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DELIVERED FROM OCCULT PRACTICES BY JESUS CHRIST.

THE FIRST YEARS OF MY LIFE

I am African, more precisely Cameroonian, born on May 30, 1969, in the south of Cameroon, in the equatorial forest, in a city called Sangmélina, two hours drive from Yaoundé, the administrative capital of Cameroon. Sangmélina is on the border between southern Cameroon, Gabon, and Equatorial Guinea. My parents were from the Beti ethnic group.

I was born into a modest family, my father was a nurse, my mother was a housewife. I was the sixth child in a family, who later would count seven. My parents were staunch practicing Catholics and had responsibilities in the local church.

My birth was unusual; my mother had a lot of tension with her in-laws. This was to cause her to be divorced by her in-laws, who accused her of adulterine pregnancy. In Africa, the repudiation of a woman for reasons of adultery remains a great humiliation for the married woman and her family. These accusations had no serious foundation, and the good morals of my mother were proved at birth because I looked like my father. According to the tradition of the Beti ethnic group in Cameroon where I come from, I had to receive the name of a man whose name I will now be. My father's little brother, Amougou Théophile, a primary school teacher in Yaounde, had the honor of giving his nephew his name.

I remain convinced that, if my mother's consent had been sought, she would have disagreed for many family reasons at that particular time. The events that marked my life thereafter will confirm my mother's reluctance towards her in-laws. I was less than 5 years old when we left the city of Sangmélina to go to Yaoundé, the capital of Cameroon, following an administrative assignment of my father who was a nurse. According to "the ritual of the namesake", the child must resemble in several areas the one of which it bears the name. In general, he is a man for whom one has admiration. So my uncle brought me affection and advice, to which were added many sessions of occultism whereas I had not even reached my eighth grade. I remember that there were two and sometimes three people present who lit candles, who were tracing figures on the sand, pouring liquids, scarifying my body, imposing hands on me, etc.

These occult sessions were intended not only to bring me protection but also to preserve my wisdom and intelligence; my uncle wanted me to be in his image, as our tradition required.

I still keep memories and authentic testimonies of seances, many scarifications that I carry on my body, received in pain. Scarification itself seemed like simple rites. Yet spiritually, they had a powerful impact with the darkness and were blood contributions that Satan required of us. In rare cases, a domestic animal had to be slaughtered according to a demonic ritual. Most often, human blood was required. Indeed, many pacts in the occult world are sealed by the blood through the practices mentioned above. The occult sessions cost my uncle considerable sums. The initiations received were to be kept secret, a golden rule for these merchants of power. We had the certainty, like many people, that we were safe from suspicion. These sessions, supposed to be for our blessings and other protections, were in reality sessions of demonic possessions, for the sorcerer's apprentices that we were without knowing it. When I was about 4 years old, my mother being away, I was one day visiting an aunt in Yaounde. This aunt, to wash the linen, had bought some bleach which she had poured into an empty bottle of the Brasseries of Cameroon. Believing it was Top

Champagne, I took the bottle and swallowed a heavy dose of bleach. All the conditions were in place for my death. At that time, as a result of a dispute between my parents, my mother left home to temporarily reside in the maternal family. When she learned what had happened to me she hurried home. Having found the marital home, she was able to watch over me during this long period of hospitalization which lasted several months, in the central hospital of Yaounde. After several months, the healing was miraculous, beyond any hope of the stupefied medical corps.

Around the same time, another such dangerous event occurred after my total cure of intoxication. I introduced a pair of scissors into an electrical outlet at home. The electric shock of the current was very strong, and I was saved thanks to a cousin who had the reflex to stop the current at the electric meter. She was able to watch over me during this long period of hospitalization which lasted several months, at the central hospital of Yaounde. After several months, the healing was miraculous, beyond any hope of the stupefied medical corps.

During the funeral ceremonies, the family had to respect the traditions and customs of the ancestors. In particular, it was necessary to take a purification bath, either by immersion in a river or by spraying a mixture of various potions complex compositions. I remember that around the age of 15, after such a bath, I had to receive, like many other members of the family, a cloth tied to the hand.

This cloth served as a link with the dead. I was an adept and defender of these demonic rites presented in the form of "ancestral traditions" to the general public. In fact, it is during these rites that notable initiates acquire a mystical power enabling them to enslave many ignorant people.

THE BEGINNINGS OF SCHOOLING.

I will now tell you a bit about what happened during my schooling. For primary school classes, my parents had enrolled me in a primary school of a Catholic Mission in Yaoundé. I found that the school was a new and particular world, and despite my modest origins and my young age, I did not have a complex in the midst of this multitude of diverse ethnic and social origins. My father was a reserved man, respected by all for his qualities. My mother was very open and wise according to African traditions. Their characters influenced my education and my behavior. I received an education based on the principles of morality.

In my childhood, I was so talkative that at home I received the nickname "45 rpm" (musical record of the time). My parents, considering my speaking skills, would have wanted me a journalistic career. My secondary school education was spent at first in a private college of the Catholic Mission in Makak (45 minutes by train from Yaounde, Southwest direction). In Makak, I was an intern, my parents having preferred this formula, thinking that the difficulties of the boarding school would bring me the necessary maturity. If my parents placed me in Makak, it was not only in accordance with their religious beliefs but also for the quality of education and teaching provided in Catholic institutions.

Then I went to Yaounde Public High School, then to Samba Private College, founded by a person committed to moral and religious values. My school education, whether in elementary school or at Makak College, was marked by the religious coloring of my parents. I was a choirboy and active member in various religious activities, all this despite my occult activities which remained a secret. All this schooling filled my parents with satisfaction, since, according to appearances, I followed their footsteps; it was spiritual inheritance according to man, to which my parents were attached. Moreover, my parents wanted me to become a Catholic priest specialized in communication, be it the press, the radio, etc.

During secondary school, I experienced a cooling in religious activities and found a great interest in

so-called social and social passions. This is how one could notice my presence on many governing committees of associations. At that time, I was secretary general of the association Inter-Clubs Unesco, I also took care of travel associations inside Cameroon, etc. Despite these extracurricular activities, my studies did not suffer. Thus, my study trips and other excursions were voluntarily financed by my parents.

THE CONFRONTATION WITH SOLANGE

In the second class, while I was at Yaoundé Public High School, I was confronted by a classmate whose behavior was incomprehensible to me. Her name was Solange. She shone with her calmness, her sweetness, her humility, her availability. This behavior, so different from the others, remained a mystery to me.

In college and high school, varied and frequent sexual experiences were of convenience. So much so that even the teachers encouraged the sexual experiences between friends and girlfriends in this area, claiming the need not to leave his body too long without exercise. I did not have any particular problem to have a temporary affair with the other girls in the class, especially since most of them easily fell in love with my occult powers. Some of them, having had connections with me, had serious relationship problems later, and one of them, having difficulties of marriage, went to consult a marabout. This marabout gave him the description of a character who has a strong occult influence on his life.

I have tried several times to have sex with my friend Solange, but I have always suffered a humiliating failure with her. Solange got married during this year when we were in second class. Although she was quite young, her parents had arranged things for the wedding to take place before the husband left because he had to study in Europe. But I realized that I was the only classmate not to be invited! I was very frustrated and a feeling overwhelmed me: to be confronted with a mysterious, inexplicable force, and also a force that did not accept to bend to my occult powers. It upset me to hear Solange tell everyone that you have to keep your body pure until you get married to your husband. It was an inconceivable concept for me.

