

FREE OF CHARGE



JESUS CHRIST IS COMING

REVELATIONS TIME OF THE END

THE SOUND DOCTRINE

**TESTIMONY
OF LISUNGI MBULA
GO TO BETHEL**

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Jesus Christ is the True God And Eternal Life

***But you, Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book until the time of the end; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase.
Daniel 12:4***

Go your way, Daniel, for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end. Many shall be purified, made white, and refined, but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand.

Daniel 12:9-10

**Before you begin reading this Teaching,
Take a few minutes and meditate on the following question:**

Where will you spend your Eternity?

In Heaven?

Or

In Hell?

**Hell is Real, and it is Eternal.
Think about it!**

Enjoy your Reading! May God reveal Himself to you!

Warnings

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Woe to you, greedy agents of satan who will try to market these teachings and testimonies!

Woe to you, sons of satan who like to publish these teachings and testimonies on Social Media while hiding the address of the website www.mcreveil.org, or falsifying their contents!

Know that you can escape the justice system of men, but you certainly will not escape the judgment of God.

You snakes! You brood of vipers! How will you escape being condemned to Hell? Matthew 23:33.

Nota Bene

This Book is regularly updated. We recommend that you download the latest version from www.mcreveil.org.

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TESTIMONY OF LISUNGI MBULA - GO TO BETHEL

(Updated on 01 01 2024)

Before reading this testimony, we encourage you to read the important warning that we have made concerning testimonies. This warning entitled "Warning Testimonies" can be found on the website www.mcreveil.org.

Dear brothers and dear friends, we would like to share with you this excerpt from the testimony of Lisungi Mbula, who served satan in ignorance for more than ten years, believing that the power of satan was above all powers, until the day he met Jesus Christ and was delivered. This testimony confirms the teachings on "***Spiritual Warfare***" and on "***Discernment***" that we have already studied. We urge you to read this testimony, and these two teachings, if you have not read them yet. They are very rich. You will find them on the website www.mcreveil.org.

1- In the devil's den

My name is Lisungi Mbula. The story I am about to tell you is a series of mysterious events that I have experienced. I have been practising magic for over ten years. The devil kept me in this ignorance, convincing me that his power was above all powers. But God is Love, He raised me from the mud and I now write down all that He did for my soul as a testimony. After my primary and secondary education in Yangambi, I found it better to continue my higher education. I left Yangambi for Kisangani in 1973. I lived with my cousin. She managed to feed her family. My brother-in-law was unemployed, and my presence at their home upset him. I soon realised he did not want me in his house anymore. Sometimes I had to go without food for two or three days. I had lost weight, I was dirty and often sick. My social situation was known to my classmates and to some of my teachers. I was at my wits end, and I did not know what to do, except give up my studies and go home. But the idea of unemployment grieved me. Therefore, I persisted while praying. I asked God to help me.

All my prayers remained unanswered to the point where I doubted the existence of God. I thought to myself, "my father is a Christian and he prays every day. Every Sunday, he attends the service and gives his offering. Yet he is still poor. I am also experiencing the same situation: I am very poor, suffering, hungry. What evil have we done that Heaven should punish us thus? Does the merciful and Almighty God, whom my father speaks so admirably to me about, really exist? If so, why does He allow me to go through such trials?" In the face of all these unanswered questions, I concluded that God did not exist, and that it was priests and pastors who created Him to harm the naive. One day, my lecturer of Systematic Botany invited me to his home. On the way, he told me that he had heard his colleagues worry about me, and he proposed that I live with him. I received this good news with great joy. I immediately moved from my cousin's house to my new home. There, my social status improved. I recovered my health and devoted most of my time to my studies.

1.1- Initiation

One evening, as I was revising my lessons, my lecturer came into my room and said, "I think you are well here, and your studies are going on well. But one thing is certain: if you continue in life like this without any protection, you will not go far. For, without this means that I want to offer you, you may be able to finish your studies and work, but you will always remain poor and unhappy. I see how you sacrifice yourself to help your family. I approve that. Besides, that's one of the reasons I'm helping you. I have thought of your future, and I ask you to be patient and courageous, for I will give you power."

Four days later, he brought me a catalogue and told me to read it carefully. He gave me three days for that. After that, I had to choose, among the various topics presented, those that were of interest. It was all about magic, especially the applications of magical phenomena to different areas of everyday life. As a student, I choose the subjects related to my studies, such as the "magic pen," the "Egyptian pill" and the "magic handkerchief". Next to each subject was a caption with the purpose and the instruction manual for each article. One day after I had handed the catalogue and my preferences to the lecturer, he brought me everything I had chosen.

Lifting each object one after the other, he told me: "This magic pen has the power to write by itself. Just put it between the sheets during an exam, and it writes the right answers all by itself. But in order not to attract the attention of other participants, you can pretend to scribble anything on the page. While marking, the marker will only see the correct answers... This Egyptian pill has the function of stimulating weak memories." The lecturer handed me the pill and went to get some water. He asked me to swallow it by drinking the water he had given me, which I did. Then he continued: this handkerchief of domination will serve to impose your will on others. All you have to do is pass it on your face twice and all your suggestions will be accepted unanimously. He sat down and considered me in silence with a serious air. He looked like a father who wanted to entrust his son with a task he knew beforehand would be difficult. Then he said to me, "for two years you must eat only raw food." Since then, it has not been possible for me to eat prepared or even salted foods. Because it is necessary to use heat to make salt, and salt was also forbidden. I only ate fruit, raw eggs, and some roots like tubers: carrots, cassava, sweet potatoes, etc., which I obtained without difficulty because I lived with the lecturer, my teacher.

After two years, I came back on a normal diet. I would point out that the Polish lecturer in question here was a priest of the roman catholic church. The fact that he took me into his home aroused in me feelings of guilt, because of my hasty conclusions about the non-existence of God. For I had thought to myself that God still existed, and that he had sent his servant to help me. You can therefore imagine my astonishment when a Catholic priest introduced me to Indian magic! The attitude of this priest strengthened me in the idea that God did not really exist. **Indeed, if God existed, the priests were better placed to know Him.** According to the Catechism of the roman catholic church, they serve as intermediaries between God and the faithful. Despite the fact that this priest celebrated mass every day, he knew the truth, that of the non-existence of God. That is why he revealed to me the path par excellence, that of magic and

therefore of happiness. That was my reasoning at the time. A year after I was forbidden to eat prepared foods, I saw a great transformation in my being. I had become very clever. I could read the thoughts of my interlocutors, know their identity, their date of birth and their address, without them having told me anything before. All my school courses seemed to me to be simple revisions. During my four years in higher education, I only distinguished myself, from the preparatory to the third graduate.

When the two years of observance of the diet that was imposed upon me were accomplished, he did not hide his satisfaction. He promised me to start serious things with me and told me that before he could get there, he would give me protection. From then on, the ban was lifted, I could consume any food and drink of my choice. Two weeks after that promise, he brought me a new catalogue entitled: "Atlas of good luck in all things." This time, without seeking my opinion, he pointed out a subject to me in the catalogue, and said, "I give you the great divine power of the great ashanti." Using a pair of scissors, he cut a lock of my hair and put it in a bottle. Then he took some dust from under my right heel and wrapped it in white paper. He explained to me that these things taken from my body will serve to keep me, in difficult times. He put these things in a drawer, and added that this divine force has the power to protect me from bullets, snakebites, sorcerers, death by drowning, fire, suffocation, or accident, against any visible or invisible enemy... In short, against all danger and all evil. The teacher pulled a six-piece ring out of his pocket, gave it to me, and said, "This talisman will give you the strength to fight against twenty-one people, and to defeat them. You can overcome the physical laws of nature at your own will: gravity, altitude, space and time... "

1.2- The Experimentation

Endowed with all these powers and protections, I resolved to experiment them. Not that I doubted the truthfulness of the teacher's words, but I wanted to test my power first to prove to myself that I was important. This is how I deliberately put poison in my food. When I approached my hand to the jar containing the poisoned food, it broke itself, even before my hand touched it. One day, some friends tried to poison me. They placed a layer of powdered sulphuric acid on the plate reserved for me, and invited me to dinner. I knew in advance that my plate was poisoned. If I had refused to eat, they would have suspected something, that a traitor among them would have informed me of their infamy. So, to prove to them that I was superior to them, I had to eat this poisoned dish. In front of everyone, my plate fell as soon as my fork touched the food, spilling its contents. Later, my friends apologised and confessed to me their deed.

After this incident, my friends corrected their position towards me. They considered me a superhuman, protected by invisible beings. None of them could think anymore of evil of me without shivering. That was my desire: the madness of grandeur. So I was invulnerable. Women didn't mean me anything to me. But with my magic handkerchief, I could break their will and force them to do what I wanted them to do. One day, I quarrelled over a woman with a military man, a commando, just to make myself famous. He was known for his wickedness in the region. When he learned of my love affair with his concubine, he beat her violently. The poor girl did not understand what was happening to her. She spent

the commando's money on me. It happened that he was informed by the parents of the girl of my affair with her. In reality, she loved her lover, but because she was under my power, under the spell, she could not act against my will. This situation was known to everyone and everyone was talking about it.

The commando had become the laughing stock of the entire population of Kisangani. He was overwhelmed by my success over his girlfriend, despite the beatings he was inflicting on her. Driven by jealousy, because it was a matter of dignity and self-esteem, he decided to kill me. The poor man did not know that by doing this, he was carrying out my plans. The place of my execution was the last thing to be determined. After having followed me for several days, which I knew in advance, he met me in an uninhabited place. It was around 6:30pm, it was a little dark. In reality, it was I who organised this fortuitous meeting, because this situation had prolonged, it had to be brought to an end. He approached me without saying a word, pulled a gun out of his pocket, unsheathed it, and fired three times at close range. The echo of gunshots echoed through the trees. I felt like a tickle the impact of the bullets on the skin of my chest and my belly. I scratched my skin in these places, and collected the three bullets in my hand.

With a sublime gesture, I handed them to the commando, telling him to shoot again if he so desired. No witnesses were present at the scene. The act was so rapid that his brain did not have time to record this information. The soldier was amazed, without understanding what was happening to him. I soon realised he did not want to shoot anymore. He had lost his mind and had become like a madman. In fact, he had become one. What pride was mine, when I experienced that even bullets fired at close range did not cause me any harm! The impossible no longer existed for me. I could fly in the air like a bird, through a door or through a wall, make myself invisible if I wanted to, etc. I realised that if God existed, I had to be Him myself, or that I was not far away! I was feared and respected as I wanted. Nothing and nobody worried me. Sometimes I did some magical outdoor performances to entertain the gallery and make myself popular. With the help of a braid wire, I could stop a moving vehicle and force it to move backward without being cut.

It was a great pleasure for the spectators, and people came en masse to admire this phenomenon. In reality, it was not the wire that exerted any pressure, but the legion of spirits who were at my service, and who pushed the vehicle backward. The wire was only there to make an illusion. Such was the known face of the magic I practised. Apart from these representations, no one could suspect that I was really in magic, except of course the lecturer (my teacher) and some initiates. I was well known in Kisangani. Even little children knew my name and sang of my exploits. People were talking about me everywhere. This notoriety brought me some serious problems. One day, not knowing what I was accused of, the law enforcement officers came with an arrest warrant bearing my name. I followed them without protest, to find out what I was accused of, and to find out the identity of the complainant. When I arrived at the police station, the officer in charge of investigating the case ordered his officers to throw me into the dungeon. Before the gendarmes seized me, I was able to tell the officer: Dear Citizen Adjutant, know that whatever the motive, I can be arrested, tried, convicted, beaten or imprisoned only if I want to.

My words were like fuel on fire, for they stirred up the anger of the officer. It was a great insult to him that I spoke such language in public. Helped by two gendarmes, he pushed me with great brutality in the dungeon, where he locked the lock. He pocketed the key, so that no one would come to release me without going through him. When he returned to his office, he found me sitting in the chair, and I said to him, "Come, sit down, and let us talk." But he didn't want to talk to me anymore. Looking at his face, I saw a whole series of emotions expressed. From serenity, he passed to anger, then to great astonishment, to finish with a smug, haggard smile, without any expression. The man started running around the room like little children playing hide-and-seek. It was not a pretty sight. Anyway, The Adjutant had gone mad. Seeing what had happened to him, I felt sorry for him.

I ran to catch him, and put his mind back in place thanks to some magic words learned from the teacher. It's your fault! I said to him, when he had recovered his senses. I said again: if you had listened to me, we wouldn't be here. To comfort him, I gave him a bulletproof vest. Later, we became good friends and the incident was quickly forgotten. Although holding all this power, I had no peace. At first, I was happy to possess a force that other people could not even suspect existed. But over time, my desires grew. The acts that gave me joy faded in my memory because of monotony. As one proverb says, "a habit is second nature." I thought it was normal for things to happen the way I made them happen. Nothing gave me joy. I noticed that everything I did really did not benefit me.

I was popular, but penniless. I told the teacher about this situation and he told me that he had given me everything. All I needed was the desire to get all the money I needed. With the six-piece ring I owned, I could make objects over 50kgs disappear at a distance of more than 50 meters. Immediately, he gave me an object, which he called "magic tube" and said, this tube has several applications in the field of magic. You can read, see, keep, move, search, calculate, evaluate... There are many ways to get money. I do not want to introduce you to all these methods at once, but we'll study them gradually. The first method is called "cunning theft." It is to command the wandering spirits to bring you money. You can specify the location, the amount, the time and the nature of this money. When it appears, it will be accompanied by a number indicating the time you need to spend it. This money is stolen from shops or banks by wandering spirits. Here are the conditions for "cunning theft": with this money, you will not be able to buy any durable goods; at the agreed time, all the money will have to be spent. You see, outside of these two conditions, you can make of this money anything you want. Those who do not meet these requirements must either die or go mad.

Some explanations are necessary to understand. We call this method "cunning theft," because it will not be discovered, as the money will be put back in its place before the owner realises it. You don't have to buy durable items, because everything will disappear after the deadline. If you keep that money, you could die. After buying a non-durable item, if the money you give to the seller is put together with ordinary money, that money will disappear along with ordinary money, after the deadline. We get nothing for nothing in this world, son. This ordinary money, which disappeared, was used to replenish the secret funds and

later to acquire other clients. If we are ruthless for the recalcitrant, it is because if the money is not exhausted, it is we who have to fill the void. So, if the client dies, he's to come work for us to repay the money we paid on his behalf. If he's going mad, it's because the ordinary money gone was enough to cover the losses, without us suffering any damage. But he will still be punished for breaking orders, and for making us work for nothing.

Experiment with this method first. When you discover its drawbacks, I will teach you another possibility. Remember my words: patience and courage. In the meantime, have fun! I diligently kept every word spoken by the teacher. After weighing the pros and cons of "cunning theft," I decided to experiment with it. Sitting in my living room, I went through the procedures to get money. I specified well the data: for the place and time, I had indicated that the money appeared on the table of my living room at 2pm. As for its quantity and nature, I had specified twenty kilos in ten zaires cuts. I made a mistake about the quantity, for at two o'clock a mountain of ten-zaires notes appeared on the table. There was a note to the recipient indicating the number ten, and meaning that I had ten hours to get this mountain of money off my table.

After calculating, I found that I would have to spend everything at exactly midnight. Joy mingled with fear came upon me when I took a lot of money to go and spend it. When I left my room, I first met the lecturer's house servant. He asked me for a cigarette, and I gave him 500 zaires in ten cuts. I took a taxi to downtown, to the shops. I gave the driver five times the normal price of the trip. To avoid arousing his curiosity, I complimented him and told him that it was because he had quickly driven me to my destination that I did him this favour. In town, I looked at the articles through the shop windows. A shirt caught my eye. As I was about to go in to buy it, I heard a voice say to me, "No durable items!" That voice was familiar to me, it was the teacher's. I thought, as I walked away from the store, the teacher likes me very much, he doesn't want me to die or to go mad. That is why his voice comes to me here to warn me of the danger of disobedience.

