

Messiah among the Maasai

How a God-hating tribal warrior found Jesus



I was the instigator of all the trouble among my tribe. If there was mischief to be done, I was leading it. I was vicious.

People were leaving our traditional Maasai ways. Some of the older people lost faith in our witchdoctors and started worshipping a God I didn't know. Even a few warriors left our traditions and started following this God whom they were calling "Jesus." It really made me angry, and for nine years I persecuted the people in the church.

Determined to stop this chaos, I confronted the woman who started the church. I went to Sabina and jabbed my stick into her throat. "Why are you stealing my girls from me?" I shouted at her. She just stood there and calmly said, "I will teach anyone who wants to learn about my God!" Then, she cursed me saying, "You are a snake, and in the name of Jesus you will slither in the dirt !"

That night they began to sing songs about Jesus. I flew into a rage. I picked up a stick from the fire to beat them, but as soon as my hand touched that stick my mind completely left me. I couldn't think clearly. I fell to the ground, and I began to eat dirt for weeks.

I don't remember that time at all. All I remember is that when I woke up, I wanted to worship Jesus. Sabina told me that I lay like a snake on the ground for months ... and I begged her to pray for me.

I must have tired of lying on the ground because I finally agreed to serve her God. She prayed for me, and I immediately got my mind back. She told me, "Now your name will be Yona (Jonah), because you ran away from God just like Yona in the

Bible.”

Most of Yona’s village now serve Jesus. This testimony was excerpted from the photobook En Kátá. It can be purchased at .