Unable to accept such a failure, I changed strategy many times, inspired by Satan. Sometimes it was great baseless hate provoked by the pride of life. Worse still, after the failures in the spiritual fight, I decided to engage in the physical fight and wanted to beat her to hurt her, but I could never realize it, because, at the last moment, it is as if a force prevented me from realizing these fatal projects. It was then that a great fear enveloped my whole being and raised several questions in me because I was convinced that I had a great influence on every human being. At that time, I was convinced that my religious denomination (the Catholic Church) was synonymous with an assurance of eternal salvation. But Solange prophesied saying that one day God would lead me to salvation in Jesus Christ. She also prophesied that after my conversion to Jesus, God would call me to work in the Lord's work.

Having acquired powers in occultism, I could not penetrate the mystery of this comrade's life. On the other hand, the message of the Gospel of the Power of Jesus Christ which it announced was clearly a real power, breaking all my pride.

Not knowing the truth, obscured by all forms of demonic possessions acquired in ignorance of the truth, all I had to do was hide behind the religion of my parents (Catholicism) and harden my faith. My heart was blocked to the truth by an unfounded stubbornness in defending my denomination with the last energy. I rarely spoke about the Lord Jesus Christ and His work in my life, but I sought to defend my community and especially the religion in which I was. This religion was a real camouflage. I was fighting and persecuting my comrade, despising and turning the Word of God

into a mockery.

I experienced this experience not only with my classmate Solange but on other occasions with other truly born Christians, in a different but similar way. Many people were victims, to varying degrees, of my occult practices, in the family, in my environment, in my church. Nobody could have imagined this sad aspect of my character. Yet everywhere I was loved, wearing lamb clothes when in reality I was a ravening wolf.

Those who, like my comrade Solange, proclaimed the Gospel to me, loved me as a creature of God but hated the sin and dark spiritual life that was in me. On the other hand, the Catholic religious institution I attended was attached not to the assurance of my salvation, but to the services I rendered to the community with the approval of all. Many responsibilities in religion and my zeal were just a mask to disguise my true identity as Satan's follower.

CONTACTS WITH THE DIVINER OF MBADJOCK

When I was about 20, I was at Samba Private College, and I sat for the probationary exam for the first class. It was a great surprise to all to realize that I had not passed this exam. It was an inexplicable failure since the averages of my grades had been very correct throughout the year. This caused obvious concern, both among teachers and my own parents.

Indeed, my uncle arranged, before any important exam in my schooling, to have contacts with the occult world to guarantee my success. I remember once when I had received from the hands of people who initiated me in witchcraft, a particular pen to write my composition on the day of the exam, as well as very specific instructions on the behavior that I had to have on the day of the examination, as for example not to greet such a person, etc.

It was then that another maternal uncle, different from my paternal uncle of the same name, who possessed several possessions, advised my mother to consult a diviner to ensure my academic and professional success. This uncle pretended that in view of my failure in school, it was obvious that a stroke of bad luck had been cast on me, and that only a diviner could bring the solution to my problems. If for my mother were new experiences, it was not the case for me because of my knowledge with the occult world since my young age, the knowledge that I kept secret, keeping me well to confide anything to my mother. My mother, it should be noted here, did not really agree with such consultations, however, she eventually succumbed to the pressure of some family members who are blinded by these occult rites. Then began the long secret journey, my mother and I, looking for solutions to my difficulties through the mediums, the soothsayers, who made us trek kilometers in the Savannah (especially between Ngaoundere and Yaounde) in search of the "truth." I was about twenty years old at the time. We tried to consult several people but it was with only one that we had ongoing relationships. This diviner officiated at Bibé, near Mbadjock, the city of the Sugar Company of Cameroon. This agent of Satan was surprised to know that we had walked so much distance to find him in a corner of bush as far back to benefit from his services.

Although we were promised deliverance, the ritual filled me with even more evil spirits. He also gave me occult objects, supposed to be kept secret: barks, mystical potions, and so on. It was a new stage in the progression in the world of darkness. The various contacts with evil spirits since my childhood were only a preparation for dramatic events that I would later live in spiritualism. Satan knew that God had begun to reveal Himself in my life, and he wanted to recover this revelation for his own glory. He used this strategy with extreme meticulousness and incredibly cunning.

ABDOU FROM SENEGAL AND THE GURU

I will tell you about another character. Abdou was a wealthy Senegalese trader of Islamic faith who owned several grocery stores in Yaounde. For several years I was an avid customer, and we became friends. He had made a fortune in Cameroon, although his apparent lifestyle was quite modest, and he gave me many gifts.

Through him, I had to go through one of the most painful experiences of my life. He offered me the services of a Senegalese guru residing in Cameroon, who belonged to a powerful brotherhood of an Eastern religion based in Senegal.

The first reaction I had to Abdou's proposal was to remind him of my Catholic convictions, to which I attached my salvation! Abdou simply told me that the service offered by the guru did not take into account the religious denomination.

At the time, I was extremely seduced by the "success" of some people around me and in the world in general. But I knew that most of those who had succeeded had had contact with the occult world. Sometimes they confessed it in the media in front of thousands of blind listeners and viewers.

I understood that Abdou was my godfather to introduce me to this guru, especially since the effects required by the guru had to be acquired by my friend. The consultations with the guru cost a lot of money, not to mention a long list of products that had to be provided: all high-end. I remember some of them: gold powder that I had collected from a West African jeweler in Yaounde, rare perfumes, etc.

The rendezvous in Yaoundé between the guru and me was negotiated by Abdou. The guru was a character about 40 years old who I discovered a few years after my initiation the true identity of an agent of Satan. He had no official activity, everything was unofficial, and he had to be introduced by a sponsor. The guru's father was a great medium who was traveling around the world, the universal spiritual leader of a powerful brotherhood of an Eastern religion based in Senegal.

I met other people who were in contact with this guru, they were older than me, and all proclaimed that they derive a lot of success and wealth through their contact with the guru. I was the youngest of the guru's disciples, and he saw in me a young man who had a bright future assured in sorcery before him.

The guru gave me a golden potion for initiatory baptism for seven days. I had to come to his house every day for seven days, in the utmost secrecy, to take a bath in a mixture of water and potion. I also received sprays of various lotions. Even my sponsor Abdou did not have to be aware of the introductory sessions.

After that, the guru gave me some objects that I had to keep out of sight so that no one would question me about the provenance and usefulness of these objects.

These objects were nothing but talismans. Some of the Guru's followers could receive these items by means of an address found in newspapers or magazines. Other people could receive the talismans through mystical channels, by supernatural means. These other followers made me understand that it was a privilege for me to receive the talismans directly from the guru's hand himself.

Then I received instructions from the Guru, whose firmness gave me great fear! So I had to practice with faith the religion of my parents (Catholic religion). This became a real camouflage of my witchcraft practices since there was no power in this religion to disturb my demonic convictions.

Many ecclesiastics fell under the seduction of the spirits that haunted me. They believed that my behavior was exemplary when no one knew who I was. On the other hand, I was not allowed to open the talismans I owned. I had been warned that if I failed to wear these items, I would immediately be deprived of many benefits, and I would also be exposed to the dangers of death. I must admit that I was embarking on this path with doubts in my heart, but they faded away according to the people with whom I was.

The powers that operated enabled me to be in the lead in all that I could undertake. In particular, I could seduce women who received evil spirits during sexual acts. I have known friends who died sometime after our relationship. I could snatch the chances of success from the men I controlled spiritually and demonically.

