

as a result. While I lived on earth as a ghost, I had even betrothed a girl since I could take on various identities. I was actually a demon. I remember getting engaged to a girl who became very attached to me because of money. Her family loved me because they thought they were dealing with a businessman. They did not know that I was officially dead. But this girl eventually disappeared from the face of the earth, because she was removed to the world of pandemonium. I regret her passing away because her family will never see her again, not even her corpse.

One day, while I lived as a ghost far away from my family, I saw my father, but he could not see me, because I was invisible in this boat where he was travelling; I was right at his side because I wanted to see him. And I was happy to see him. As a ghost I could disappear and operate as an invisible spirit because I was functioning like a demon and sometimes we were harming people. I would like to emphasize that *all those who have been subjected to rituals, incisions or ceremonies in the name of custom and tradition, have the door of their lives greatly open* and these doors drew our attention to attack them. I was really a demonic spirit. I could come into your house and steal your money, even if you hid it in a suitcase with codes. Whenever I gave someone money, I captured his chances, wealth and star. *In life you must not accept money from someone you do not know.* He can buy your life with this money. So I lived 6 months on the surface of the earth with my pants, but ordinary men saw me well dressed.

You should know that God has given each human being a specific number of years to live on the earth. Sorcerers and satanists who attend the world of pandemonium know exactly what year they are supposed to die. The world of the devil knows precisely how many years God has given every human being to live on the earth. And since I lived in the world of satan for 3 years, I know how many years I am supposed to live on the earth. In the invisible war between the kingdom of light and darkness, the devil needs human spirits to enlist them in his army. As a result, he kills people through witchcraft, which is a branch of black magic. Since these victims died prematurely, they cannot go to Hades. These souls are mostly enlisted in his army. They will work like demons until they reach the number of years predetermined by God. It is then that they will go to the abode of the dead. My death was not natural; my life was shortened and interrupted by satan's sons. Many people die prematurely.

After their death, they are taken to the world of satan as slaves to do forced labour. Some are displaced far from their region and country where

they work as slaves in fields. They would work as slaves or as demons until the number of their years is reached. While I was dead and officially buried, I was working away from my region as a store manager. There is an industry of slavery in the invisible world of sorcerers where men and women who are killed on earth by mystical methods are sold as slaves. In fact, there are markets and places of soul transactions in the astral world of sorcerers, where sorcerers and witch doctors sell and buy souls who are victims of human sacrifice. I saw a crowd of people in these markets, people officially dead on the earth, but who continue living as ghosts.

I remember when I was selling in this store, one day my former teacher came to buy stuff in my store. He could not recognise me because I had another identity, but I could recognise him. While he was shopping, I asked my workers to give him a few appliances as a gift. He was surprised and suspicious. He could not accept and understand all this. He said to me, "Sir, I do not know you, how can you give me all these for free?" So, I decided to reveal my identity to him. When he saw my face, he was terrified and shouted, "Matthew, but you're already dead." He was so terrified that he ran away, abandoning the stuff he came to buy. Later, he went to inform my family of what he saw. There was confusion in the family. Normally, *ghosts take on appearances and identities depending on the place of their mission.* If they are sent to work in a field in Europe, they will take on the appearance of a white and they will be perceived as whites by natural men, even if they are of a different race.

My customers could not imagine that they were dealing with a living dead person from the invisible world. Many corporations, companies and enterprises belong to the realm of darkness. Bosses and leaders of these companies are not necessarily ordinary men. One day, while I was working in this shop, I saw a phone and there was a particular number. It was the store number of the cousin who had sacrificed me. When I called this number, as he was absent, I had to talk with his younger sister who was present. I told her, "Julia, I am your brother Matthew." She replied that Matthew is already dead. But as I insisted, she eventually fell into a coma because of panic and she was rushed to the hospital. When she came out of coma, she reported to the family what had happened. People were overwhelmed by what she was saying.

May the Lord bless you!

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Please feel free to make photocopies of this newspaper and give them out. May The Lord bless you. Amen!



JESUS CHRIST IS COMING

NEWS OF THE END TIMES

TESTIMONY OF A RESURRECTED N°1

Dear brothers and dear friends, we are happy to share with you this somewhat singular testimony. This is the story of a child of God named Matthew Badjoko who was dead and buried, and who by the grace of God, returned to earth after 3 years in the world of satan. This testimony will open your eyes to what is really happening after death.

For you who are already born again Christians in accordance with the Bible, it will lead you into another dimension of spiritual warfare. And for you who make pacts with satan to enrich yourself or to become famous on earth, it will help you know what awaits you in the coming days.

Please read this testimony very carefully, and draw all the possible lessons. It is in six parts. It confirms the teachings on Spiritual Warfare and Discernment that we made available to you a few years ago. We advise you to reread these teachings in their entirety. May God bless you!

The circumstances of my death

I want to start by explaining the mystery of death. It must be understood that there is natural death and mystical death which is a premature and fabricated death. We talk of natural death when a human being dies after exhausting the number of years allocated to him by God, because God has set a specific number of years for every man on earth. But in the mystical or premature death that is perpetrated mainly by the servants of the devil, a person dies without exhausting the number of years allocated by God to him. Many men and women have their lives interrupted prematurely, without reaching the number of years allocated to them by God. In fact, Lucifer is always looking for human spirits to use as demons.

