

FREE OF CHARGE



JESUS CHRIST IS COMING

REVELATIONS TIME OF THE END

THE SOUND DOCTRINE

**TESTIMONY OF
FRANÇOISE LUTALA**

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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 FRANÇOISE LUTALA

(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 want to share with you this excerpt from the testimony of Françoise Lutala, who signed pacts with satan from her childhood, and who suffered terribly throughout her youth, until the day when the Lord Jesus Christ had mercy on her and freed her from the chains of satan. 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- Beginning of Testimony

Beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ and very dear readers, may the name of my Saviour resonate in you with great intensity, as He grants you to read this document. If He has allowed you to take cognisance of the message contained in my testimony, it is, I hope, for your edification. There you will find the subject of great exhortations. Only the Lord Jesus Christ has the power to free and save those who are in captivity in the chains of the devil. For He is the Almighty and He is Love. [...] My name is Lutala Kabe Françoise. Kabe means "half" in my native language, because I am actually a twin. I was born in 1954 in Rwanda of a father pastor in the Church of Christ and a mother member of the legion of Mary. I am from the Kivu region, in the Shabunda area. The story you are about to read is the account of the tragic events that I experienced. Without God's intervention, I'd have been dead a long time ago.

2- Under the influence of fetishism

My parents often used to tell us the stories of our village. They kept coming back to the exploits of a witch grandmother who lived there. Instead of giving me goose bumps, those stories captivated me. I even went so far as to gather additional information from my friends about the manners of sorcerers. My friends told me what they believed to be true about the sorcerers' lives. ...

Given my young age and what my parents had already told me, I kept swallowing all these stories. When I thought about it too much, I even wanted to become a witch myself. ... But the opportunity was not given to me to realise my dream, since, in my environment, there was no one who could be suspected of possessing such power. My joy was great when, during the long holiday of 1961, my father took us to the village, in order to get to know the other members of the family better. It was an opportunity for me to meet my grandmother.

2.1- The first contact

Once in Shabunda, my first concern was to meet my grandmother, who in fact was my father's aunt, despite my parents' ban. She was feared and respected throughout the village because of her occult powers. One day, deceiving the

vigilance of my parents, I went to find her and I said to her, "Grandma, why don't my parents love you? Why are they so critical of you? What did you do to make them do this to you?" "I know they don't like me because I'm a witch." Far from frightening me, this statement gave me intense joy. "Finally," I said to myself, "I am in the presence of a real witch!" "Are you a witch? Then show me your plane." "How?" she said, as if she had not understood me. "Bewitch me!" "I can't bewitch you. There's already one other person in the family that I have to pass on my powers to." "Bewitch me, at least so I can see the planes!" "You don't know what you're talking about! Do you know that those planes you're talking about only fly at night? Sorcerers do not spend their time having fun, contrary to what most people think, they are forced to do what they do, for fear of receiving severe punishments, which can go as far as death. And then, if they did it out of pleasure, why do some of them sleep so much during the day?"

Though true, these words did not alter my desire to become a witch. In fact, my grandmother's refusal aroused my mistrust and reminded me of what one of my friends had told me. She warned me that sorcerers could be jealous of certain powers being passed on to someone. *"They can go so far as to discourage a new adept before bewitching him."* To try to break my grandmother's resistance, I began to cry. ... Annoyed by my racket, she said, "You're just a little girl. You still have your whole life ahead of you. There are many things I can give you, but I can't get you into witchcraft. The laws of our family don't allow me to do that. If you were at least the eldest, or a boy, that might have been possible. But in your condition, I can't bewitch you."

I started to whine: "Bewitch me, bewitch me!" Touched by the set-up, the old woman gave in while murmuring: "You only give a child what he asks for ...!" She added: "It is not witchcraft that will make you happy! But go and ask your parents 50 francs, and bring it to me tomorrow. I will give you something, a power that will be of great use to you. You won't have to work to earn a living. All your desires will be fulfilled. You won't have to worry about getting married, because men will run after you..." I didn't understand anything she said to me, I nonetheless went on to do what she instructed. The next day I asked my mother for 50 francs. At that time, 50 francs was a huge sum. My parents agreed to give it to me, on condition that I tell them what I was going to do with it. There was no way I was going to tell them my secret, lest they go and destroy all my plans with my grandmother.

To confuse things, I pretended to be sick and started to cry. Strange thing, **from the moment I pretended to be sick, I became really sick**. My whole body was restless with a high fever. The neighbours, rushing in due to the occasion, advised my parents to accept the loss of 50 francs rather than that of their child. *"Twins are beings with strange abilities,"* said one of them. *"From their childhood, they can submit to their will a person who would have insulted them, even internally. Just give them a gift to appease their anger and remedy the situation..."* Another neighbour added, *"I know twins who can disappear and reappear whenever their parents contradict them..."* Convinced by the neighbours, my parents got scared and gave me the 50 francs. I went to my appointment not without pretending to play, to deceive vigilance. When I went to my grandmother's, I gave her the money.

While waiting for my arrival, she had already prepared a chicken in a pot that was still on the fire. She was only waiting for me to arrive to introduce two leaves from some tree, plus the 50 francs I had brought. When the dish was cooked, she extracted the money and gave it back to me. I saw no trace of the two leaves. When asked what had become of these two leaves, she replied that they were not leaves, and that there was now power in me. That power had entered me while she was preparing the dish. "What is power and of what use will it be to me?" She repeated the same words as before: "Anyone can give you anything you ask. You won't have to try to get married. You'll be very famous... All this will manifest when you are 12 or 13 years old..." She asked me to eat all the chicken, which I did. As soon as the meal was over, I was possessed.

When I got home, I gave the money to my mother. My father then said to her, *"the neighbours were right, it was just a test she wanted to subject us to..."* [...] **A sorcerer cannot practice witchcraft without being aware of it. Every sorcerer knows he has that power. And when he meets another sorcerer, they both recognise each other.** A true sorcerer can see through a person as through a transparent bottle of water. That's why sorcerers can play with their victims. They can attack them by sending diseases into any part of their body. Beloved in Christ and dear readers, only the Holy Spirit can protect us from the attacks of the devil realised through sorcerers. If we do not have Christ, we are at the mercy of such spirits. Like any other evil spirit, the spirit of witchcraft can be cast out in the name of Jesus Christ, **if the possessed confesses his witchcraft and rejects it with all his heart to accept Christ.**

2.2- First findings

After the holidays, we left the village. I was only eight years old, and nothing abnormal came to disturb the course of my life. I quickly forgot my visit to my grandmother and all the ceremonies that had taken place... Three years later, I noticed that my life was different. I imposed myself among my classmates. I was often the first in the class. Everyone got along perfectly with me, even when I was imposing my will. No one could refuse me what I wanted. As for the boys, they were chasing after me. The devil can change the external shape of our body, in both the good and the bad sense of the term. Under the influence of evil spirits, and puberty impulse, the shape of my body changed noticeably in the positive direction. I became pretty. Even at that age, suitors were coming for me. Sometimes even respectable people wanted me to be their girlfriend. Others waited only for my consent to divorce their wives and remarry me. ... My parents could record about ten suitors a day. They showed up with presents... My poor father would tell them, *"My daughter is still too young for me to think of marrying her so soon."* My mother couldn't believe it. She had grown up girls of marriageable age. She was getting sick from watching so many people go after her little girl.

It is to our advantage to be in the Lord. None of those who were not true Christians could resist me. I got everything I wanted from them, without exception. The spirits that were in me were bewitching people and thus annihilating all their will and resilience. I remember well the case of an elderly man, an accountant in a renowned company, who ended up in prison. Here's how: as I was returning from school one day, I had the ingenious idea to visit

him. When he saw me, he asked me politely: "To what do I owe this honour, princess?" "I came to get some pocket money." "Did you bring anything to put the money, like a bag?" "Yes." I emptied my schoolbag of all its contents, and I held it to him. Bewitched by my demons, the man, without realising the gravity of his act and its consequences, filled my bag with banknotes.

That money didn't even belong to him. A few days later, I received a note from him through a colleague. He told me he was in jail, and he asked me for some money to bribe the judges and be released on bail. That accountant was a family man. I told him through the messenger: *"How is it that you, who have children of my age, are not ashamed to do such a thing to a girl of the same age as one of your children? If it happens again, I'll talk to my father about it."* The case ended there. It was more than a scam. I had caused this family's misfortune. God forgive me! From the moment I handed the money to my grandmother and ate her chicken, I had signed a pact with satan to receive a power of domination. Two spirits were then put at my disposal. These spirits drew to me those who were not in Christ, and compelled them to satisfy all my whims.

3- The convent

3.1- My entry into the convent

Given the endless ballet of suitors coming home to ask for my hand in marriage, my parents thought it best to send me faraway. My father decided to send me to the convent. ... I began by being an aspirant, until the end of elementary school. At the orientation cycle, I entered the novitiate. After being a postulant for four years, I was consecrated as a nun. Life in the convent was nothing special. We didn't read the Bible. We recited prayers that we had learned by heart. We were singing hymns from songbooks, and that was it. Far from diminishing, my powers increased again in the convent. My "spiritual father" began to teach me how to have sex with a man.

"My daughter," he said to me, "do not be scandalised by what may happen between you and me, it is better that this should happen between us, rather than with pagans or laymen. Have you ever heard that the body had its reasons that reason does not know? You are a big girl to understand what I'm talking about." "I made a vow of chastity before God and before men, I would not betray that oath for anything in the world, I am a virgin, what would happen if I became your wife? Should I go to confession?" "You will not need to go to confession, it is not a sin, but the satisfaction of a need of a natural order. It is God Himself who created this need. Since you have made your vows, you cannot give vent to your feelings outside the convent. Since I'm here, it's my duty to teach you." "What if I get pregnant?" "You'll never be, because measures will be taken ..."

The piety displayed by some nuns is only an outward appearance that the Catholic church gives to the outside world. I've seen sisters kill children. I've seen dead children buried. Some nuns even died of cancer from taking contraceptives. Our Creator instituted sexual relations between a man and a woman only within the framework of marriage. Outside this framework, one commits either adultery, infidelity or fornication, regardless of the quality of the partner. Despite all the priest's fine speeches, I didn't give in to him. I was

disgusted by the advanced age of this priest. I was only 16 when he was 50. In order to prevent the convents from emptying themselves of their boarders, this human organisation established a system according to which an old spiritual father had to have a young religious sister as his partner, and vice versa. For a young priest who clings to a young nun risks, driven by love, giving up orders to go and found a family elsewhere.

3.2- My dismissal

To escape the old priest's advances, I became friend with another priest, young and handsome. Breaking orders, I was doing everything in my power to make him my intimate. We were so connected that we were often seen together everywhere. The old priest told the young man to abandon me, but he did not succeed in separating us. As no agreement was reached, the two rivals began to hate each other. It lasted for a while. Two camps were formed, those who approved of the young priest, the revolutionaries, and those who were adamant about the regulations, the conservatives. One day there was an exchange of words between the two men which had nothing to do with catechism, and then they came to blows. A strong fight ensued, to the point where there were burns and serious injuries. Cassocks were burned and torn apart on both sides. However, the young priest got the upper hand over the old man.

The next day I was summoned to listen to the report of the judgment pronounced against me. Although not involved in the first degree in the fight, I still expected some reprimands. The old priest won in the judgment and remained at his post. On the other hand, the young man was moved to a distant country. Not being satisfied with the fact that they sent my young "lover" away, I demanded my dismissal from the convent, in protest. My request was rejected for reasons that I cannot explain until now. I made them understand that it was in their interest that I leave. "I cannot imagine my transfer to another convent, I prefer to leave the orders, otherwise, I will get pregnant by the first comer, and I will walk my pregnancy everywhere, making sure I proclaim to whoever wants to hear me where it comes from. Everyone will know that we are not different from free women ..."

They let me go, not without having summoned my mother, to tell her, in my presence, the following: "Dear Madam, we thank you for having kindly responded to our invitation. We wanted to warn you of a grave danger looming over your daughter, our former colleague. After staying with us for so long, it is only now that she has made it clear that she does not have a religious vocation. That is why our congregation saw fit to grant her freedom. In your presence, however, we would like her to confirm to us by oath that she will not disclose any reason for her dismissal. Let her say nothing of what she has seen and heard among us, lest she incur an eternal curse."

"My sister, what has she done so grave to deserve such severity from you?"
"Madam, what she did is not worthy to be told here. It is in all our interests that I remain silent. In less than a week, your daughter will join you at home." I was finally allowed to leave the convent, after my veil and other possessions had been trampled on, as a sign of curse in case I exposed the secret of the cause of my dismissal. I was there for six years.

