I tried to call you and Umi, but couldn’t, because the pain had become awful.

“So, I forced myself up on my bed and reached out for my crutches. I struggled with pain through the lobby to your room for help.

“Then I saw the tonic, which you asked me to always take if I felt any pain in my stomach, on the table in the lobby. So, I stopped to take a little from it.

“As I reached for the tonic, I tripped over the mat on the floor and fell over the table.

Change clip



“The tonic had poured out of the bottle and stained some of the books, and I knew you’d be angry with me if you saw your books that way. So I decided to clean them up.”

Tijani paused for a while and glanced at his parents for approval to continue. None of them said anything, but their gestures showed they were anxious to hear all the details.

“Then I came across that book,” he said pointing to the book the father had collected from him. “I opened to one of the pages, and it read, “You Have Zoe.”

I was curious to know what it means, so I read the article. I read that Zoe means God’s life, and anyone who believes in Jesus would have that life. If you have that life, you’ll not be sick in your body, and if you were sick, you’d be well. I read that I could be healed too if I believe in Jesus.

Tijani paused again and took a deep breath.



“I thought there was no harm in believing,” he continued. “So I prayed and asked Jesus to be my Lord. I also asked Him to heal me.

“At first, nothing happened, but when I leaned forward to pick the other books on the floor, I realised I could move my legs. Then I decided to get up without my crutches, and I did!

“Baba, Umi, look at me,” Tijani said with excitement. “Jesus has healed me. I can walk and jump and run!”



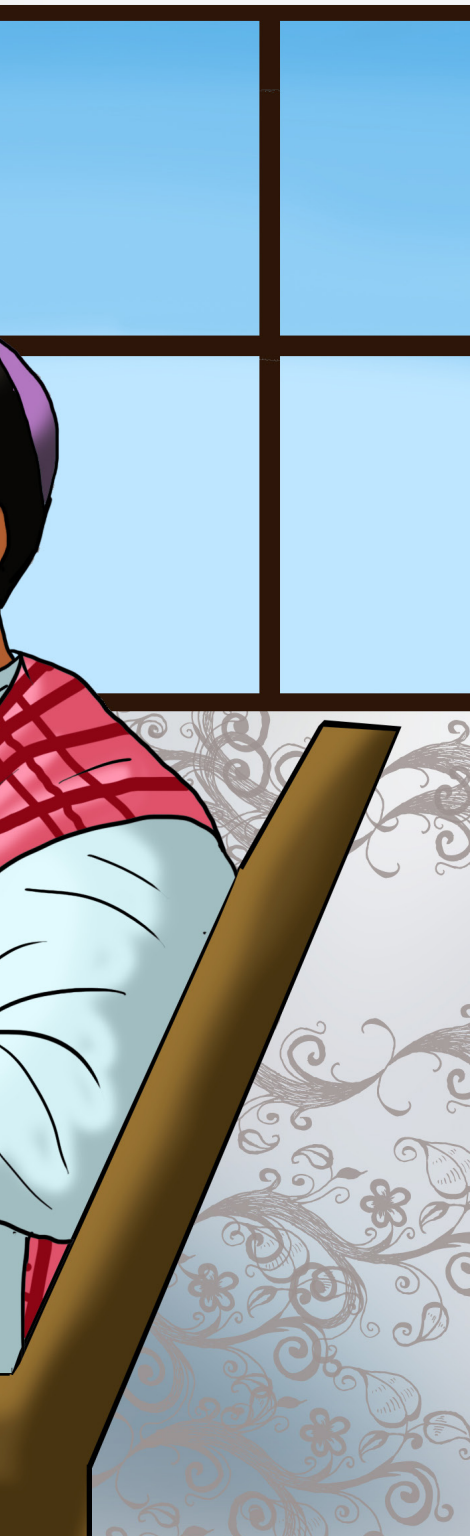


“Shut up!” Fahad shouted angrily. “You better ask God for forgiveness now.”

Fahad spoke so forcefully that he began to cough. He held his chest, as the pain got more excruciating.

Amina was afraid for her husband’s life. She ran to get her mobile phone in the room to call the doctor. She dialed the doctor’s number severally but the phone was on voicemail.





At this time, Fahad was coughing out blood. Tijani went closer to his him and said, "Baba, let's try the Name of Jesus."

"God forbids I believe or call that Name," Fahad shouted, still coughing with pain. "How can I accept what I fought against all my life?"

"TJ, let your father be! Move back," Amina said firmly as she walked to comfort Fahad. She had overheard their conversations while she was dialling the doctor's number.