In fact, many evil spirits who are at war against Christians and humanity are human spirits, I mean humans who died before their time, and were then enlisted and integrated into the devilish army of Lucifer. Officially they are dead, but they are still operating on the surface of the earth. Beloved, we are at war against demonic spirits and human spirits. Satanists constantly offer human sacrifices to the devil. And the spirits of these victims are transported to the devil's realm and they are used as demons until they reach the number of years that God has allocated to them. This was my case. I died prematurely as a victim of witchcraft and human sacrifice, and I was transported to the submarine world to serve lucifer as a demon.

I am brother Matthew Badjoko. I am well known in the country. I was born in the eastern province of the

Democratic Republic of Congo. That's where I grew up and that's where everything happened. I mean, that's where I was dead and where I was buried. My testimony is well known by state officials. The government and parliament had investigated my case and they know my story. They investigated and certified that I was indeed dead and buried. During investigations by provincial and national authorities, I was imprisoned pending the conclusion of the investigation. They wanted to determine if I was a simple usurper who was seducing the people. In fact, the devil knew that I would be a servant of God. So he tried to interrupt my life. My death was not natural, but a masquerade perpetrated by sorcerers.

My story began when my uncle died. After the death of my uncle, my father who had the means took the responsibility to raise and finance the studies of my cousins. And among my cousins, there was one to whom my father had entrusted money to fend for his brothers, and to be independent. But we noticed that he had become relatively rich in a very short time. Initially, we attributed this to his ability and business skills, but that was not the case. To tell the truth, he had used occultism and black magic to excel, advance and enhance his business. He wanted to become a great businessman but he was impatient. And so, he sought a shortcut by resorting to occultism.

As a result, he was supposed to offer human sacrifices to excel and prosper his business. Blood had to flow. And since at that time we had a lot of house helps at home, he targeted one of them. A few days later,

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one of our house helps fell seriously ill. He was the target of my cousin who wanted to sacrifice him to the devil for his business. We noticed that his health was deteriorating even though he was receiving medical treatment. I then suggested to him to find men of God for prayer. Once my satanist cousin heard about my suggestion, he was angry and started insulting me. I could not understand his attitude, but my cousin was already deep in occultism and he knew the power of prayer.

The Bible says that the fervent prayer of the righteous is very effective. It was after visiting a local church that our servant was delivered and cured of his mystical illness. And our servant continued earnestly in prayer and in the presence of God after his healing. Therefore, he had become out of reach of my satanist cousin. And when my cousin realised that he had lost his prey, he decided to sacrifice me instead of our servant. Since it was I who had suggested to our servant to go to church, I had to replace him as a sacrifice. In order to sacrifice me to the devil, my cousin used money he had bewitched as a tool of destruction against me.

It was during the exams period at school. As I had not paid the totality of my school fees our principal prevented me from taking the test. So I left the classroom where the exam was taking place, and I was on my way home, when I met my satanist cousin. After telling him what happened at school, he offered me 5 dollars; but this money was cursed. Although I had enough money in my pocket to complete my fees, I wanted to disturb my parents. In this way, I could spend my money on other things. In fact, my cousin had bought my soul with this money that was bewitched.

The next day, I ended up falling ill. I suffered from intense headache. Later in the hospital, I was operated upon but the doctor could not diagnose the disease that tormented me since it was of mystical origin. I can remember that since the day my cousin gave me the money, I started having strange dreams. I dreamed of people who had died, I dreamed of coffins and cemeteries. Later, I saw in my dreams weird people who made fun of me. They said to me, *"You're going to die Matthew, we've already got you, it's over for you."* These sorcerers were celebrating, saying, *"We got you."*

After that, I was taken to the hospital. The doctors could do nothing for me, because the source of my illness was mystical. I was taken from one hospital to another. At one point I said to myself: *"Since modern medicine cannot do anything for me, if I stay in the hospital I may die, I have to resort to prayer."* So I

asked my family to take me to Church. My family took me from the hospital to the church, and there I saw the effectiveness of prayer because my health had improved all of a sudden. I then asked my family to let me stay under the supervision and guidance of men of God. I said to myself, *"If I am interned in the Church, I have the chance to be healed completely."* My family agreed with me. They left me under the care of men of God. But when my sorcerer cousin learned that I was transferred to the Church, he became uncomfortable. He sent demonic spirits to manipulate my family.

As a result, they came to uproot me from the church and from the hands of men of God by force, because they were influenced by demons deployed by my cousin who knew that the only way to kill me was to keep me away from men of God. Otherwise he would lose me as he had lost our servant. I was then taken home; the day after the illness came back and forcefully; it was worse than before. Since doctors could not diagnose this mystical disease that was changing places in my body, I was taken to the Kisangani University Clinic, but the doctors were surprised to see my condition deteriorate despite their efforts. My family exhausted its resources on a mystical disease that modern medicine could neither diagnose nor treat. As I was desperate at the hospital, I saw my spirit go out and enter my body twice. Then I heard the doctor tell my mother that there is no hope for me. I remember that day, I heard the doctors talking to each other and they said, *"Matthew is going to die, we can't do anything for him anymore."* A few hours later I saw my spirit coming out of my body, but instead of reinstating my body in a normal way, my spirit went to stay in my leg.

