

Basse's Story

I grew up in a typical Muslim home with a stepmother who did not like me. I finished elementary school at 14 and my father sent me with a "religious teacher" to beg on the streets in Dakar. After two years of abuse and beatings I ran away, but I could not go home and bring shame to my family so I lived on the streets of Dakar, a city of 4 million people. I lived in a box or slept on rice sacks, begging or stealing food to eat. I am not proud of any of that, but I learned to survive from other boys who also lived on the streets. When I was 18, I met a Brazilian missionary who fed me and had a place for me to shower and rest. However, I was soon kicked out because of my temper. After some time I was forgiven and they let me come back; it was there I first heard about Jesus. The first time I heard about Jesus, I wanted to hit the woman but she didn't give up on me. One day she called me to ask why I lived on the streets. When I told her my story, she started to cry and that touched me deeply. "How can you feed me and cry for me?" I asked, knowing I'd insulted her and fought with her many times. She continued to speak of Jesus with authority and she challenged me to accept the Savior who had done everything for me and loves me. From then on, she called on me to help her teach the younger kids not to fight or to steal, but to come, eat, and listen to God's word.

One day I was back on the streets for the weekend and super hungry. It had been two days since I'd eaten anything. I prayed, "God, please bring me some food." At 9 pm, someone brought me food and water and said, "This is for you." Is this God? An answer to prayer? I wasn't sure yet. That night something strange happened. The missionary had told me to pray before bed so that night I prayed. I was tired of the fight going on in my head and heart between Islam and Jesus, so I told God all about it and fell asleep. I dreamed of Jesus, with His face a very bright light. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," He said. It was like I was awake but I couldn't breathe. I knew it was Him. My father was also in the dream and he began to yell at me and tell me I was not welcome in the family anymore. But, I knew I was following Jesus and I made my decision in the dream, and also in reality. The next day I told the missionary I'd decided to follow Jesus. They gave me a Bible and I began training almost immediately for children's ministry, which is what I am doing to this day. I have been following Jesus for 18 years now and though I have been persecuted by my family, I do now have a restored relationship with my father and I praise God for that. I pray always for my family's salvation. I am trained in Child Evangelism Fellowship, woodworking and mechanics, and have now received a scholarship to train to become a mechanics teacher.



Your support will help start a home to house, feed, and educate street kids. I've been very involved in children's ministry the last three years overseeing kids club, street kids ministry, and village outreach ministries. I'm also in the process of starting a kid's soccer club ministry with Bible stories every Wednesday and Saturday that reaches out to their parents, as well. Support will also help with transportation, housing, food, and the kids club ministry. I will purchase several soccer balls, scrimmage vests, and soccer goals. Each month I am planning to visit Dakar to help with reaching street kids. I will also be visiting Mbour to do another kids club with my home church group. Pray for my family members who have yet to come to Christ. Pray I would find a Christian wife. Pray for the kids of each of the ministries that I will be a part of so that the Holy Spirit will open their eyes to understand what is being shared.