I went to a European restaurant. Since I was forbidden to buy durable goods, I might as well spend it on food, for revenge. I ordered expensive dishes. All the money I took was exhausted. I called a taxi and informed the driver that he would receive the prize for his ride when he brought me back to where he had taken me. I jumped when I reached the living room where the money was. What I took before I left was replaced. Was it real or was it just a dream? It was 3pm, and the money was still a lot on the table. I pocketed a large amount, more than the first, and went out. I was tormented by the idea that when I returned, I might find another amount of money to replace what I had taken. The driver was waiting for me at the wheel. Without saying a word, I sat next to him. My mind was elsewhere. I figured, "This one would get it for himself when he sees his empty cashbox the next morning." The taxi driver dropped me off where he had taken me, at the European restaurant, I gave him a large sum of money, without telling him anything, because he was aware that I had kept him waiting a long time.

That day, some of my friends were in the restaurant. I remember buying a round. Everyone ate and drank at my expense. It made me feel good to take

the money out of my pocket and spend it public. Before my guests finished drinking, I demanded the bill. I paid cash and I skipped out, lest some curious people begin to ask questions about the origin of this money. I made several trips between the house and the city centre to evacuate the 20kgs of 10 zaires banknotes. This may seem simple. But spending that kind of money in 10 hours in Kisangani, in 1976, was not an easy task. At 10pm, there was still a large amount of money on the table. A cold sweat took hold of me, and I was seized with a dreadful fear: fear of dying, fear of going mad. I remembered the teacher's words when he recommended courage and patience. Then a little calm returned. I thought I had two more hours to go, and there was no question of letting me get discouraged. I had to change the spending tactics. Oh! Beloved, it is better to work for Jesus than for satan! For the yoke of Jesus is easy and His burden light (Matthew 11:30).

I still remember that night as if it were yesterday. I threw the money in the air at a funeral ceremony, of which I didn't even know the deceased! I rushed into a bar, and asked the consumers what they liked. Then I emptied my pockets in front of them without touching a single glass, for fear of getting drunk, and not being able to spend all the money I owned. It was pathetic. By 11:30, I had only a few bundles left on the table. The teacher's servant, instead of just buying the cigarette he had asked me for, had also bought himself a drink. During all my back and forth, I noticed a shape lying in the courtyard, but I didn't know it was him. The poor man, applying the Roman principle that one must eat and drink today..., had spent all the money. Now he was sleeping in the courtyard, dead drunk.

At midnight, I had no money left, and I pushed an "ouf!" of relief. That night, in my bed, I thought about everything I'd done in the evening, gazing at the ceiling of my room. I concluded that in the future, I would only ask for sums of less than 20 kilos. A few days later, I resorted again to "cunning theft." This time, I refrained from increasing the quantity, for fear of reliving the same situation as the first time. I noticed that the time set to spend the money was not constant in each case: it varied according to the quantity demanded. Several days passed. I found that the money obtained by the method of "cunning theft" was of no use to me. I was forbidden to buy just a simple underwear, not even a pocket handkerchief. If I tried to do that, I risked insanity or death. My parents were poor. I couldn't help them. I couldn't send them my money, lest they put it with their savings, and the whole thing disappear after the deadline.

I went to see the teacher so that he would give me another means to get money. Before revealing it to me, he gave me a piece of advice: you are still too young to understand the problem of money. Ask at this address and wait for their answer. He gave me an address in India. After his departure, I quickly drafted my request for money to be sent to India by occult means. Spirits are then used to deliver the mail. This method is known for its speed. A five-minute delay is rare when using this medium. The mailboxes that can be used can be toilets, beds, buffet, tables, cabinets... Five minutes later, I received the answer, the content of which is as follows: "You, Zairean, who ask for money, know well that money does not buy money, or that a Zairean does not buy a Zairean, and then that money cannot reach you alone. Good understanding." At the bottom of the letter, there was, by way of signature, a coffin and a skull. The letter was written,

signed and sealed in red ink. I took it to the teacher after I read it. The latter, without even taking a look at it, said to me, "It is as I told you, my son. In this world, there's nothing for nothing. I think you're still too young to understand."

The teacher's answer and that of the letter implied that, in order to receive the money I needed, I had to sacrifice a human life. I told him that I had no one to sacrifice for money. I would rather die poor as my father, than be rich and responsible for a human life sacrificed to satisfy certain fleeting needs. Kill a person? I couldn't believe it! My emotion made the teacher smile. He suggested a third option to get money. He said to me: I accept that you still have scruples to sacrifice a human life. I understand you because of your age. I know that when the need increases, your scruples will disappear. In the meantime, I would like to inform you that there is a third possibility, which is the most widespread among magicians. If you want, I'll give you two seals. The first will be loved by women. No woman can resist your call, even if you were ugly. She will come and you will make of her what you want. The second seal has the power to make a woman that you will know conceive, even if she is sterile. Remember, if you're with a woman, you form one body with her. So, instead of sacrificing yourself, you can sacrifice your own flesh that is your wife, or your own blood that runs through your children's veins.

To avoid the loss of these loved ones, which of course grieves, don't forget that you can do this: every time you sleep with any woman, you can write down her name and give her a large amount of money as a gift. The name thus recorded shall be entered on a list. Later, if the need arises at our headquarters, you will simply cross a name off that list, and the person whose name is crossed off the list will die. In reality, this person does not die in an absolute way, because after what is called "death", her soul will go to work for you, gathering fresh amounts of money to give you. If it does not suit you to sleep with any woman, you can take "concubines" (a second or third woman). Children born to such unions will be included on the list. When the need arises at headquarters, you will erase a name from that list and the child will die. You will be given a large sum of money as a reward, so that the mourning ceremonies will be done with pomp. No one will suspect you of the loss of the child, not even the mother in any case. For those around you, all the tears shed and all the money spent will prove the attachment and affection you felt for the deceased. [...]

Within all the time that I spent in the service of evil, I noticed that the devil has more control over women than men. He uses women a lot to accomplish his evil designs. Your only weapon is prayer and faith. You may be given **jewellery** as a gift at a party or birthday. If this person does magic **you will notice an abnormality in your life, especially the frequent lack of blood in children.** Or, **if you are used to keeping your savings at home, large amounts of money will disappear without you being able to understand the reason. All this because of the jewels which you have been offered, or which you have even bought.** The jewels we see in life are not all made from minerals.

1.3- In the land of the goddess Maharashtra

None of the methods of obtaining money put at my disposal by the teacher satisfied my desires. My concern was to enjoy money like rich men, without any

time limits. I wanted money that would allow me to help my parents in Yangambi, to start a family later, etc. Despite the fact that I practised magic, I had love for my people. I sometimes thought about how I could improve their living conditions. I had thought of sending them the money of "cunning theft" because all the other methods required the sacrifice of a human life, something I hated. It was the only way to help them. But I did not use this method to do so, because this money was to disappear after the deadline. I was convinced that I was not really enjoying the money the way I wanted to. That's why I went to see the teacher. I asked him to remember well if he could not find a way to get money without human sacrifice, and money that would not disappear.

The teacher listed the three possibilities available to me, and then shut up. I believed that he had no more resources; that he was exhausted. After a moment of silence, he shrugged his shoulders, as if to express resignation, then he said, "Then you need a woman." I didn't understand the meaning of his word. I said to myself, "Is he intending getting a woman for me or has he already got one for me without my consent?" He came back to me three days after our discussion and explained this: last time I spoke to you about a woman as a solution to your problem. You know that the woman satisfies almost all the needs of the man. We're going to travel to the land of the goddess Maharashtra. That's where we'll find a woman who can solve your problems. But before we go, it is necessary to impose on ourselves a certain physical and mental discipline. Indeed, all our protections and powers are without effect in her universe.

This discipline consists of fasting, while reciting certain incantatory prayers in a specific order, for five days. This is to harden our hearts against the temptations of the goddess. She has many traps in her universe. If someone succumbs to one of her temptations, or if someone pleases her, it is difficult to return home. Then it would be death. You see, it is easier to enter the land of the goddess than to leave it. Since the majority of its population is female, it is difficult to let its male hosts go. To my knowledge, here are some of its pitfalls: fear, astonishment, panic, etc. We must refrain from one of these feelings. I know we can't do this on our own. That is why we must fast for five days to implore the mercy of the goddess and to control our will. Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, you see how, in order not to be deceived by demons, I had to fast for five days, in order to reach demonic goals. How much more should we, Children of God, pray and fast to resist the lusts of the world! 1Corinthians 9:25 *"Everyone who competes in the games goes into strict training. They do it to get a crown that will not last; but we do it to get a crown that will last forever."*

Kisangani, the capital of the upper Zaire region, has a river called Tshopo, a tributary of the Zaire River. A hydroelectric dam was erected there before its confluence with the Zaire River, forming a waterfall called "force de l'Est" (force of the East) in Kisangani. It is a strategic location for the economy of the upper Zaire region, thanks to the hydroelectric power produced. The military stands on guard there 24 hours a day. It was at this place called the "force of the East" that we met, five days later, in the night, around one o'clock in the morning. The moon was long gone. It was dark. A fresh wind was sweeping our faces. Only the sound of insects at the water's edge disturbed the silence of the night. The water was still flowing, continuing its long-running mad race. We silently

approached the waterfall. Five Green Beret soldiers stood guard with a rifle in their hand. All the soldiers fell asleep after the teacher had pronounced some conjurations of magic hypnosis. It seemed like a dream. We approached the water's edge without any soldiers intercepting us. The teacher began to invoke the manifestation of the goddess Maharashathie, through occult prayers accompanied by cabalistic gestures. A great silence erupted around us. The wind stopped blowing and the insects stopped singing.

A huge snake comes out of the water. It had seven heads from which emanated a kind of light that illuminated the surface of the water and its surroundings. The trunk of the serpent measured the same circumference as that of the Bethel tam-tam, 1.80 metres in diameter. In other circumstances, the appearance of such a snake would have frightened me, but it left me cold. All these events, and those that followed, left me indifferent, everything seemed normal to me. A woman appeared below the snake, a woman of rare beauty, of Indian type. She introduced herself: "I am the Maharashatie goddess of India, at your service." The timbre of her voice expressed excessive femininity. The teacher picked on: "We come, O goddess, to visit you and to ask for help that only you in the whole universe can provide." "You're my guests. So welcome to my world. Follow me, please." At that moment, she turned to show us the way to her Universe. An extraordinary event took place before my eyes. The water, the serpent and the darkness disappeared to make way for an unreal and fairy-like world. For the first time in my life, my eyes were discovering a world different from the one I had lived in before.

There was a light that came neither from the sun nor from the moon. The colour of the sky was purple. I didn't notice any plant life. Instead of the ground, there was a substance like tar mixed with cement, covered with glass... I have never visited any American or European city, but I imagine that such a city cannot exist on Earth. We were guests of the goddess. She gave us a tour of her world. Almost the entire population was made up of women and I had the impression that they were all alike. They were all equally beautiful. Nothing disturbed the calm, serenity and peace of this mysterious world. The population was kind, welcoming and hospitable. At the end of the visit, we went to the residence of the goddess. After a few minutes of rest, the goddess invited us to the banquet offered in our honour. There were many guests, including the queen, princesses and duchesses. During the banquet, the teacher wanted to explain the reason for our visit, but the goddess prevented him, saying that we would have plenty of time to discuss it later. After the meal, the teacher and the goddess retired to another apartment in the residence.

The queen and other guests kept me company in the absence of the teacher. I was already tormented by the prolonged absence of the goddess and the teacher, when I saw them come out of the room where they had retired. The teacher made me realise with a nod that everything had gone well. So we had to go back. I took leave of my hosts, then, accompanied by the goddess, we went back to the place through which we had entered. During the journey, the goddess held my hand familiarly. We arrived at our starting point. One thing happened, and the occult universe disappeared to make way for the river and the seven-headed snake. The goddess was with us and always held me by the

hand, like old friends. She said goodbye and let go of my hand, then turned and disappeared from our sight. The lights that came from the seven heads of the giant snake, as well as the snake itself, also disappeared into the water, leaving us in great darkness. Around us, life had resumed. The soldiers were still asleep, under hypnosis. We had to hurry and go home, lest the very early morning people see us and wonder about our presence in such a place at 4:30am. Back in the city, everyone went to sleep to recover the sleep lost during this remarkable journey. In the afternoon of the same day, the teacher came to me and explained this to me:

When I eclipsed myself with the goddess, I explained your problem to her. She confided to me that there was a force in you that drew her to you. She thought I was bringing her a follower and insisted that you stay there for a while. I told her why we were there. She cared so much for you that she offered to come and serve you personally. I refused, because if I had accepted, she would have come and persuaded you one day to follow her to her country. You would have done it, because she's much more powerful than you.

I begged her not to be interested in you. She refused categorically, but, given my insistence, she finally accepted. But she has set you some tough conditions, which you will have to meet if you want to have a wife who can solve your money problems and fulfil all your desires. Careful, son! However, you are free to refuse if these conditions prove to be beyond your means. But you should know that if you refuse, you can also say goodbye to your money plans. Here's what you'll do if you want to keep going. Tonight, you'll find a pack of 17 cards at your bedside. Each card has a picture of a woman. From these 17 photos, you will choose the one that pleases you the most, and you will make a sign above the card. She'll be your wife.

The teacher then explained to me how I should arrange the large table in my living room, to prepare for the visit of these 17 women. He continued: You will be woken at midnight by the visitors, the 17 women appearing on the cards. But make sure you make your choice this very night. They will seduce you in different ways, to make you succumb. If you manage to resist until 4 o'clock, the time of their departure, you will know your wife, the one you have chosen, because she will not go with the others. Beware, my son, if you succumb to the charm of one of them, which is not the one you chose, she will take you into the world where we were yesterday. In other words, you will die in our world, but you will continue to live in the land of the goddess. This is one of the conditions laid down by the goddess. So, if you don't want to run the risk of making a mistake, you have to resist until everyone else leaves. I think I told you everything in detail. You decide.

I had no choice. I figured if I turned down those conditions, the teacher wouldn't be happy with me. Therefore he would never trust me again with another method to get the money I needed. On the other hand, if I let this opportunity go, I could no longer hope to get money like everyone else. So I agreed. Just like my teacher told me, around 7:30pm, I found a pack of cards under my pillow. Each card depicted a beautiful woman dressed in light and transparent clothing.

It took me a long time to look at the faces of these unreal beings. It was the perfection of beauty. Then came the critical hour when I had to choose the one who would be my wife forever. I had no point on which to base my reasoning, for they were all equally beautiful. After a good moment of indecision, I had the idea of making my choice by drawing lots. I scattered the cards on the table, closed my eyes, and my hand fell on a card, over which I made a small sign in a corner. The next day, I went to the market to buy everything the teacher had asked me to buy, drinks and food. I arranged the living room according to his instructions, and I fell asleep at 8:30pm in my bed.

1.4- The wife

At midnight, I felt that someone was touching me to wake me gently. I opened an eye, for I was still asleep. In the dark, I discovered that a woman was trying to wake me, without brutality. I read in each of her movements a deep tenderness and love. I got up and walked to the living room where I was greeted by the applause of my visitors. I noticed that all the women on the cards were there, very real and very beautiful. For several hours, they all tried to seduce me by all possible means, means worthy of the children of perdition. They did everything to make me succumb. But the teacher had been strict on this point: not to know any of them before the other sixteen left. No longer recognising the one I had chosen, I could risk my life by going with one of them at random. Seeing that I did not succumb to their advances, the women used all the resources of their evil seduction. At 4 o'clock, they said goodbye to me and left as they had come, that is, through the walls. One of them stayed. So that was my wife, the one I chose.

When she stood beside me, she said to me, my love, I am pleased with your conduct earlier on towards my cousins. It is for me a sign of love and faithfulness that you have not known at least one of them. I too will love you as much, as long as you respect my demands, which, by the way, are only those of a woman who loves you and who wants to make you happy. Apart from the food prepared by your hand, you shall eat nothing but food that I have given you, and not the food of a woman. When you get home, you shouldn't be more than two hours late. When you get back from an outing, you must have to shower first and change before you get near me. In the house, never wear leather shoes. Apart from the two of us, no one should know I'm here with you. If someone accidentally sees me without you knowing, that person will have to die or go crazy. But if the person is in cahoots with you, then you are the one who will lose your life or go insane. As you can see, I'm very jealous. On the other hand, I agree to fulfil all your desires before you even tell me. Whatever your desires, I will fulfil them. My name is Helen Magloo. Just call me Helen.