4- The countdown

Readjustment to my new life was painful, after such a long time doing nothing positive in the convent. Thanks to my diploma, I obtained a place as a teacher at a local primary school. I also pursued university studies. During this period, I met a young student from the University of Lubumbashi named John (This is not his real name). Later, I married John. The first few years after my marriage were happy. After completing his studies, John got the position of principal of the school. After three births, we found ourselves with four children, including twins, the youngest.

The two demons that were in me were still active. Yet my education took precedence over the vagaries of my feelings, and I loved my home. This lasted until the time that had been allotted to these demons came to an end. Those spirits long condemned to serve me yearned for rest. But who could have freed them, since my grandmother, who had bound them, had been dead for a long time? Only Jesus Christ could have set me free, but I did not know Him yet. ... After the disturbances and problems that I had caused, before and after my stay at the convent, I had to pay now. Since I was serving satan, he was the one who had to make me pay. Satan gets paid by sending diseases, torments, all kinds of problems, and even physical death. From that moment, I began to experience many difficulties in my life. At first I did not pay attention, hoping they would pass. But in the long run, they accumulated on our family.

4.1- "I am in you!"

This is how it all began. One day I went home after school. No sooner had I rested did I hear a knock on the door. After opening, I discovered a man dressed in festive wear of a traditional chief. Out of politeness, I turned away from the doorway to make room for him, and invited him in. He said, "I can't go in, Madam, because I'm already in." "Excuse me? Get in the house, since you're standing at the door." "I have been in you for so long! How can you invite me in? I know more about every corner of this house than you do!" "What are you saying? Aren't you crazy? You live in me and you know this house better than I do? Who are you?" "I am not an ordinary person. My body's been dead and buried for a long time. Yet I live in you waiting to find something better." On these words, I understood that I was in front of a ghost. I lost consciousness and fell to the ground. The neighbours ran and took me to the hospital. When I regained consciousness, the doctors had already discovered in me a whole series of diseases. According to them, I suffered from overwork, high blood pressure, heart problems, etc. I believed all the conclusions of the doctors.

When they told me I had a heart condition, I actually felt pain in my heart. As for overwork, it surprised me a lot. Was it a way to interpret the phenomena that were happening to me? For example, when I put something in one place, I found it moved to another place. When I complained about it, people blamed it on overwork. I saw things on the street. I could feel the presence of an invisible person at my side, and I could even feel rubbing, but I didn't see anyone... **One day I saw a young man wearing a snake wrapped around his neck as a chain, while everyone saw only a golden chain.** I was ridiculed when I wanted to show him what I saw around his neck. That chain wasn't ordinary...

The young man, out of respect for my condition as an ex-nun, refrained from slapping me and attributed my reaction to overwork.

4.2- "I'm looking for Marie-Thérèse"

One day, I was in class and I was writing on the blackboard. I had written so much that my arm was starting to hurt. Then I observed something strange. Starting at the level of my scapula, another arm appeared so that I now had two right hands. Apparently, I was the only one who saw this phenomenon because the students remained silent. I was afraid, and I refused to accept this image in my mind. I thought it was a hallucination due to the overwork that was always attributed to me. I wanted to keep writing, but I lacked strength. It was then that I saw letters appearing on the blackboard by themselves, to form the following sentence: "I am looking for Marie-Thérèse." I lost consciousness again and fell to the ground. The students began to laugh when they saw me fall, because they had not yet discovered what had made me fall. But they in turn saw the letters that continued to appear on the blackboard... and they heard a voice saying, "I am looking for Marie-Thérèse!"

They did not have the courage to wait and see more, and thus fled, some through the door, others through the windows. This was at Tuendeleya High School, formerly Marie-José high school. The "Marie-Thérèse" in question was a young student of this High School who had died as a result of a failed abortion. I was no longer a nun, but people often continued to call me "Sister Françoise." So, when this scandal of the Lycée Marie-José was known, my former masters, that is, the Catholics, to cover themselves and discredit me, published an article in a local newspaper. This article said that the former nun "Sister Françoise" had advised a young girl who had come to consult her on what to do in the event of pregnancy, and that she had suggested that she abort. The mother and baby died during the operation. The newspaper went on to say that this girl's spirit was tormenting ex-Sister Françoise, hence her frequent crises. ***The Roman Catholic church is a great human organisation, better structured than the Mafia or the CIA, because it is led by lucifer himself.*** At that time, in Lubumbashi, there were similar manifestations in several places.

4.3- A strange pregnancy

I found myself pregnant again. The pregnancy grew normally. In the fourth month, I went for a prenatal consultation. Gynaecologists discovered that my pregnancy was ectopic. A surgery was necessary. Normally, such an ectopic pregnancy causes pain in the first months of its development. As I didn't feel any pain, I refused to have surgery. Offended by the questioning of their diagnosis, the doctors demanded a radiology. The radiological examination at the Lubumbashi hospital confirmed the thesis, and I bowed. The operation lasted six hours, and no trace of any pregnancy was found. The doctors found in me a suitable ground for their research. They did everything to understand the phenomenon: collecting tissue for various cultures, examining everything... Meanwhile, my legs and feet began to swell out of proportion.

I was diagnosed with diseases at the rate of one per appointment. I was prescribed a treatment and, when I came back for a check-up, I was diagnosed

with one or two other diseases. Finally I was diagnosed with cancer. My belly had increased significantly in volume. I was vomiting a nauseating mixture of black rotten blood and saliva. I had lost a lot of weight, and my complexion was black. All the vigour of my youth was gone. All beauty had given way to an ugliness worthy of a candidate for the grave. The doctors finally concluded that I had stomach cancer. I underwent a second operation. But, in their incapability to do anything to stop the progression of the disease or to eliminate it, they sew up the cut without telling me anything.

4.4- Men's conclusions

With the help of a grant from Gécamines, my family contributed to send me to Paris to receive medical care at the Sainte-Anne Hospital. I stayed there for a whole year. I underwent all kinds of medical examinations there. I was then made to understand that I did not have long to live. In spite of the conclusions given by eminent scientific personalities, the idea that I had to go through an imminent death did not even enter my mind. There was in me the belief that I would live long. We then went to Switzerland, where I received uninterrupted medical care for six months. Then I was sent back home to die. According to the doctors, I only had five months left to live...

5- Secret magic

Back home, I accepted my fate. I didn't expect anything. People would come to me and tell me to go find fetishes. Others came with a long list of medicinal plants. My husband John didn't share their opinion. For him, the pain that was eating me up was of demonic origin. It therefore needed God's intervention. So he advised me to go and find priests to exorcise me. ... Encouraged by these words, which seemed uplifting to me, I gathered the little energy I had left and went alone to find my former colleagues. When I arrived at the convent, the reverend father welcomed me with open arms. It sounded like he was expecting me... "Sister Françoise, you were right to come to us for advice, despite your state of health. Daughter, I can't tell you anything else. ***I can already assure you that after your death, your soul will not stay long in purgatory before entering Paradise. You've suffered enough already.*** For this, we will say several masses in your memory for the good Lord to intervene quickly."

"If God can intervene, it is now that I need His help most, Father! I'm a mother, I have four little children who still need me. They're still too young. What will become of them?" "We all know that cancer does not forgive. Death always scares. I understand your pain. So you can go everywhere and seek your healing as you see fit. Come back to me soon when you're well. I'll hear you in confession..." It was a polite way to get rid of me and fire me. I went away, all sad and depressed, not knowing what to do or where to go to avoid this death so feared. I was already standing at the level of the main gate of the convent when I heard someone call me up behind me: "Sister Françoise, do you want to come back!" I turned my head, and saw a priest, younger than the one I had just left. He was passing through that convent. He was parish priest of another convent also located in Lubumbashi.

5.1- The initiation

His colleague had just told him why I was here. The young priest said to me, "Come and meet me in my parish whenever you want." He left after giving me his address. The next day, I went to meet him after the morning prayers. He was not surprised to see me. *"All I can do for you is not to prevent death from reaching you, but to delay its coming by special prayers that I intend to give you. Of course, you will die one day, because no one is eternal on this earth. But if you carefully follow my advice, you will live long. I'll put you in touch with 'holy angels'."* "As long as there is a possibility, no matter how small, to prolong my life, I am ready to do everything in my power to live. I don't want to die, father!" *"First buy your sanctuary and some accessories. They will be of great use to you in your prayers."* The sanctuary in question was a wooden box painted in several colours, the upper part of which was in the shape of a cone. A white cloth covered everything.

Inside, there was a statue of the "virgin mary", a crucifix, images of what Catholics mistakenly call Jesus Christ, a tombstone called "holy stone", relics of a dead man (nails, hair, pieces of cloth that belonged to a dead person...) called "relics of a saint", etc. Besides the sanctuary, I also bought incense, candles and various other objects. The Bible says that anyone born again is holy. The Roman Catholic Church canonises the dead. A small book was given to me. It was my guide for my prayers. So I began to pray according to the prescriptions of this book. The effects were evident. One day while I was praying in my room, a wind, coming out of nowhere, began to blow violently in my room. It calmed down as he had begun, mysteriously. I could not go to the parish priest to tell him what I was going through, because it had been agreed with him that I could only go to him when the "angels of the good Lord" appeared to me.

5.2- My mysterious practices

One afternoon, around 4pm, I was in my room "praying." In reality, I was only reading the texts or reciting those that I had already learned by heart. I had sprinkled the whole room with holy water. I had soaked in perfume and blown a little powder all over the room. The smoke of burning incense floated in the room, giving it an exotic appearance. My crucifix before me, I scratched my rosary, according to the instructions of the little book. In this smoky atmosphere, I saw out of the cloud of incense a form of hand, which signalled me to approach. I remained prostrate, astonished, as if hypnotised, without understanding what was happening to me, forgetting where I was. I blinked to see if I was dreaming awake. However, the hand was there and continued to wave at me. I was praying for a possible cure, but the idea of an apparition like that did not even cross my mind.

Yet I expected, but without much conviction, to see angels appear, as the priest had told me... What happened next took me away from my contemplation. The hand changed and took the form of a strange being who was not an angel. This being had only human hands and foreheads. It had the ears of a rabbit, the eyes of a cat or an owl, a snout as a mouth, and a head covered with scales, surmounted by two horns. He had hooves instead of feet. He was wearing black pants and was wearing a green, red and yellow striped vest. I still had the

presence of mind to recognize that I was indeed in the presence of a demon, instead of the angel of the good God promised me by the parish priest. Despite this discovery, it was impossible for me to flee or cry for help. If I had, it might have reduced my chances of recovery. I did not move, because I cared too much for my recovery, whatever the cost.

A cavernous voice, coming from the depths of the ages, came out of the beast's snout, breaking the silence: *"Why have you called me here? If I came to you, it's because you greatly disturbed me. Your prayers reached me. Why don't you come to the headquarters like everybody else?"* "What is this headquarters and where is it, so that I can go there?" *"If you don't know the headquarters or where it is, how did you know what to do to call me? Who told you about me? He's the one who has to answer your questions."* With these words, he disappeared as he had appeared. Since it was late, I didn't go straight to the priest. The next morning I went to see the priest and told him what had happened. As I spoke, I noticed that his attitude was getting weird. I understood that he was embarrassed to note that it was not an angel of God who had appeared to me, but rather a demon, a fallen angel... Throughout our conversation, the priest did not give me time to finish my sentences. He interrupted me often. So I agreed to play along.

You saw angels...! Ah! Sister Françoise, you're lucky! Many have desired to see what you have experienced, and have not succeeded. Others died without being able to meet with saints in their lifetime. In any case, your recovery will not be long. What did these messengers of the Lord say to you? He asked me to call him from now on, not from my room, but from the headquarters. Where is the headquarters, so I can get there? "Finish first. Tell me everything you have to say to me, everything they said to you. I'm sure you know the headquarters and its location well, even if you don't know that's what this is about." "My father, he told me to go and find you, so that you could take me there." "Are you sure you heard that invitation?" Yes, certainly, father. If it wasn't, how would I know about the headquarters? "It's okay, you're right, you convinced me. In that case, listen to me. You will tell your husband that until you recover, you will have to attend a series of special masses every night starting tonight. It's so he won't ask you any more questions in the future. As for you, you will be careful that no one follows you here. Meet me alone around 11pm and I'll show you the way to the headquarters. I repeat, you must be careful that no one follows you!"