My life was henceforth regulated by the guru of whom I had become the slave, the prisoner by means of the evil objects to which I rendered worship of permanent idolatry. In fact, with these talismans, I lived in a state of permanent stress, much more than before my engagement with the guru. I had a new lifestyle, bathed in hypocrisy. I became mean and filled with suspicions in every respect. I realized that people under Satanic Covenant are tormented night and day. These people categorically refuse to listen to any word of God that gives life. When these people have a managerial position, their employees undergo regular humiliating treatments. Sometimes employees do not receive their salary although the company makes big profits. To get any service from them, the entrepreneur takes the place of God in the lives of the employees. Ultimately they adore the ephemeral glory of this world and plunge themselves into lust.

The Guru never spoke to me about the devil, but he often spoke of God (I later understood that it was not about the Almighty God).

The guru pronounced a number of prophecies, some of which were fulfilled, the one that remained the most certain was the prophecy that announced my departure from Cameroon. He forbids me to write to him, except to fulfill the prophecy of returning to Cameroon. I was very impressed and proud to know that I was going to go abroad, especially since all those who asked for his services had obtained complete satisfaction with regard to the temporal elements! However, many of us, disciples of the guru, realized that honors, protection, riches, were chains of captivity that were tightening on us. In search of well-being, the satisfaction of my needs, I found myself a sad person at the service of this diabolical guru.

In my blindness, to escape the deep problems of lack of inner peace, I indulged in the gratification and pleasures of this world. The spiritual damage became evident in my life, since in me I had no peace, despite the fact that the sect guru reassured me that my material prosperity would bring me satisfaction.

Every success and every promotion was obtained by obligatory acts. Some of us were asked to have incestuous (and sometimes homosexual) sexual relations with close relatives - with their own children, nieces, cousins, rapes of minors, etc.

THE BEGINNINGS IN MOROCCO - A PROMISING FUTURE

After my school failure at the age of 20, I stopped the classical studies and followed training with a friend who was a son of the owner of the Hotel of Progress in Yaounde, whose name was Adi Leon. This friend practiced occultism, especially numerology. He gave advice and predictions from the numbers. His father had many mystical powers, and many curses were attached to this family. Adi's brother Leo committed suicide. As for Adi Leon himself, he died dramatically in a car accident. When I was 23 years old, my parents thought of trying a training experience abroad. And in August

1992, I left Cameroon for Morocco.

At that time, I believed in the prophecies of the guru and I was happy to imagine a promising future, a future in pink. Before my departure from Cameroon, the guru told me that I would have to write to him as soon as everything he had predicted would be done so that he could strengthen my power. Having left Cameroon at the expense of the family, I had a firm faith in the talismans that I wore and I was sure to get everything. Thus, once in Morocco, I obtained a scholarship from the Moroccan Agency for International Cooperation (AMCI) with the support of the Cameroonian Embassy in Morocco. Normally, I was unlikely to be supported by the Cameroonian Embassy in Morocco, because the ambassador was from North Cameroon, and the diplomat in charge to study my file at the embassy was a Bamileke, little inclined to help the Beti that I was. The ease with which my file received the approval of all encouraged me because it was nice and flattering to obtain such success with so much ease against any rational expectation. Once in Morocco, I continued to frequent the Catholic Church to which my parents adhered, especially since at no time was my demonic power threatened. I held many high positions in an international religious association of students from several countries. I was even delegated to the synod of the church in Morocco. The synod was this gathering of people wondering about the future of this church. Although

If in the eyes of men I was beyond suspicion, God was fully aware of my destructive activities and the ravages I caused in God's society and people, and depraved sexual relations. I finished my studies in Morocco in 1995. I was 26 when I graduated with a degree in administration and business management.

In Morocco, I had several friends among students from Central Africa, Congo, Ivory Coast, Burkina Faso. These students were mostly sons and daughters of senior leaders in sub-Saharan Africa. The vast majority of these students had received initiations in spiritualism from an early age. Many opportunities opened up for me in Morocco. Several contacts with wealthy Arabs and Westerners were established, which continued to be consistent with the predictions of the guru. Through an English friend, I was put in touch with an Arab industrialist from a country in the Persian Gulf, co-owner of a chain of hotels with a dozen luxury hotels in the world. I spent two months with this manufacturer in Morocco.

The experience was new to me, and opened up new horizons, but did not result in any tangible follow-up.

AHMED THE MOROCCAN AND THE BIG PROJECTS

The second contact will be more fruitful because this Moroccan friend, Ahmed, with whom I went to work owned large farms in the Souss region of Morocco. Complicity with my boss Ahmed will be profound. A comfortable apartment was put at my disposal, a princely service in all respects. To this will be added sad moments of horror, many black masses during which I had to have sex with several women, most of whom were agents of Satan powerfully used in prostitution; all were incredibly beautiful and filled with seductive spirits, I fell in love and received many more demonic possessions. Besides, the residence where I lived was haunted.

Several people from Ahmed's entourage regularly brought mediums. But seduced by such women, most fell under the influence of the powers of darkness, causing serious spiritual and physical disorders: troubled homes, incurable diseases, job losses without explanation ... Others died without having any rational explanations. The deep causes of their deaths were known to be the true abode of the dead. During these abominations, I received the praise of some witnesses. The experience of working with Ahmed was very flourishing for me: many decisions made by this boss were under

my influence. His religious practice of Islam could not protect him from demonic domination. My friend Ahmed was also a great follower of Eastern occult practices.

Ahmed asked for my collaboration for the establishment of a mining consortium in Cameroon with the help of several Arab businessmen. The purpose of this industrial structure was the exploitation of precious stones and gold from the Cameroonian subsoil as part of a Morocco-Cameroon project. I was already seeing millions of dollars at my fingertips. To do this, contacts were made at the level of Cameroon from Morocco.

We planned to meet the highest authorities in Cameroon. If, in the visible world, one would have thought that this mining consortium was a boon for the creation of many jobs offered to unemployed Cameroonians, another reality is that as a result of the activities in the occult world, many people would die in dramatic incidents planned by the devil as a sacrifice. I knew it but was not affected because I had totally switched to a murderer spirit, to ensure a financial El Dorado.

At that time, I had several requests for opportunities to make investments in Cameroon, exploiting the slots between Cameroon and the Maghreb countries. Everything was going well for me but I lived sleepless nights, tormented by the power of demons. It was during this period that a Moroccan bourgeois family, owner of a large farm of Ouleid-Teima, a small town in southern Morocco between Agadir and Tarodant (Berber city), decided to make a business trip to Cameroon. A residence permit was issued in this sense by the Cameroonian Ministry of the Interior for a two-month stay for these business partners. I had to go with them to Cameroon for this trip that was supposed to get me in "the club of the new rich Cameroonians" as had been announced and prophesied by the Senegalese guru. At the time when we had just made the arrangements for our trip to Cameroon, the Lord God Almighty deployed His device to stop this project.

ALFRED THE IVORIAN - THE NEW BIRTH.

Indeed, a few months after graduation in Morocco, I decided to visit a fellow Cameroonian friend, named Jean-Paul Ondoua Zang, who was at the end of his studies in veterinary medicine. A few moments later, a young man would enter the apartment where we were talking. His name was Alfred. He shook my hand with a compassionate greeting, and I had the impression of that simple touch that he knew me very well, but he was not.