The next day, I understood why the teacher had found me a woman as a solution to my problem. In the morning, after my shower, I found on the table a hearty breakfast. Yet there was no cooker in the house, not even a stove. Without knowing where the food came from, I ate it with great appetite. When I opened my wardrobe to dress properly and to go to my classes - I was still a student - I found new clothes there, costumes that I had never suspected existed since I was born. There were also shoes and slippers. All these things did not impress me. Helen had vowed to fulfil all my desires. The dishes I found on my table

were the ones I liked, that is, the dishes I would have liked to eat that day. That woman knew my taste. About the clothes, Helen had given me a pair of trousers worth six, extraordinary trousers. Every time I walked into the house, and came out of it, the colour of the trousers changed. These trousers could change colour up to six times, it could go back to its original colour in the sixth colour.

With Helen as my wife, it was a good life. The money problem was over. Whenever I needed to buy an item - something that happened very rarely to me because all my desires were fulfilled by Helen - I simply had to put my hand in my pocket, and it came out with the money needed to buy the desired item. That money was "normal." I could enjoy it like everyone else without risking death or madness, or even without it disappearing after a period of time. My wife put a car at my disposal. Only she and I could see it, apart from a few initiates. I often used it to get to my classes. It wasn't running on gas or diesel. Actually, I've never been to a gas station to refuel.

Helen became possessive and aggressive. Little by little, the joy I had felt for her assistance faded, and love gave way to hatred. I looked for a way to get rid of her, but I did not have the courage, because of all the benefits she otherwise provided. However, my decision was made, and I was waiting for the right opportunity to throw her out. Many days passed. One day, after school, I saw young students. There was a very beautiful girl among them. I took time to look at her and admire her. I coveted her. I wondered if such beauty was not that of a resurrected, for only dead women can rival such a beauty. I was so immersed in my thoughts that I hadn't noticed the time passing. I was late to go home. After taking off my shoes on the doorstep of the house, I went to take a shower and change my clothes. After the shower, I went to explain my delay to Helen. But at the place where Helen usually waited for me, I found the beautiful student. I was frightened when I saw this girl in Helen's room. I was afraid of dying or going crazy.

I wondered how she knew I had coveted her. How did she know my address? How did she get in? Did Helen see her? Without paying attention to her, I started running around all the rooms looking for my wife, while shouting that I had nothing to do with this girl's presence in the house. From where she sat, the beautiful student smiled at my distress. She came up to me and said, "Don't you recognise me, darling?" I'm not the girl you saw when you left school. I'm your wife Helen Magloo. I put on the body of the one you saw today. Here are the answers to the questions you asked yourself in the day about her: is she not a ghost, but she will soon become one. This is her identity. Honey, I'm not giving you this information so that you can go and get her, but to show you that by doing so you're hurting me, because I love you to death, and it's impossible for me to lose you. Besides, what would I do without you? How can I share your love with another? Don't blame me for behaving like this. Understand me, darling, I'm here for you.

She gave me the full identity of the beautiful student, while weeping: first name, last name, address, age, etc. Two days after this discussion, I learned of the death by drowning of the beautiful student. This death touched me deeply. My conscience blamed me for her death. Yet, I had just looked at her. She was innocent! For me, there was no doubt about it, I was sure it was Helen who killed

her out of jealousy for me. I hated her because she was responsible for the death of the beautiful student. Time passed again. She became more and more moody, concerned, and sometimes dreamy. One evening, after having contemplated me carefully, she said to me: "My love, I feel a deep feeling for you. My love for you is growing. I'd like to give your family a lot of property, including six vehicles, three trucks and three cars. I'll buy your family three stores downtown, and two residences in the best parts of the city. I'll give these things as a dowry to your family, then I'll take you away, and we'll go and live in my country forever." Suddenly, I understood what was bothering my wife. She had had enough of me and wanted me dead. It was a long-awaited opportunity to get rid of her, but we weren't there yet.

For now, I had to find words to politely refuse her offer. I said: "The government of my country is not fooled, so that a simple student like me, without resources, can bequeath to his family such great wealth. After I leave, all property will be confiscated." Helen replied that as true as she lived, none of the property she would give to my family would be confiscated. I replied that I would not be present to verify the veracity of her statements, and that it was better not to talk about that. In order not to hurt her feelings, I went on: "I know your country for having gone there once. There is calm and silence. The respect of the human personality, and the kindness of the goddess, are legendary. But as for going there so I don't have to see my family again, I'm not buying it." Despite Helen's insistence, my "no" was categorical. I had to put an end to this situation, which had lasted too long, because I risked losing my life by continuing to live with her. Our union had lasted fourteen months...

The teacher was astonished when I informed him of my intention to separate myself from Helen. He wanted to know why I had to make such a decision. I explained to him in detail Helen's insatiable sexual desire, the death of the beautiful student, as well as her intention to take me to her country forever. In short, I invoked the incompatibility of moods. The teacher did not hide from me the difficulty of such an approach, especially since he did not remember having experienced such a case before. Usually, those who were married to such women agreed to accompany their wives freely, he told me. He continued: "But since you are the first to attempt such a thing, I will try to ask the goddess a favour. But I'm telling you, it won't be easy." A journey into the universe of the goddess was therefore envisaged.

1.5- The pact

We returned to the fall of Tshopo, and the same scenario as the first time was repeated: hypnosis of the soldiers, invocation of the manifestation of the goddess, gushing out of the seven-headed serpent, and appearance of the goddess. She knew the reason for our visit and summoned Helen to give her opinion. Helen appeared and said she was disappointed and humiliated to find that her husband was abandoning her, when she intended to pay her dowry to her in-laws. But she soon got herself together and said, "I'm staying, because I don't have a choice. I want you to know that it wasn't me who abandoned my husband, it was him who abandoned me. Since he's the one who abandoned me, I demand that he should stay with me here, or that he should give me his little brother in marriage."

From where I was, I answered the teacher: none of Helen's demands is feasible. It has never been said in our agreements that I can never separate myself from her, nor that some members of my family can die because of me. I'm willing to accept all your demands, provided I can see my parents whenever and wherever I want. Let none of my family die because of me. The teacher and the goddess retired to a nearby room. After a while, they returned to the room where we all were. As if to make a public sentence, the goddess said to the teacher, "In view of the services you have rendered, we grant you this favour, dear Professor. Nevertheless, we are telling you that this is the first time that we have been in such a situation. We hope that this will be the last, in the interests of all of us."

She turned to me and said, "Because you are ready to carry out our demands, you are saved." Actually, Helen's mission was to bring you back here. But the poor girl loved you so much that she couldn't act against your will. From now on, you will work for us until you die. You'll go back to your world with your teacher. He'll instruct you on your new assignment. As soon as this meeting is over, you will sign with your blood the contract that binds you to us for the rest of your life. It'll be a pact. From now on, you will be the servant of the goddess Maharashtra, I confirm you to the rank of "graduate" for the entire Eastern area. You're not a rookie for me to tell you what would happen to you if you wanted to part us company. The papers were brought and, with my blood, I signed the contract with my fingerprints.

At 4 o'clock, we went home like the first time. For a few months, day after day, the teacher taught me my new duties. During the day I was taking theoretical courses and at midnight we were going to the cemetery to complete my training, to eat and entertain myself. Indeed, from the moment I signed the pact, due to my graduate rank, I had the right to occupy a place in the "restaurant" of the cemetery, every night. The teacher brought me other catalogues in order to learn more. My new occupation was to "bind" talismans. These talismans were sent to us by customers for us to put power into them.

Most of the orders came from different European countries, including France, Romania, Poland, and especially Italy. In Africa, we received orders from Cameroon, Gabon, Mauritania, Senegal and Zaire. With the help of the teacher, I had opened a house identical to the one that exists in Kinshasa, called "Maison Lion Gilbert." Ours was called the "White House Kisangani Fair." That's where my office was. With the help of servant spirits, I received orders and shipped them after processing. The difference between our house and that of Kinshasa is that ours was Indian, while the other was Egyptian. But both houses worked for the same purpose, to win as many souls as possible to satan. Each talisman was to be "bound" above a tomb, following an appropriate prayer. In other words, the operation of transferring a power, which we refer to here as the verb "to bind", was to take place above a tomb. It was to make the talisman work, the teacher told me. He indicated to me the correspondence between the various cases mentioned in the requests, and the prayers appropriate to each case. The teacher had defined for me what a planet was, a horoscope and an "omitama", in the field of magic.

Our clients were from all over the world. When a client wrote to us for the first time, we sent them our newsletter so that they could provide us with all the

information we might need in the future. We required the new adept to provide us with the following information: name of parents, siblings, wife and children, place and date of birth, etc. When we had all this data in our possession, the client could then buy his own jewels and send them to us so that we could "bind" them or we could send him our own jewels already worked according to his request. From these data, in particular the date and place of birth of the client, we determined his astrological sign, which allowed us to find the planet of the individual. By comparing the customer's order letter with his planet, we could see his deficiencies. It was these deficiencies, or "omitama," that we incrustrated in the jewels, that we could then "bind" above a tomb, by means of a conspiracy or an appropriate prayer, to form a talisman ready for expedition.

The power of a talisman was renewable, and remained limited to a well-defined field. Finally, the construction of a talisman varied among individuals. It depended on the astrological sign, the planet, the needs, and deficiencies of the customers. It was when a talisman ran out of power that it had to be renewed. And at what cost? We shall see later on about the prayer of the old deacon. ... During the seven years I worked as a graduate, I ate only cemetery foods. Besides, that's where I liked best. I had girlfriends. These were my occupations in the field of Indian magic until the day it pleased the Most High to save me from the ties of the devil.

2- A series of failures

It is following the events that I will relate in this chapter that doubt took hold of me. There was indeed a contradiction between the teacher's statements and everyday reality. For example, he often told me that our power was the pinnacle of all powers, because it was divine. To better understand his thinking, I'll give you in chronological order the ranks that exist within the sect of which I was a member. In the ascending order, we have: student, graduate, teacher, doctor and finally god or goddess. From the rank of doctor to god or goddess, physical death does not exist. If the subject wants to leave this world to go into other dimensions, he is put to sleep using some magical ointments. The heart and breathing stop. His body is quickly taken to the cemetery. There, he comes back to life and continues to exist in order to "rescue" the followers who call on him, that is to say those who invoke him throughout the world. To move from one rank to another, there are norms to be respected, tests, trials and sometimes much time. Since our house was dealing with a goddess, our power was far superior to that of other houses. Following the failures I will describe, I began to think seriously about my life and my future. I experienced many failures in my magic practices, caused by the power that resides in the name of Jesus, and by the protection enjoyed by all those who believe in His Name, Jesus, the King of kings and the Lord of Lords, my personal Saviour. I'm only going to relate about five of these failures.

2.1- The blessed money

Sometimes I went to prayer meetings not to pray, but to entertain myself or to have fun. I often went there to admire the beautiful girls. I believed that God did not exist, it was a sure fact. According to the teacher, everyone who prays will die poor! Based on my own experience, I agreed with him. I thought to

myself that I was getting everything I needed, without resorting to God or exerting any effort. Now the Bible says, "By the sweat of your brow you will eat your food ..." (Genesis 3:19). Let him who does not work not eat either (1Thessalonians 3:10). But at that time I did not know the word of God, the Holy Bible. One Sunday, I went to attend a Protestant service, there were many faithful and the offerings had paid a lot. I came up with the idea of stealing the offerings. Even before the offerings were counted, "the magic tube" had revealed to me the total sum of 100,000 zaires.

I figured it was worth it, and I had to get that money. I put the money in the "magic tube" so I don't lose sight of it. An object placed under the control of the magic tube can never be lost sight of, regardless of the routes taken by the person who owns it. I was going to take that money at the end of the service. I went out of the church to focus better, to trigger the process of getting the money. After having drawn the magic circle, according to my teacher's instructions, I made the 50 regulatory steps, and started reciting some appropriate magic incantations. After doing all this with the precision and finesse required, I ordered the money to come in my bag. That is one way of speaking, because, in reality, it was rather to the servant spirits that I gave the order to bring me the money. After a brief look in the bag, I noticed that it did not contain the money. I said to myself, "to err is human!" Maybe I was wrong, or I forgot to say some important sentences. I had to start over. I repeated the same operation 21 times, but without success.

How astonished I was to see such a thing, for the first time in my life! A mad anguish took hold of me. Deep down inside, I thought that perhaps I had made a mistake somewhere, and that was why the spirits no longer obeyed me. My dear brothers and sisters in Christ, my anguish was justified, for in such things failure is not tolerable, especially as our house dealt with a goddess. To get to the bottom of it, I thought it was a good idea to inform the teacher. I phoned him in haste, and informed him of the whole situation. While I was expecting a reprimand from the teacher, the latter, as if he did not want to express his idea fully, advised me not to continue the operation, and insisted. In fact, I liked the ban, but it didn't calm my curiosity. I wanted to know why he forbade me to continue the operation, when I had tried it 21 times without success. And he answered me, "this money cannot come, and will never come, for it is blessed. Blessed money can't come." He continued: "However, if you need money, you can try this method in banks and shops, but not in churches..." His answer aroused in me a fear and a great doubt. I wanted to ask him several questions, among others: why couldn't the blessed money answer our call? Why did he forbid me to continue the operation? Was he also afraid of someone or something? So that he would not see my fear, I did not ask him any of these questions. However, this incident made my heart ache. I felt frustrated that there was a power above ours. It's the one who stopped the money from obeying my call. I wondered what that power was, since ours was divine.

2.2- Secret of the name of Jesus

After my second visit to the land of the goddess – may I remind you that my function was to "bind" the talismans – orders reached us from everywhere. There was plenty of work. I couldn't treat all those talismans at night, given the short

time I had. I bound part of it during the day in the cemetery near the city. I used to go there sometimes during the day, but after I had made myself invisible, and wore slippers so as not to make any noise in my path. I was accompanied by two friends. In order not to attract the attention of the curious, we worked in silence. Usually, when we did this kind of activity, we were illuminated by a light that did not come from any visible light source. But not far away was a group of young men who had gathered for prayer. I had not suspected their presence, because they were a little away, in a house. **At one point in their prayer, a young man raised his voice and said, "I take authority over all the power of satan in these places. I break all the chains of the devil, and proclaim deliverance in this place in the name of Jesus!"**

Just after these words, the light that shone on us disappeared. I made no connection between the loss of our light and the young boy's statement. **About five minutes later, the light reappeared.** I forgot this incident, and I returned to my task. Nevertheless, as a precaution, with the help of the magic tube, I explored the surroundings in order to discover a possible impostor, but in vain, because, apart from the group of children who were praying, the magic tube did not detect anything else. A few moments later, impelled by what power I did not know, the same young boy raised his voice for the second time and said: You satanic works, you spirits of darkness, I command you to leave this place and go into the abyss reserved for you since ages, in the Name of Jesus Christ! Just like for the first time, our light went out, **this time for good.** After waiting a long time, I thought to myself that it was better to neutralise this group of young people in prayer, and that it was perhaps from them that these disappearances of our light came, for a second examination by the magic tube had revealed only this group in the vicinity.

Before I decided to take control of these young boys in prayer, I searched in vain, with the help of the magic tube each of the participants, in order to detect any force or power. It was just as a precautionary measure that I wanted to control these young people. I just wanted to put them to sleep, and not to hurt them. After all, they were just children. With my magic tube, I approached them. There was a bench hanging around. I sat there to concentrate and begin the prayer of magic hypnosis. The friends I worked with noticed my extended absence and started looking for me. They found me collapsed on the bench, legs apart, and hanging to the ground, the magic tube lying on the ground, not far from my right hand. I slept deeply while snoring. My friends woke me up and explained to me the state in which they had found me. Their account incited me to serious reflection. The question that tormented me the most was the power with which these little children had put me to sleep.

I didn't want to hurt them, except to put them to sleep, while I finished my work quietly. How did they detect my intentions and act so quickly, without my being able to defend myself? They therefore had to possess a greater and more effective power than ours. If someone had stabbed me, while I was lying unconscious, I would have died like anyone else in the world. I, Lisungi Mbula, servant of the goddess Maharashathie, graduate of the Indian high magic, custodian of the divine power of the great Ashanti, laid on a bench

unconscious...! The words of the teacher came to my mind: "you will be protected from every enemy, both visible and invisible ..."

