

For thirty minutes they led him along a jungle path. On reaching a clearing they seized him, tied his hands, blindfolded him and ordered him to sit down. It was an hour before sunset.

‘It soon became clear that I was to face a firing squad,’ he said. ‘I later learned that my grave was already prepared. Freedom fighters were eliminating their leaders so that there would be fewer to share the spoils of war.’

“‘You are a spy!’” they said, and prepared me for execution. But just as they were about to fire, a senior officer arrived, claiming to be my friend, and demanding my release. They removed my blindfold.

“‘Do you know this man?’” they asked.

“‘No,” I said, “I do not.” There was an argument. The officer said that if they executed me they would have to kill him also. Finally, they released me into his charge.’”

The senior officer claimed to know him because of his military training. He wanted his support to fight the occupational army and together *they* would share the spoils of war.

‘I was invited to visit his camp later that evening for wild curry,’ he said. ‘And I was to let him know my decision: Would I support him or not? His guards would escort me.’”

It was a warm and humid evening as he was escorted by open-top Jeep to the camp of the senior officer. ‘As I sat there in the darkness,’ he said, ‘Jesus, in an extraordinary encounter, appeared to me and spoke audibly: “All the earthly things that you’ve ever wanted, power, position, rank, property, wealth, are here for the taking; but they won’t last. On the other hand, I want to give you all that will last, for eternity – you are in the last moments of your life – choose now.”’

I knew it was Jesus and I said, “I give you my life.””