Alfred, a native of Ivory Coast, ran a clandestine evangelism team. He worked with Baptist Works and Missions in Ivory Coast. He lived in Rabat and was an Ivorian missionary in Morocco with the mission of announcing the good news of Jesus and release the captives. But I was an unfortunate captive.

During the sharing between Alfred and my Cameroonian friend, I felt a discomfort in me. This uneasiness came from the message that Alfred delivered with a great authority filled with the conviction that exceeded my understanding. His message spoke of the wages of sin, which is death, and the free gift of God, which is eternal life. In his presentation, he touched on several aspects of my sinful condition. He insisted on the judgment of God reserved for the ungodly. This message was addressed to me directly.

However, I remained perplexed as to the source of such authority who knew me and accurately described who I really was. Back in my room, to reassure myself, I checked that my occult device (talisman) was in place.

When I met missionary Alfred for a second time, I realized that I was naked, without anyone telling me. The mask of lies that veiled my old nature was torn apart. I was convinced through the received

message that the missionary was really an envoy of God. At the end of the exhortation, the missionary encouraged me to give my life to Jesus Christ, but I hardened my heart. I posed a problem in which I presented the situation of a friend who had been deeply involved in occultism, and who was a victim. He told me immediately that he wanted to meet this person. I told him that it was not possible. Indeed, this friend was me, the miserable sorcerer. In fact, I wanted to receive salvation while maintaining my honors, my glory, and my dignity. Despite the hardening of my heart, the missionary was filled with compassion, and explained to me that it was not possible to preserve my past life, and told me that I had to give up my life entirely to Jesus Christ. He prayed for me so that the Lord would help me understand the benefits of salvation. After Alfred's prayer, we separated, and I did not see this Ivorian missionary again to this day.

Shortly after, I experienced Satan's first retaliatory attempts. I felt a deep desolation. Satan was trying to convince me that there were only three possibilities in front of me:

- I could ask Satan's forgiveness for agreeing to speak with Alfred and listen to the preaching of the gospel
- I could fall into madness because I had not honored the pact contracted with my guru
- I could commit suicide

For me, there was no question of repenting having met Alfred. This man had an inexplicable power: how could he describe my life when he did not know me? I was terribly afraid of retaliation from the devil's followers. I quickly bought life insurance with my banker and wrote to the testamentary part of the beneficiaries: a Dutch priest friend and my big brother in Cameroon. I was a dead man.

These torments lasted several months. I did not even want to go to the Catholic Church because of the hypocrisy that prevailed, homosexuality, pedophilia, etc. The tensions became so strong inside my being that I made the resolution to finish with these tortures by giving me death. I decided to commit suicide. I then had a strange dream where I attended my own funeral. There were many priests and bishops, and there was a speech that was a flood of praise for my honorable life. Then I got out of the coffin, and everyone ran away. I woke up suddenly, and I felt that I had just lived not a dream, but a reality.

I thought about it and told myself that if I were dead in Morocco, my family in Cameroon would think of it as an assassination. Many people would have wondered about the origin of this heinous act. I decided to give up the idea of killing myself.

I usually lived in a luxurious and haunted residence in Ouleid-Tema near Agadir. I left the region of Agadir to spend a few days in Rabat, as part of an international sporting event, and I was hosted by a Cameroonian friend named Mbala. Since our meeting with Alfred, the Word of God became so powerful that the fear of the Lord descended upon me. While death haunted me, I shuddered with emotion, tears in my eyes, convinced of my iniquities, I decided to repent. Alone in my room, in an Arab Muslim country, I began to pray in these terms: if the God of this Ivorian missionary is the true God, I will accept Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior, and He delivers me from this anxiety which

Then I confessed my iniquity and voluntarily accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Lord and Savior. Instantly, I received great peace and great joy, it was an outpouring of the Holy Spirit of God. I remember that episode of my life very well. The room was at Youssoufia Mabella, Block 55, Apartment 11. In my room, the Lord told me to throw the talismans that I wore on me. I stripped off my talismans and threw them into the toilet.

As a result of this wonderful experience, I realized that I needed a process of deliverance, which would lead me to fully enter the new birth and assurance of salvation, to reach the knowledge of the truth.

Before my meeting with Jesus of Nazareth, I had several times tried to obtain my deliverance by "reading the litanies of the saints", the use of the so-called blessed objects: "crucifixes, rosaries", finally "a devotional cult to a Virgin". I was hoping to get satisfaction behind these practices. What was my desolation to see my situation without change? I had to give up this step quickly.

In truth, I used this approach for purely diabolical reasons before my new birth. I understood with certainty that only Jesus of Nazareth had the power to bring total and effective deliverance to my life. God was only beginning the work of deliverance in my life in contact with the Gospel. Although I was ignorant of the process to follow, the Father took control of my life. I abandoned any involvement in occultism.

Satan then used all means of diabolical pressure to show me that apart from my practices of occultism and spiritualism, no life expectancy was possible for me. From then on, these thoughts began to bring doubt as I began to experience the power of God.

KODJI THE CHADIAN - THE PATH TO SANCTIFICATION.

In October 1995 (I was 26 years old), the Lord allowed me to come into contact with Kodjimadji Ningaloun, a child of God missionary in Morocco, originally from Chad, whom we called friendly Kodji. At the time, I was a member of the committee of meetings of young Catholics in Morocco, and Kodji sometimes came to our meetings to distribute treatises that spoke of salvation in Jesus Christ. I thought he was a spy in the service of a power I had to be wary of.

When the Lord revealed Himself to me in my room during the wonderful experience of the new birth, I received a very clear conviction that I had to go to Kodji at the earliest, which I did. I was impressed by this young man's life because he lived what he read in the Bible. Kodji worked with Brother Lee, a native of South Korea. Kodji lived in Agadir, and he made me understand that I could not continue to stay in the haunted residence in Ouleid-Tema. I came to live at Kodji's house for two months and there, with his help, I experimented more deeply with the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. Never in the Catholic religion of my parents had I experienced such power. Every Bible verse that I had read in my readings in the past, finally began to shine with an impressive brilliance. This strength of the Gospel rid me daily of the fear of my old master Satan. From now on a new fear took hold of me: that of the Eternal. The Bible, God's Word says that the deep fear of God is the beginning of wisdom and the beginning of science in man. My eyes began to open, as was my spiritual understanding. Kodji introduced me to the community of brothers and sisters who interceded by prayers, hymns, praises for me to the Lord. In this strange community for me, I was seized by the solidarity of the group, the love that there was for each other, the spirit of sharing in their midst.

The unity of this group of people, instead of solving my problems, aroused in me many questions about the merits of such a community association. Satan wanted me to leave this place where the process of my deliverance had begun. I was tempted to leave this community because these people had such an incredible thirst for walking according to the Bible that I was afraid of falling into a demonic sect. I had already confessed the Lord in my room, but not in front of men. Now, I knew that everything Alfred had said about me was true. This caused a lot of fears in me. In fact, I would have liked to stay in my old religious system, because in Catholicism there is a great tolerance for sin, even among ecclesiastical leaders, whereas in Brother Kodji's community, sin was not accepted

in any form whatsoever. I also saw that I could not personally experience what most of the members of this community lived, who had a life that they read in the Word of God. During my long years in the service of the devil, sin had taken all the place: lies, much sexual immorality made in black masses, rapes, incest, honors, duplicity, glories and prosperity, all this was my daily lot. I did not personally experience what most of the members of this community lived, who had a life that they read in the Word of God.