The group of young people had finished their prayers and had long left the place where they were. There was no way to reach them and ask them a few questions. It was only then that I realised that it was as a result of the young boy's prayer that our lights were gone. The doubt that had arisen in my mind gradually materialised. Despite the teacher's claims, our power was not the greatest. Above it, there was another greater power. It was the one owned by the group of young people, one of whom had ridiculed me.

2.3- The flight of the Felbuss

Another day, three students from the University of Kisangani (Unikis), had the idea to use some elementary notions of magic to participate in an examination session. They bought "Zaire Légère" cigarettes, dipped them in "Sudan" perfume, and dried them in the sun so as to smoke them at midnight. At the appointed time, they went naked at the crossroads to meet spirits. It was after midnight. I went to the cemetery as usual to eat and entertain myself. Usually, those who practice these things make themselves invisible. I did it when I went there often during the day, but at night I really didn't see the need to do it. Only, if there were people at the entrance, I would either "disappear," or wait until they left and then I'd enter. That day, I met the three students at the junction. The sight of these young men at this time and in such a place made me smile. I approached them and asked them, as a joke, if they were not afraid to walk at this late hour of the night.

The young people, uncooperative, answered me this: "Old man, if it is really a question of being afraid, it is you who should in principle be more afraid than us, because you are alone. There's three of us!" I could not tell them that I was not alone, and that there was with me a whole legion of spirit servants to protect me. So I continued my journey to the cemetery wishing them good luck in their business. A little further down the road, still on my way, I ran into three filthy beings, three monsters of perfect ugliness. I lack the words to describe to you the form or appearance that these spirits had. I cannot compare them to any creature in our world, because I lack the elements of comparison. The sight of these filthy beings makes you nauseous. At the sight of these spirits, a fear invaded me and I wanted to flee. Yes! I wanted to flee, because, despite all the time I had spent in magic, I had never seen such ugly and disgusting spirits. But, remembering that I held the protection of the divine Ashanti, I changed dimensions: I used an ability acquired through my practices of spiritualism, that of becoming a superior spirit.

Beloved, may I remind you that I had passed the stage of ordinary magic. My initiator considered me as his son, and had thus passed onto me much of the knowledge he possessed. This knowledge requires human sacrifices. But, for my case, I received them for free from my teacher. So after ordinary magic, I did occultism, spiritualism, and finally high magic. I was the only graduate in the service of the goddess for the entire eastern region of Zaire. After changing my dimension, I became able to impose my will on inferior spirits such as those in my presence. I approached them and blocked their way. I wanted to know who

they were and where they were going, because I had not been told they were there. As a graduate for the entire eastern region, it was my right to be kept informed of all the comings and goings of foreigners in my jurisdiction.

The foul spirits answered me: "We are Felbuss, of the family of prince Beelzebub. We have lived in this area for a long time, in the Rwapo district here in Kisangani. We are on our way to answer the invitation of some friends." They could not lie to me because I dominated their will. But the neighbourhood in which they claimed to live did not exist in Kisangani. In front of my perplexity, they grew impatient and wanted to know who I was. I in turn gave them my identity: my name is Lisungi Mbula. I'm a graduate, serving the goddess of India. At the announcement of the name of the goddess, the climate of mistrust that already reigned in our midst was dissipated and they confided to me: we are in a hurry. They are waiting for us. We are also serving the goddess. If you want more information about us, call us tomorrow at midnight at this number: 0001-Tchao! I interrupted my spell. In other words, I released them and they went away.

Shortly after they left, I remembered the three students who seemed to be waiting for a visit from some spirits. I established a relationship between these three students and the filthy spirits. I decided to check if my intuition was right. Besides, I had nothing to lose. I was right. Indeed, the Felbuss were heading in the direction where the three students were. When these spirits arrived in their visual fields, they did not have the courage to face the Felbuss and fled. I do not condemn them to have fled, in any case, because the Felbuss are ignoble and ugly to see. No one can bear to look at them or approach them, without feeling great terror. Besides, it's as if they spread terror on their way. The proof was that without my supernatural abilities, I would have done like them. ***One of the three fugitive students stumbled and fell. Knowing that he was lost, he made this prayer: Lord Jesus, I acknowledge that I have sinned against You. Forgive my sin, You the Merciful! Save me, be my light and my strength!***

After this short prayer, something extraordinary happened. The Felbuss, coming from one direction, fled in three different directions. I did not understand why these filthy beings fled like this. I challenged them to tell them not to be afraid of these children. I shouted at them, "They are only children!" But none of them heard me or would listen to me. Then I continued shouting, running behind them: "They are only children, they are nothing, they are harmless!" They heard my words very well, but none of them stopped. Their flight excited my curiosity even more. For the second time, I changed dimension, and managed to neutralise one of the three fugitives. I forced him to explain to me the reason for their conduct. He tried unsuccessfully to flee several times, then explained this to me, reluctantly:

We came to answer the invocation of these three students that you saw waiting for us. When they saw us, they fled. So we got angry because they bothered us for nothing. We were preparing to punish them, when one of them, the one who fell, called someone to help him. This one does not like anyone to touch his protégés. Since the other had appealed to him, he had to come. And, by coming, he would have caught us and put us in a bottomless pit ... How would we have lived? This is the reason for our hasty escape. On the one hand, it's our fault.

We should have known if these people were to collaborate with that one. But we still came, and now here is the consequence. In any case, if we had known that they were collaborating, we would not have come!

I must say that when the young student had made his prayer, I had not heard it, because I was a little away. I questioned the third Felbuss to find out who was the one whose name, pronounced that night by a student, had caused these Felbuss to flee, which I myself had been afraid of. - What is the name of this "someone?" - His name is ... is ... "The King of all spirit." - His name? - ... Jesus ... The Felbuss seemed very uncomfortable and very tired when pronouncing the name of Jesus. He wanted to escape as quickly as possible from where we were. I released him and he went away all unhappy. I had no more doubt; the power of Jesus surpassed any other power. If not, how can one explain that a name pronounced late at night by a layman could put to flight monsters whose mere sight encourages reflection? Two of the three students became crazy, they did not even show up for the exams. The Word of God says clearly, *"Then whoever will call on the name of the Lord will be saved."* Acts 2:21.

2.4- The song of wild pigeons

If magicians read my testimony, most will discover facts beyond their comprehension. God has allowed these things to be known so that some may not say that God will never forgive. No! God is merciful, and He waits for you to follow my example, to repent, you sinner, to be converted, and to accept the Lord Jesus as your only Saviour, that you may be saved. As part of our research in the occult world, the teacher had asked us to buy spotless white or black cats. We immolated them and removed some of their members, to be used for the composition of certain substances necessary to strengthen our magical powers. We used the liquid in their eyes to compose an ingredient that, when consumed, allowed us to understand the language of animals. We were able to understand how chickens could insult the women who hunted them when they wanted to sweep the yard, or when they pecked at the seeds exposed to the sun. Such scenes were numerous.

People sometimes saw us laughing for no apparent reason and called us crazy, or hemp smokers, when in reality we were witnessing a comical scene. However, we were forbidden to reveal to the laymen the secret of our laughter, lest we go mad; not only the secret of our laughter, but also nothing that happened was to be revealed. It is said in the Kabbalah: "he who dares to do these things must be silent." We used to retire every year to quiet places to study the phenomena of the Earth, in order to predict the present events. We used past facts to probe the future, comparing them to certain events. We sent the results of our work to various European houses, which used them in their "Horoscope" sections. In the same vein and driven by curiosity, I had calculated my own astrological sign, commonly called horoscope. Helped by the teacher, my calculations had given me that I would die at the age of 97.

We had gone to great lengths to find out what would become of my soul after my death. The answer was that after my death, my soul will go to the cemetery of the University of Kisangani, and that it will work at the secretariat located on the second level. I was sure of myself and I was happy that I would be in my

hometown, unlike my friends, whose calculations had given that their souls would rest, after their death, in Parisian or London cemeteries. The time to do our research came. After the preparations were completed, the teacher, two of my friends and I left to find a quiet place for our research. We came to the bottom of a large tree called in Swahili language "Itume". It was very hot that day, and we were tired of walking. We stopped under the shade of this tree to rest. Sleep took hold of us, because we had decided to rest before starting work. As we were about to begin our work, we heard above our heads a choir singing a beautiful melody. Everyone remained calm to admire the beauty of the song.

Its content was as follows: ***We, we are fine. We feed ourselves easily. We move with ease. We live in peace and quiet, in the shade of tall trees. Who gets the credit? May all the merits go to God, our Creator! To whom? To God, the only Creator of Heaven and Earth. To Him praise, honour and glory forever!*** Compare this song to the song of Moses (Revelation 15:3-4). Our eyes all converged on the place where the melody that charmed us came from. A sigh of wonder escaped from our four chests when we discovered the provenance of these voices. Perched on a branch, seven wild pigeons were the authors of this beautiful text (Psalm 150:6). What surprised me the most was not that the pigeons could sing, but rather the content of their song. God speaks in different ways. But, because I was blinded, I could not see the hand of God behind the words spoken by these birds. Yet, that day, I lost interest in magic. Something in me made me think: "How do animals, birds, know the existence of a Creator God that must be honoured, while I, as a man, do not know how to do it?" I had no more courage to continue my research. I went home and the others followed me.

On the way back, I decided to give up magic. But I was afraid of dying young. I was only in my twenties. So I decided to serve them again until I was 70 years old, since the whole of my life was 97 years. So, after that age, when I'm old, I can start praying. At that age, if I had to die, I could do it without regret, because I would have lived a long time. Immersed in these thoughts, I came home broken down. I went straight to bed, but it wasn't night yet. At midnight, I didn't go to the cemetery to eat as usual. After midnight, telephone calls came from everywhere: the owner of the restaurant was getting restless because of the food getting cold, and he wanted to know if I wasn't coming to eat. My girlfriends asked me if they had to come to my house, in case I was late to meet them at the cemetery. Communications from Europe demanded the results of our research for the day, which had to be sent... To put an end to all these questions, I turned off my phone. I did not ask the teacher the exact explanation of the words contained in the song of the pigeons. First of all, these words were not addressed to us. Even if this had been the case, the birds could not know whether their message would reach its goal, because they did not know that humans understood their language.

2.5- The prayer of the old deacon

As I said in the previous chapter, the result of my initiation into my new duties was conclusive. Following this result, the teacher let me lead some delicate operations, like the one I will describe to you. It is the capture of a condemned spirit. There was a young man who, through my teacher, had signed a contract

to get a magic wallet. Day after day, for six months, the young man found in his wallet every morning the sum of 5000 zaïres. He spent the money as he saw fit, that is, unconditionally. He was rich. When the six months had passed, one morning, he found in his wallet, in the place where he usually found the money, a note written thus: "the person who was working for the money for you is tired after having served you for six months. We would like you send us his replacement in a short time." This note did not impress him.

He expected this situation and had prepared himself accordingly, for when he had signed the contract, everything had been described to him in detail. After reading the note, he went to see the teacher who put him in touch with me, a new graduate of the region and servant of the goddess. I summoned the young man to meet him. When the young man came, I took out the documents he had given at the time of his adhesion.... They included the names of the various members of his family, from his father to the youngest. The first convocation was to ask the young man to choose a name from the list in our possession, as well as the cause of death that best suited his victim, from among all possible causes. Here is the dialogue that ensued: - on what name did your choice fall? - On my father. - Why your father?

- Who else do you want me to sacrifice? My father is the oldest in the family. Rather than sacrifice someone who has not yet experienced life, I would prefer that my father dies. It is my principle that older people give way to younger people. - Well, you're defending yourself. All right! Now, pick one of these causes of death that suits your father best. Here is the list: **death by burning, by accident, by drowning, by weakening of an illness, death following a fight, death during sleep...** Before answering, the young man thought: "if I opt for death as a result of an illness, perhaps, during his illness, some sorcerers in the family will be able to see that I am the cause of his death. No! It's not right. If I opt for death by accident, his body may not be exposed during the mourning period. It could be damaged or crushed in such a way that its exposure is no longer possible. No! No death by accident. If he were to die in a fight, it would involve eternal conflict between my family and the family of the person who would fight with him. No! In any case, not this death. Then... "I want my father to die in his sleep."

I took note of the two answers given by the young man, namely that he was sacrificing his father and that he wanted him to be found in his bed one day dead. For me, his reasoning was correct: "the old must give way to the young." I dismissed him and made an appointment with him for the next day at 10 o'clock, for the great capture operation in question. The operation was to send serving spirits, and other determined spirits to seek and bring back the spirit of the victim, so that the latter would see the one who had him summoned, and agree before the witnesses to sign a contract to serve the person who had him summoned. In other words, the person had to come and sign the contract of his own death. It was my first operation of this kind. I put water in a basin, inside which I placed a magic mirror. All around the basin, I placed the magic prayer books. The hall was full of wandering spirits and servants, who were there for the occasion. At exactly ten o'clock, the young man arrived. I offered him a seat and he sat down.

I was able to postpone the operation or interrupt it if I wanted to, because I was in command of the operations. After a few minutes of concentration, I invoked the spirits aloud. I said, "I summon the eight spirits under the eight sub-princes. I want you to bring back to me the spirit of this person (name of person), so that he will accept before you to work for the one who appointed him." Then I gave the names of the eight sub-princes in question. Then I looked in the mirror to see the spirit of the person coming to answer my call. Then an event occurred before our very eyes, which exceeded our understanding. As I gazed into the mirror placed in the water, I saw a piece of wood of the size of a little finger. Then another piece of wood appeared. The two pieces of wood had united to form a cross. At the intersection of these two pieces of wood began to flow a liquid substance red as blood. This substance, by diluting in water, made it impossible to explore the mirror.

All the wandering spirits fled at the sight of this phenomenon. I threw away the red liquid that was in the basin. I replaced the red liquid with clean water, and put the mirror back into the basin. It was therefore necessary to repeat the operation with other data. I doubled the power of the magic prayer and pronounced these words: I invoke you the eight sub-prince spirits, for the eight spirits subject to you are not effective. I summon you, by the ineffable name ... to bring this man's spirit back to me, so that he can come and sign the contract in your presence. I listed the names of these eight sub-prince spirits, as well as the name of the victim. After that, I looked intensely into the mirror through the water of the basin. This time, I was sure to see the spirit of the young man's father appearing next to me. Instead, I saw in the mirror, a great expanse of water. I looked in vain at the mirror to try to distinguish the bottom of this body of water. It was bottomless. This depth made it impossible to explore. It was like a sea or an ocean.

I lost my temper. I was bothered with the idea of failing in my first operation to capture a condemned spirit. This feeling stimulated in me a certain stubbornness. I didn't get discouraged. For the second time, I threw away the contents of the basin, except the mirror, of course, and I put back another, cleaner water. I tripled the power of magic prayer. And I was going to go to the invocation of the four higher spirits, or evil spirits, when the idea came to me of examining first the spirit in question. Indeed, according to my teacher, some subjects are under the protection of some "houses." To catch such people, they had to be examined by the magic tube. The purpose of the latter was also to detect the protection enjoyed by the subject, as well as the degree of this protective power, in order to evaluate it by quantifying it.

It is thus, for example, that if the degree of protection of the subject were four, we would send him the same power, but of opposite value, minus four. Four minus four equals zero. The individual was then without protection, and therefore at our mercy. We could make him anything we wanted. Satan is like that! With him, it's the law of the strongest! According to the teacher's teachings about the people who are the subject of the capture operation, they often seem to dream or feel uncomfortable. But the case of our young man's father left me perplexed. The examination of the magic tube gave me the image of an old dad dancing in the middle of a group of people. The magic tube didn't reveal any

protection on him. You will understand that there was no way to neutralise him, since he had nothing on him. But what prevented him from coming to our call?