According to the priest's advice, I informed my husband what I was to do. John let me go, not without first rejoicing that my former partners had been well disposed towards me. After a few minutes past 11pm, I was in the convent, where I met the priest who was waiting for me. ***We went to a room inside the chapel.*** Once in this room, I noticed other religious, all dressed in black. The priest changed and put on black clothes. He gave me a package and asked me to put on its contents as soon as possible. The package included a black dress, black stockings, black gloves, and a book with a black cover. When I was dressed in black like everyone else, the priests demanded that I kneel down so that they would pray for me. ***They laid hands on me. During their prayer, I felt dizzy. When the prayer was over, they wanted to make sure of the effect that the laying on of hands had on me.*** I told them what I had felt

and I saw a relief on their face. The priest said, "We can go now." It was not yet 11:30pm when we drove to the main central junction of the city of Lubumbashi.

At this time of night, there is an intense commercial activity in this part of the city. After parking the car, everyone got off. To my great surprise, the priests began to undress, without paying any attention to my presence or to the people around them. As if nothing could be more natural, they asked me to hurry and undress, as if they had forgotten that I was a woman. I obeyed but wanted to keep my underwear. I was ordered to remove everything and remain naked, like everyone else. The priest said to me: "Hurry up, we only have a few minutes to reach the headquarters!" The lights were bright. People were all over the place. Nobody seemed to notice us. Yet these priests were well known in Lubumbashi. How do we explain this? It was scary to go through such an experience! One of the priests said to me, "*Hurry up, we have no time to waste! You'll pay dearly if we're late!*" It was then that I understood that we were invisible to the eyes of the laymen. I undressed myself.

We crossed the street and reached the centre of the crossroads. A pentagram was drawn on the ground. I was invited to lie inside, with my back to the ground, and each of my limbs at the top of one of the points of the pentagram. I was lying on the ground with my arms and legs apart. Five candles came out of nowhere, shining at each summit. They made incantations on me. Three naked prelates stepped over me, while taking care to touch certain parts of my body. They said prayers that were unknown to me.

These priests stepped over me as it is done during the priestly ordination of a new Catholic priest. When the ceremony was over, the candles disappeared without me understanding how. We put on our black clothes and took the direction of the "cimetière des sapins" (a cemetery) of the city of Lubumbashi. ***The headquarters was nothing but the cemetery.*** At the headquarters, I thought we were the only ones who visited cemeteries at night. I lost all illusion when I saw the growing number of people I found there. Most of them were young. I do not know how they got there.

There were young people there looking after power to strongly impress people, each in his field. ***Students came looking for ways to successfully complete their studies without having to study. Athletes came to look for records that were second to none. Musicians were there to get new inspirations.*** In return for sacrifices, these people signed pacts to be more successful in their businesses. But, alas, this glory was but fleeting. It was necessary to renew the pact after a certain time, for fear of losing one's mind or one's life. There were also politicians. In addition to success, they wanted to obtain the power of domination to impose themselves in general assemblies. Some wanted the power to read the future, to protect themselves from bad days. The sacrifices that the latter were to offer were consistent. Some came to prepare their speeches. All professions were represented: ***doctors, lawyers, engineers,*** etc. all had a common denominator: they were all satanists looking for terrestrial success. If you preach Christ to such people, they will not accept Him as their Lord and Saviour. ***These people often hide behind religious denominations, or sects that deny the divinity of Jesus Christ.***

I also noticed pastors, deacons, priests, including priest Kasongo, who was familiar with such places, vicars, just to name a few. How is it possible to understand the fact that these people whose mission is to lead men to God, had failed their vocation and are instead leading people to satan? I therefore concluded that God did not exist, or that the God we could believe in was a false god, a substitute god, and that the true God was somewhere else. The presence of healers, fetishists, traditional practitioners and other charlatans did not surprise me. It was only natural for them to come and draw from their source. We visited the premises. When we arrived at a tomb, we stopped. The parish priest recited a prayer, invoking some "saints," of which he and his colleagues were perhaps the only ones who knew the secret. Some passages were taken from the book of the prophet Jeremiah. By means of a magic wand, he struck a tomb which opened by itself and pushed out the coffin found therein.

Under the coffin, I discovered a passage, a sort of corridor leading to a kind of cellar or basement. Going along the passage thus opened, we reached a turning point, beyond which my eyes discovered an "abomination". On the ground there was a life-size cross on which a man was bound, dying and lying in his blood. Of course, he had a crown of thorns on his head. One nail was stuck in each hand, and another attached both feet to the wood. However, he had no chest injuries. This man was surrounded by chains, which were actually large rosaries. The suffering of this man was evident and made me shudder. With a serious and compassionate look, the parish priest said to me: *"here is our **lord jesus christ** suffering on the cross. His agony lasts, because he never died. He's still alive."* We had probably reached the goal of our walk because, after seeing this being, we prostrated ourselves to worship him, and then we turned back. Except for a few details, the being on the cross had features similar to those of "jesus christ" whose images flood markets and religious shops. This same "christ" is sometimes also represented on feminine jewels.

God says in Exodus 20:4-5 *"You shall not make for yourself an idol in the form of anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath or in the waters below. You shall not bow down to them or worship them."* Do we not, however, see Catholics embracing the cross? Objects (crucifix, holy water, rosary, etc.) should not be used in worship. The being on the cross we met at the cemetery was nothing but a demon. Since the devil is an expert in lying, his servants can only act in the same way. Thus many things were added to the Holy doctrine, such as the holy water in the year 400, the canonisation of the "saints" in 995, the obligatory celibacy of priests in 1074, etc.

When this first contact with headquarters was over, we returned to the convent, and I returned home, where John was far from imagining a new rut in which I had become entangled. Every night I went to the headquarters to learn how to pray on the tombs. These same prayers are also made by those who rob the graves. Our masters advised us to contact the dead, to give them certain gifts, only after we had beaten them. There were, however, graves that did not reveal their contents and did not answer our prayers. These were the graves of the true children of God. Those who responded to our requests were demons waiting for eternal condemnation. The spirits of the children of God do not dwell in cemeteries or in the grave.

After my many visits, I was able to understand certain things. Especially the true origin of holy water and anointing oil used in Catholicism. **Anointing oil is nothing but human fat.** After deodorizing it, a little olive oil is added to it. Our supreme leader was the pope of the cemetery. Nothing could be done before his appearance and his famous blessing. He was no different from the pope of the Vatican in his clothes and in his different gestures. Sometimes I wonder if it were not the same person.

At a certain time of the year, in the spring, I think, this pope would bless a certain amount of water that was being distributed to us. We would keep some of this water until the first rains. We then collect the water from the first rains to mix it with the one we had kept, in order to achieve a good mixture. This holy water was reserved for special occasions. It is rarely found in the stoups. I could not understand some things: I had a different body when I was at the cemetery. This other body had no deformation or malformation whatsoever.

But when I left the cemetery, I took back my old body full of diseases. When I pointed this out to my superiors, they made me understand that this was tangible proof of my definite physical recovery: "you will soon have this new body in the physical world. Persevere, that you may see it fulfilled..." I didn't lack perseverance! I was so zealous that I received the title of deaconess, and later that of medium, which corresponds to the highest level for a woman. Among the people I used to meet were renowned bar owners or managers. They often asked us to increase their turnover. We delivered to them serving spirits enclosed in bottles that we filled with holy water. **We handed these bottles to these bar managers, being careful to tell them to pour some of this water at the entrance of their bar, where the customers pass. A second part of the water was to be poured inside, where customers drink, and the last part was to be poured into the sanitary facilities, especially the urinals.**

The demons locked in the bottles were thus released and assigned to three different tasks, depending on where they had been released. **Those who had been released into the urinals had the task of "transforming" the urine into consumable drinks.** As a result, the owner was no longer required to purchase drinks. That was his advantage. The spirits inside the bar had to introduce other spirits into the consumers. Those who were released at the door were called "trumpeters." Using their "trumpets", they would attract or call the drinkers. It must be clear that the devil gives nothing for nothing. He gets paid for any service rendered, no matter how small. By keeping their stocks of drinks intact with the help of the demons in the urinals, **all these bar owners, in return, had to give us 500,000 souls a week. Once this transformed urine was consumed, all sorts of demons could enter the clients' bodies.** Satan does not need our physical body so much. It's our spirit that he wants to take over in order to neutralise our will. He does, however, use his demons to occupy human bodies, because these demons greatly need our bodies to manifest.

Whoremongers attract the spirits of immorality, and liars the spirits of lies telling, who come to dwell in them. ... As a medium, I had the power to transmit power to others. I could teach newcomers how to make invocations, or just show

them how to go to the headquarters. I was able to receive various mails and send them to different parts of the world. I knew many secrets to kill people, which I never did. I was even able to send spirits to bewitch a whole neighbourhood. Despite my ability to accomplish all these feats, once I was outside the cemetery, I always found myself sick and physically deformed.

5.3- I abandon

After these long attendances at the occult world, my body showed serious signs of weakness. Without me noticing it, the time the doctors had predicted for me to die was over. But I told myself that it was just a postponed agenda. One night, John, who had advised me to go to the priests, followed me without my knowledge to the convent. He calmed down when he saw me crossing the convent gate, and turned back. Anyway, if he'd waited, he wouldn't have seen us. To go from convent to the headquarters, we were already invisible. But this calm was short-lived, and he began to ask me specific questions about my nightlife and the state of my health. I feigned indignation, and he retracted and presented his apology. I then resolved to stop my visits to the cemetery, after discussing the topic with my superiors. So I put an end to my attendance at the cemetery and took leave of the world of the secret magic of the catholic church without any hassle. I gave back to the priest everything he had given me. *"I will set my face against the person who turns to mediums and spiritists to prostitute himself by following them, and I will cut him off from his people."* Leviticus 20:6.

6- The rosicrucian order

One of the purposes of my testimony is to let everyone know that God alone is responsible for the life of men on earth. After abandoning the secret magic of the catholic church, my health deteriorated further. In addition to the demons that manifested their presence through my body, the wandering spirits of the cemetery took advantage of my withdrawal to take up residence in me. This added an infernal dimension to my ills. I could hear their groans, their quarrels and their endless complaints. I had no rest, day or night. I was in so much pain that I lost track of time. When night came, I longed for the day to appear. The coolness and calmness of the night, far from invigorating me, amplified the noises I heard, thus preventing any sleep. When the day came, I wanted to get to the night, to escape the constant hassles and troubles that filled my days.

Glory and praise to the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we have peace and tranquillity, even in hard times! He who redeemed us by His precious blood which He shed on Mount Golgotha. This blood covers us and protects us from the evil one's atrocities. But at that time I had no knowledge of Jesus Christ or of the redemptive work done on the cross for my salvation. No one had told me about him yet. Everywhere I went, everyone defended their religion and its doctrines. Is this your case, dear brother? Instead of presenting Christ, are you presenting your church? Do you present the charism of your pastor or your religion to someone who needs Christ?

6.1- My introduction in the rosicrucian order

Even before our family visit to my village, my paternal and maternal uncles, who occupied a privileged position within the rosicrucian order, had me enlisted as a

"dove." I was still very young. Later, in the convent, I noticed that the priest was practising rosicrucianism like me. I was still at a rudimentary stage. ... After my abandonment of the secret catholic magic, a cousin who lived in Europe, passing through Lubumbashi, came to visit me. He had been told of the mediocrity of my health, and of the ups and downs I had endured for a hypothetical recovery. My cousin remained calmly at my bedside, without saying anything for a while. Then tears ran down from his eyes, and he said to me, "of course, I was told about you and your health, which was not famous at all. But from there to find you in such a state, no, Françoise, I can't believe it..."

This time, his tears went abundant. This cousin was still young when he left us to go to Europe. He had kept of me the image of a beautiful young girl. In the face of the human remains that I had become, he did not have the strength to restrain himself. He said to me, "since the evil spirits have thus mocked your health and your body, it would be better to use the energy that is in you to resist all these attacks. For this, it is in your interest that you join our philosophical movement. There is in every human being an active force. This force remains inactive as long as the person harbouring it does not activate it, simply out of ignorance. The rosicrucian order has a double task: to reveal this force to its possessor, and to activate it, with the consent of its possessor." Staring intensely at me, he continued: "far from being a religion, the rosicrucian order is a movement that encompasses the metaphysical, the physical, etc. You will not need a baptism to access it."