"So, this is how my own son will humiliate me to death," Fahad said to his wife, as he writhed in pain. "How can I have a son who boldly opposes what I teach? Amina, tell me, what will people say about me?"

"You're getting worse, Abu-Tijani," Amina said while supporting her husband to a chair. "Please, let me get you your drugs."

"Baba, please, Baba," Tijani said passionately. "Jesus can heal you."

"I'll rather die than ...than...", Fahad struggled with the pain, and then, fell to the floor.

"Abu-Tijani! Abu-Tijani!! Abu-Tijani!!!" Amina dashed out of the room as soon as she heard Fahad's body crashing to the floor, and began to scream.

She shook her husband vigorously but he did not respond. She placed her left ear to his nose but there was no breath. She hit him as hard as she could but nothing happened.





**NO CLIPS FOR
PAGE 40 AND 41**

“Somebody help o-o!” Amina cried and screamed for help.

“Umi,” Tijani tapped his mother gently. “Nobody will hear you.”

Tijani was right. Their house was at the outskirts of the community. The closest house to theirs was two miles away.

“TJ, what do we do?” Amina asked her son desperately. “Where do we take him to now?”

“I’m sure Jesus will heal him,” TJ replied calmly. “Can we try Jesus again?”



Without waiting for his mother's response, Tijani knelt down and he prayed: "Jesus, I believe in you and in the power of your Name to heal any sickness. I know you can save my Baba. I ask you to take the sickness away from him and heal him."

Amina, anxious for her husband, held his hand firmly. "TJ, his eyes are still close," she lamented. "He's still not breathing."

Tijani looked around for the book that got him his miracle and found it lying at the foot of the chair.

He flipped through its pages in search of the article he read to check if there was something else he had missed out while praying for his father.

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Just then, Fahad sneezed hard and with a great effort opened his wrinkled eyes to see his wife and son looking down at him.

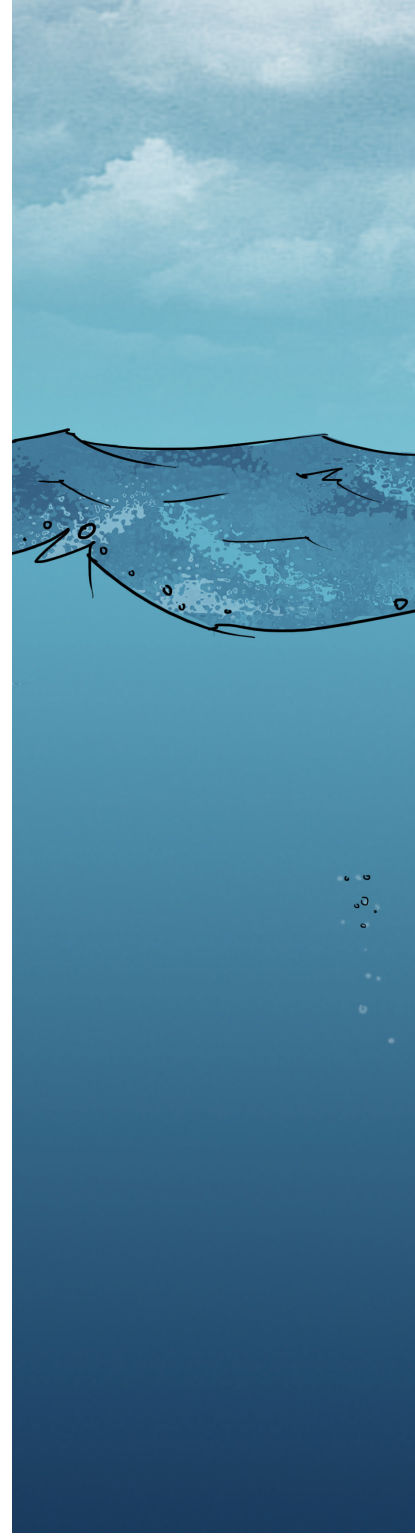
“Abu-Tijani!” Amina screamed out of joy and excitement. “This is a miracle. Allah has visited us again.”

Amina and Tijani hugged him. Overwhelmed with joy and lost in an involuntary sob, they cried in each other's arms for a while. They walked to the living room and sat on the sofa.

"I was in a dark tunnel," Fahad told his experience. "I was drifting downwards, and it was getting darker. I made several prayers, it was as though, they bounced back to me. I was actually lost.

"Just then, I heard TJ's voice calling on Jesus. I can't really tell how it happened ... it happened so fast. Jesus pulled me from the pit of darkness, and I found myself here.