A second examination gave me the image of the old man collecting money in the midst of a group of people. I asked the young man next to me, "What does your father do for a living?" He answered: "My father is a deacon in a Protestant church." A simple deacon could not resist a god! Where did this failure come from? I wanted to phone the teacher to keep him informed of the turn of events, but I abstained, telling myself that if I failed on my third attempt, then I would do it. So I called upon the four wicked princes: I called upon you the four wicked princes, bring here to me the spirit of this mortal. To me... to me... to me... to me! I summon you to bring here to me the spirit of this mortal, dead or alive! Except in a case like this, where the victim had to die on the same day, we often gave a deadline of two days to three months before the victim died, even though he had already signed the contract.

After invoking these four evil spirits by name, I saw a hand in the mirror holding by three fingers a tiny book. The serving spirits who were helping me in this operation asked each other: "Is this hand the hand of the person we are waiting for, or that of the owner of the book?" The little book in question was a New Testament. When the serving spirits noticed that the little book was a New Testament, they all fled and told me that the owner of this book was still in his Word. They all fled, leaving me with the young man. The latter did not see the spirits. Because no spirit had remained with me, it was impossible to continue the operation. It was a huge failure, and I had to inform the teacher.

The young man was still present and had followed the whole scene. His father's capture operation was a huge failure. The only remaining option in such a case is to choose another person from the list, but divide into two parts the remaining years of the client's life. The first part was to belong to the client, and the second to the "house". This is what I explained to the young man: you know you'll have to live 94 years. We will subtract your present age from the number of your years, and we will divide the difference by two. So you have to live for another 36 years and 6 months, since you're 21. The first half will be for you, and the second for us, after which you can go and rest for good. However, before I do that, I still set a time limit of three days to try to capture your father's spirit. If I succeed, you will live, or we will carry out the plan I have just described to you. Since you're still here, you can sign the contract in advance as proof that you're okay with sharing the years.

The young man signed to approve his own death in 36 years and 6 months, in case I failed. I was very upset about his situation. I promised the young man to do everything in my power to save him. I knew in advance that the "house" would not wait 36 years to recall the young man. I knew it. At night, before going to the cemetery, I went invisible, and I passed by the old Deacon's house to spy on him. With the help of wandering spirits, I searched the old Deacon's house in vain, hoping to find some protection, a fetish or a talisman... So, lurking in a corner of the old Deacon's bedroom, I waited for him to come back and watch him before he fell asleep. I persisted in believing that the old man was hiding an occult protection that was not detectable by the magic tube, and that

he kept it carefully. For in his capacity as a deacon, he could not be protected from the invasion of evil spirits, or even of superior evil spirits. My reasoning was sound, since I knew pastors, priests, vicars, and so on, who commanded talismans from us, either for their advancement or for their protection against invisible enemies.

But this simple deacon...! Hidden in the room, I waited impatiently for his arrival. My wait was not long. Moments later, the deacon arrived. After he got undressed, he put on his pyjamas. Before going to bed, he knelt down and prayed, **"Lord Jesus, I will soon sleep. I don't know what can happen to me in my sleep. I ask you one thing: keep my spirit in Your Heaven, close to You. Who can go up there and take my spirit away from You? Nobody! I pray to You in your name, Jesus Christ. Amen! Amen!"** And he fell asleep (Colossians 3:3). From where I was, I had followed all the prayer of the old Deacon. Every word of his prayer had entered my mind. The spirit of this man was indeed where he wanted it to be: in the hands of Jesus. It had to be so, since even the four princes, the four superior wicked spirits, could not bring back his spirit (John 10:29).

I wanted to give up the struggle, but the young man's death grieved me greatly. I left the old deacon's house, and went thoughtful to the cemetery, stubborn. In reality, dear brothers and sisters in Christ, I was in darkness, in the deepest ignorance. When I thought about it, I had in mind to go spy on the old deacon again when he woke up. He may have had some kind of protection that he only honoured in the morning, not in the evening! To conceal it well, he pretended to pray in the evening, and in the morning he worshipped his power... At dawn, as I was leaving the cemetery, I rushed to his home. The old man awoke to start a new day. Strange thing, as if he had detected my presence in the room, (I had made myself invisible), the old man, **as soon as he got out of bed, knelt down and recited this prayer:** Lord Jesus, the sun rises and all nature awakens. There are people in this world who seek to destroy other people's lives. Lord, protect my spirit from the attacks of such people. Always keep my spirit up there, so that if they come to me, they find me "empty." By Your Name I prayed, amen!

As banal as these words may seem, dear children of God, I have experienced their accuracy. This morning prayer completely discouraged me in my attempts to pursue the spirit of the old deacon. I resigned myself to the loss of the young man, despite his principles, which I shared. To console myself, I told myself that after all, it was his fault. All he had to do was choose a person who didn't trust his spirit to the King of every spirit! Three days after the last attempt, I sent the results of the operation to whoever had the right. My dear brothers and sisters, **satan is a deadbeat. He does not keep his promises. Here is his method: after having misled you, he no longer cares about you. On the contrary, he takes off your life, lest, by remaining alive, you repent and one day convert.** For he knows well that it is on this earth that man has every chance to be saved and to have eternal life. It is not after death that one becomes holy, but it is on this earth that one is born of God. **A year later**, the young man in question was found dead in his bed. It was just the kind of death he chose for his father. The old deacon, his father, is still alive.

3- Conversion

Like everyone else, I first believed in the existence of God. Because of the reasons you know, my vision of the existence of God had completely deviated. The teachings of the teacher, and the events that followed, had convinced me completely of His non-existence. But at one point I began to notice contradictions between what he was telling me and everyday reality, which was just an illusion. From the moment I came to understand the existence of a supernatural reality, it was impossible for me to distinguish right from wrong, true from false. I took life easily while waiting for the truth to manifest in me. God is Love, my brothers and sisters. He made me see clearly.

3.1- The world of the cemetery

The first time I knew the world of the cemetery was the day I signed the contract by which I was to work for the goddess Maharashathie. That same night, when we returned to our world, after midnight, the teacher took me to the cemetery. I was not afraid of the night, because my body had been conditioned for this kind of circumstance. When we arrived at the cemetery, after having made ourselves invisible, the teacher pronounced an appropriate incantatory formula, and all the crosses of the cemetery disappeared. This was similar to what happens when a videotape is put into a VCR before the images appear on the screen. This same phenomenon occurred before our very eyes. A mysterious universe replaced the crosses of the cemetery, a world made up of skyscrapers and large buildings well lit and animated... There were alleys and avenues, and everything that makes up a modern contemporary city. The population consisted of young people. No old man, no children, everyone was young. The Bible always tells us of the existence of Heaven (where God dwells), of paradise (where those who deserve Heaven rest - Luke 23:43), of Hell, and of the abyss.

When someone dies, if he must go to Heaven, his spirit goes directly to paradise, in a very determined place, different from Heaven where God is. But if the deceased is a candidate for Hell, his spirit hovers over his coffin until he's buried. Before he is buried, some magicians can speak with this spirit hovering over the coffin using a mirror, or water caught in the whirlpool of a river, or a certain perfume. When the funeral procession reaches the cemetery, the spirits in charge of the reception service take charge of the newcomer, and give him a tour of his new homes. Apart from my occupations, which were to "bind" talismans, I also worked in the special reception service, as well as in the calculation of the horoscope of the "latecomer spirits," and in the control service: I hunted the spirits, especially those of women, so that they did not leave the cemetery to disturb the living, at night in the bars. As for the "latecomers," I'll give you some explanations. Each coffin was not necessarily accompanied by the spirit of its occupant. Some spirits did not accompany their bodies to the cemetery. They were still wandering in the void, because the silver cord that connects the body to the soul had been broken before time. To bring them back to the cemetery, I used the inscriptions on the grave crosses: Born in..., on..., died on...

From these data, I established their horoscope, and I determined their planets. The planet provided me with all possible information about where the deceased

was wandering. This allowed us to send a team to retrieve it. All spirits were not late. Some criteria helped us to categorise them. They are so named because of their delay. They join their bodies with a delay of a few days. Apart from the latecomers, there were other spirits who did not accompany their bodies, and for whom no criterion or sign of delay could be detected. According to the size of their coffin, I understood that they were children. I concluded first that babies did not have a spirit. But, as the days went by, I noticed that some baby coffins were accompanied by their spirits. I repeat that in the other world, everyone was the same height and age. It was at the size of the coffin that I determined the age of the newcomers at the time of their death. I did not understand how some child coffins had spirits, while others did not. It was only later that I had the explanation, which is:

Normally, the spirits of babies do not come to the graveyard for the simple reason that they are pure before God. They have no sins. The spirits of the babies who came to the cemetery were not of God. May this statement not disturb your understanding. **Not everyone is from God.** Remember that in Chapter 1, the teacher had given me two seals. One of them was to have every woman with whom I slept conceive. It is these babies, born of such a conception, whose spirits come to the cemetery, once their names are removed from the list of the living. If they manage to grow on the earth, these children become handsome guys, giants, who often occupy important positions in the human hierarchy. For the most part, they are single but rich. There were some people among the dead who I knew well. For these people, after their death, the members of their respective families contributed large sums of money to celebrate requiem masses, or masses of the dead, so that the souls of the dead rest in peace.

Ironically, it was sometimes the friends of my teacher who celebrated mass during the day, and then joined us at night in the cemetery! The parents of these deceased expected that from their prayers The "Good Lord" would forgive the sins of the dead and receive them into his Heaven. Whereas as part of my duties, I was in charge of installing the newcomers! These were my occupations for more than seven years in the world of the cemetery. Ever since I heard the wild pigeon song, my mind was made up. It was at this time that I came up with the idea of abandoning magic practices, but only from the age of 70. Actually, I was afraid of dying young and poor. In my heart, however, I was not sure that I could give up magic, because I knew what would happen to my soul after my death, at least from what I was led to believe. But when it was given to me to discover the truth, my decision was irrevocable.

3.2- The empty coffin

Usually, when a new coffin was brought to the cemetery, the spirit of the newcomer waited next to the coffin, until he was given everything he needed to install itself. That day, there were three entrances, so three deaths. Next to these three coffins were two spirits waiting for their installation. There was no spirit next to the third coffin. At night, when I arrived, I found two spirits instead of three. This exceeded my understanding, especially since none of the three coffins was that of a child and none showed signs that it was a "latecomer". I took advantage of the teacher's presence to enlighten me on the two specific

cases. I asked him: "Why do the spirits of some babies not come to the cemetery, and where is the spirit of this third?" Indeed, I knew nothing of it. He gave me this philosophical answer: "These kinds of spirits do not come here. In principle, on this earth, each man's life consists of five components: food, clothing, wealth, honour and glory. The souls of the people who come here are those of the people who have lived all five components on Earth. While **the souls of those who have lived only two or three components of their lives, during their sojourn on earth, do not come here. They lived in simplicity and austerity, in the hope of living the other components of their lives with their Master.**"

This answer of the teacher, instead of satisfying my curiosity, only excited me the more. I wanted to know who their "Master" was and what place was reserved for them after their death. To this last question, the teacher gave no answer. During my conversation with him, there stood beside me one of my girlfriends from the cemetery, a spirit servant. She had followed everything from our dialogue. She took me aside and said, "Darling, I am astonished at the questions you ask the teacher, after all the time you have spent with us! Is it true that you don't know where the spirit of the third corpse went? It's strange that a question like that should come from you! The spirit of the third body cannot come here for the simple reason that he is a Christian. You can't say it's full of Christians here! Yes, there are Christians coming, but they are Christians in name only. True Christians don't come here! Their Master doesn't want them to come here. He doesn't even want them to see the existence of our world. That is why, when they die, He sends for them. As for where they're going, none of the people here know. No matter how hard we looked for the location, we never found it, so we resigned ourselves."

Do you know why true Christians don't come here? **A true Christian, if he has clothing and food, that is enough for him. He will not seek glory, honour, power, or wealth. It is these last three things that drive human beings to separate themselves from their Master and to come here.** When I heard these words, I was terrified. Afraid to have deceived myself, or to have been deceived. For the second time, I asked this question: "What is the name of the Master of Christians, and what awaits us who are here now?" My girlfriend smiled a little and said, "Honey, you're not going to tell me you don't know what awaits all of us here! Forgive me for forgetting, but the name of the Master of Christians is the King of all spirit (of all flesh) (Numbers 16:22). When He comes to judge the living and the dead, He will condemn us, all of us who are here, and He will cast us into a lake of eternal fire. It's common knowledge. That's why you see us living in opulence, because we have nothing to lose and nothing to gain. Our sentence has already been served, and we are only waiting for it to be carried out. In the meantime, we're having fun during this reprieve." With these words, I remembered what my teacher often told me about what would happen to my spirit after my death. He never told me about a judgment day or a conviction.

A cold anger flooded my soul against my Polish teacher. I felt for him a hatred. I forgot all his benefits. "The King of all the spirit is Jesus..." These words of the third Felbuss came back to my mind. I thought that what I had read somewhere in the Bible was therefore true. I no longer had any reason to doubt it. Besides, what good would it do to doubt or deny the existence of God and Jesus Christ,

since the source from which these truths came to me had no interest in lying to me? My whole body shook from the fear I felt. I was afraid that the others would know that I had finally discovered what they had been hiding from me for a long time. That night, I made the decision to abandon magic and all its practices, regardless of the consequences. I had to get out of the cemetery first. I pretended to work as usual, without letting anyone penetrate my thoughts. In the morning, at about four o'clock, I went to the place where the exit was, and I recited the appropriate incantatory formula, for the closing of the invisible world and the opening of the visible world. The fairy world disappeared to make way for the cemetery crosses planted in the ground. The dew had soaked the vegetation, and the shadow of the night was gone, giving way to a new day.

3.3- I decide to give up magic (Read the warning at the end of the testimony)

I knew I had to die if I put an end to the practice of magic. But I wasn't afraid of death. My deepest wish now was that after my death my soul would not go to the graveyard to await eternal condemnation, but rather that it would go where the spirit of the third body had gone. I didn't want my soul after my death to be the laughing stock of my former partners, of those for whom I was a traitor. But for my soul to be with the King of all spirits, I had to become "a true Christian", so that Jesus would send for my soul after my death. To become a true Christian, I was not supposed to go to my teacher because he had already given me his opinion on God. On my return from the cemetery, I went to see a pastor. I told him everything I had done in the field of magic, and everything that awaited me after I had exposed all to a non-practitioner. I did not hide from him what drove me to abandon magic, because I wanted to become a true Christian. He had to tell me what to do, since my teacher didn't know. The pastor, though astonished and surprised at everything he heard from my mouth, did not interrupt me. It was only at the end of my story that he advised me to accept the Lord Jesus in my heart as my personal Saviour, and to go and deliver to the teacher all the so-called powers and protections in my possession. He ended by saying, "You will only die if Jesus Christ wishes."

My confession at the pastor had taken long enough. I returned a little late to the teacher's house, compared to other days. At home, I found him sitting in the living room, looking worried. He was obviously waiting for me, for when I came in, he immediately asked me, "Where have you been?" I looked all over for you after our conversation, to tell you about some of the things you asked me, but I never saw you again, to my amazement. A friend of yours told me you were already gone. I arrived and I could not find you. Where have you been? Speak, I'm listening, my son.

Father, for more than ten years I have been at your side. I believed everything you said to me, without any ulterior motives, because I always considered you my father. But for some time, I have noticed some contradictions between what you had confirmed to me as true, and the reality that I was living. Father, you gave me protection, saying it would protect me from any visible or invisible enemy, and yet, I was paralyzed by the shouts of a young man, who had only spoken a simple Name; that Name you deny exists, wanting me to do the same.

I have long believed and respected you, father, despite my own experiences that contradicted your claims. Only yesterday, I wanted to clarify two points on which my reasoning could not find an adequate solution. Your silence only confirmed my doubts.

Following your silence, and thanks to the answers given by the servant spirit who stood by my side, I decided to abandon magic and follow Jesus regardless of the consequences. It's so that I won't abandon you that you have long hidden the truth from me. You were hiding it from me for fear that I would abandon you the day I found out. Now that I know the truth, I do not see what is keeping me here, nor what prevents me from leaving you, dear professor... so I come to give you all my protection and all my powers, to follow only Jesus Christ. I desire that when I die my soul will not return to the cemetery, but to the place where yesterday the soul of the body that had no spirit went. I now want to follow Jesus, so that when I die He will come and take me to the place that none of you knows. Excuse me, father, I must leave you, and I must leave magic. ***I went to see a pastor this morning and he advised me to hand everything over to you, protection and power, in order to become a Christian.*** That's why I'm giving you this object. The object in question was a small bottle containing a viscous liquid inside of which was a live mermaid.