More and more confronted with the truth, I felt that I had to make a firm decision to give up the iniquity that controlled my whole being and walk with Jesus Christ. I had been reading the Bible for a long time, but consulted it periodically, to make rational arguments to refute the members of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect.

SONGHOTTI FROM BURKINA AND MARTIN FROM CAMEROON - A FREED CAPTIVE.

It was then that I met in Morocco of Songhotti, a student from Burkina. He was a math student in Agadir, leader of a group of prayers in his room at the university. He took many risks, and brought many Arabs to salvation in Jesus, risking his own life. Songhotti made me listen to an audio tape recorded by Martin, a Cameroonian delivered from occultism and converted to Jesus Christ. Martin gave this testimony to a few thousand people in Ouagadougou (capital of Burkina Faso).

I was very impressed to hear this testimony, given by a Cameroonian like me, of the same ethnicity as me (Beti ethnicity) and to see that he was not afraid to testify, that he did not become more afraid of Satan's retaliation when he had plunged deep into occultism in the past. Indeed, at this time, my major problem was that I doubted the Lord's ability to protect me effectively against all the severe retaliation that Satan was going to orchestrate against me.

Listening to this tape many times, I came to a point where I realized that Jesus Christ came to free the captives and not to condemn them. I was still a captive, so I approached the throne of grace of God, convinced that sin deprived me of His glory. I read this passage from Mark 10:28-30
28 Then Peter began to say unto Him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee. 29 And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, and the gospel's, 30 But he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.

At no time of my experience in the darkness had I had such reassuring words. At that moment, I was ready to give up any practice of sin. Jesus Christ reassured me not only about the security that He would bring me against any threat from the enemy, but also He assured me that He would replace, by His incorruptible gifts, all that I would have lost to follow Him.

PASTOR LEE FROM SOUTH KOREA - WATER BAPTISM - DEPARTURE FROM MOROCCO

It was then that I became a member of the community of Chadian missionary brother Kodji, a community led by Pastor Lee, a missionary to Morocco from South Korea. This meeting with head Lee had not taken place earlier for two reasons:

Firstly, Pastor Lee was very reluctant to have me enter a clandestine church in Morocco, suspecting an occult infiltration that could seriously harm the missionary activities already somewhat limited by certain Islamic constitutional provisions. It was not certain that I was really and deeply converted, despite what Kodji told him.

Second, for my part, I had done nothing so far to meet the head of the group, fearing to have left a

guru to fall into the hands of another. I quickly realized that this community of children of God was the demonstration of the strength of the Holy Spirit. The results were not long in coming, I began to confess before God and before men my spiritual misguidance, my iniquities, and my many sins.

Under the conviction of the power of the Holy Ghost, I went to the assembly to hand over all the remaining demonic idolatry cults I still possessed, without any human pressure. The occult works, the statuettes, everything was burned.

When I was an infant, my parents made me go through Catholic baptism by sprinkling. As I read the Holy Scriptures, I realized that only those who believed (that is, those who experienced the salvation of Jesus Christ) had access to baptism.

When I was a little baby, I could not believe, not yet having the ability to discern. The salvation being personal, I asked the baptism with Pastor Lee who hesitated at first. Many brothers confirmed his testimony to me and in the end, I was baptized by immersion in the sea on January 8, 1996 (I was 27 years old).

At the time of the baptismal waters, Pastor Lee, Brother Kodji, and I were thanking the Lord for my new life, when a cool wind began to blow, and a noise was heard from the sky. An audible way by all, a noise similar to that of a rusty nail that is pulled dry wood. The Lord came to testify that He was at work in my life. I shed tears. What moments of strong emotion in this great country under the influence of Islam!

I remembered the persecutions I had inflicted on all those who wanted to tell me the good news of the kingdom of heaven, the many insults to the servants of God announcing the Word Spirit and life. May my repentance give all glory to the Lord. After that, I was looking for God's will for my life. The answer did not wait, the Lord wanted me to return to Cameroon, to complete my deliverance, but also so that I testify what the Lord had done in my life, and finally, to prepare for the ministry He would show me.

Although at this time, several proposals were offered to me in the field of business, God wanted me to leave Morocco. I loved this country for the hospitality of many Moroccan families, and the country knew relative freedom of worship, although limited. I had a good university education, and finally, it was in this country that I met Jesus Christ personally.

Although it was painful for me, the time came to accept the will of God. Some brothers tried to prevent me, claiming that the economic situation in Cameroon was very worrying. Two wage cuts in one year, plus the devaluation of the local currency of 50%, none of this could attract me to Cameroon if it was the plan of the Creator. I knew that God is faithful. My return is from Him, He planned everything perfectly.

January 16, 1996 (8 days after my baptism), I left definitely Morocco. At the International Airport of Agadir, some brothers came to accompany me, including Pastor Lee, Brother Kodji and Brother Daniel Abaté of Cameroon. The latter said "Dany" directed in Morocco a movement of international evangelization. I keep a good memory of the moments spent with these beloved ones, and with all those that I had left in the Sherifian Kingdom.

It should be noted that a large amount of money from a Moroccan middle-class family, which I had known before my release, was sent to me, shortly before my departure, for feasibility studies of the mining-industrial complex in Cameroon. which I was responsible for managing. I was waiting for this money until the last minute at the airport, but my staff did not come.

The plane was full of passengers, and I was the last one who had not yet boarded. The airport speakers were asking the last passengers to board immediately. I decided to cancel my trip and go home. Pastor Lee retorted that I had to leave the country without looking back. "He who seeks to save his life will lose it, and whoever loses it will find it." Luke 17:33. While meditating quickly on these words, the Lord convinced me that if in this bourgeois Moroccan family I had benefited from a princely treatment, all that had ended during my conversion to Jesus. I understood that the head of this family also had many links with the eastern demonic secret societies.

Pastor Lee made a short prayer and recommended me to the Lord. He prophesied about the work of Christ I was to do in Cameroon and beyond. It was the departure, the Lord had specially sent Pastor Lee on my way for my deliverance (he was called for the heavenly homeland shortly thereafter). I had abandoned everything in this country. In my binder, I did not even have a silver coin. However, I possessed a new invaluable treasure: the Word of God. It was everything to me. It was the greatest gift I had to offer to every human being in the world and especially in Cameroon. The Apostle Paul said: "Thus I have a strong desire to proclaim the Gospel to you". Romans 1:15.

RETURN TO CAMEROON - BEGINNING OF PERSECUTIONS - THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

So I arrived in Douala, the economic capital of Cameroon, January 16, 1996. In my modest luggage were only a few personal belongings, however, my solace remained in this wonderful conversion experience that pleased me so much.

I asked an administrative officer at the airport's customs office about the possibility of using a telephone line to get in touch with Ismael, a cousin living in Douala. He arrived immediately and took me home. Almost all my family being in Yaoundé, I wanted to go there as soon as possible. My older brother, A. Amougou, worked in the north of the country as Regional Manager at Mobil, an American oil company based in Cameroon. He had to go down to Douala for his work precisely the week that I arrived. We flew from Douala to Yaounde. Our flight experienced many technical difficulties just after takeoff. The plane managed to get back to the runway and our landing was miraculous. The fright had been great in the camera. The faces of the passengers and crewmen were pale as if seeing a ghost, as just a few months ago a plane from the same national airline crashed. Not being able to take another regular flight, we traveled by bus. Another incident occurred about thirty kilometers from the finish. We had to stop, our bus having serious mechanical problems.

