

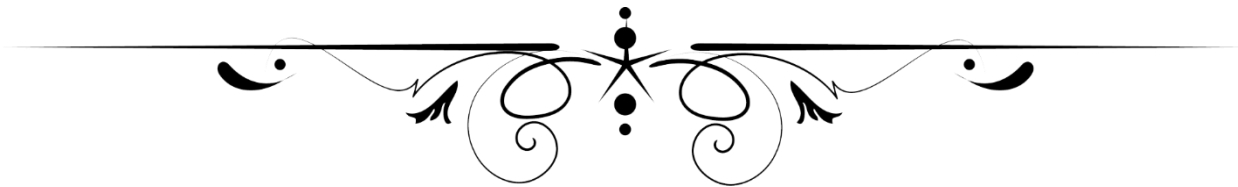
My Journey From
Passive. To
Active

CHRISTIANITY



John Mumbo

My Journey from Passive Christianity to Active Christianity.



John Mumbo

In my first book, "Demonic attack in Dar es salaam "I detailed the horrors of the dark kingdom. In my second book, I detail my long search for God.

Phone: +254742584292

Email: carolinemputhia16@gmail.com

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2013 May

Returning to Kenya from Tanzania, Dar es salaam was a great relief irrespective of having to start a job search. My parents recommended a sojourn upcountry as they felt staying in Nairobi was not ideal as I needed to recover from my ordeal.

At my upcountry Kisumu home, streams of visitors poured in to see me as they had been told of the ordeal. Prayers of thanksgiving were conducted.

Armed with my newly found salvation I routinely woke up at 5 a.m to pray. I recall my mom giving me a spiritual warfare book that had over 200 prayers. Indeed these were very powerful prayers by a Nigerian man of God. As a baby Christian, I had been thrust into the battlefield of spiritual warfare. I needed to learn fast.

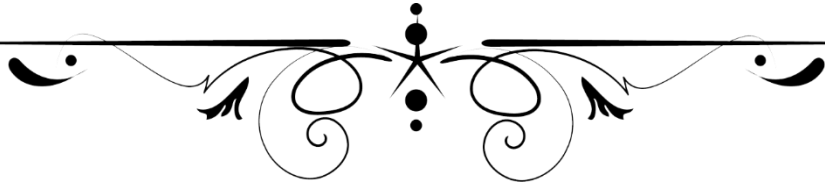
With great difficulty, I overcame the trauma of my ordeal back in Dar es salaam. My mum assured me that all was well as God's protection had secured the compound. In three months, the physical activities, farming, and looking after farm animals had accustomed me to rural life.

I began to make plans to travel to Ethiopia Addis Ababa to attain aircraft engineering certifications. I opted to travel the 1800 Kilometres overland. The journey was therapeutic but not the visit as complications arose due to a clear lack of commonalities between the Kenyan and Ethiopian Civil Aviation bodies. This depressed me and unfortunately, I slipped back into social drinking.

Back in Nairobi, after a big struggle, I found a job at a small aviation company. My efforts at reconciling with my wife took a turn for worse as she filed for divorce, this pushed me to despair.

Into the early months of the year 2014, I would slip in and out of my social drinking. My sister Elizabeth introduced me to her Church clergy who told me that they could not deliver me from this vice and hence encouraged me to walk with Christ with an assurance that if I fall back God will always be forgiving after my repentance. I was not convinced as indeed whenever I went without a drink by action to quit, I suffered anxiety and depression.

Demonic Attack in Nairobi



By April of 2014, I was still in employment and had become fully entrenched in my social drinking, I had become depressed, weak, and only managed to get three hours of sleep a night. My earlier attack did not deter me as I firmly believed that I had merely suffered hallucinations.

On the eve of May 2nd, 2014, I noticed shadowy figures in my room after I put off my bedroom lights. My visiting older brother shared my room. I asked him if he could see what I had seen and he dismally replied that there was nothing in the room. He went into deep slumber therein.