At that very moment, I heard the doctor announce to my family the news of my death. I saw and heard all the shouts, cries and lamentations. Mystical death involves moving the victim's consciousness and keeping it away from its location, either in the body or outside the body. We will come back to that. I saw everything in this university clinic but I could not establish any communication with my family and the doctors. I witnessed my death and attended my funeral. I remember one night during the funeral, almost everyone was asleep. I saw my mother shed tears in agony for me. I was so sad to see her crying so I started crying. And while I cried, people noticed tears in my corpse's eyes. On the day of the burial, my corpse was transported to the cemetery and I attended my burial. After the cries and lamentations, all the family and friends returned home. Let me remind you that even today my family has the death certificate and the burial permit issued by the authorities.

The astral world of sorcerers and slaves

On the day of my burial, after the departure of everyone, I remained alone in the cemetery. It was dark and was very hot in the coffin. When it was late at night I heard a swarm of people on the surface, like the voice of a group of people. These people introduced a stick that penetrated my coffin. Then I heard someone calling my name. He raised his voice and said, *"Matthew, come out!"* When this voice called me for the third time, something happened. In fact, my corpse came out mystically from my coffin and crossed the gravestone. I found myself on the surface, and those people who were sorcerers returned my spirit into my body, and I recovered consciousness. I came back to life and I was alive again and full of strength. The mystic disease that killed me was gone. My consciousness was back in my body again. Then suddenly, I saw a number of people dressed in black in a queue. They were under the control of sorcerers who were their executioners.

Among these executioners, I noticed the presence of my cousin the occultist. When I saw him among these sorcerers, I tried to question him about what was happening because all this was like a movie to me. But I was beaten seriously and I was instructed to keep quiet. You must never die in the hands of sorcerers; victims of witchcraft are tortured in an intense and atrocious way. In fact, you will spend the rest of your life in torture because you will be a slave. My cousin was cold and emotionless towards me, as if he did not know me. We must know that when sorcerers are in the operating mode at night, they become like demons devoid of empathy and compassion. So, after being beaten severely, I was instructed to join the people dressed in black who were in the queue. As soon as I joined these people dressed in black, we instantly changed location. In fact, these people in black were victims of human sacrifice like me.

As soon as we left the cemetery, we landed in the astral world of sorcerers in the headquarters of slave trade. In fact, every human being who has died a victim of human sacrifice becomes a slave in the invisible and visible world. It was in this astral world of sorcerers that my memory was lobotomised. I found in this area of sorcerers a crowd of people who had died of witchcraft. They were deprived of their identity and became slaves. This place was truly a slave market where sorcerers and satanists sold and bought souls who were victims of human sacrifice and witchcraft. All these slaves were wearing black pair of shorts and were bare-chested. When I arrived I was stripped naked. I was ordered to wear the black pants, because all these slaves were in black

pants with a specific number like prisoners, and they were identified by the number of their pair of shorts since they had lost their identity. While I was in this slave market, I noticed that the slaves were grouped together in relation to the nature of forced labour they had to do. But once I put on that black pair of shorts something happened in me.

My humanity was captured, I lost consciousness of what I was. In fact, my memory was lobotomised. I did not know who I was, where I came from and which family I came from. I lost my human identity and received a new identity that is that of a slave. A few days later, we were still there in the slave market when an order of 4 slaves was placed in the market; these 4 slaves had to go to work on the earth. I was instructed to join the other 3 and we were transported to the surface of the earth, to work in shops belonging to servants of satan. As soon as we arrived on the earth, I was surprised to find that we were in the city of Barumbu, a large economic city in our country where there are lots of commercial activities. My father used to take me to this city for the purchase of items. I recognised the city.

My life on the surface of the earth as a ghost

Once we arrived on the earth, each of us was assigned to a shop he had to manage. Once I started working in this shop, I had to employ 4 people who had to work with me. These workers did not know that their leader was a ghost, a dead man. I was in a situation where I was dead and officially buried, but I was working on the earth several kilometres from my region. I was supposed to *receive the items for sale from satan's world* every Monday, and return the money every Saturday. While I was selling in this store, I was still in black pair of shorts, but my workers and the customers who came to this store saw me well dressed. Their natural and optical vision captured only the false identity and appearance I had adopted. They saw me as a normal man and well dressed, but in reality I was still in my mystic pants and bare-chested. Only those who are advanced in occultism could identify me as a ghost and see my true nature.

Every day after the sale, we closed the shop and spent the night in night clubs, bars and hotels. When we went to these bars and hotels, we even slept with women. Sometimes I took women and went home, but in reality we did not have a house. We slept in the cemetery, but the perception and the optical vision of these women were manipulated because they saw the cemetery as a neighbourhood and the tombstones as houses. I slept with women on the tomb. Often they woke up in the morning at the cemetery, lying over the gravestones. Their lives were destroyed