Long before my departure from Morocco, the brothers had warned me that Satan would seek by all means to cause reprisals against me. Not having the means to attack me directly because I was under the protection of the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, he would use intimidation in order to produce not only the fear in me but also the doubt about the foundation of the Word of God. The Lord always reassured me by his Word.

I took this warning of the brothers seriously because I saw on my return the maneuvers of intimidation of the enemy. The remedy according to the Word of God was to resist the enemy: "... Be sober, watch, your adversary, the devil prowling like a roaring lion, seeking who he will devour." Resist him with firm faith, knowing that the same sufferings are imposed on your brothers in the world. " 1 Peter 5: 8. We finally arrived at the village. It was a great joy of reunion: parents, grandparents, friends, the jubilation was general. I did not hesitate to testify of the hand of God at work in my life during these years of absence from Cameroon.

During my absence, the economic situation had deteriorated: economic recession, lower wages, devaluation, so that very few people encouraged me to stay in my country, as I envisioned deep in my heart.

Many wondered about the merits of my return. My statements puzzled many people who thought that I had been repatriated or even expelled from Morocco. It was the beginning of the persecutions I had to endure later. "All who desire to live godly in Christ Jesus will be persecuted" 2 Timothy 3:12.

After my arrival in Cameroon, I had to find an assembly of true children of God in which I could persevere in fraternal communion, prayer, fasting, teaching. Many churches opened their doors. If all spoke of God, very few cared for souls as directed by the Holy Spirit. Pastors were concerned above all with assemblies filled with crowds, without the life of Christ.

My salvation was threatened several times by those who wanted to continue in the rebellion, although members of a so-called revival church. Some wanted to bring me back to drunkenness, lying, concubinage, and compromise with the Word. The Lord granted me the grace to escape these temptations. To Him alone be the glory from eternity to eternity.

In the first church I visited, the leader was more attracted by the fact that a visitor came from abroad than by the testimony of the salvation I wanted to bring. I had no peace in this environment and left him quickly. I understood better this passage from Ezekiel 34: 1-4: "The word of the LORD came unto me, saying, Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel, prophesy, and tell them, to the shepherds: Thus saith the Lord Jehovah: Woe to the shepherds of Israel, who fed themselves: were not the shepherds to feed the flock, and ye ate fat, clothed yourself with wool? you have killed the fat, you have not fed the sheep, you have not fortified those who were weak, healed the one who was sick, dressed the one who was wounded; you did not bring back the one who went astray, looked for the one that was lost; but you have dominated them with violence and hardness. "

The Lord answered my prayer and I found an assembly in which the Lord prepared me to receive many instructions necessary for my spiritual progress.

I also understood during this period that in fact, it was not the church that saves. Salvation is a personal matter between man and the Creator while the man is alive on earth. Salvation after death, the passage to purgatory or reincarnation are pure foolishness of the imagination of men. If you do not have the assurance on earth that you are saved from the last judgment, there is still time for you to be, no matter what name you come across.

This assembly of the children of God, in which the Lord allowed me to persevere, was by no means the most spiritual church in Cameroon. Several times I was scandalized by the actions of several faithful. Many of them had never known the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This was my case too. It was not until after a year in the Lord that I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit with Pastor Philip, after having sought it with thirst and sincerity of heart.

This spiritual aspect of the church was not just about my congregation. Some churches I visited were functioning without the manifestation of the power of the Holy Spirit. It was in this very confused spirit that I lived the first steps of my conversion. To this was added several persecutions on the part of the family, friends and all those who knew me before my conversion. I gladly accepted all these mockeries, insults, and mortifications, according to what the Word says in 1 Peter 5:10: But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.

THE DOCTOR - ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION AND PRISON

As the brethren had announced before my departure from Morocco, the Lord allowed a particularly

trying tribulation, as the Word says in Job 2: 6: "And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life."

In Morocco, I was in contact with Jean-Paul Ondoua, a Cameroonian student at the end of his studies in veterinary medicine. After my return to Cameroon, this brother in Christ took office in the veterinary medical corps. Having learned about my new path, Dr. Ondoua decided to advise a confrere in difficulty, an unconverted veterinarian, to get in touch with me to receive help in the spiritual field. This veterinarian had spent a long time without being able to exercise because of serious disorders in thoughts.

His residence, in which we had an interview, regularly hosted meetings of devotees of Satan. For several months after my arrival in Cameroon, the devil tried to prevent me from sharing my experience of deliverance from darkness, but he did not achieve his goal. He decided to move on to the ultimate strategy that was nothing but physical assassination.

The doctor revealed to me many demonic activities of the group in Yaoundé and further still outside Cameroon. He also told me that his own mother was a high priestess of the group. I sent an intercessory prayer to the Father that this captive be delivered. He did not give his heart to the Lord Jesus but remained receptive to the message.

While I thought I could simply share my testimony with this doctor friend, Satan was looking to take advantage of this situation to try to suppress me. Our interview took place in the middle of the day. The power of the Word of God had accompanied my exhortation, and the powers in this house and in the life of the doctor were seriously shaken.

Some Satanists in the group immediately went to the place where we were clearly intent on hurting me. The power of the Lord was at work, and I left this residence without them hurting me. But it was only part of the delivery. The hardest was coming. If the doctor had not accepted salvation, however, he had understood that he had to get rid of the idol worship objects that made him captive. He came to my home at a late hour of the night, inviting me to pick up the items he wanted me to destroy, with the guarantee that he would not be retaliated against.

I presented Jesus Christ as the only guarantee. It was then that we went to his home after I prayed and asked the Lord to grant me the grace to help these captives. Just entering the compound, I felt like I was in a freezer. By a reflex inspired by the Holy Spirit, I began to sing some praises.

It was then that I felt the restoration of the temperature: Jesus Christ is indeed raised from the dead.

He introduced me to a "sacred chamber" in which only occultist initiates could have access. Being repented of these acts as an abomination to the Lord, my entrance was only possible in this hall by the authority of the Holy Spirit. This did not wait.

As soon as we entered, I realized that the captive was changing his face, and trying to hypnotize me by this demonic transfiguration. Besides, he pulled a dagger out of his pocket, ready to kill me. A dreadful fear seizes me. I invoked the powerful name of Jesus Christ; I then had authority over this room and over the doctor who was settling down. Not only did I remove the personal belongings of the doctor, but also the occult heritage of this community with the contribution of this one: bottles of perfume, bottles of human blood, gold jewelry received from India, etc. The doctor told me that he was anxious to get rid of these objects very quickly because he was bound by a pact by which he had to surrender a person from his family before the evening to be sacrificed.

The objects of idol worship were handed to me at a very late hour of the night, then we joined a

group of brothers and sisters in prayer. All the objects were destroyed, burned and thrown into a pit, with the support of the brothers and sisters during the night of prayer. The doctor warned me against the virulent attacks that the group was planning against me.

We were at the beginning of 1997. Sometime later, I went back one evening to the doctor to hear about the evolution of his physical and spiritual health. On leaving, a hundred meters from the house, a group of ten people seized me and took me to a residence belonging to the followers of this occult movement. They rushed at me, molested me, tearing part of my clothes. Never in my life had I been the victim of such human fury. They hit me with clubs in the sensitive points of the human body. I was hurting with pain and anguish. After a while, they did not understand why I was not dead yet. I recognized some of them (one of them was a chartered accountant in Yaounde).