6.2- My practices

I cannot tell you all the steps taken within the rosicrucian order, for fear of "wasting your time." However, I will say that I went through the neophyte stage, through the Temple, and that I went through the lodge. A serious rosicrucian will easily understand what I mean. I knew prayers that could carbonize a tree or a human being. One day, I experimented on a chimpanzee domesticated by a couple of childless Westerners. The loss of this animal caused them deep sorrow that I still regret today. There are people who experience difficult situations when they are in the company of rosicrucians, because rosicrucians take them as guinea pigs to experiment their powers. I had reached a level where I could hear the "voices" of plants and animals. Although I enjoyed these extra-sensory faculties, I was not at all free. For example, I had to be careful not to crush ants while walking. ***I couldn't trample on the lawn, lest it scolded me.*** I could use my astral body and get out of my physical body. I often used this way to go to certain places. Duplication requires a lot of concentration, and a lot of other horrible things. As the spirit travels, it is replaced in the body by a demon.

Unfortunately, ***on his return, the person's spirit can escape, causing madness. Hence the increasing number of lunatics among the practitioners of these occult sciences.*** When he joins, the new adept is forced to send his picture to the command centre. This picture allows him to be identified by his new partners. In return, the adept is granted a pyramid. This pyramid can only be seen by those who have reached the level of the Temple and the Lodge, the others use signs or small stickers. There are specific rosicrucian badges, rings, chains, etc. With that, adepts know that they are in

the presence of a "sister" or "brother". Rosicrucians boast of having given to humanity popes, scholars, pastors and priests. It is in reality a religion. Rosicrucians are religious, since they invoke demons (grand-masters and imperators) in the spheres of the cosmos.

The Bible states that man was created in the image of God. Rosicrucians have distorted this truth to the benefit of their science. This is what a rosicrucian monograph says: "man, taken from the image of God, fell at a certain moment." (This is a way of not clearly saying that man has sinned). "This fall has caused God to place man on an inferior plane." (The Bible says that sin has distanced man from his creator). "However, man can develop himself to regain his original state." Jesus said, "No one can come to the Father except through me." The trivialisation of sin is commonplace in rosicrucianism. Drunkenness is only a way of distracting oneself, while sexual immorality is only a small imperfection that God has allowed to satisfy someone else's need. Worse still, they go as far as denying the very foundation of Christianity, namely the death and resurrection of Jesus. To rosicrucians, Jesus could not rise again, since he was not dead. According to them, Christ could not die. As the great master of magic, he could not know death. For them, this "christ" is the only one who has attained perfection. While according to the Bible, Christ is perfection itself.

6.3- I abandon the rosicrucian order

For every rosicrucian, death is only an end reserved for ignorant people. Death would only be the beginning of a new cycle of development. To explain their inability to help me, they told me: *"your last incarnation was in Hitler's time. During this incarnation, you killed so many people that now you have to pay dearly for your crimes. You're paying for the crimes you committed in your previous life. You'll only be perfect in a future incarnation. But you can speed up this process by doing some studies..."* The studies in question consisted of invoking the spirits of deceased persons in an occult manner: the invisible masters and the imperators. Things like mystical oil and water were of no use to me. ***Beware of houses where the presence of mirrors is not justified, in an office for example.*** Mirrors, black masks, and golden clothes served us during great ceremonies that took place in great satanic temples.

All these stages that I went through make you understand that I was no longer a novice at all. However, I left the rosicrucian order, despite my different paranormal powers, for several reasons. The first reason is the one you already know: my health had not recovered and I was still sick. The second reason came from the observation that I had made: only the rich had access to higher degree of knowledge in this occult group. Which implies that my wallet did suffer. ***The last reason for my departure from rosicrucianism was that I received a letter from my leaders one day, in which they demanded that I choose how I wanted to die.*** "If you were ever to die, what kind of death would you choose? Death by drowning, death by asphyxiation, death by suffocation, death by exhaustion or illness, death by hanging, death through a fight, death by accident, death by sleep, etc." This letter aroused in me a feeling of revolt and disgust.

I lost all interest in rosicrucianism. "How dare they ask me such questions, when they know the deep reasons for my adherence to their sect? Will I heal after I

die, and do they think I'll buy their story of reincarnation for a new cycle? Why all these questions? Do they want to physically eliminate me?" Since I did not want to die, there was no reason for me answering their letter. I loved to live. I wanted to live in order to help my own, live happily! My cousin was no longer there so I could keep him informed of the turn of events. I therefore had the good reflex to stop attending meetings and to stop reading monographs. I therefore resolved to leave the rosicrucian order, in spite of the fact that the number of voices I heard had increased, and in spite of all the consequences that might ensue. I abandoned myself to my fate, the fate of someone without Christ.

7- Mahi-Kari and Indian magic

A friend of my older brother, informed me of the wonders that were happening in a recent Eastern sect established in our country. It was Mahi-Kari. Very few people knew of its existence and even fewer had joined it. Although not a religion in itself, Mahi-Kari taught a doctrine very different from those I had known until now. Due to my persistent search for a hypothetical cure, I had no alternative but to embark on this new path, despite my various disappointments recorded in the past. I had to buy my membership with money, as well as the purchase of "the omitama", a strange god with weird faculties. Why weird? First of all, because it had to be bought, then because it had to be transported, protected and, if necessary, hidden. This god was presented to me in the form of a hollow medallion with a piece of paper representing the effigy of a person. The deadline for my death had already expired, but I still had this sword hanging over my head. I believed in everything I was asked to believe, in order to achieve my goal, which was only physical healing.

My fervour was so evident that in a short time I gained the confidence of the masters. This earned me the title of "light giver." What light could I transmit to others, if not a black light full of demons? This sect also taught reincarnation, which attracted a growing number of followers. People came en masse because they were told that they had only a few opportunities, at most, to return to the Earth before being in harmony with their god. These different reincarnations were to free them from their various imperfections. Thus filled with the hope of being reborn soon perfect, the adepts saw themselves all permissible in this life. Christianity gives children of God the power to dominate over creation. On the other hand, in Mahi-Kari, man must do everything by his own efforts and means to dominate nature and his fellow man. But I was quickly tired. My body was becoming increasingly weak and tired. When I asked why I remain sick, I was told it was a matter of behaviour. "These spirits come from the fifth heaven. As soon as they're done doing what they have to do in you, they'll let you go free..."

Two-thirds of the teachings we received were about how to obtain material wealth. Questions like, "How do you get rich? How do you double your capital?" were common in their meetings. Besides, I didn't believe in their god. Even a small child could have detected the trick. What was that god who, instead of rescuing us, saving us, healing and protecting us, was to be transported or hidden by us, when it was up to us to receive his protection and support? I didn't care about that god for the rich. How could a poor man have enough money to buy the omitama? Yes, even a small child could have detected the subterfuge.

It was better for me to resign myself to my fate and wait calmly for death, rather than make my soul suffer needlessly.

However, the idea of dying so young grieved me greatly. I had a husband and four children that I cherished. I was willing to sacrifice everything for them. Why would illness dog me so hard, when the world was full of people who anxiously cherish to die? I prayed to God. I had often thought of Him only as a last resort, when my intelligence had exhausted any other solution. My faith began when I realised my ignorance. Satan had made me so ugly; my legs and feet had swollen so much that I couldn't wear any shoes. To put on my shoes, I had to use boxes held together with strings. A demon had lodged in my back and forced me to remain permanently in an inclined position. Even in these difficult times, when a single glance at me was inciting repugnance, John remained at my side.

7.1- My first contact with Indian magic

There is a magical occult organisation in India, the name of which I will not mention, and which had, at that time, two representative offices in Africa. The first office was located in Malawi, while the second office was located in the city of Lubumbashi. One afternoon, as I was returning from the house of a relative, an unknown man asked me: He was the representative of the Indian magic organisation in Zaire. "Alas! Who are you to bear the weight of so many individuals?" I was on the alert to see if he was speaking to me or to another passer-by. Within myself, I did not fail to wonder about the identity of the person who could "see" people whose voices I could only perceive.

I was sure he wanted to talk about these people. In spite of my silence, the man insisted, "Well, you, who do you think you are? The Queen of England? I'm talking to you! Why are you pretending not to hear me? Don't you know I have the ability to free you from all this burden? Be wise and think about it. If I help you, what do you lose and what do I gain? Nothing!" I was so disgusted with life that I didn't even have the courage to respond to those words, if only out of politeness. Like a robot, I continued my way.

However, pushed by whatever force, the unknown, far from becoming discouraged, pursued me, despite my lack of interest. "Be wise and reasonable! I'll give you my address anyway, in case you change your mind and want to get in touch with me!" He gave me his address verbally and went ahead of me. Throughout his speech, I didn't even turn around to see what his face looked like. Continuing my journey in silence, I felt sorry for myself and began to cry. And I'm like, "Why was I so rude to that stranger? How did he 'see' those who talk to me often? If he could see them, he's not a layman."

When I got home, I kept asking myself these questions. Wasn't he right, after all? What did I have to lose, since, in the state I was in, everything was lost? I might as well see him again. My decision was made, I had to meet him! The next afternoon, I was at his place. From the number of vehicles I saw parked in his compound, I realised that this man was not just a fetish, but that he was much more than that. A little reassured, I entered the house.

When he saw me, he cried from afar, as if he were expecting my visit: "At last, here you are! Anyway, it's a good thing you came. You will heal from all your diseases. The most important thing here is not zeal or faith, but courage. You'll need a lot of courage... I'm going to put you through different tests. Only the results will tell whether you're fit or not." A little upset, because of all my past disappointments, I replied harshly: "I don't need to do your tests! I'm brave, I know! A few years ago, I sometimes went to the cemetery alone at night. Another time, always looking for my healing, I spent a night in a river full of toads. In sects where I've been, I've stood by and watched without batting an eyelid the sacrifice of some of the victims! There's nothing wrong with my courage!" "You may be brave, I admit. However, the orders are that you pass your exams before anything else, and it's better to do it first. The rest will come later. But since it's already late, come back tomorrow afternoon to attend the first sessions with the others." As we walked along, we passed through a room full of naked people, lying on the floor. In another room, some people seemed to be taking a lecture.

7.2- Initiation

The next day, when I returned, I was given a pencil and a notebook to take notes. We had to memorise sentences that I did not understand the meaning, because they were in a foreign language with Oriental-sounding words. The teacher used a wand to pace the rhythm of the pronunciation. It is not without reason that I mention this detail. By memorising these texts in this way, we opened ourselves to the devil and his demons. The devil uses the word, not only to spread his mortal message, but also to possess souls. For example, when a magician pronounces a magic formula, he uses a code that must trigger a certain mechanism. ... In the rosicrucian order, one could split and also speak with plants. I was now discovering in my new master that the devil could turn a man into an animal, a fly, a boa, a crocodile, a mosquito, etc. the vehicles I had seen when I arrived were owned by customers.

One day, after a course, my master told me in confidentially: "Dear Madam, in this world, there is nothing for nothing. People who come to us don't do it for free. They must pay a certain price, either in cash, or in exchange for a human life, or by doing certain tasks. For you, don't worry, because your case is a little special. You don't have to pay anything, because I found you, not the other way around. There are people who haven't paid what they owe us. They pay for their debts with their freedom. **They are transformed into animals, boas, monkeys, leopards, etc., and they are sold to zoos or circuses. It's very simple...** I transform them into animals, and I block the process of returning to their human form with appropriate formulas. The victim stays for good in his condition. We tie them up, put them in a cage, and sell them in Uganda, Tanzania, or most often Kenya. The tragedy of these people who remain in animal form is that they continue to see and hear exactly as men, but without being able to communicate with us!"

7.3- First experimentations

Courses were drawing to an end. Then came the time for experiments. One afternoon we were in one of the rooms, spacious and unfurnished. Everyone was

on the floor naked, face down. We had to move our four limbs like a swimmer in the water. We had repeated this exercise several times, when the master entered the room where we were, and ordered us to close our eyes. He severely threatened anyone who disobeyed his orders. He then ordered us to recite some of the sentences we had memorised, taking care to pronounce each word well, and to take a breath after each sentence.

Despite the master's prohibition, my curiosity drove me to disobey. I wanted to know what this whole setup was for. Lying on the ground, instead of closing both eyes, I closed only one, and observed what was happening through my eye half-open. Under my mesmerized eye, I saw a metamorphosis happen. My Neighbour became a monster half snake, half man. The feet, legs and part of the trunk had already become the tail of a snake, while the chest, arms and head still retained their human form.