After a lull voices streamed in, very grotesque and shrill, they went “hey he has just been drinking heavily, his dad reprimanded him, oh where is he?”. “He is the one to the extreme left, as for his brother his time has not come yet”. I rushed to have the light on and got back into bed. I tried to ignore them but they called me out in the most horrendous growl. They had got my attention.

I pulled out a Bible from the cabinet to my chagrin every piece of scripture I read out, they would repeat. The more I read out scripture, a leading Black American heavily accented voice yelled out “John you are wasting time, that can’t work as your time is finished”. As they talked outside my bedroom window, their shifty images were conspicuous from the little space where the curtains were not fully drawn to the wall. In the overlapping din, they whiled away making decisions of the hour I should die.

I left my room. Outside, instant shock gripped me. Human images stood behind all the windows of our family rental house. Finally, I got to see the silhouette of the Black American accent holder. He was a big black man with a (clean-shaven) head. Around him were other evil spirits that had taken up human body forms.

I knocked on my sister's door beckoning for help She woke up annoyed and told me to just pray and nothing shall harm me. To her, I was a great disturbance, so I returned to my room. All the prayers I made were futile. The demons had a field day ranting out, "your time has come, no amount of prayer will help you". At some point they joked about whom of them shall inherit my shoes after my death. I tried challenging them spiritually head-on, they repulsed by darting a shudder of pain into my eyeballs in retaliation for looking them in the eye.

The night ebbed on, I endured the torment. At daybreak a strange force pinned me to the wall, a voice then said "indeed this one is a strong man, we shall be back to deal with him".All through this, my elder brother lay in his bed like a baby, the demons showed off their power by occasionally jolting him, in and out of his sleep.

After daybreak I was up and out, I decided to leave for Wilson Airport, as I got to the bus stop I could hear voices in the air call out and say"hey you see that bus that's coming down the hill, let's make it lose control so that he may get crushed and die".I forged on in great haste. I crossed over to Langata road and opted to walk to the upper stage via a small bridge after the Langata barracks. On approaching the bridge, several white veils of mist flashed past me. In a build-up of a chorus, the spirits chimed "make sure he does not go beyond the bridge".In a quick turn around I decided to make my way back home, being startled I began to sing the timeless Christian divine hymn "Oh the blood of Jesus ".The song fortified me. I did not stop singing until I reached the estate and knocked on my childhood friend, Sam's

residential gate. Sam had been born again for the past 5 years and we had been through a discourse about the ordeal in Dar es Salaam. He too had been through a similar ordeal in the past and was actively involved in Ministry work as an intercessor. En route to his home, I saw lots of demons call out to me from trees in the adjacent field. Sam asked me to spend time in repentance to God for sins that had opened doors to this second attack. This was an early morning call for Sam, he welcomed me into his room from his walk he was still sleepy, he slid back into bed and asked me what the matter was. After my narration, he grudgingly spoke "you see how hard a Pastors job is, I have been on a forty-day fast and last night I got into bed very very late. In a flash and quick succession Sam rose his body and raised his hands to God in prayer, a short pause then he prayed out in great dexterity, the effect was instantaneous, as I could see in the spirit but he could not see, I told him that numerous spirits had vacated the room after he called down on the Holy fire of God.

I and Sam then proceeded to my home, he prayed for my room and anointed it too. Sam noted that I had the world-renowned deliverance prayer book "Prayer Rain", he was, later on, to say how he silently knew that I was in big trouble if I had this book and still could not deter this attack. He then left with a firm instruction to me to get to the local Church at midday for more deliverance.

As soon as Sam left, the demons tried to wreak havoc on me. From my room window, I could see a large brown and black monitor lizard close to one and a half feet long. It lay on the fence. At a 90 degree angle to the fence were two large snakes. In the background a large percussion band in a very refined march, step and drumbeat made an audible impression oncoming to the playing field next to my compound. The footsteps choreographed, effected a profound sound likened to a thousand soldiers stepping on the ground in unison and as they took the next step, a perfect percussion mix of trumpet, drum, and chant of "we are coming on", "we are

moving on", the cymbal effect shingled in between rasps gave off an impression so refined to the human ear. In an instant, they stopped outside the field next to my home. I could feel the presence of a large crowd, yet I was indoors.