They were looking for a way to justify their murder by assimilating me to a malefactor who had entered a private home at night without authorization. "If you are outraged for the name of Christ, you are happy, because the Spirit of glory rests in you." 1 Peter 4:14. In the same way, the Bible gave me the attitude to adopt: "Do not give to anyone evil for evil, seek what is good before all men" Romans 12:17. The Lord says in his Word: "Call on me in the day of trouble, I will deliver you, and you will glorify Me" Psalm 50:15. I called on His Holy Name, and He assured me that the instruments of the devil would molest my body, but could not reach my soul. The faithfulness and goodness of God are manifest to those who fear Him and seek Him.

At the moment when my forces were completely destroyed, a voice spoke to me: "Theophilus, cast your worries on the Father, He will take care of you."

Daniel in the lion's den needed to be strengthened in weakness. "Then he said to me Do not be afraid, beloved man, that peace be with you! Courage! Courage! And as he spoke, I regained my strength and said, 'My Lord speak, for you have fortified me.'

Peace in my heart, I found a real comfort. A sticker bought by a brother during the day brought me an excellent edification, an extreme consolation at the moment when these rogues hoped to find "the object which protected me": the sticker bore the following inscriptions: "If one forms conspiracies, it will not come from me, anyone who leagues against you will fall under your power ... Any weapon forged against you will be without effect, and any language that will rise against you, you will condemn it. Jehovah's servants, this is the salvation that will come to them from me, says Yahweh. " Isaiah 54:15.

We left the house under high escort to an unknown destination, it was past midnight. At home, nobody knew where I was at this late hour of the night. We arrived at a public security station in Yaoundé where another group of people was waiting for me, in police uniform. As soon as I got out of the car, a flurry of punches, belts, and batons came down on me. The Lord had warned me.

SATAN SOUGHT IN THIS WAY TO BREAK MY TRUST IN GOD

The ordeal at the Commissariat was harsh, I was accused of having a demonic power. For the police, I was simply a marabout causing trouble to a group of people. I entrusted this other stage of the persecution to the Lord. "Do not be afraid of those who kill the body and who can not kill the soul, but rather fear Him who can destroy the soul and the body in Gehenna." Matthew 10:28.

The Satanists were convinced that after this final and violent ordeal I would certainly return to the cell where I was incarcerated for a period of twenty-four hours.

In prison, I found many brigands also incarcerated, mostly young, who noticed my presence in the

early morning. The police told the detainees that I was an extremely dangerous marabout. However, my praise to God and my peaceful attitude astonished the prisoners, and many received the Gospel favorably. A great joy shines on the faces of these hopeless youths.

One of the deputies to the Commissioner demanded that I be punished severely. I was beaten by the flat of a machete and received many slaps. I realized what the Word says: "So it is with confidence that we can say: the Lord is my helper, I will not fear anything, what can a man do to me?" Hebrews 13: 6. I am forbidden to speak of the Name of Jesus Christ in a cell, which outraged the other prisoners. The one who led the assassination attempt arrived in the afternoon. I continued to have compassion for these women and men in the grip of the demons. In their ignorance, they inflicted on me an evil treatment for which I give thanks to the Lord. I ask in my prayers to the Father not to inflict on these people the responsibility of my wounds, but to open their eyes and ears so that they know the truth that makes man free. If Satan had the opportunity to put me in prison, he had no way to keep the Holy Spirit alive in me in any captivity. I was released soon after.

FELIX OF NIGERIA - ALEXIS OF CAMEROON - FULL CONSECRATION TO THE LORD.

My uncle Théophile Amougou, whose name I bear, and through whom I acquired my first experience with the mystical world, miraculously accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior when I returned to Cameroon. His personal conversion and his assurance of salvation were a great encouragement for me to continue to testify. This uncle died sometime after his repentance. Shortly before his departure, brothers and sisters gathered in his house in the village, and today there is a living Christian assembly in his village. Glory to God!

Little by little, I understood more and more every day that the Lord was calling me to obey this command that He gives to all His children in Matthew 28: 18-20: "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son of the Holy Ghost, and teach them to observe all that I have commanded you." Pastor Félix Obodozié was a missionary from Nigeria. He was working on a mission to restore families. We spent deep moments in the study of the Word. The Lord also allowed me to come into contact with Pastor Alexis Godonou of Cameroon, with whom I experienced the power of the anointing of the Holy Spirit, to proclaim a message with the strength of the Holy Spirit. Many lives were immediately touched and transformed after this wonderful spiritual experience. In every place, I wanted to see the Holy Scriptures come true in my life and transform it so that every man created by God on earth would believe in Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. It was Pastor Godonou who received from the Lord that my testimony should be put in writing for dissemination.

It was also during these profound moments of teaching that I began to understand in a profound way the work to which the Lord was calling me. I needed deep dedication to God before and for all work in the service of the Most High, as minimal as it was.

The Word of God was beginning to have a growing impact on my life. More and more I was drinking at its source, seeking to discover more deeply the ways of God, the thoughts of God for my life. "But those who trust in Jehovah renew their strength, they take flight like eagles, they run and never tire, they walk and do not tire." Isaiah 40:31.

The new spiritual understanding of the message of God and His Word brought me many persecutions from non-Christians, and even from some children of God. "You will be hated by everyone for my name's sake, but he who perseveres to the end will be saved." Mark 13:13. My joy was great because Jesus had predicted it in his Word, "If the world hates you, know that it hated Me before you." If you were of the world, the world would love what it is, but because you are not of the world, and I have chosen you in the midst of the world, because of this, the world hates you ...

The servant is not greater than his master. they will persecute you too: if they have kept My word, they will keep yours too.

PASTOR YOUSOUF - MARRIAGE WITH ANNIE ESTHER - THE LIFE OF A COUPLE ACCORDING TO THE LORD.

The Lord granted me a spiritual home in a family of children of God, so I stayed in Pastor Youssouf's family for almost a year. Youssouf was originally from Garoua, in Foulbe country, in North Cameroon. He is the son of Imam, and his conversion has raised a lot of hostilities in his family. In the North, his head is priced in a Muslim environment. He himself worked in diplomacy and is often abroad. I benefited in this house from the teachings of the church and from life in the family community, which remains the basic cell of humanity according to the divine plan. Indeed, these rich teachings and experiences have usefully prepared me for a great step in my journey with Jesus Christ: marriage. The marriage between the man and woman remain the first institution that God has established in this world. Men have always sought to change the divine order of marriage. The whole of humanity is populated by other practices that go against this order: fornications, concubinage, adultery, incest, pedophilia, homosexuality between men, between women, etc.

The Lord delivered me from all those shameful and abominable forms of sexual covetousness that I practiced before my new birth after I bitterly repented with tears for practicing them.

The Lord revealed to me that in His perfect plan for my life, I had to get married soon. At first, I resisted God's will on this.

At the time, I was sometimes satisfied with a modest meal a day at my aunt's home where I lived. How to explain to my aunt and my relatives that it was necessary to add a wife in my charge? Little by little, I realized the idea of marriage and accepted the will of God for my life.

I learned to be extremely cautious about marriage, in two areas: to abstain from any sexual act out of wedlock and to discern the perfect will of God for the choice of the bride. Many servants of God thought they were doing well by advising me on the choice of the future wife. The propositions of each and everyone was generally based on carnal criteria, contrary to the Word of God. It was the beauty of a sister, or her intellectual level, or even her social situation. I did not attach importance to these unspiritual counsels.