"When I gained consciousness, I noticed my lungs were free from pain, and the cough had gone!"



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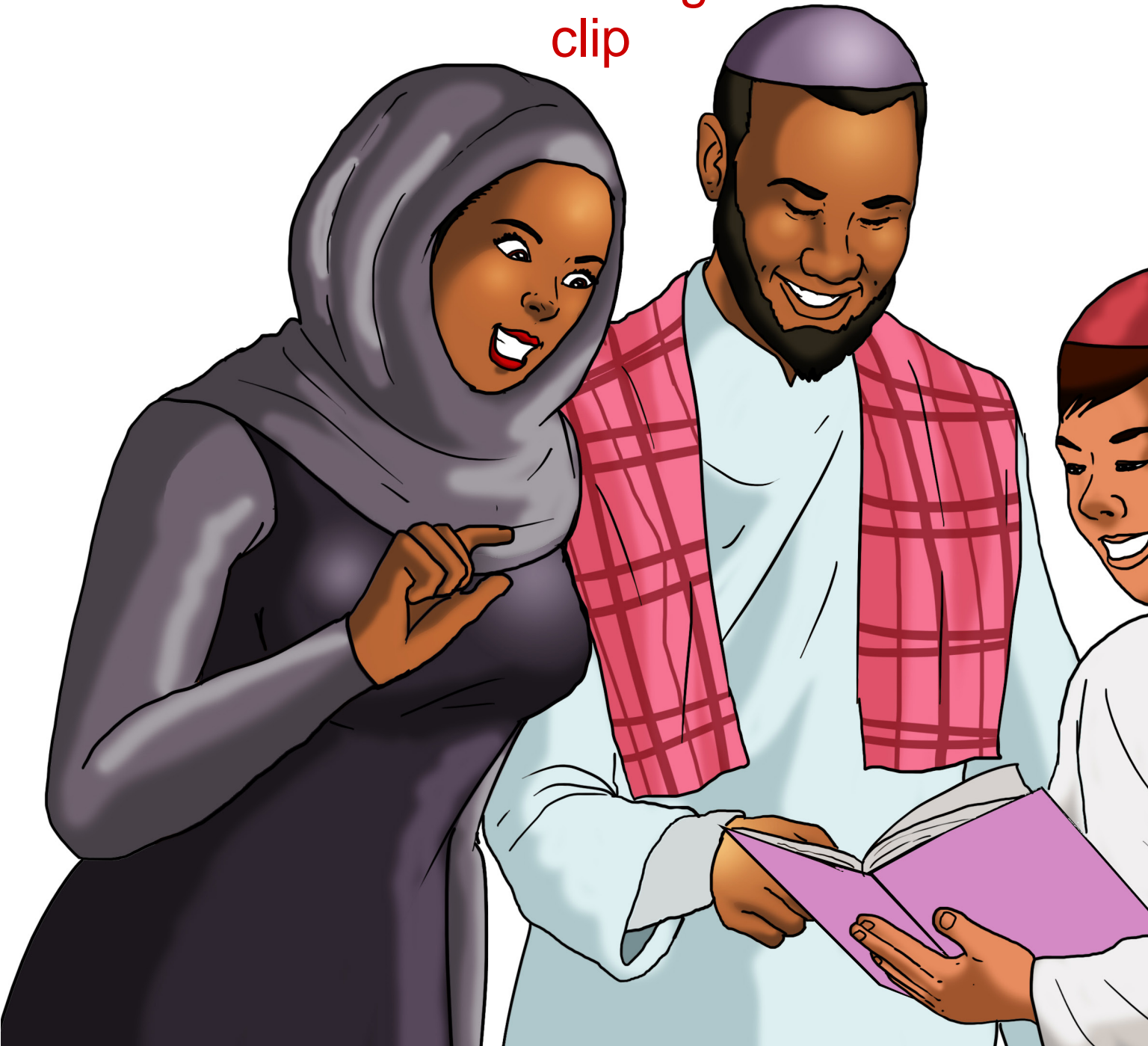


To demonstrate he had been healed, Fahad took a deep breath in and let it out, he did it several times. He felt relieved. It was his turn to jump, run and dance the way Tijani did earlier.

“See, Amina, my chest is free,” Fahad said excitedly. “Now I can talk without difficulty. Jesus be praised!”



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“What book did this wonder by the way?” Amina asked Tijani.

“Umi, look at it,” Tijani replied and showed her the book. “It’s called ‘Rhapsody of Realities.’”


“Rhapsody of Realities?” Amina asked. She collected the book from Tijani and flipped through it.