The teacher followed me very well. He had sometimes nodded when I said certain things to him. As answer, he said only this: it is no longer to me that you must give your powers and protections, but rather to the goddess Maharashtra. She's the one you signed the contract to work with for the rest of your life. So, if you really want to give up magic, go meet her. You know the way, and the means to get there. If there's anything I can advise you on, before you go to the goddess, give yourself time to think. If you change your mind, come to me, and we'll talk again. But if you really want to give up magic, I remind you that you will die young and poor.

In my excitement of abandoning magic, I had not realised all the serious consequences of his answer. In other words, I did not realise the risk I was taking by venturing to go to the land of the goddess to give her my powers. On second thought, I figured it would be suicidal for me. I could hardly see the goddess, after I had broken the contract that bound me to her, bringing me back to the place where I had entered, so that I could return safely to our world. As I was packing to move out of the teacher's house, it occurred to me not to go to the land of the goddess, but rather to go to invoke Dr. Kaylash Payba, god of India, in a cemetery near the city.

This choice of a cemetery not far from the houses was conditioned by fear. I was afraid that after handing over all my powers and protections, I would be banned from leaving, so that my body would be found in the morning by passers-by, in case they killed me. I was still thinking that in case they wanted to hurt me, I could cry for help and be rescued by the passers-by. I was scared! I moved from the teacher's house to the pastor's house, waiting for my life to normalise. I had now completed my studies, I had become engineer in Agronomy. I hadn't thought about working or looking for a job. So it's about time I did. Since I had to go to the cemetery in the evening to restore my powers, I had to spend the whole afternoon listening to the Wonderful Words of Jesus, which the pastor

gave me. ***He strongly insisted that I give to whom by right all that still connected me to the world of darkness from which I came.*** On the evening of the same day, I went to a cemetery not far from the city, in the hope of realising the plan that I had carefully conceived during the day. When I got to the cemetery, I invoked Dr. Kaylash Payba.

In the past, when we called upon him, he manifested himself by the appearance of a distant light that grew as he approached. Contrary to his usual way of appearing, he appeared to me this time hovering in the air. He stood up and said, "I am Dr. Kaylash Payba, god of India. Behold, I walk in the air like God!" And I stood up, and said unto him, I am from my teacher. I have given up magic and all its practices. So I'm here just to hand over my powers and my protection. I went on to give him these.

When he had recovered them, he said, "Is this the only reason for your visit, or do you have something else to say?" "I want my hair and the dust from my right heel," I replied. - Go to building number two on the second level, look in the second bedroom drawer on the left, and you'll find everything you're talking about. I left, and I got my things back. I scattered the dust and burned the hair. Then I went back to the doctor. - That's it? He asked me. That's all, doctor, I said. That's good, that's good... you know what awaits you, you know the laws: tomorrow at twelve O'clock, you will die, he told me. Doctor, I'll die if Jesus wants me to! I replied.

On that note, I took leave of him and left. On the way back, I came across a compact group of serving spirits. They wouldn't let me pass, saying the doctor wanted to see me for a final discussion session. Without paying attention to what they said, I asked them to let me pass, in the name of Jesus. So they all made way and I passed through them. When I got to the pastor's house, I told him all about my conversation with Dr. Kaylash Payba. He encouraged me and even thanked the Lord for me. Personally, I was not convinced of the effectiveness of prayer, as far as the doctor's threats were concerned. That is why I asked the pastor to give me a sum of money to go to Yangambi, where my parents lived. I told him I didn't want to die away from my family. The pastor, having exhorted me to believe only in the name of Jesus to be saved, gave me the sum of money necessary for my transportation to Yangambi. He accompanied me to the place where the means of transportation to Yangambi was found. Along the way, he kept repeating to me: you will not die, the Lord Jesus loves you!

3.4- The illness

In Yangambi, apart from a few students who had attended the magic demonstrations I was doing outdoors in Kisangani, no one could have suspected my mysterious activities. My conscience hadn't any guilt in relation to my parents. Indeed, they knew that I was studying in Kisangani, and that one of my teachers was housing me. Sometimes, when I was still with Helen, I sent them small amounts of money, while making them understand that I was unemployed. In reality, I could not attract their attention by giving them large sums of money. So my arrival at Yangambi was quite normal for them. I was welcomed, the neighbours came to say hello. I felt a bit of sorrow at the thought that I would miss all these loved ones for good after twelve O'clock, that is, after my death!

At five to twelve, I told them that I was going to retire to my room to rest. Actually, I didn't want to die in the presence of my parents. Before I lay down on the bed, I made this prayer: "Lord Jesus, it is to meet You that I have left all my glory, all my wealth and all my happiness. Now, I am going to die... I ask of You one thing, Lord Jesus: I wish my soul does not go to the cemetery, where I come from. Send Your angels to recover my soul, that I may not be a laughing stock of those whom I have forsaken, of those whom I have abandoned to follow You... I wish my spirit would go to the place where the spirit of the third corpse of the cemetery went. Forgive my sins and take care of my parents. Amen!" At twelve O'clock, I felt a weakness invading my body. My whole body, as well as the room where I was, was flooded with a strong scent of perfume. I figured the doctor kept his word. When I smelled the perfume, I thought they were there. Then I lost consciousness...

At 4p.m., I regained consciousness, and found that I was not dead. A few moments later, the joints of my body did not respond properly to my will. I lost my memory. I didn't know how to calculate one plus one, or what my name was. I didn't know how to express myself properly anymore. I couldn't stand on my legs for more than five minutes without falling or losing balance... Anyway, I was mentally retarded! My parents didn't understand what had happened to me. I, on the other hand, knew that, but I was not in a position to tell them. In their haste, they "took me to healers, to help me." For two weeks, I was subjected to this native treatment without success. He made incisions in the skin of my neck, waist, face, belly, and wrists, using razor blades, while rubbing with his fingers black powder substances. I went through this treatment without any improvement in my health.

I usually gained memory for a limited period of time. One day, in a moment of lucidity, I said to my parents: this indigenous treatment to which I am subjected is of no use to me. Spirits are responsible for my present condition. These fetishists can do nothing against spirits. They are all in the service of one and only master. Instead, take me to the hospital so I can die there, instead of damaging my body with these useless incisions. What's the point of all this spending? The next day, my parents took me to Inera hospital in Yangambi. The doctors, after examining me, diagnosed heart palpitations. For greater clarity, and for those who would like one day to verify the veracity of what follows, I give you the names of the two doctors who made the diagnosis: Dr. Likwela and Dr. Kande. They therefore concluded that I would recover after two weeks of treatment.

My dear brothers and sisters, instead of the two weeks that had been predicted, I stayed in the hospital for two years, only to come out dead! Two years of deprivation and excruciating suffering. Apart from my isolation and suffering, there was also the problem of my food. Indeed, seven years spent feeding only on food prepared in the cemetery had conditioned my stomach. I would vomit any prepared food I wanted to eat, or it would cause me diarrhoea... So I had to go back to my old diet, which consisted of eating only raw foods.

When I was still at the teacher's house, it was easy for me to follow this diet. But going on such a diet in a hospital in Yangambi was a luxury, which my means

could not satisfy. That's how I could spend three to four days on an empty stomach, without anyone bringing me anything to eat. I didn't blame my parents for the lack of food. I understood them. First of all, they had nothing to do with what happened to me. Second, the kind of food they had to bring me was scarce on the market. Finally, the distance between the hospital and the home was also a major factor in this deprivation. So I understood them.

My younger brothers who had to bring me food got tired too. As the days went by, my parents lost interest in me because of the duration of my illness. A disease that had never been well defined. Two years is not nothing in the life of a human being. My parents either wanted my recovery or my death. For they were exasperated, yes, exasperated, to see me suffer, and to see themselves unable to do anything to help me. Then they prayed, asking the Most High to heal me or take my life, for the fact that I remained in this condition did not satisfy anyone, except satan, of course, my former boss. My health was getting worse. It was getting worse day after day, in spite of the medication that was being given to me, thanks to the relationships that my family had with certain nurses. My older brother was a trainee nurse in this hospital. After his internship, he entrusted me to the care of his friends, so that I would be treated well. Despite this care, my illness was still getting worse.

I wasn't afraid to die. What tormented me was the idea that after my death my spirit could return to the cemetery. To put an end to this ordeal, I decided to commit suicide. But, remembering the condition of the suicides in the cemetery, I refused to carry out this plan. I would rather do it through another person. I once asked a nurse to end my life, for example, by exceeding the dose of medicine, or simply by poisoning me. The nurse didn't say anything instantly.

Two days later he came bedside me and said, "It is not because you are my friend's brother that you should think that everything is permitted, right?" The act you asked me to commit against you is a disgrace in the field of Medicine. No doctor, no medic, no nurse in the world can agree to commit this act without incurring prosecution by the Medical Association. Moreover, he would be removed from this Order, and would no longer be able to practice his profession. So you see, what you're asking me to do is to betray my oath. But since you want to die, wait, I'll help you by driving you out of here! That way, you can die wherever you want, but not here anyway.

Note that this nurse was informed of my past, and he knew who I was. For him, what I asked him to do was magic. I, on the other hand, knew that it was satan who was making me suffer that way, to prove to me that it was not easy to abandon him. I was transferred to Essai hospital because there were few patients there. Several days passed. One day, while I was sitting on the veranda with my back against a pillar, I noticed that the world where I found myself began to flee from me. In other words, the images and sounds would move away from me and then come back again. As they moved away, everything became smaller, and the sounds became inaudible. This phenomenon lasted at least ten minutes, then everything returned to normal. I informed my nurse. He immediately told me that death was coming, and that if I were a believer it was high time for me to pray or confess.

I thought that I was finally going to die, that the suffering and the isolation were over, as well as the sickness and the torments, and that I was finally going to see Jesus. I was going to see Him face to face, He, the King of all spirits, He who was so dreaded, He, the apex of all power! After I told the nurse what had happened to me, they changed my room. I was then transferred to the room of the dying. There was already a man who had preceded me in that room, and who was occupying a bed. He was already dying. Five days before my change of room, no one had brought me food. In addition to my illness, I was hungry, and despite the blankets, I felt cold.

I felt a total weakening invading my whole being. I was lying on my sick bed. There was a young boy who came to visit a sick relative. After he had looked for him all over the hospital, he was sent to the room where I was. It was there that he found his relative in agony. The young man hastened to tell the family of their relative's condition. As he was going out, I waved to him to come closer. When I had called out to him, he recognised in me the magician of Kisangani.

He recognised me despite my weight loss. Without giving him the time to say a word, I told him to go also to warn mine of the gravity of my condition, and I added: "I feel that death is approaching. I'm going to die. I feel it, and the doctors have told me. You, on the other hand, go tell my parents and tell them to hurry up, because this will be their last visit. They won't be able to come back here after I'm dead, except to carry my body and bury it. When I die, I'll put an end to their torments. Tell them I don't blame them for dying so young. It's not their fault. They sent me to study, but me, because I wanted to get rich quick, I tried magic. I have only one regret about them:

I die like a dog, like someone who doesn't have a family, without anyone next to me to close my eyes after I die. For five days, no one has come to see me, and I haven't eaten anything. Tell them I don't blame them. It's all my fault... Go and tell them everything I told you." Broken by this dismal speech, the young boy began to cry. He refused to leave, telling me that he preferred to wait until I die, so that he would close my eyes, and that afterwards, he would go to deliver the message. But I refused his offer. To convince him, I added, "Hurry. Maybe if you hurry, they can come find me still alive, and then I can tell them what I didn't have the courage to tell you. Hurry!" Reassured, the young boy went away sad. A few hours after he left, I felt strange feelings in my body. Lying on my bed in the hospital room where I was, I saw the sky go down at a dizzying speed, and cover my eyes. I turned my eyes from left to right to try to understand what was happening to me, but everywhere I turned my head, I saw only the blue of the sky, not the dark of the night. My view was gone... A few moments later, the sounds moved away.

I felt the noises that were around me moving away little by little, until they disappeared completely... No sound or noise could be heard any more. I concluded that I had become deaf. The hearing was gone too.... I wasn't blind, yet all I could see was the colour blue. I couldn't see or hear anything that was going on around me, but I could feel everything that was going on around me. I was still conscious, something like that. A moment later, I noticed that my jaws were very heavy and no longer obeyed the force of my will to open or close.

I could no longer speak or make any sound. Yet my heart was still beating and I was breathing, albeit with difficulty, but I was still breathing. My speech was gone... Then I suddenly felt a freezing cold, if not deadly, invading me and grasping my toes and fingers. From the toes and fingers, this cold gradually spread all over my body, and converged on the heart. Every member of my body that the cold went through became insensitive, as if it no longer existed. It then became impossible to move even a little finger. ... Then came the critical moment, an atrocious moment that every being born of a woman goes through.

The beats of my heart resounded in me with great amplification, like a hammer on a blacksmith's anvil... Thoum! Thoum! Thoum!... The pattern of the beats became irregular. The gap between one beat and the next was widening. I was afraid and I wanted to cry out for help, cry for help! But the voice didn't come out of my throat. I wanted to call a preacher of the Good Word, the pastor, to baptize me... I wanted to make a short prayer, but I had run short of ideas. It was too late... Everything was confused in my head. I was suffering, and my suffering was increasing.

My dear brothers in Christ, I wept, regretted my life, especially my youth. I told myself it was my fault that I suffer like this. Why did I try to get rich? Why did I seek power and glory by dishonest means? Why did I blindly follow the teacher's teachings? Why did I practice magic? Now I had to die prematurely, young and poor, while those of my age still lived, though poor but still alive.

Now, I had to pay the price, but what price? A throbbing pain gripped my heart. It was as if a mysterious surgeon, better still, a butcher, cut a region in the centre of the heart with scissors. With each stroke of scissors, the pain increased in intensity. At every stroke of scissors, I'd inhale a big breath of air. Although I inhaled a lot of air, my lungs wouldn't fill up! It looked like they had holes in them and let the air in without holding it. We all know that breathing consists of breathing in fresh air and exhaling the air already treated by the lungs. But I was just breathing in, and my lungs wouldn't let me breathe out... With each new stroke, the pain became more and more acute, and I was now inhaling larger puffs of air than the previous times.

Dearly beloved, it is at this very moment that every man needs his Creator. Besides, I don't have to comment on that, since you're already born. So you will die one day, and you will go through this experiment to verify its veracity... I may not be able to find the appropriate terms, but that's the way it is. It is at this time that you will desire to know your God, you who have not yet known Him, and who persist in ignoring Him... Finally, the last scissor stroke cut my last slice! All the air in my lungs came out and I exhaled... I was dead!

3.5- On the other side of death

A few seconds after my lungs released all the air in them, I saw myself get up and sat on my bed, so that my feet touched the ground. Next to me, on the other bed, I noticed a person who was also getting up from his bed. He wanted to know if I was ready for the trip. Indeed, it seemed to me that I had to make a certain trip, but to go where I did not know! Then I answered him in the affirmative. My new companion and I, descended from our respective beds, and

we headed out. As I walked away, I took a look at the place I had just left. On the bed, I noticed an elongated shape covered with clothes.

I didn't recognise this form as being my old body, since I had another one, and I wasn't crazy either. So we went down from the beds and went to the exit, in order to find a means of transport to take us to the hitherto unknown destination. We left to settle on the other side of the road that was passing by.

A white car stopped a few meters from where we were. The driver alighted and asked us if we had seen two people with packages in their hand, and he added: The King has sent me to look for two people who, in principle, should be here. We replied eagerly that it was us. He stared at us for a moment without saying anything, got in his car, and left. After the car left, our attention was drawn to a group of people who came making a lot of noise, holding their chests while lamenting. Without paying any attention to our presence, they overtook us and entered the room where we had left.