Voices rang all over telling me that a dangerous spirit was in my room, if I tried to leave the room more voices from outside sternly warned me that what was outside was more dangerous than what was inside. Unperturbed my brother was doing his assignments on his laptop and could not help much as he thought I had lost my head. I reached out for the world's renowned deliverance prayer book (Prayer Rain). In a single flip of a chunk of pages, I had turned to the prayer points against satanic attack. The voices in the air protested in upheaval about the book, some urged me to keep the book away as it would disappear. As I held onto the book I felt like it was being pulled out of my hands, I anointed it with the anointing oil Sam had left behind and the pull ceased. I then turned over the page again and started praying out the prayer points. As I shouted out the first prayer point at the top of my lungs "Every satanic arrow fired at my life return to the senders 1000 fold" screams and shrieks rose from the band of demons in the field next to the compound. I was greatly relieved that at last things were going to change for the better. The large band of demons in the field begun to curse "Sam is a fool, he has helped John". They called him all manner of names and again the band played its beat and set off to camp in the field next to Sam's home, they had decided to deal with him first and then come back for me.

A host of demons remained on the fence in direct view of my window, I turned to the self-deliverance prayers in the book, and to the demons' disbelief my prayers were getting out all the foul spirits that were afflicting me. With great dexterity and shouting, I went through the prayers, I did not care what my neighbors thought as I was in dire straits. Through concerted prayers, all the phlegm in my chest was also

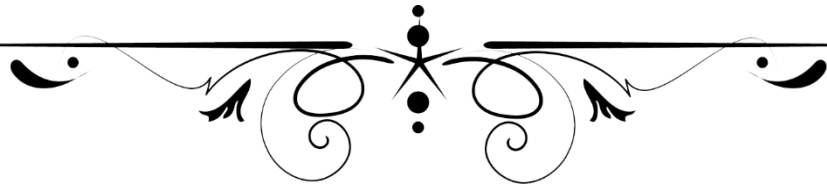
ejected in one guttural sputter, thanks to the severe congestion I had a few days before.

I turned the prayers to the dangling snakes in the trees, I could see that the large green one had been struck, it cried out in despair, "why do you deliver yourself from all the demons, it's very dangerous, you should at least leave a few".

On mustering the courage to leave the house, I walked out of the estate, I had lost the sense of time, my mobile phone had been lost for the past two weeks ago and had been luckily traced by my dad but he had not returned it to me.

As I walked I felt a strong breeze over my eyes greatly impairing my vision but I soldiered on. I was en-route to the Church outside the estate as I assumed it was already midday. Any time I cleared my eyes to see well, I noticed the streetlight poles were dangling dangerously. I felt like they would break and smash me to the ground. Determined not to turn back I got to the Church only to be told by the next door carpenter that it was not yet time and I should probably try in an hour or so. I made off to Sam's home and found him midway en route to the Church.

The Big fight to Deliverance



We got into the small Church and immediately went into prayer. I first asked God for forgiveness for where I had gone wrong and then the battle began. As my spiritual eyes were open I noticed that as Sam began his prayer for my deliverance, spirits in female human form appeared, they were in red dresses. They gleefully sneaked behind Sam coming between us as he prayed. I alerted Sam of the horrendous act and he actively asked God to send down a burst of Holy fire. Whenever the fire came down, these demons plus others would run out of the Church in full flight, to date I don't understand how close to one hundred people can pass through a single door in milliseconds. As the prayer went on the demons now spoke from the safety of the windows, they kept saying "hey John likes demons, he is not keen to leave us". The prayers went on for the next hour, I was dripping with sweat, and an extra congregant joined us, he stayed for a while and left without our knowledge a bit later.