“There’s more to read,” she said. “There’s a message for each day.”

“Why don’t we start from the beginning,” Fahad suggested. “We can read up the days we have missed.”

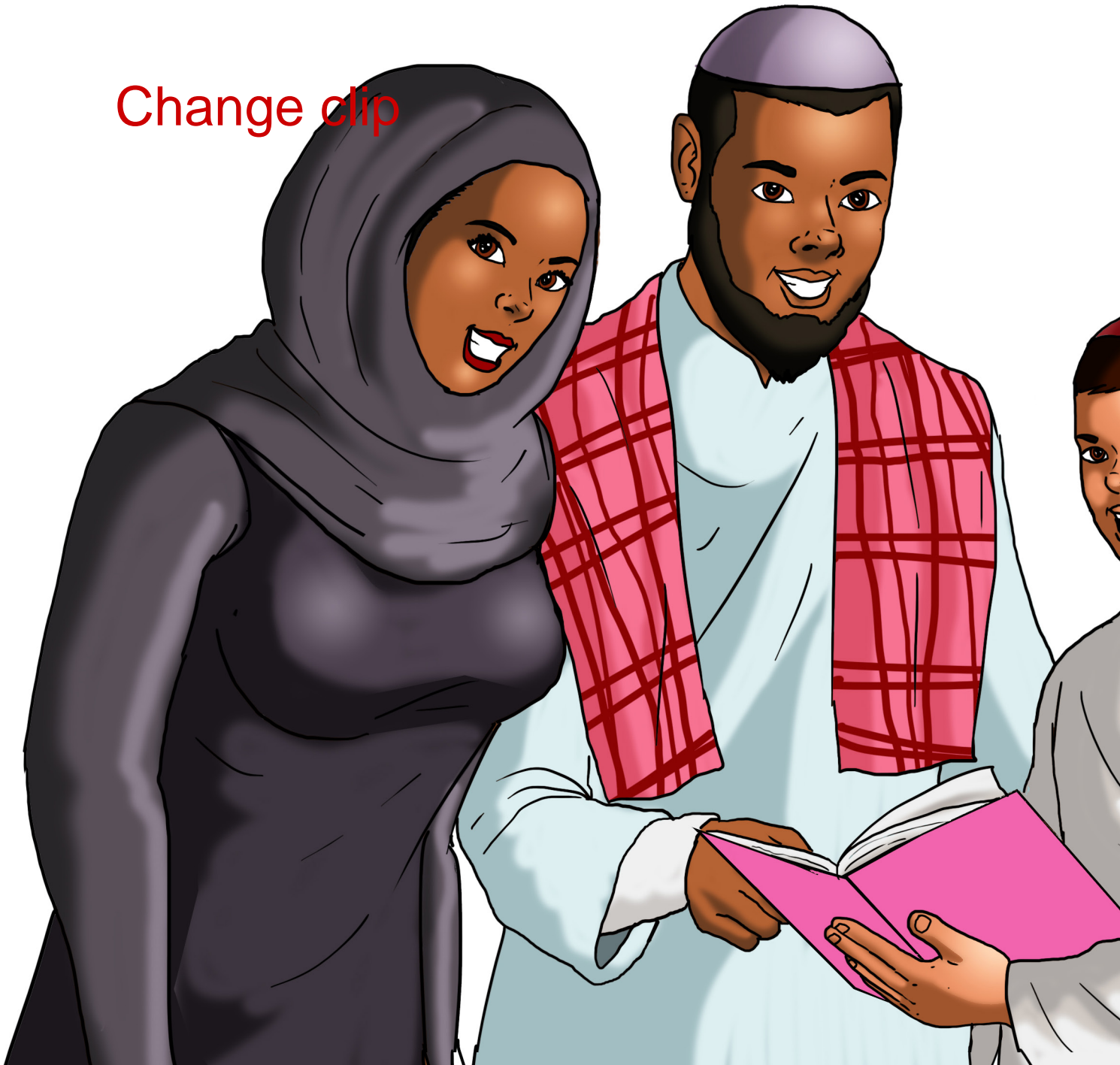
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They read the Rhapsody of Realities together and said the prayer of salvation afterwards. They were glad about the new life they had found in Christ.

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"Now we have received Jesus as Lord," Fahad said. "That means we have Zoe too, right?"

"Yes, Baba," Tijani said. "Zoe is God's life."

"I have Zoe too," Amina smiled.

"I'm looking forward to seeing how my friends will react when they see me walking by myself," Tijani said. "I can't wait to tell them, "I've got Zoe."

They laughed and fell on one another.