Inside, they made more noise than outside. Grouped around the two beds, they were busy moaning more, looking at the two elongated shapes on the beds. Since the noise they were making was exasperating us, I approached one of them and touched him to explain to me the reason for all this uproar. He didn't even look at me. I abandoned him to find another member of the same group. His reaction was identical to that of the first. I wanted to contact a third person, but my companion intervened to tell me to let go.

And he said, "Do you not see that they can neither see us nor feel us, nor hear us?" If that's the case, it means we're dead... This deduction made him uncomfortable. Vexed, he said to me, "We are not dead and we will never die, at least as far as I am concerned. I'm alive and I won't die!" Seeing the tone of his voice and the calmness with which he expressed himself, I could no longer doubt. Convinced, I shut up and joined him by the side of the road. A little later, the people in question left the hospital with two packages. A long time passed without any incident disturbing our peace. Then came another vehicle, this time a bus, which stopped very close to us. The driver, without leaving his vehicle, asked us if it was us, and if we were the two passengers he had been ordered to bring back into his vehicle.

Our answer was yes. Surprised at our answer, he went away disappointed... The silence was broken by a voice coming from above us, saying: "Christian women!" "African Christian women!" Raising our eyes in the direction from which the voices came, we saw a great ship, a ship sailing in space! The passengers on the boat were black women, all wearing white handkerchiefs. On the boat was the flag of Jesus.

When they saw us, these women waved their handkerchiefs at us, and sang a melody, the text of which reads: "The flag of Jesus floats and shows us the way to Heaven!" We spent time to contemplate the ship, which disappeared with its passengers in the clouds. We responded to their greetings by waving our hands. Long after the ship was gone, I asked my companion, "My dear, you who say we are not dead, have you ever seen a ship sailing in the air? As for me, not yet, I

only see things like this here. Did you hear the words of the song of the women who greeted us in the boat earlier? "The flag of Jesus shows us the way to Heaven." Have you ever heard that anywhere else, you who claim not to know death?" In response, after smiling pitifully, he said to me, "If you think you are dead, I don't know, my dear. But don't you want us to talk about something else, please, because I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't want to explain it to you anyway". I felt ridiculous at my friend's attitude.

With each of his answers, I felt the uselessness of my insistence. So I kept quiet and resigned myself, so as not to cause him any trouble by my questions. A great sound startled us: it was a great flying machine. I name it a plane for better understanding, but, in reality, it wasn't a plane. The plane in question landed a few meters away from where we were. The pilot exited his cabin and signalled my friend to take a seat on board. The latter did not wait to be told that twice. He entered without protocol. I was also about to enter, when I saw the door slam in my face. The pilot, using a microphone, told me that he had not received any specific instructions about me, that it was necessary to wait for the decision of the King, who was to pass any moment now at this precise place. From within, my companion heard my plea to the pilot.

Suddenly, a loud voice was heard, "The King!" Suddenly the King appeared. His body was **crystal-clear**, that is, one's eyes could pass through his body without difficulty, and see clearly the objects on the other side. He was handsome and had the stature of a normal man. Someone came out of the plane holding a document in his hand, in which he read all my past life. He described all my actions from the day I became conscious until the time I sent the young man from the hospital to inform my family. The King followed everything without saying a word, then, at the end, He nodded His head. He spoke no word. Then He disappeared.

At the same moment, the plane took off with my companion. As he was leaving, a great sorrow invaded my heart! I was left alone, abandoned. This feeling of isolation made me feel so bad that I felt like crying. But suddenly I heard a distant voice saying, "Jesus Christ, Judge of the Dead! Jesus Christ, Judge of the Dead! Jesus Christ, Judge of the Dead!" This voice came close to me and amplified itself in such a way that at the third time I felt as if my eardrums were bursting. Not holding on anymore, and in a last effort, I woke up!

3.6- A resurrected in Yangambi!

So I came back to life! When I opened my eyes, the first things I noticed were the palm branches hanging over my head. When I turned my head, there were instantly two movements in the crowd that was around me: those who were nearby fled, escaping from me, while those who were far away approached to see why others were fleeing. So there were two simultaneous movements. It was time for contemplation and admiration. Personally, I didn't understand what was happening. There were several people around me. Among them, I recognised some faces. To my left, there was a coffin with everything ready for burial: white sheets, pillows, and some of my clothes. I was wearing a suit I didn't remember ever wearing. I had white socks on my feet and white gloves on my hands. Everything smelled of perfume. The perfume bottle was placed on

the edge of the coffin. It was almost 2 p.m. when I came back to life. Candles glowed around the coffin. When I realised what had happened, a great joy filled my heart. I was dead, and now I was alive!

When I got up from the bed where I was lying, my first words were, "Glory to Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ is alive!" The people around me wondered, wondering where I had known Jesus. After this moment of immense joy, I strongly decided to go to the hospital where I had been hospitalised, and where I had died. When word of my resurrection was heard, everyone ran to see me. I had spent more than a day among the dead because I had died the previous day at about ten o'clock, and I had come back to life the next day at about two o'clock. I was already being prepared for my funeral when I came back to life.

On the way to the hospital, everyone was amazed at what I was saying about Jesus the Saviour. I felt like a force was driving me to the hospital. I didn't even know what I was going to do there. When I arrived at the hospital, I was recognised by the sick as the deceased who had been taken the day before. Without caring about what they said, I cried out in a loud voice, "Glory to Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ is alive!" These words, spoken at about three o'clock in a hospital in Yangambi, produced a great miracle. All the sick were healed. All of them, without exception! Even those that had been operated upon in the afternoon of that same day. All were healed, and the doctors couldn't believe it!

One of them, Dr. Baylo, approached a former patient whom he himself had operated on in the afternoon. But when he saw him hopping and running with joy, he thought that he had gone mad, in addition to his illness, or that it was he himself who was going mad. To find out, he called the patient and forced him to undress. The latter, without any shame, obeyed instantly. Then the doctor noticed how He who had formed the body of man with the dust of the earth knew how to heal, Him, Jesus...! **There were no scars left and no trace of any surgery.** Talking about a miracle, it was a perfect miracle! A real one, anyway! The doctor didn't know what to think or what to say. Of course, he knew exactly what a miracle was, but he'd never met one. That day he was given an opportunity to see one, and he believed. That evening, he was baptized by immersion in the name of Jesus! For lack of patients, the hospital remained empty....

After this great miracle, I remembered my travelling companion, the one who had flown. I decided to go to his house. There, the mourning was in full swing. I approached his close relatives and asked them to listen to me. When they recognised me, they all shut up. I advised them not to cry any more, but to rejoice, since their deceased relative was "well" where he was now. I explained to them all that had happened, and how I had found it difficult to make the deceased understand that we were dead. How he advised me not to seek out the reasons for the racket they were making. **I made them understand that the crying and lamentation had nothing to do with the dead. All they needed was peace and quiet.** I also explained to them how the Great King had sent a whole plane to transport their brother whom they were weeping. All followed carefully. Nobody dared to interrupt me. At the end of my story, no one cried again. It was time to go bury my companion's body.

Although weakened by illness, I also carried my friend's coffin. I thought to myself, "If I were still in magic, I wouldn't be able to see the spirit of this person!" When we got to the cemetery, there were two holes dug in the same spot in the ground. One was meant for me, and the other was for my companion. Our graves were adjoining because we died on the same day. The sight of my grave aroused in me the same feelings of isolation that I had felt when the plane had taken off, carrying my friend... Fatigue, hunger, and grief eventually broke the little strength I had left. Remembering the departure of my companion, I wept. Why was I alive? To suffer again in this world? My body needed a lot of rest and food. I fell for lack of energy, and I lost consciousness! Unconscious, I was brought home. I regained consciousness on the way.

Several days passed. I returned to Kisangani. My parents chose a young girl for me to marry. Then I was employed at the company Cameza, Kisangani agency. This company deals in wire. I was assistant director. The company gave me a house, and I had a Land Rover at my disposal. The Lord so much blessed His work through my ministry in the Church of Kisangani! Many miracles happened through our prayers, including the healing of the mentally ill. Indeed, our ministry was mainly concerned with the mentally ill. We prayed for them, and the Lord healed them all. Among them were the two young students who had fled when the Felbuss arrived, the commando who had shot me, and many others. Around us a prayer cell was formed.

As part of my ministry, I persuaded several people, to whom I had given talismans when I was still practising magic, to follow my example and abandon magic practises. Some accepted and abandoned magic, while others did not want my words. For them, satan had tightened the blindfold of ignorance on their eyes, lest they should see the clarity of prayer while it was still day. My love for God had caused me to become an evangelist in a Protestant community in the locality. During six years of ministry in my church, I kept secret the testimony you are now reading. This silence was due to several factors: first, I saw no interest in telling the children of God about my past that I wanted to forget at all costs. Then, I was afraid of being taken to court by some people who would feel directly involved in this story. Finally, there was the respect due to my teacher who, by the way, was still there.

3.7- The fireball

Around me a prayer group was formed, which did not depend on any other existing community, except on Jesus Christ Himself. We gathered for praise, meditation of the Word of God, intercessory prayer and worship. As I told you before, the Lord had given us the gift of healing... One day they brought us seven sick, so that God might save them through our prayers. But, in spite of our prayers, none of them was restored! In addition to this, there was a certain spiritual drought in our group, so we decreed a seven-day fast to revive the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst. This fast was to end with a prayer vigil that coincided with the date of January 1, 1986. Something then happened that night. In fact, there were 32 of us in a room on a plot located at 39 Mangobo Street, Rongo District, Matete area, in the city of Kisangani. We exalted God with hymns of praise, and everyone was sweating! Suddenly, a ball of fire came down, and stood in the middle of four choir brothers!

Pushed by the power of the Holy Spirit, these brothers confessed in turn their misdeeds with a loud voice, while weeping! This confession left us stunned, for we could not have imagined for a single moment having in our choir thieves, crooks, fornicators and murderers! But as we shared in their sincerity, we also began to weep, imploring for them the forgiveness of the Almighty. How wonderful it is to receive the forgiveness of the Lord, to be washed from all sins, and to live in the love of Christ! In that ball of fire that everyone saw in the midst of us, I saw what Ezekiel had seen and written in the second verse of his book: a "Being in White!" This Being of Light came to me and wiped away my tears! It was then that, unable to control my emotion, I burst out of joy and cried aloud: "My brethren, the Lord Jesus Christ has wiped away my tears, the Lord is here, He is in the midst of us!"

After that, the Being became the fireball again. He ascended towards Heaven, dragging me along in his path, as described in Ezekiel 8:3, while, for the brethren who were praying with me, I had fallen down lifeless on the ground! Throughout our ascent, I saw many people leaving Earth to Heaven, The Being of which it was still difficult to distinguish the form said to me: "I allowed you to do magic and to know all these things to denounce them to your fellow men by your testimony, so that they would abandon their evil ways, convert, and live. However, you shut up and you preach my Gospel! Yes, but first testify before your brothers so that my message reaches their hearts and finds its place in them... Come and see what your silence costs." When we came to a junction in the road, he said to me, "On earth, you always say there will be a judgment, but without understanding its meaning. This is the judgment. It is here that each one automatically takes his direction, according to the life they led on earth."

"Do you see someone who judges incoming people?" "No, I don't see anyone," I replied. One of the two directions to use was leading to a large well, a large chasm, the bottom of which was covered with a blackish material, such as the one that had been subjected to high temperatures, resembling a motor exhaust pipe. We approached the well in order to get a good overview of it. And I saw men among whom were those I had perverted, who were thrown into the pit.

Before tipping over, they found time to groan and say, "Ah! If Pastor Lisungi had informed us of these things, we wouldn't be here! He's a bad preacher!" The others said, "Lisungi has deceived us!" Among these, I did recognise my former talismans clients, that is to say, people I had given so-called powers and protections. I realised my crime even before the Lord had opened his mouth: the price of my silence! I felt very uncomfortable.

Slowly turning to me, and moved with emotion, the Lord said to me: "All these people that you watch perish bear my image! I sacrificed My life for the salvation of every one of them! So My blood was shed for the forgiveness of all these souls. Can you value the soul of a human being? But know that the Earth and the Heavens are not equal to the value of a soul. So, do you see how many souls are lost as a result of your silence? What will you give me as compensation? Nothing... not even your own life, because it's precious too! Therefore, you too will be there!" "Me, Lord? I implored."

He replied, "Yes, You!" With these words, I fell on my knees while weeping, and I besought him in these words: "If I have found favour in your sight, my God, that you might make me see the gravity of my sin, accept, O Lord, to forgive me. I didn't know my silence could be so fatal. Grant me, I beg you, a chance to denounce, without omitting anything, all the evil that I have known, that is rampant in your people and that destroys them, for I did not know that it was so. Forgive me!" "Here there is no forgiveness," replied The Lord.

3.8- The enclosure and the pool

But the Lord beckoned to me to stand up and follow Him. We left these dreadful places to go to another. When I got to a certain point along the way, I felt like I was sucked into a kind of invisible tunnel, out of which I noticed a very large fence, a perimeter wall that went as far as the eye could see in both directions. Obviously, the compound was swarming with people. They were even above the wall, and they seemed happy. I went to the door with the intention of entering, but when I got there, the man next to me said to me, "Do not enter, for you cannot get out!"

In spite of this wise counsel, my curiosity drove me to try to enter by my own means, but without success, for at every attempt, as if reading in my mind, my companion intervened energetically to prevent me from doing so. He asked me to wait here, which I did. When I tried to understand what was happening to me, a woman appeared a few steps away from us. A sad and ill-dressed woman who moved towards us without ardour, in tears, and humming this melody: **"Even if on this earth I have difficulties, these difficulties are only fleeting, for with Jesus, my Saviour, I will be at ease. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"**

The great gate opened, and a strong man came out of the gate, dressed in fine clothes, and gave them to the woman. She dressed herself cleanly without ceasing to sing her melody, the second stanza of which said: **"Even if we are rejected on the Earth, this reject is only ephemeral, for the Lord Jesus loves me! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"** During all the time she took to dress up, the door remained open, which allowed me to see the atmosphere inside. Several people, all happy and equipped with various musical instruments (maracas, synthesisers, harmonicas...) expressed their joy by singing hymns of praise dedicated to the Creator.

Then, from where we were, we saw a healthy man coming towards us, but he walked zigzagging. He looked like a drunk or a blind man or someone who didn't know his way. When the man came to us, two red-clad beings came out of nowhere, grabbed him and dragged him in a direction opposite the gate of the enclosure! My companion asked me to follow them, which I did. At the end of the path, I saw pools like very large basins, and a river of a boiling reddish liquid, comparable to palm oil heated to 2,000 degrees.

At the sight of the boiling pool, the man tried to resist, but his two guards subjected him to a dive into the liquid. Upon contact of his body with this boiling matter, the man could not refrain from letting go of an infernal groan. He

struggled like a grilled sea fish, and his body took the form of a science fiction fossil. As I looked at the scene, I said to myself, "I don't think I'd like to share this man's fate." Next to me, my companion, who was clearly reading my thoughts, said to me with simplicity: "yes..., yes...., you belong here!"

For the second time, I fell on my knees crying, he lifted me up and we returned to our first place. Meanwhile, on the way, he explained to me: "this man was a good man, he gave alms to the poor and great gifts to the needy. Just at the moment of his illness, a situation occurred in which he lost his temper, to the point of succumbing to the shock of emotion... understand therefore that at the time of his death **he was not animated by My spirit, but rather by the spirit of anger**. And yet you read that he who does not have the spirit of Christ cannot belong to him! (Romans 8:9). So what this man lacked was the spirit, to lead him to me. That's why you saw him being brought in without him resisting."

My beloved, the Apostle Paul, seeing the perversion of the human heart, which is always prone to evil, advises us not to keep in us anger: "let not the sun go down upon your anger," he tells us. Indeed, I regretted the fate of this man. After that, I saw a woman coming. She walked slowly, dragging behind her a burden. As she approached, what she was dragging between her legs could be distinguished: it was her sex! A sex that had grown so big that she dragged it on the ground! When she arrived near us, no one dared to look at her twice because it was so awful, dirty, disgusting, and nauseating! She was immediately led to the boiling pools. Before diving in, she exclaimed: "Ah! You, which I so much cherished, for so long, you who made me happy: you fed me, lodged me and clothed me, this is where you take me...!" To explain to me the fate of this woman, my companion said to me, "Despite the advice I gave her through my ministers, she did not cease to prostitute herself, and said that her sex was her *raison d'être*." I also saw several women thrown into the pool, without being told why. But I understood myself that they had been thrown there for adultery.