On the Church wall to my left I could see a vision of a corridor leading into the darkness, next to this vision was a pool of water and a man neck up in the water, he seemed to be eating a man who was held motionless over the pool by two standing men. Terrified, I let Sam know what horrific vision I was seeing, he built up the prayer to a higher level. All along, when the spirits crept back into the Church

, Holy fire hit the ground in concerted prayer to the point the demons returned with reinforcements, they were in red shirts and black ties, they walked around in a frenzy saying that my time had come to leave the earth and that Sam was wasting my time. Suddenly a vision appeared on the wall that gave the impression of lying in an open grave and the sky outline lined up to the rectangular shape of the open grave top. The next vision I saw was the demons in black turned into undertakers, they walked around smoking cigarettes the female ones who were carrying a coffin. A quick flash showed that it was me in the coffin. More terrified than before, I let Sam know what I had seen and he answered: "ok let us see what they shall do about this". In great Faith he then called on Holy fire and thunder, in an instant there was a great commotion, all the demons were flashed out of the Church, two large coffins plus a small coffin were smashed beyond pieces and thrown out of the Church. At this point, one of the undertaker demons appeared behind the alter drapes carrying my wife and sternly warned me that I had luckily gotten away. I felt my lower body buzz and vibrate, I was then urged by Sam to take a seat.

As he read out from the book of John, I saw well-dressed demons rise from behind the Church alter drapings and float away out of the door, a zombie-like white demon with very long hair and rotten skin also left. After this, I saw a vision of a white dove flying out of the clouds and maize seeds rolling off a conveyor belt. Sam interpreted this as a sign of Jesus coming into my life and the seeds as a new beginning. I later learned that satan can appear in many forms but can not appear in the image of a white Dove. The deliverance was over, it had been three nerve-wracking hours and I was drenched in sweat. Sam told me that the spirits will still intimidate me for a day or two but shall not cause any harm. I bid him goodbye as he expressed how

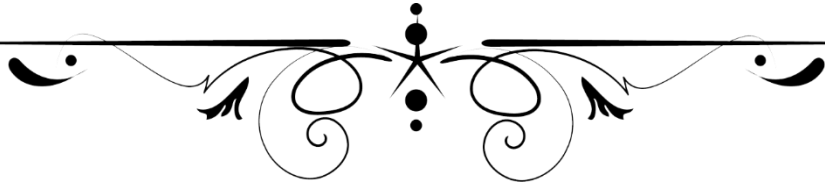
difficult it was for him to tackle these spirits but he was assured that I was now delivered.

I had a meal at a cafe and left for home, the spirits were still after me as whenever I passed next to a car the car would appear to rock back and forth as if been pushed yet there was no one in and out of the vehicle.

I got home at around 3 p.m and dived into my bed happy to at least have some rest and forget about the shocking things that had happened. From my bed I noticed that insects were crawling on the floor, I turned my head away and slept off the sight, in less than a minute I was scratching all over as these crawling insects were also in my bed biting me. I stood up and this time the voices were crisp and clear, they said”we are still going to kill him anyway, we have poisonous spiders to bite him if he sleeps and if he ventures outside, snakes are waiting to bite him, he will rot in this house before anybody discovers his body.

At my bedroom window were a troop of demons dressed in military attire. Next to them was the white towering demon with long hair and rotten skin. Since I was not going to stand this, I just opted to go outside. On stepping outside I noticed a white mist that went through the stormwater drain holes and taps. The voice with it said it was going to have a look into the rental house, it then went through the door keyhole and later came back. As I was outside the voices repeatedly told me that the snake was on the right and the left side of my feet to the point I could not stay outside anymore. I felt a sharp pain under my left toes but could not see any bite marks. I then got back to my room.

The Challenge



The demonic soldiers praised me saying that I should become one of them as I was very resilient. I held onto my anointing oil in great Faith and prayed to God so that this torment would end. The spirits tried to taunt me with death but I told them that God was protecting me.

As I lay on my bed looking through the window, I had no option but to stare at about seven demonic soldiers in military fatigues and the towering white demon with long hair. They were urging me to move over to their side, I replied to them that I was now born again and as I had the protection of God, nothing could scare nor kill me.

They started issuing threats which did not scare me as I firmly knew that I had the cover of the anointing and they could not harm me. More demons appeared at the top of the fence holding guns in my direction. I pointed back at them and they seemed to freeze and not fire, then the leviathan appeared, it jumped over the fence and flew right to my window like it was going to jump through but in a split second it went over the house. To the demons' distaste, they shouted "if that did not scare him, then what will scare him". At this point, they left saying that I will regret it once the dark set in.