At the sight of this scene, I lost courage and became afraid. I wanted to run away, to flee and to go faraway. But I remembered the master's imprecations and the consequences that would follow. So I abstained and concentrated on the exercise. This took me some time and caused me a slight delay. I was the last one to turn into a boa. I felt a total weakening. Opening my eyes to see what was happening to me, I discovered that my whole body had taken the form of a snake. Only my head retained a human form! I felt dizzy the second time, when I woke up, I was an entire snake, a huge boa. Instead of walking, I was crawling. Instead of words, I heard whistles like those of a snake coming out of my mouth. The whole room was filled with boas. Only the master, standing, had retained his human form. I could hear everything, and I could see everything that came into my field of vision. However, I could not express myself! Half an hour later, I felt like I was dizzy. When I regained consciousness, I found myself in my body, still with my diseases. I was glad to see that, in the form of a boa, I had no deformities. Which made me think I was cured.

I was greatly disappointed when, returning to my human form, I observed with bitterness that no healing had occurred. Three weeks later, I was able to transform myself into a boa, a bee, a mosquito, a crocodile, a leopard, etc. without the help of the master. It was very amusing. So I could forget my misfortunes. When I took the form of a bee, for example, I could come home, see and hear everything that was going on there, but I could not intervene.

The other side of the coin was that when a person is in the form of an animal or insect, if that animal or insect is killed, the person must necessarily die, not on the spot, but after returning home. John often blamed me for my unjustified afternoon absences. He wanted me to explain it to him, but it was impossible for me to do so. The master had strictly forbidden us to reveal our secret, even to our spouse. But John became more and more suspicious!

One day, he followed me without me noticing. I only saw him at the last minute, and I had no way of turning back or avoiding him. So I went to my master, and explained to him that "my husband was after me". In record time, I turned into boa. The master had just a second to hide my clothes in a drawer, and John burst into the room. "Where's my wife?" he asked. "Of what wife are you talking about, dear sir?" Answered the master. "I am indeed talking about my wife! The

one who just walked into this room. I've been following her from home. She couldn't have gone anywhere else. I saw her come in here, in this room!" "But take a good look at the room where we are. There's only one. This window overlooks where you came from. If your wife has come in here, as you dare to say, then find her! If not, apologise to me and clear off, because you're trespassing." I was present, but John didn't know. Wrapped around myself in a corner, I followed their dialogue.

At the end, John exclaimed, discouraged: "it is not possible, my God, it is not possible! Am I dreaming? I followed Françoise from home to this room. What happened to my dear wife? I only see one boa and you here... Where the hell is my wife?" "Are you sick or what? Am I dealing with a madman? I'm telling you to go, or I'm going to sue you!" John was not of a complicated temperament. He apologised and left. I felt bad in my heart as I saw my husband's distress. After his departure I took back the human form and followed him home. I found him moody, melancholy-looking. He didn't ask me any questions, but the way he looked at me speaks volumes. Did he have any suspicions, or did he just understand that his dear Françoise was none other than that boa in the corner of the room? For fear of losing my husband, I decided to abandon Indian magic. What if I lose him? What would my life be? Once I had made up my mind, I went to the master and said to him: "Dear master, I have been coming to these places for several months now, without it changing anything in my present state!

Ever since he followed me here, my husband hasn't spoken to me like he used to. It greatly pained me! Sometimes he looks at me funny. Tell me, master, what I have to do, so I can do it!" He looked at me for a while, and then he asked me, "Who could worry more if you were away for a long time?" "It depends on the length of my absence." "Three days at most." "I am answerable to my husband the most. Where are you taking me? Do you intend to sell me in Kenya?" "But no! Don't be such an idiot! And then you forget, I think, our instructions? Don't your questions hide your fear? Yet you know very well that courage is recommended to us, remember well! Bring me the leftovers from your husband's food and some of the dust from his right heel. It's to neutralise him for a couple of days." The next day I brought him what he had demanded. He introduced what I had brought him into a three-quarters bottle filled with a substance. Before closing the bottle, he pronounced my husband's name three times, and then he shook the bottle hard. "So, no one will be able to worry you for two to three days."

8- The satanic underwater world

The master finalised all business in progress and then entrusted the management of his house to one of his assistants. Shortly after, we went into the forest, away from any habitation. After walking several kilometres, we were exhausted. There was a "nganda!" (A kind of campsite where hunters can rest). After undressing me, the master made me put on a garment of raffia and tree leaves. We stayed there for two days without taking any food. On the third day, he painted me with a whitewash-based paint, of different colours, in the manner of the spiritualist priestesses consulted for divination, and who perform their rite by invoking satanic spirits. A little weakened, we dragged ourselves to the river

that was flowing in the vicinity. There was a canoe floating on the water, and held to shore by a rope. He untied the rope and we took place aboard it.

We followed the current, and reached a place where the current was very strong, and the water very deep. To my great surprise, the master stopped the canoe at this very spot and invited me to dive. "This is the moment when you must show your courage. Throw yourself in the water!" "Excuse me?" "I say throw yourself in the water!" Although I was fasting and weak, I still had enough lucidity to detect the danger. "Throw yourself in the water first, and I'll go next. We've been together so far; how can you imagine you'll get rid of me so easily?" "Enough talking! We have reached a point of no return. This is not the time for vain discussions. Dive, I command you. Time is passing, and you're expected." "But this is suicide! I can't swim! If you want me to dive, move the canoe to a place where the water is shallower and less agitated than here. Without that, I'll never dive! Or dive first, and I'll follow you!" "You don't know what you're talking about, little girl! At this point, it is practically impossible for us to back down. If I accept your proposition, it would be for me to sign our death warrant! We are expected! You may not know this, but you are ruining all your chances for healing!" "Is my healing in the water? No, I don't want to."

Seeing himself unable to convince me, the master resorted to a ruse. He stared at a point behind me and remained calm, as if he wanted to draw my attention to something. I immediately slackened my distrust to observe what was happening. Taking advantage of these few seconds, the master rushed me into the river. The contact of the water on my body gave me a shock, but apart from that I felt nothing. I was surprised, however, to find that my body was not wet, and that I could breathe quite freely!

8.1- In the devil's den

The fear of death by drowning gave way to great surprise. The only weird feeling I had was like what you feel in an airplane going through an area of air holes. It lasted for a while. My eyes were wide open, but I found myself in complete darkness. Then I passed out. When I regained consciousness, it seemed to me that I was being palpated, as if I was being revived. When I had regained all my senses, I was moved from the place where I was, and I found myself in a very clean room, where it was broad daylight. The population of this place was largely female. I was accompanied by one of them, who served as my guide, and who explained to me that these women were in reality what men call "mermaids." They only put their tails on when they want to get out. This tail is identical to the tail of a large fish. Emboldened by the courtesy of my guide, I asked her: "Are there no men here?" "Yes, yes! We have our husbands, but they're not like yours."

"Here, every man has about twenty women at least. It is not polygamy, because here it is not the man who chooses his wife, but rather the woman." My guide showed me the "husbands" in question. They were giants. Each of them could reach a size of seven to twelve meters. One of them approached me and examined me as an anthropologist examines a subject to be studied. He lifted me off the ground with one hand and began his examination. We arrived at the

superiors, who were waiting for us. I was offered a place, and my guide retired. He who seemed to be the most senior spoke to me: "The great chief has great affection for you. He's been taking an interest in you since the time you signed your first pact with him, accepting your grandmother's meal.

Since then, he's been following you everywhere. He's the one who sent for you. Finally, here you are among us, and in a few moments, you can have a face-to-face with him. Think of yourself as privileged. All you have to do is one tiny little thing to see him. All you have to do is express your desire to meet him, by signing a new pact, but willingly this time. In this way, we will see that you can no longer harm us or part us company in the future. The pact is this: you will have to share a meal with us. In this way, you will agree to give us your father. Only then can you see the prince."

"What does my father have to do in all this? I'll never kill anyone. I came here for reasons you know well!" "But it is only a simple sign of submission to the prince, a sign of obedience and faithfulness. Your father's blood will testify against you the day you wish to part us company. Do you know that a blood pact is more valuable to the grand prince? And if you give your father's blood, what a sign of dedication, attachment and love for the master! We chose your father because we thought he was the best fit between your husband, your four children, your mother or your father. If you don't think so, you still have time to tell us on this list who you want to sacrifice. But the more loved the person is to you, the greater the value of the pact." "No!" "Think, little girl. Don't take into account what you believe, or your present condition. You will have a far greater beauty than you had in your youth! You will become very beautiful and very rich!

8.2- Promise of wealth

Let us talk about the wealth that awaits you. You'll have a whole chain of stores and jewellers." "My life doesn't matter." "Put yourself a little in my place: what would I lose if I died now?" "But, dear madam, the great prince wants you well! His wish is for you to be happy! He noticed your courage and wants to make you a great queen of Black Africa! You are the only one who could have earned his admiration. Show yourself worthy of such esteem from our great prince! Make a small gesture, and everything will change positively for you!" Faced with such seductive language, I was about to forget the atrocious nature of the act that was being asked of me, as well as its consequences. But upon reflection, I did not see anything that would allow me to condemn my father. "What service should I still render, to deserve so much praise?" "Nothing, absolutely nothing! On the other hand, you will receive great riches. Didn't I tell you at first? You will truly become a queen envied by all. The grand prince has sworn to make a name for you in the African jewellery business. ***It is through this great trade of jewels that you will serve him and allow him to continually obtain human blood and souls.***" "How many times do I have to tell you that I hate blood! I cannot kill. Kill me instead, because I won't kill any of the people on your list."

"Don't get mad! Who told you to kill? As a matter of fact, you'll kill no one! Just accept to eat with us, accept that these jewellers operate in your name, and

that's it! Your customers will be driven by lust. They will come themselves and buy very expensive jewels in your shops. In terms of quality, our products are the best. Most of your clients will become our victims. ***In fact, these jewels, through innumerable complicated incantations, contain inferior spirits destined to serve us. When a customer buys a piece of jewellery, it's actually a spirit that he'll buy. Once in their home, this spirit will be able to suck the blood of the occupants of the house, especially that of small children***, during the night. It can also disrupt the balance of the home by sowing discord between spouses, without ever being worried. Everyone knows that a marital home where there is misunderstanding is a breeding ground for our exploits. This spirit can also steal money, and sow distrust between spouses." "I can't give you my consent right now. Give me time to think."

I made this request to have a moment of respite, because I had had enough! "You've got all the time in the world! Think about it, and you'll see that you risk spoiling your chances for mere trivialities! Because after all, your father will eventually die one day, with or without your help." My interlocutor led me to a kind of corridor that led to a room. Considering the furniture, I figured it was a classroom. Someone was standing on the board. I was handed over to him, he approached me, very sure of himself. He was acting like a lecturer in front of a new student. Without protocol or preamble, he told me: "if you want to rise within our hierarchy, it is my duty to reveal to you even the basic elements of society, and the basic extension of the workings of our powers." After he had instructed me on all these things, he gave me a kind of lens that I had to put on my eyes. He scrolled in front of me on a screen people wearing badges or figurines, on their face or chest. Among these badges were, for example, the pentacle, a five-pointed star used by occultists in their incantations. Each drawing represented a certain kind of spirit. They were differentiated by their colours, which covered the entire spectrum.

My instructor showed me on the screen a man wearing a black crown on his chest. He told me that he was a sorcerer: "the colour tells us that he is still in his starting stage. We do not record all colours, especially white, red and yellow. We use their derivatives instead. You see that man with the bluish ring on his mouth? He's a thief, and a liar too, whose colour is dark blue. A fetishist is identified by an inverted isosceles triangle. An immoral man wears a pink circle around his chest." Drunkenness, whatever the product that caused it, beer, alcohol, hemp or drugs, was characterised by the same colour. As the images passed through the screen, I noticed that my interlocutor let some of them pass without giving any explanation. The peculiarity of these people was that they were all without drawing or geometric figure of varied colour. Later, I understood that these people surrounded by fire were born again Christians. The devil could do nothing against them directly. At the end of the course, my instructor handed me over to the person who had brought me to him. When he saw me, he insisted that I sacrifice my father.

I expressed my disagreement by remaining impassive! This annoyed my interlocutor. He got angry and gave order that I be persuaded to accept. Two other people took me to a very different place from the previous ones. They said to me: "The great prince holds you in high esteem. He doesn't want to compel

you to agree to serve him. Given the qualities that are in you, he wants you to accept to serve him of your own free will. Be smart, and take advantage of the opportunity offered to you now. Don't forget that even if you persist in refusing, it is impossible for you to part us company now that you have learned the basic elements of our organisation. You're one of us!" "Let my father die of his natural death, for I will not kill him. As for me and what might happen to me, I don't give a damn!" "If we wanted to kill you, we would have. You would have died the day the two spirits who served you had enough and claimed their freedom. You would have died too the day you decided to leave the cemeteries! The great prince believes you will be useful to him alive than dead."