So when the Father introduced me to the woman who was to become my wife, Annie Esther, I was convinced that it was from Him. I met my future wife once before our engagement, as part of a seminar of young Christians organized by our assembly. We did not even have an interview. She lived in Kribi, a city on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, 2 hours drive south of Douala. I had just finished a period of fasting and prayer with some pastors. I took the opportunity of this retreat to better assure myself of God's will for my marriage. It was on this occasion that I met Manga, a brother in Christ, owner of a company in Kribi. He was visiting Yaoundé as part of a trip for his work and began talking to me about a prayer cell at his home, where a bilingual executive secretary named Annie-Esther came regularly. He spoke to me about her in words that showed that she was a servant of the Lord, while this brother knew nothing of my plans for marriage. After our talk, I remained silent and understood that the Father had used this brother to inform me that henceforth I knew the name of my future wife.

It is with great humility that I accepted this divine choice. This became a burden in my heart and I received peace only when I wrote her an engagement letter. It was by faith that she accepted the betrothal, having received the conviction of the Holy Ghost, not knowing me according to the flesh, on the basis of my letter which had testified to her of my relationship with Jesus Christ.

Several questions came to my mind. Will the church adopt the union, as well as our parents? Then there was the thorny problem, and not the least, of the financing of this marriage, having no remunerated activity, except that of proclaiming the mystery of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

My preparations for the wedding day raised great concern with many unbelievers, my family, my friends, my congregation and even other children of God. The anxieties of one and the other were indicative of a walk by sight, and not by faith. A few days before the wedding, I had no savings with me, as hundreds of invitations were distributed. And against all odds, seventy-two hours before the wedding, the Holy Spirit touched many hearts; the blessings of the Lord have poured out in abundance: spiritually, materially, financially.

My marriage was blessed on June 27, 1998 (I was 29 years old). Many people and the people of God glorified the Lord. My wife and I did the same for His goodness and His infinite grace. How wonderful it is to have a wife according to God's plan. "He who finds a woman finds happiness, it is a grace he gets from the Lord" Proverbs 18:22.

Despite our differences, we quickly discovered that we belonged to each other. We sought every day to preserve our unity, our trust, and to resolve our differences in the Word of God. We made sure that our God remains the undisputed master of this union by barring the way to any initiative of men seeking to separate us, or pretending to bring us peace and joy outside the Holy Scriptures.

God had given me a wife, and yet the first weeks of our union were very rough. Satan was trying to control our household with many tensions between us. It was difficult even to share the Word of God, although it was He who had united us.

Certain servants of God to whom I shared this aspect of our young household showed complacency or indifference. We entered several periods of fasting and prayer and understood that our union had not been truly consecrated to the Lord. The Lord restored our relationship on a biblical basis in all areas, spiritual, material and financial, related to our union. In fact, I realized that if one spouse complains, it will not change the other spouse. But if I entrust the problem to Jesus night and day on my knees in prayer, something new will happen in the home. What I require from my partner for household stability must begin with myself. If this is done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ on a continual basis, the Lord will transform the marriage.

The passage of the Word in Ephesians 5: 28-32 showed me perfectly the relationship that I had to have with my wife for perfect harmony in the couple: "This is how husbands should love their wives as their own bodies. who loves his wife loves himself because no one has ever hated his own flesh, but he feeds it and cares for it as Christ does for the church ". These verses have had a great effect on my relationship with the Lord. Thank you, Jesus!

From our union was born on March 31, 2001, the little Nathanael, a gift from the Lord, who will one day become His servant. He is already a living testimony since he was kept alive miraculously by the Lord, being born prematurely at 7 months and a half of pregnancy, weighing less than 2 kg, and we had no money to pay the expenses of the incubator. Glory to God!

THE CALL TO SERVE THE LORD - THE SCHOOL OF BREAKING.

It was after my marriage that I discerned more and more my call to serve the Lord. I hesitated a long time before accepting it definitively. There was no question that I waited for the decision of human institutions to begin to testify to my experience. So I gave witness in families, in churches, in Bible school students, and in many evangelistic campaigns. More than ever, I remained

extremely attentive to listening to God's plan for my life. I was certain that the world did not need me to be a brilliant talker on the Bible, but rather to expose the fulfillment of the Word of God in my life. For the whole of humanity in its sighs does not need Theophilus Amougou, but rather the Lord Jesus Christ.

The miserable spiritual and material situation of many servants of God in Africa and especially in Cameroon did not encourage me to serve the Lord. I was surprised at the zeal that some people had for the service of God without having the slightest revelation of the breaking of the works of the flesh in their lives.

Without waiting for the order of any denomination, I began to share my experience whenever the Lord gave me the opportunity. It should be noted that the power of a testimony does not depend on the rank occupied before conversion in the kingdom of Satan, but only on the daily walk in sanctification, in order to accomplish the work for which Jesus Christ has given us delivered, namely: to announce that Jesus came to free the captives, and to make all nations His disciples. I spent many hours of prayer and meditation on a regular basis in the presence of the Lord, because it was necessary for me to receive the information to help me understand the mission that God wanted to entrust to me. To experience a deliverance do not open the doors to any ministry. On the contrary, such people need to sit down and wait for guidance from Lord Jesus Christ on spiritual conduct. "Eternal! Let me know your ways, teach me your paths, lead me in the truth, and teach me; for you are the God of my salvation, you are always my hope. Psalm 25: 4-5.

Commitment and zeal at the service of unprepared divine work expose one to an extremely dangerous spiritual adventure. A coronation given to a man by a human institution without the consecration of the Holy Spirit in the service of a divine vision is an abomination. Many men such as Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Daniel, the disciples, Paul, Timothy, Apollos, and many other servants of God needed to be taught accurately in the ways of the Lord to be able to fulfill their ministry with the power of the Spirit.

In this period of my life, God emphasizes my need for continuing education, and I am open to His direction, attentive to the revelations He gives me by various means that He uses for this purpose: His children, the Holy Bible, circumstances, etc.

The best school of preparation that every child of God should ask the Lord is the school of breaking. "Humble yourself before the Lord, and He will lift you up." James 4:10. In the same way, "God resists the proud, but He gives grace to the humble." 1 Peter 5: 5. Now I am speaking particularly to those who are not yet disciples of Jesus: If you do not yet know Jesus as your Lord, your Savior, and your friend, I want to tell you, dear beloved reader, that Jesus Christ is the truth. He is a person, He has a Name, He wants to live in each of us. He can save anyone who invokes His Name. There is no desperate case for Him. Buy a Bible from the nearest Christian bookstore, read it with thirst regularly. Discover in this one the great ministry of Jesus of Nazareth in the New Testament, always remember this: "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, today and forever." Hebrews 13: 8. Come closer to the Christian communities where this Word is preached in Spirit and in truth, without compromise.

What Christ did yesterday, He will do today. Confide Him totally to your life, He will fill it at this moment and forever. "... for there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12.

Dear friend, if this testimony touched your heart, it is the proof of Jesus' love and forgiveness manifested on the Cross. My goal has not been to judge you, to condemn you, or to make you feel guilty. I would like to remind you that the sin of Adam and Eve is a condemnation, and the curse of

God dwells on you: "For all have sinned and are deprived of the glory of God." Romans 3:23. So whether you have been in the depths of occultism or not, Jesus Christ loves you and He wants to welcome you to His home. Repent of your sins and accept Him as your personal Lord and Savior. "If we say that we have no sins, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." 1 John 1: 8. The ball is on your side. Jesus Christ is the way, the truth and the life to the Father.

"To God alone, our Savior, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, strength, and power, from before all times, and now, and in all ages, Amen!"