Then came the turn of a young man. As he advanced towards the entrance of the enclosure, his chest grew and grew enormously in volume, so that it was impossible for him to enter through the gate! He struggled to get in, but without success. He made great noises, even inviting us to help him. Then came the two men in red, who spurned him, ordering him not to disturb us. Then they grabbed him. The young man, having protested, was severely beaten and forced in the direction of the pools. "He was a great fighter, a very ferocious assassin, and this is where his wickedness takes him to!" Explained my companion. After that, a woman came to enter the compound. Just in the crackle of the door, several children came to curl up and block the hinges, from which they prevented any movement.

Unable to enter the compound, the woman was surprised by the two men in red who dragged her to the other side, while the children returned to the interior. Here is the explanation I received: "This woman killed several people through abortions. She had a lot of abortions, from her young age to her marriage! Without success, I sent several people to ask her to repent and abandon her abominations. But she always said that a foetus is an amalgam of blood and not a human being! And yet, the spirit that animates this "amalgam" of blood is the

same as that which animates an old man. Indeed, it is the body that develops and grows, but the spirit remains the same. So, whoever kills with a knife, whoever kills by magic, and whoever kills by any other means, are all in the same sack as those who kill by abortion! For these, it would be better they were not born!"

Then I saw a man come who was humming a song, all cheerful. As he approached the compound whose door had just been opened to him, six women escaped from the pool and blocked his passage by vigorously protesting against the fact that the door had been opened to him. They said: "It would be unjust if this man were saved, and we alone were punished. Since he is the cause of our loss, may justice be done!" The Lord asked me: "Do you remember the woman who came here?" "Yes," I replied. Then He explained to me: "She is the wife of this man. They were poor when they got married. My servant **often begged Me to help her**. I heard her prayer and blessed her with wealth, and she became very rich. However, despite her riches, she did not abandon Me. Her husband, the man you saw coming in here, confiscated all her possessions and appropriated them. The worst of all, he divorced her to marry the ones you saw! Though she was repudiated, My servant kept begging for My forgiveness of her husband, and for Me to bring him back home. Because of his wife's interventions, all the anger I had against this man was appeased (Matthew 19:4).

Mocking Me, he told My servants that he was ready to take back his wife, provided she agreed to share the marital bed with her six rivals, something my servant could not accept, for fear of sharing the sin (1Corinthians 6:16). She remained alone until her death, rejected even by those of her family, because they did not understand why she did not want to live with her rivals. In response to My servants, the concubines had advanced the reason that they could not abandon their children. This was not true, for in reality it was they who could not get rid of the easy life they had with their lover. Indeed, this man was exceedingly rich. The horror of poverty, the love of money, honour and luxury, had hardened their hearts to the point of their loss (Matthew 6:24). All six women died in turn. That man did not still get converted. He continued his life of disorder. But when he saw death approaching, he invited My ministers to preach the Good News to him, and he repented just before his death. I forgave him, but he's still responsible for the fate of these women."

3.9- The mission

I usually received in our prayer group anyone who declared to us that he had accepted Jesus Christ in his life, without first inquiring about his activities. We relied on the verse that says that the righteous shall live by faith. But then we discovered, even among our deacons, **owners of drinking establishments or hotels**. That day, from Heaven, and after we had left the place where we were, the Lord showed me the works of my contemporaries. Then I saw unimaginable things! Indeed, the Lord showed me how, by his bar, the deacon intoxicates people! Once they're drunk, they do everything they can. **Then I understood that God is Holy**. The Lord said to me, "Look at this preacher!" See how he puts his hand in his pocket and takes money out to give it to this faithful!

I was following the scene as if it was on a television screen. Yes, my beloved, God sees everything! I saw how the pastor, in a hotel room, stroked a girl's chest... When he began to undress her to make love with her, I closed my eyes and looked away from the scene. But, strange thing, even with my eyes closed, I could still see! I was astonished at this phenomenon, but I understood what my Lord wanted: to make me touch evil with my finger. Then I fell down on my knees for the third time, and besought Him, "Free my sight from these obscenities!" By way of reply, He said to me: "You are outraged at the sight of these things? And yet you are a man... Can you feel what I feel, I Who must see all these abominations?" I then saw a 12 or 13-year-old girl enter a hotel, accompanied by an old man who could be her grandfather's age. The girl consented because of money! Despite the screams of pain, the tears, and the bleeding of the girl, this old man was picking on her!

The Lord looked at me with His tender and loving eyes, and said to me, "This is one of the sins of mankind, including your land, Zaire!" When He had said these words, I saw tears running down His cheeks, and He added with anguish, "This is how the world is perishing!" After that, my companion took me to another place very different from the one where we were, and asked me, "Do you want to see the Master of the world?" "Yes," I replied. Then we began to climb a hill. As we climbed up, it seemed to me that the macadam, of a yellow mottled with green, might give way under my feet, or that I would slip or fall! But none of these happened. I saw the whole world. Oh! A world that was lighting up everywhere and more and more, and whose light, very intense, was beginning to dazzle me. I was almost impatient that we hadn't yet reached the top. A moment later, He comforted me, saying, "A little more, and we'll be there... But those people keep asking for you." He was worried. Suddenly, as if there had been a last-minute change, everything disappeared!

3.10- Go to Bethel!

Then He led me up a hill, and from the top of it I saw a great city that He showed me, saying, "It is Kinshasa, your Jerusalem, you Zaireans!" For the first time since my birth, I could contemplate the political capital of my country, Zaire! We went down there and flew over the city. I could read some inscriptions on some roofs or on the walls of enclosures. During this fly over, the Lord spoke to me of many things. But all of a sudden, He expressed concern, telling me that He was very much concerned, disturbed and bothered by people who were asking for me! "These people have insisted for a long time, they never tire bothering Me, and I am tired of them..." He lamented. So He says, "Do you see that preacher there with that woman? Do you see this deacon? Do you see that deaconess? ... And what they are doing? ... Do you see that man there? ... Do you see...?"

Indeed, I saw them all! "Go, I showed them to you." He ended with bitterness. And I saw the Kin-Maziere neighbourhood. There was someone there whose name I keep secret, lest you recognise him. The Lord said to me, "He is a pastor, but he has two wives... the other he has hidden her... There she is!... Her name is Mado! Go and tell him to give up his sin.... Go." Then, at Lumumba Boulevard, in the zone of Limeté, the Lord showed me a fence wall overlooking the first street, on which I read the following inscriptions: *Charismatic Group of Limeté, First Street - Limeté, City of Bethel, "Permanence"*.

We lingered on this inscription, which he pointed out to me with insistence: "You shall first give testimony in Bethel, before going elsewhere in Kinshasa... Do it first in this Assembly, and you will see what God is going to do! Then you will go where My Spirit will lead you. I'll be with you." Again, He said to me, "Look, they're still calling you, and I'm tired of these pressing and incessant calls... There they are!" I wanted to know who those people were who were offering themselves the luxury of disrupting such a good conversation I had with my Creator. I thought for a moment that they were behind me and, when I looked away to see them, for the second time... I found myself back to life, lying on a long chair...! The people who were asking for me were indeed there, those who asked for me, who never stopped begging for my return to the Lord. For, during this second death, no one wept, but rather everyone was in prayer.

I came back to life without seeing the Master of the world! I who suddenly wanted to see Him. I felt terrible! At the same time, I was pleasantly surprised by the very dense crowd of those who had come to moan and witness the second death of Brother Lusungi! It was wonderful, extraordinary! Among those around me were my brothers, my fasting companions, my Norwegian teachers, those who had been healed by the Lord through our prayer... That was fantastic! There were religious of different faiths. Sisters in Christ from various congregations were also there! And the impressive number of vehicles...! All this was beyond me and I am very happy about it.

There was also in that crowd a man in a white coat, a registered nurse. There was a scene between him and my fasting companions, of which the following is the account: indeed, when the ball of fire had taken me off, they had seen that I had collapsed, unconscious, as I told you earlier. It was exactly 12:30 am. Some of them lacked faith, and said that the Lord had punished me because I had returned to my old magic practices. While others, firmer in their faith in Christ, maintained that the Lord had taken me away from them to speak to me. The first, in their insistence, called upon the nurse in question, who arrived with all the instruments necessary for an auscultation. He concluded that the cause of death was sudden cardiac arrest. He was about to sign the death certificate.

But his diagnosis was not accepted by the brothers who remained optimistic. This attitude made the nurse uncomfortable, and he felt that his competence were in doubt. At the same time, a prophecy came out of the mouth of a 13-year-old girl, announcing: "I, Jesus, have called My servant Lisungi to Me, to entrust him with a very important mission throughout the world. I'll send him back in your midst." While this message had brought relief to brethren, it had hardened the heart of the nurse, who did not yet believe that the One who had created the word could speak. He shouted at the girl and called her a liar and a profaner of God. Then he concludes: "I know that it was God who gave men the intelligence to treat and heal their contemporaries. But it is also by the grace of the same God that I am certain of the death of the man whose body lies before us. This is someone who did not have the grace to resist a seven-day fast. Generally, it is women who do that kind of fast without problems, but men are limited to five days only. But since you all agree that he is going to come back to life, I will stay here and see how that happens, and then I will become more Christian."

A long time passed without anything happening, and the qualified nurse was still there when, around six o'clock, two sisters in Christ who were not praying in our community came to give this message: "The Lord Jesus sends us to ask you not to worry about brother Lisungi, and to inform you that he will return to life with an important mission that will lead him throughout the world." Then the minds calmed down the more. And I came back to life. It was 11:55 am. It was both a great joy among the brethren, and a great wonder for the qualified nurse who, only then, strengthened his faith in the Lord, and acknowledged that nothing is impossible with God. So this is what I learned about the nurse in question in my second resurrection.

In my turn, I share with the brethren all that I had just experienced and heard from the Lord, and which concerned them, all were enthusiastic and glorified God. I also explained to them all about this evil, this scourge, the greatest sin that the Lord has revealed to me, and which is rampant in Zaire, our country: Adultery! "Zaire is in perdition," I confirmed. "This is how the Lord sent me to preach. He told me that when I complete my mission of preaching, He will take me somewhere where He will take me back forever, that is, I will die again!" On the first day of the New Year there were many conversions in Kisangani, and many people resolved to live in Christ.

We rejected the idea of appealing to the Assembly to provide the money needed to buy the ticket for the trip to Kinshasa, in order to test our faith. God answered our prayer. One day, driven by, I don't know what force, I got up early in the morning for a walk in the port of Onatra. Along the way, I met a military man, a Warrant Officer I had never known before. After having greeted me with fraternal warmth, he took out from his pocket a sum of 2014 zaires, which he handed to me, saying: "Often, when I travel to Kinshasa, I gather with the brothers of the Prayer Group of Limeté, First Street. This morning, I was ordered to give you this sum of money for the purchase of your ticket. I even think there's a boat leaving for Kinshasa today. If you want, I can recommend you to the commander."

I didn't ask him any questions, like how he would find me if we hadn't met. But I quickly understood that it was the Lord who was speaking to me through this soldier. I accepted the money, and then I bought my ticket for the departure that was to take place that same day. At home, I packed my suitcase and said goodbye to my wife and to the brothers of our community. In the boat to Kinshasa, I did not cease to testify of Jesus. Two magicians among the passengers abandoned satan to follow the Lord Jesus. I also spoke of my mission to two pastors of Nzambe-Malamu and Tshuapa, and showed them, as proof of my former membership in the satanic world, a diploma signed by lucifer, the keys to opening the invisible world, as well as the list of cemeteries throughout the world, on which my powers extended.

Since my conversion, I considered these objects to be worthless. These two pastors advised me to yield these objects to them. Which I did without hesitation, for they considered them compromising. After two weeks of sailing without incident, the boat docked at the port of Onatra in Kinshasa, from where I took a taxi, which took me to Bethel city in Limeté, my first destination. I began

to testify in Bethel, as the Lord had commanded me. There were many conversions: 6000 people a day gave over their talismans in the form of stolen objects. From there, I went to testify to the pastor who had two wives. And I gave him the word of the Lord, and told him the name of the second woman, and the place where she dwelt. The pastor thought for a moment that he was in front of a fetishist or a magician, but he managed to pull himself together and recognised me as a true messenger of the Lord. "I could not imagine that God knew me! He exclaimed ecstatically." When he went to find his concubine that day, he explained the facts to her and informed her of his firm conviction that he had to put himself in order with his God. He then gave the woman the sum of 50,000 zaïres, and set her free, crying out, "My God loves me!" [**End of Testimony**].

3.11- Warning

Dear brothers and dear friends, I would not like to put this testimony at your disposal without pointing out the two serious mistakes that it contains, and that you must be careful never to commit if you ever find yourself in this kind of situation. On the one hand, there is the mistake of the pastor, and on the other, that of the brother. As a result of these mistakes I will make two appeals: one to pastors called to help people who honestly choose to leave the camp of satan, and the other to all agents of satan who want to leave the camp of satan to follow Jesus Christ the only true God.

The pastor's mistake: when the author of this testimony chose to renounce satan in order to give himself to Christ, his approach was very good. He went to see a pastor, and he was honest in his confession. He didn't hide anything from the pastor, and this is very good. This is what anyone who wants to leave satan must do. But what did the pastor do? He showed great ignorance. He asked the young brother to go and return to satan all the powers and protections he had received from him. This degree of ignorance leads us to wonder whether this pastor was actually called. This is an error you must never commit as a servant of God. To send away a person who wants to run away from satan into the clutches of that very satan is a very serious mistake that no enlightened servant of God should ever make. It is by the grace of God that this young brother was not swallowed up by satan in this senseless act.

What was the pastor supposed to do? The fact that this young man was honest, allowed the pastor to exercise his ministry of deliverance without any problem. He simply had to take all the satanic powers that this young man had, and burn them in the name of Jesus Christ, and pray to free this new convert from all the satanic covenants he had signed, and from the ties he had forged with the world of darkness. This would have set the brother free, and protect him from all that he suffered afterwards. You pastors and other servants of God, know that you are there to save people who **honestly choose** to flee the camp of satan. And to do that, you have nothing to negotiate with satan. To send to satan a person who flees from satan, to discuss or negotiate with him, or to return anything to him, is folly. **Never** fall into that kind of trap. A sorcerer who chooses to leave the camp of satan does not need to go and deliver anything to satan; instead, he must give everything to the servants of God, so that every

satanic object that he possessed may be burned for the glory of God, as you read in Acts 19:18-19, *"Many of those who believed now came and openly confessed their evil deeds. A number who had practiced sorcery brought their scrolls together and burned them publicly...."*

The brother's mistake: the choice to go and stay with his parents when they did not know God was a serious mistake. And because of that he suffered terribly as you have just read it. If you are in witchcraft or in a satanic lodge (Order of Malta, Freemasonry, Rosicrucianism, Ordre des Rameaux, Eboka, Sovereign Order of the Initiatory Temple (Osti), Eckankar, homosexuality, or any other satanic lodge), and you want to leave the camp of satan, go to true servants of God, confess all your works in an honest way, and let yourself be guided by them or by true children of God. Never fall into the trap of walking away from God's presence. When you are surrounded by true children of God, your deliverance comes with less suffering. You can read the teaching entitled ***"How to Leave the Camp of satan"***, which you will find on the website www.mcreveil.org.

Grace to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ with an undying love!

Invitation

Dear brothers and sisters,

If you have run away from fake churches and would like to know what to do, here are the two options available to you:

1- See if around you there are some other children of God who fear God and desire to live according to the Sound Doctrine. If you find any, feel free to join them.

2- If you do not find one and wish to join us, our doors are open to you. The only thing we will ask you to do is to first read all the Teachings that the Lord has given us, and which are on our website www.mcreveil.org, to reassure yourself that they are in conformity with the Bible. If you find them in accordance with the Bible, and are ready to submit to Jesus Christ, and live by the demands of His word, we will gladly welcome you.

The grace of the Lord Jesus be with you!