The man turned to show me two white men. He asked me if I knew them. Since I didn't answer, he told me that they were the ones who had served me since I was eight. "They followed you everywhere you went. At present, there are fifty-two like them at your service. The time has finally come for you to see and admire them! For too long, you've only heard their voices!" I then saw the fifty-two characters. Everyone comes up by answering "present!" to the call that was made before me. "If you give your consent, you will be a princess, and thousands will serve you!"

Accompanied by all my followers, I was escorted back to my first interlocutor. As if he had attended our conversation, he said to me: "You are lucky to still be alive after such an affront! I do not see what the great prince finds special in you! You will therefore go back home. However, we will see to it that you comply with our demands." Without saying a word more, he took me back to the place where I had entered their home, to the underwater spiritual world. As soon as we reached our objective, I was stopped and given a rounded, transparent object, about 16 centimetres in diameter.

I asked what it was and what it was for, but I was told to ask these questions to the person who brought me there. I took the object, hoping that it was the solution to my problem, and that it might be a way to regain health. Under the water, my body didn't hurt me, but all the deformations caused by the disease were still visible. Nothing had been done for my healing yet. In the "machine" that was lifting me up, I felt again the same sensations as during my descent, but in reverse order. Once on the surface, my hands grabbed the edge of the canoe, allowing me to emerge from the water. I breathed a breath of fresh air, which gave me intense well-being.

I was back to reality, in the open air! The magician was standing in the canoe. He helped me get on board. Turning my gaze from left to right, I concluded that my absence had lasted only a few minutes. Apart from one person sitting on the bank, nothing had changed. As the canoe approached the bank, I realised that the person on the bank was none other than my husband, John! It was the last I expected to find in this place! But, instead of frustrating me, the presence of my husband reinvigorated me.

I couldn't keep calm! The loneliness and the recent events had created in me the need to be in the presence of a loved one. All joyful, I ran to throw myself in his arms. Leaning on his shoulder, I lost courage and began to cry. John

remained impassive, without a word. He turned to the magician and said, "Is this a resurrected or my wife?" "This is your wife! There must be some secrets between you, right? Now is the time to know it!" "There's no need, my wife can't live underwater! Who can live underwater?" Understanding what is at stake, I think it was high time that I intervened. "It's me, John! Remember, the day we met, the first word you said to me!" I recalled our common memories. These words seemed to appease John. But what had happened for him to be here? Did the incantations fail to act? Did the magician lie to me, or did he get scared after my dive, and went to tell my husband? On the way back, John explained to me that the magician had come to find him the day before, telling him that I needed him. He continued, "I could not doubt his words, for you had told me nothing of your destination.

I followed him without hesitation, fearing that something might have happened to you. Ever since I sat where you found me, all I've done is look where he showed me that you had fallen." "I will explain everything in detail." I realised that I had been underwater for three days and two nights! Was that possible? Was it the magician who went to find my husband? Only the master could answer all these questions. Finally, remembering the latter's presence, I asked him what the ball-shaped object could be used for. Seeing the ball, without any answer, my master prostrated himself three times, without any concern for the presence of my husband. He said to me: "Madam, thanks to this magic ball, you now occupy a rank seven times higher than mine. From now on, all your desires will be orders. I can't teach you anymore." At these words, I felt as emptied. All hope of healing collapsed like a house of cards. Irritated, I threw the ball on the ground. It broke into a thousand pieces. The master was stunned. "Why madam did you do that?" Afraid of the consequences I might suffer for destroying the magic ball, the master fled. I haven't seen him since that day. Leaning on my husband's shoulder, I began to cry over my fate. My husband didn't ask me any questions. He truly sympathised with my grief. Tired and loaded, we headed to our home.

9- The meanders of bondage

Once at home, the living room door opened itself, to our great surprise. As soon as we entered, a voice greeted us, in our own house, and asked us to enter the bedroom. Followed by my husband, we went in to discover a magic ball identical to the one I had just broken. A voice came out of the magic ball and ordered us to sit down. We were already obeying order when the same voice ordered that I be left alone, that is to say that my husband should leave. I opposed this order, but John came out of his own accord. A piece of paper came out of the ground. There was something written on it that I was asked to read.

At first glance, I noticed that it was a list of fifty-two names. Every time I read a name on the list, a voice would say, "present!" in the manner of schoolchildren. In an authoritarian tone, the voice continued and said to me: "Since you broke the first ball, this one is unbreakable! Our former covenants are still in force. To help you make a quick deal with us, the ball will provide you with money, jewellery, and groceries, like white and black chickens. You will eat these chickens when hunger strikes your home. Or you can get the money, and go to the market yourself, which will be the same..."

Despite this, I refused to get food or money in this way. My family members were "well-off," yet they began to avoid me. The devil made sure there was no compassion in those who knew us. If a rich relative visited us, he could feel sorry for us or even cry, but his heart remained cold, and he did not help us materially. For some time now, my husband's debts had risen sharply. It was suffering, starvation, and misery in the home. I was reduced to begging for some food.

My life was a nightmare. Fasting and privation had made me even weaker. John, who for a long time kept silent, began to show certain signs of discontent and anxiety. One day, he wanted me to explain to him where the money that was in our room came from and why we could not use it. He could not understand why we were experiencing famine, when we had food in the house. I always told him that he had to wait until the right time for me to explain the situation to him.

But on that day, I resolved to tell him the truth. I explained to him that when I was underwater, demons had demanded my father's death in exchange for my healing. I had to agree to have a meal with them so my father would die. I told him that I had refused in the hope that they would come after me alone, and that they would leave mine alone. But they didn't want my life. To force me to make a deal with them, they had deprived us of everything, hoping to force us to use their products. "I beg you, John, if you really want us to use this money and this food, accept to sign a pact yourself where you would sacrifice the members of your own family..." "How does this money relate to my family members? What have they got to do with this?" You must understand that this money did not come alone. Spirits brought them to us... So you know everything. Agree to sign, but I want you to know that your father will die first. In response, John remained speechless for a relatively long time, before concluding: "I understand."

9.1- Spirits materialise themselves

During all the time that I was in contact with demons, my husband could hear their voices, but he didn't see them. One afternoon, we returned from a visit, in search of some supplies for the house. I stood by the side of the road to take a breath, as I was completely exhausted. A car stopped about ten metres from where we were. The driver, a European, wearing dark blue trousers and a light blue shirt with short sleeves, wearing black glasses, and a cigarette in his mouth, signalled to me to approach. The way he called me, I identified him as one of the spirits who followed me. Although I recognised him, I pretended not to have seen or heard anything. He, on the other hand, as if he wanted to be noticed, persisted in honking at me while making gestures. Displeased with jealousy, I think, my husband was ironic and said, "You're not going to let him honk forever! Don't you ever have the courage to tell your lovers that you're married, so they don't call you in my presence?"

Taken by a feeling of anger, then of great pity towards my husband, I smiled weakly, despite the presence of the white man. "You men ...! Do you believe, John, that this man could be my lover? Do you think that kind of guy could run out of beautiful women to agree to take me as his mistress, in my present condition?" "Yet here he is, waiting for you!" "He is not my lover for the simple reason that he is not of this world. This guy is not a human being!" "How, is he

not a human being ...? Are Europeans not men?" "If you do not believe what I say, go near him and you will find out for yourself." For once, John behaved like a man. He boldly stepped towards the vehicle. As he approached, when he was about two meters away, the driver sped off. After driving less than five meters, the car disappeared, to my husband's great surprise. He stood there, completely perplexed. I read on my husband's face a total discouragement, an infinite despair, he stuttered: "Thus, the voices we hear come from these whites..."

9.2- A failed exorcism

Although sharing the same bed, it was a long time since we had sex, my husband and I. One night, John wanted to claim his right over my body. It was then that blows were fired from everywhere, blows which were administered to him by invisible adversaries. He was instructed not to set foot in the bedroom for fear of severe punishment. In spite of these injunctions, John preferred to face death, rather than abandon me. But every time he tried to get through the bedroom door, he was violently assaulted. They punched him hard. I felt sorry for my husband, but there was nothing I could do to help him. On the other hand, he did not admit defeat. Driven by the love of his Françoise, he did what seemed good to him, in order to help me. Without revealing his plan, he went to the Catholic priests and invited them to come and exorcise the house. Indeed, it was no secret that there were noises in the house, even in the absence of occupants. The voices of many people were sometimes audible, even by neighbours.

Two days later, a priest presented himself with two acolytes equipped with the instruments necessary for the exercise of their mission, that is to say, to exorcise the house and its occupants. The celebration of the Eucharist was to take place last, as a sign of thanksgiving in my favour. In addition to the priest and the two servants, my husband and our four children and I were present at the ceremony. The mass began at ten forty. All went well, until we noticed confusion in the priest. He still had his arms raised, holding in his hands the chalice containing the wine transformed into "the blood of christ," when a wind from some unknown place began to blow violently sweeping away everything in his path.

The power of this wind ripped the chalice from the priest's hands, and caused all the objects on the improvised altar to fall. We were all forced to remain crouched, so as not to be beaten by invisible beings. Despite our position of humility, the situation became increasingly untenable. We found a little respite only in flight, the priest first, with his acolytes, followed by the children and their father. Everyone found their salvation only in a mad rush worthy of the apocalyptic times.

The priest found himself outside with his clothes all torn. As for me, I sat in the same place. As the hurricane was in full swing, someone whispered in my ear: "Stay calm, you are not concerned!" After the priest had fled, someone came to me and said, "You are lucky that we did not inform you of the consequences of these people coming here. Know that the day they set foot in your house again, we will inflict on you a punishment that you will not risk forgetting all your life!" I told my husband about the warning of demons. We did not expect that the priests would still be able to come to us, given the mistreatment they had suffered from the demons during their previous visits.

My husband and I thought it was pointless to ask them not to come back. However, the priest who had been expelled did not admit defeat. Far from giving up, he went to find a more experienced colleague. He did not want to let the image of his congregation be tarnished. About a week later, to our great surprise, we saw an older priest come. He told us he was coming to exorcise the house. We could not stop him, for several reasons.

No one in our house asked him to come. Given the advanced age of this priest, we thought he should have more experience. Finally, we still had a slight hope. It was almost the same scenario as the previous time. At the time of the consecration, just as the priest was saying these words: "Do this in remembrance..." there was a loud noise. It was the sound of a masterful slap on the priest's right cheek. The latter staggered and stumbled, but took the blow. He managed to keep his balance and not fall. It looked like a wobbly column, ready to fall. He began to speak words in an incomprehensible language.

As an answer to what I thought was a prayer, an even stronger wind than the previous time began to blow and carried away everything. The old priest ran away without wasting any time. These two consecutive failures made me think that these priests, or at least the members of this congregation, were unable to drive out evil spirits. They were clearly not entitled to take this prerogative of exorcism. With some slight difference, these failures resemble what is written in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles 19:13-17.

9.3- The verdict

We remained helpless, frustrated and resigned to our fate, waiting to receive the punishment promised by the demons, the punishment that was to fall upon us. I was tired of waiting for a utopian cure that never came. I thought the best solution was still death. I wanted to die alone, so that my husband and my children would be spared. But we could only assume the nature of the punishment, since the demons had not yet contacted us. A voice of someone who stood by me said to me, as if he did not want to let us languish too much: "A word to a wise is sufficient... Tomorrow, at noon, you will learn of the punishment..." I in turn informed my husband of the threat of these demons. He lost his calmness and began to cry. To console him, I told him not to worry too much about his fate. They were after me, not my family. I reminded him that they could do nothing against my father, for I had not given in to their intimidation. These words gave courage to my husband, who said nothing more. The next day, after breakfast, John wanted to take our youngest son to the hairdresser.

He went to the children's room, where he thought he would find them playing after lunch, but he found no one. He went to the kitchen, where they had their meal. Before pushing the door, he had the feeling that a great misfortune had fallen upon his life. The first thing that struck him was the silence of the place. Everything was perfectly calm! Pushing the door, he discovered a macabre scene: five bodies were lying on the floor, the five corpses of our children and our servant. Each body was lying next to its plate. The meal was half-eaten... No doubt was possible. He didn't even have to do an autopsy. Everything indicated a death by poisoning. But who could have poisoned the children's food,

since even the servant was dead? When was the poison deposited, since these same foods were also served to us? Then the words of the devil the night before came to my mind, and I became unconscious. It was noon when I learned of the death of my children.

They kept their word! It was a punishment I had to remember my whole life. Who can forget the loss of their four children in one day? My children, my dearest children, removed in one day from the face of the Earth! I was touched by what I held most precious in the world... I let myself go into despair. I could not imagine how far the retribution of the murderers of my children could go. I was more dead than alive. After this mourning, John's parents agreed to separate me from their son. It was a great shock for me to lose, in less than a year, those who were most precious to me in the world! My husband did not immediately obey his parents' orders, but he eventually gave in. The annoyances caused by the demons, and other difficulties, ended up pushing down the little resistance that remained. One night, John left to come back no more. Later, he remarried, but I knew he still loved me. He began to drink and to smoke excessively. Three years after his forced separation, he succumbed to a lung disease. Although I had not yet received God's salvation at that time, I had forgiven him. I knew it wasn't John's fault that he had run away from demons' harassment. I blamed him for nothing.

9.4- At the service of evil

Now that I was abandoned to myself, the demons could find in me a propitious ground for action. Knowing that I now had little to lose, the demons changed their tactics towards me. They became courteous in their way of communicating with me, sometimes even kind. They used me more and more during this period. I became their wife. ***Evil spirits cannot breed between themselves. This is how they always need human beings to multiply themselves***, and to successfully carry out the great campaign of seduction of humanity organised by satan. ***The union between a human being and an evil spirit gives birth to a monster that is half-human and half-animal. These spirits can only perish by burning, by the invocation of the fire of heaven upon them.*** However, fallen angels do not perish in this manner. If they have taken up residence in a human body, they can be expelled or dislodged by the Holy Spirit, when we invoke the name of Jesus Christ. Matthew 12:28.

Being alone in the house, I became the wife of many demons. Two to three times a week, I gave birth to these monstrous children. I fed them for two or three days, and that was enough for them. Then I took care of the others. I tell you what I have experienced, in order to bring these things to light, for the glory of my Saviour! Jesus Christ has come to destroy the works of the devil. Now, satan's greatest work is to keep us away from God, to prevent us from knowing God and his Son Jesus Christ. ... If a human being had accidentally entered the room where I was, he could not have seen anyone but me, while legions of demons were bustling around me! All a visitor could have seen was that my breasts were swollen like those of a nursing woman. I did not bathe myself, they washed me. I didn't do the cooking or the market, they did it for me. I didn't know where the food came from. Can you imagine a woman whose hair would braid itself, or who would eat invisible food? This was my case. Oh, my God, let

not my mouth cease to praise Your greatness, Your strength, and Your omnipotence, forever and ever, amen.

9.5- Exhortation

Beloved, you should know that satanists and those who practice certain occult sciences use a vocabulary different from ours. Thus, for example, bars, night clubs, dance halls, hotels, etc. are their "shops". ... ***I can't imagine people who call themselves "Christian" running or owning bars, hotels, night clubs, etc.*** that's insane! ... If God would allow us to see what is happening in our universe, I am not sure that there would be many brave people to go for a walk in broad daylight in some places! There are many things happening that God, in his love, does not want us to see. ***Imagine a huge toad urinating in a consumer's drink in a bar, while the latter thinks they are being given more to drink!*** The consumer sees nothing of what happens in the invisible. How would we react if we saw huge orang-utans flying in the sky in broad daylight? Everyone would run! These things are really happening. Let us praise the Lord for having hidden these things from our eyes!

9.6- My father's visit

All this time, no member of my family had come to see me, even though they knew everything that had happened to me. But one day, my father came to visit me. I don't know if anyone went to warn him. There he came, a Bible in the hand. When he was on the threshold of the house, a voice ordered him out. As he tried, perplexed, to understand where this voice came from, he received a blow on his head and he fell. My heart ached very much when I saw my dear dad stand up with difficulty while staring at me in astonishment. I was sitting in a chair and I started to cry. From the moment I saw my father in the doorway, I was speechless. It was hard for me to produce any sound. I wanted to shout to warn him to stay away from me, but I remained silent. Again, the voice of a demon thundered as he spoke to my father: "Get out, it's a command! Go out first, throw away what you hold in your hand, and then you'll say what brings you here!" My father walked backwards to the door. Once outside, he turned his head in my direction, then looked at his Bible. Then he made up his mind. He did not throw away the Bible, but put it on the ground. He stepped forward to enter, but was ordered to kneel. I saw a tear run down my dad's cheek!

He knelt down and began to crawl towards me. When he got close to me, he held out his hands to hug me. That's when I was lifted from the ground. "Don't touch her!" Thundered a voice. My father was a pastor of a great Lutheran Church. When I saw him coming, I had a renewed hope, because he had to occupy the privileged position of someone who knows the will of God. Since the priests had failed, the pastors could only succeed! In this case, my father could only do better! But seeing him on his knees, crawling like a worm, obeying the orders of those who had asked his death so that I could heal, I lost all hope of healing one day. Still kneeling, instead of praying to God and invoking the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and the presence of the Holy Spirit, my father began to invoke the spirits of his ancestors, calling their names one after the other. This occult prayer appeased or seemed to appease the demons. My chair went back to the ground.

When my father saw this, he boldly demanded that the spirits of his pagan ancestors take me along with him. The demons told him that this was impossible. - She'll die along the way! We'll kill her! She won't live! Eventually, my father had the upper hand and managed to get me out. If the evil spirits that held me captive gave in to my father's demands, it was because the spirits he had invoked were of a higher rank than their own. They had more rights over me, because of blood ties and family ties. My father had pursued his monologue until the evening, and the demons had released their hold on me, to the point that I could move easily. After my father took me to his house, he summoned the members of the family that evening to decide on my situation. They all resolved to take me to the greatest fetishist they knew, not far from my native village.

9.7- At the fetishist's of Kandelungu

In our society, women occupy the second position. Thus there is a long list of prohibitions for women. Some people go so far as not to include women in traditional practices. This was the case of the fetishist my father had contacted to have his beloved daughter exorcised. At first, and in order to increase the stakes, the fetishist refused to take care of my case, simply because I was a woman. He had never cured a woman. He said, "To bring a woman here is an insult to us!" But he added: "However, considering your reputation as a pastor, I will do you this little favour, provided that you have the means to appease the spirits irritated by this affront. In addition to the money, you'll have to bring me twelve goats." The proximity of our native village meant that the collection of the goats was carried out without great problems. A large sum of money was also given to the fetishist, in addition to the goats. I was accompanied by my father and my little sister, and also by countless demons, who instructed me to turn back and flee. We went to the fetishist towards evening.

The next morning, I was given a drink in a jar. It was a drug, because after having consumed it, my whole body weakened and I lost consciousness, I was deposited unconscious in a hole of one meter fifty deep, one meter eighty long, and fifty centimetres wide. The hole was covered with tree trunks, branches and foliage, and then with earth above. A big fire was lit on this hole, while I was inside. A group of dancers stood around the fire. Carried away by drums, the dancers embarked on a ritual dance with frenzied rhythm. At that moment, the master of the place, the witch doctor, came on the scene. He left his "laboratory" (a hut built a little apart from the others, which housed his fetishes as well as other objects necessary for the performance of his duties), adorned with a ceremonial dress with shimmering colours, and holding a spear in his right hand.

He made his appearance while dancing, and approached the covered hole in which I was, unconscious. After taking a few steps of the ritual dance around the fire, he thrust his spear into the fire. A cry sprung from the fire: "Hey!" When he pulled out his spear from the fire, it was all soaked with blood. The fetishist exclaimed: "One less!" And he began to dance again. He thrust his spear a second time into the fire. A second cry sprung from the fire: "Hey!" He pulled out his lance stained with blood again. Happy to see the efficiency of his art, he exclaimed: "Two less!" Then he threw in the direction of my father: "We will have them all, the persecutors of your daughter, their blood on my spear is a

good sign!" The old man began to dance again. When he tried to thrust his spear for the third time into the fire, a shout burst forth again, not in the fire this time, but in the audience, among the onlookers who gathered for the occasion: "Oh fire! The hut is burning!" Converging their gaze in the direction indicated by the onlooker, the assistants saw that the little hut from which the old man had come out earlier was on fire. The flames tended to spread to other dwellings.

With astonishing rapidity for his age, the fetishist made his way towards the flames. He nearly burned himself, but he was restrained. He couldn't get anything out of his burning hut. The fire was, however, brought under control, despite the loss of the "laboratory" and all its contents. The other houses were spared. When asked who had set fire to the laboratory, the old man, angry, explained that it was not a man who had set fire to his hut, but the spirits, who had rebelled because he had agreed to treat a woman! - Get your daughter out of here and go! You killed me! I'm dead! I don't want to see you! Go away!

Still unconscious, I was carried out of the hole and was taken away. Though he did not honour his contract, the fetishist did not return anything to my father, neither a goat, nor a single penny! The fact that my father was driven off gave me lost hope. The demons made fun of me. They kept telling me that they were the ones who had the last word. For them, if I wanted to achieve salvation, I had to decide to kill my father. After this last failure, I knew that I only had one thing to do: kill myself! I thought, "Since they don't have the courage to kill me, I'll do it for them. My father will be spared." It wasn't stoicism on my part, it was paternal love. Since I had lost everything, I might as well preserve the one who had fathered me.

9.8- On the way to Tanzania

I was thinking about how to carry out my evil plan, but the Lord had another plan for me. The day I decided to poison myself, my father came to tell me that he was considering taking me to Tanzania as soon as possible. According to an announcement from radio Tanzania, there was a great spiritual awakening in that country. The Lord worked miracles as in biblical times. The deaf heard, the blind received their sight, the lame walked, and those who were possessed by unclean spirits were delivered by the Word of God. My father said, "I've decided to take you there in a week, my daughter. We will use this week to prepare." Two days before we left, a relative brought a woman to my father, and asked her to tell her story. She did so voluntarily.

- Papa preacher, I don't know if you recognise me? I'm the one who was mad, and was walking around half-naked in this village. (Since our visit to the fetishist, we had not returned to Lubumbashi. We had retired to our home village.) Less than a week ago, a niece married in Kasongo (capital area located 90 km from Shabunda, our village) came to pick me up to take me there. The pastor of the Assembly of God in Kasongo had invited a couple of evangelists from Kinshasa. This couple prays to God in an original way. For example, they cast out demons in the name of Jesus. Many who were demon-possessed like me were delivered thanks to the prayer of this couple. When this cousin (she named the person who had brought her) informed me of your intention to go to Tanzania, I did not hesitate for a moment to come to you and tell you to go to Kasongo instead. If

you agree to go, I'm ready to go with you. I'm sure the God of this couple will deliver your daughter as he did for me.

The demons didn't want me to go to Kasongo. They told me that they would do whatever they could to stop me from going. So they paralyzed both legs, preventing me from standing. The sister carried me on her back, and we could continue our way to Kasongo. We were a group of six people: My father, three cousins, the woman who told us this news, and me. In my area, trips are made on foot. Not that we lacked road infrastructure, but we could not afford to wait for a car, given the scarcity of vehicles in that part of the country. Continuing our arduous walk, we stopped to rest in a village, after having walked for at least twenty kilometres. We ran into a woman from Kasongo. She carried a child on her back and glorified the Lord by singing hymns of praise. My father, who wanted to know the reason for her excitement, questioned her.

The woman tells us this: My daughter was deaf for a long time. I come from Kasongo, where a man and a woman from Kinshasa prayed to God for my daughter to hear. Just after their prayer, I called my child, and she answered me. You cannot imagine what joy is mine! I wanted to thank them for what they had done, but they told me that they were only instruments used by God, and that it was to God that I had to give glory. Since then, I have only been thanking Him for the healing of my daughter. That's why you see me singing, all joyful. People say they plan to return soon. It seems like they have yet to stay a week. I'm now going to look for my little brother who lost his sight at a young age. It would be a great thing for him to recover his sight!

During the whole time that this woman was talking, the voices kept telling me that she was lying: "She's lying, she's lying, do not listen to her, let's go back, do not go!" My father said to me: - Françoise, it is God who sends us these people to help us. Take courage and hurry up, otherwise, if we hang out, we risk missing them! At that moment the demons nailed my father to the ground. He had a kind of sudden cramp that forced him to lie down. It was impossible to advance. The paralysis that had prevented me from walking had been passed on to my father! The demons said to me, "Since he's the one who wants to take you there, we'll see how he goes about it!" I fell sobbing into my father's arms, all disheartened.

He encouraged me to continue the journey without him: "This rheumatism crisis could not choose such a good time to beat me! With a little rest, one day at most, I will be restored. The pain will be less strong than now. Since you can walk now, take courage, my daughter, and go find those people that this woman told us about earlier, I'll join you as soon as possible, do not worry about me, it will pass!" Then, turning to his nephew, he said, "Take care of your sister!"

Beloved of the Lord, it is by faith that I made this distance without taking into account all that my tenants told me. I was walking slowly staggering. Every ten kilometres, we rested to breathe. The disease had weakened me greatly. The deprivations, added to the troubles of demons, had accompanied me on my long road to healing. There was only about a day's walk left, when the demons took away the use of the word, preventing me from communicating with the outside world...

10- Rest of the testimony reported by Kapena Cibwabwa

10.1- Deliverance

Although I have repeatedly heard sister Lutala testify, I could not put this testimony in writing without questioning eyewitnesses, the very actors God used for her deliverance: Brother M'Pongo Moses, and sister Philomène Kaseka.

Kapena Cibwabwa (K.C.): Pastor M'Pongo, according to sister Lutala, you are one of the two people whom the Lord used for her deliverance. Can you tell us how God asked you to do this work?

Pastor M'pongo Moïse (M. M.): Thank you, my beloved brother Kapena, for the opportunity you give me to talk about this great work, for the first time after so many years. It was through prophecy that God had asked us to intervene. Around the month of May 1983, I was in Masina, in the Sans Fil neighbourhood, where I ran a local church. I often went to the Chic neighbourhood of Righini in the Lemba area, where my sister in Christ Philomène Kaseka lived, to visit her. On May 19th, after a long absence, I went to visit her at home. She welcomed me with these words: "Be blessed, my brother, since you are sent by God. Two days ago, the Lord spoke to me in a night vision. In this vision, I saw the political map of my country, Zaire, followed by a close-up of the Kivu region. I noticed that there was a big snake wrapped around one of the sub-regions, that of Maniema. I asked the Lord what it meant.

The Lord gave me the interpretation of the vision: the great serpent that you see is the devil. He's seducing a lot of people in this part of the country. If I have shown you these things, it is because I have an important mission to entrust to you. Go down to that place quickly to glorify my Name!" I answered the Lord, "But I'm a woman! Your word forbids me to take authority over a man. (1Timothy 2:12). There are not only women in that sub-region!" The Lord said to me, "You will not go alone. In two days I will send you my servant, M'pongo Moïse. It'll be a sign from Me. Make sure you pay his transportation fare." I received this message on May 17th. Two days later, as the Most High told me, here you are, after having disappeared for I don't know how long!

After hearing sister Philomène, I asked her to give me some time to pray. Not that I doubt her words, but simply to get in the mood of the Holy Spirit. I made a fast of two days, at the end of which God confirmed the prophecy by putting in me a strong conviction. Sister Philomène was sure of my agreement. Without consulting me, she had already purchased two flight tickets, Kinshasa-Kindu, on May 20, 1983. Two days after my conversation with her, on May 21st, I went to Righini early in the morning. I took all my travel stuff with me. My decision was to return only after the prophecy was fulfilled. "Are you ready for the trip?" she said to me, welcoming me when I arrived at her home. "What trip? I don't have a ticket." "Everything is settled, by the grace of God. We have the tickets. Standup! Let's go to the airport!"

K. C.: Once in Kindu, did you have a drop point to start your services?

M. M.: In Kasongo there lived a pastor who knew us from the time of our prayer group located on 9th Street in Kinshasa-Limete. God knows how to fix things, brother. This pastor was the legal representative of all the Assemblies of God in the sub-region! Since he knew us as servants of God, he did not object to our request to work in the church entrusted to him. ... We had three days of fasting and prayer. We started with biblical seminars in the churches before we started with evangelisation crusades. God glorified the name of His Son through our ministry there. There were many miracles: the lame walked, the deaf heard, the blind received their sight, those who were possessed by unclean spirits were delivered. This latter category was the most numerous.

K. C.: If I understand correctly, it was during this period that you became acquainted with sister Lutala Françoise? Could you enlighten the readers on the circumstances in which you knew her, and give her physical description?

M. M.: Well, brother, God bless you for the question! Among those whom the Lord had delivered through our ministry was a young woman from Shabunda, which is also the area of origin of sister Lutala. This sister had been delivered from an unclean spirit that had tormented her for a long time. When she returned home, she informed Lutala's parents of what the Lord had done in her life. She did not fail to tell them that we were in Kasongo, about 90 kilometers away. Based on her own experience, she convinced Lutala's parents to take her, not to Tanzania, but to Kasongo where we were.

One Sunday evening, Pastor Sansaku, our host, sister Philomène Kaseka, and I, returned from Mitende, a town 7 km from Kasongo, where we had preached the Word of God in one of the parishes of Assemblies of God. After walking this distance on foot, to and from, we were very tired. When we arrived in Kasongo, we found a group of one man and four women. One of them caught my attention. She was very skinny. She had tousled and dirty hair. Her eyes were swollen and her look was haggard. In spite of her thinness, her breast was very swollen, like a woman who is breastfeeding. She was wearing a very dirty ragged dress. Her legs and feet were so swollen that it did not need a doctor to diagnose an elephantiasis. Truly, she had the appearance of a mad person. I learned later that this group was from Shabunda. I do not know how long they had to walk that distance on foot. It was Sunday, June 10, 1983.

K. C.: Until then, you did not know the motive of their visit?

M. M.: Seeing the person I just described, I quickly realised that she needed a prayer of deliverance. In view of the lateness of the hour and the tiredness of my body, I murmured within myself: "Why not wait until tomorrow for the deliverance of this woman?" Then the Holy Spirit clearly said to me, "Why do you want to compromise my work?" Convinced of the Lord's support, I asked my traveling companion to engage a discussion with the new comer on repentance and the forgiveness of sins, the time to withdraw to ask not the will, but the guidance of the Lord.

Indeed, my younger brother Kapena, the service of deliverance requires much prayer (Mark 9:29). I joined sister Philomena when my prayer was over. In turn,

she retired to pray. While waiting for her return to begin the prayer of deliverance, I undertook to sound out sister Lutala. I asked her some questions about the Word of God. Her answers showed fierce resistance to the Word of God. The Holy Spirit forbade me to keep asking her questions. I quickly understood that she was not the one answering, but the evil spirits in her. Unable to get anything out of her, I turned to those who had brought her. I asked them to tell me a little about her. [...]

Sister Philomène returned, and together we began the prayer of deliverance. ... Seeing the advanced state of possession of Lutala, I had the idea to ask the crowd to back out, lest the evil spirits, once driven out of the body of Lutala, should enter into the many pagans who were in the crowd. I speak well of pagans, since true children of God are covered by the blood of the Lamb of God. As the crowd refused to move away, I remained calm, and I had the idea of taking Lutala a little further away for her deliverance...

10.2- Water baptism by immersion

The thought of having to abandon our sister worried us. We did not want to leave a new convert to the Lord without proper follow-up. We had to leave three days later. Then we decided to baptize Lutala. I did not count on her reaction. The next morning, I exhorted her on the necessity of water baptism by immersion. She asked me many questions, in spite of all that the Lord had just done in her life, through our ministry, and no later than the day before. She refused to be baptized. On the pretext of her former membership in the convent, she told me that there was no point for her to be re-baptized. I took time to explain to her what Christian baptism was all about. It is the commitment of a good conscience towards God (1Peter 3:21). It is not baptism alone that saves. Baptism is a public act of faith in the Lord. First you have to believe in Jesus Christ. Once one believes, why go through baptism? Jesus says in Mark 16:16 *"Whoever believes and is baptized will be saved."* This command was given to the apostles by Jesus himself, in Matthew 28:19-20 *"Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you."*

I felt that my interlocutor did not understand a word of everything I said. At about ten o'clock, she excused herself, to take a little rest in her room. I accepted without difficulty, while interceding so that God might have pity on her, and make her understand the merits of baptism by immersion. This is how the Lord answered our prayer. At around 2pm, Lutala herself came to tell us that she was ready for baptism: "I want to receive baptism by immersion as soon as possible." I wanted to know the reason for this rapid flip-flop. "Oh, pastor, God spoke to me!" "God spoke to you, how did you know it was He?"

"It's simple. At 10 o'clock, when I retired to my room to rest, I fell asleep. Soon after, I found myself in a dream in a place that looked like a classroom. But a strange classroom, because there was a blackboard on each wall. Each blackboard was covered with the same word. Everywhere I could read written Acts 2:38, Acts 2:38, Acts 2:38... I didn't understand what those writings meant. I resolved to come to you for an explanation. It was then that I felt so weak,

and I fell asleep deeply. I had another dream. I saw, not a classroom, but a big river. There were two columns of people standing in line. Each person had to cross the river by immersing themselves completely in it, to be able to reach the other side.

On the other side, there was a man who had many white hats. Each of those who had crossed the river, after having dived into it, received a hat from the man with hats. Inside each hat was inscribed the name of its recipient. I then approached the river, and wanted to get my hat, but without crossing the river. He who stood on the other side said to me: "Françoise, here, on this side, it is not the same as where you are. Here's your hat, with your name on it. But to receive it, you have to dive into the river like everyone else." I went back, and took my place in line with the others. When it was my turn to dive to get my hat, that's when I woke up. It was not necessary to be a prophetess to understand that this message was meant for me. Pastor, I want my white hat. I therefore long to be baptized by immersion."

"Sister Françoise, do you want me to believe that after all the time spent in the convent, you do not know that this biblical passage is found in the Book of Acts of the Apostles, in the second chapter, and in verse 38?" "No, pastor!" "Sister Philomène, read to us Acts 2:38!" And Sister Philomène began: "*Peter replied, 'Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins. And you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.'*" At about 3p.m., we went to a stream, it was located 5 kilometres from our settlement. The Bible does say that "*Now John also was baptizing at Aenon near Salim, because there was plenty of water.*" (John 3:23). It was not, therefore, a question for us to simply sprinkle a little water on Lutala's head, as some churches do, or even to make an ablution similar to what is done in Judaism or Islam.

There was too little water in the bed of that stream. My sister Philomène and I, we used our hands to dig the bed of the stream, in order to obtain a hollow sufficient to completely immerse Sister Lutala, in accordance with the Holy Scriptures. Then I baptized her after asking her if she wanted to abandon the devil and his works to turn to the Lord Jesus: "Do you accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour?" In answering me 'yes', she thus confirmed that her immersion in water was a representation of her death in Jesus Christ. She also accepted the fact that Jesus Christ had died for her. This meant that Lutala had died to sins, though still alive in the world. The coming out of water represents Christ's resurrection, the victory over sin and death. This also foreshadows the rapture of the church, when Christ will come to take His own to be taken up in the clouds to meet Him! How clear these things are!

10.3- The Baptism of the Holy Spirit

Back home, we prayed to God that the Lord would baptize our sister in His Holy Spirit, (Matthew 3:11). After the laying on of hands, the Lord instantly baptized her in His Holy Spirit. Lutala then began to pray in an unknown language, to our great satisfaction, and to the astonishment of pagans. We knew that we had to leave Françoise under the protection of the Holy Spirit, but it saddened us to

abandon her without follow-up. We begged her to join us in Kinshasa at the first opportunity. We left Kasongo on June 13, 1983, to arrive in Kinshasa on the 24th. Two days after our arrival, while we were in the middle of a worship meeting, we heard a knock at the front door. I left the meeting to see what was going on, and I saw Sister Lutala in the doorway! We hugged for a long time, and then I called Sister Philomène Kaseka. It was an immense joy for us, which we shared with the brothers and sisters who were praying with us.

K. C.: She who didn't know the city, how could she reach Righini so easily?

M.M.: It was a great miracle! I can answer without hesitation that it was the Angel of the Lord who guided her. She told us how she arrived: *"Once the formalities of N'Djili airport were over, I heard a taxi driver shouting 'Lemba, Lemba, Lemba!' I approached him and asked him if he knew a certain Philomène Kaseka, and the man said that he knew her well, and I replied that I was in no hurry because I had arrived in Kinshasa. I alighted the last, as the driver had said, at the Righini quarter in Lemba. And when I came in, I met the pastor on the doorstep!"* The hugs ended, sister Philomène and I left the garden and went out to pay her transport fare, pick up the suitcases and thank the driver. Except for the suitcases of sister Françoise, we found no one. There were not even the wheel tracks of a vehicle! The car and its driver were gone! Calmly we picked up the suitcases, none of which were missing. When we went back to the "upper room," the intensity of the praises increased! **Everyone realised that it was God who had provided an angel and his vehicle to drive the sister to safety!** The next day we testified in our assembly. On June 30, 1983, Sister Françoise gave her first testimony at the Palais du Peuple in Kinshasa. **[End of Testimony].**

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!