I left the house and opted to take a walk, everywhere I walked voices would ring from the roadside, these demons knew my history, they knew which route I liked, and they even urged me not to walk with my leather-soled shoes as the tarmac was spoiling them.

At every point I went to there were three spirits following me, they even interpreted my thoughts, these are what the church calls familiar and monitoring spirits, they follow an individual round the clock and know everything about him and his prospects, then they report back to demonic agents and ensure one does not enjoy his Christian life. This is why continuous repentance is critical. 1 John 2:1 (My little children, these things I write to you, so that you may not sin. And if anyone sins, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

Everywhere I went these voices intimidated me about my oncoming death. Within the environs, mists darted in and out of nowhere. As I approached a church compound where basketballers have their routine late afternoon playoffs, these mists and demons became very aggressive, the mists would come near me, the temperatures would drop and I would feel the jolt of an electric shock on my fingertips. On entering the Church compound all this horror ceased. After leaving the Church I got annoyed at the continuous chatter of the three voices that followed me everywhere, I could not see them in the spirit yet I could see the others positioned from rooftops, trees, etc, I angrily told them that I could hear them and that they should shut up. Indeed the enemy knows how to distort things. The demons then answered saying "oh, we thought John was delivered, if he can hear us, it means he is still with us. This opened up a Pandora's box, as in unison voices

all over started exclaiming how foolish I was to have blown my cover. I got back to the house after dark and it was horrendous, my bed was shaking, a white mist entered the house, the room temperature dropped. The voices outside were numerous, I recalled that as I got to the house I passed the field, and in a very vivid view demons were everywhere in the vicinity.

In chorus all over the environ of Langata, the chants arose "John must die, John must die" Demons are territorial and messages are conveyed through the air from one location to the next.

The voices that seemed to be stationed outside my room then cautioned "hey, very dangerous demons have entered his room" the time has finally come for him to die." Wacha aende asikie moto ya jehenu." (let him go feel the heat of hell) I stepped outside and the numerous demons all over the fence were adorned in very bright colors. They screamed out to me to take my sister away to a different location as the oncoming onslaught was going to harm her.

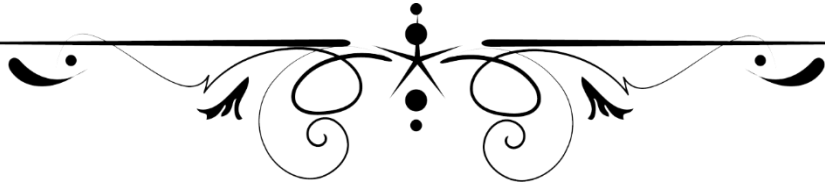
I opted to lay on my bed and fall asleep on the wardrobe. Images of men and women bound in great sin appeared on the wardrobe, suddenly the wardrobe was shaking and a big snake slid out, to understand this better, the spiritual realm is surreal and very advanced, the enemy's agents appear in numerous forms, there comes a point when one can not differentiate between a physical being and a spiritual being. I felt a bite and my body felt comatose, the voices then rang out again saying "in 3 minutes he will be dead". The 3 minutes went by. Sounds rang

through my ears, I heard the village wail of a multitude when one has suddenly passed on, my feet seemed to come together into the posture of a person lying in state.

At 10 seconds to go they conducted a count down “ my past life flashed past in my mind”, as I was fatigued I believed they had finally got me but I had the assurance that because I had stood with God I was only destined for Heaven. They condemned me and told me that I was going to be tortured forever until judgment day, they described my torturer as a tall man with an oblong-shaped head eagerly waiting to beat me to a pulp with a protruding nail laden wooden club. As the countdown went on, a white elderly man adorned in a chequered suit appeared at my door and shot me in the head, I felt a thump and felt like my eyes were being stitched to the closed position. After he left I could see vultures converging outside my room door. When your spiritual eyes are open, you still see whether you shut your eyes or not but not to the same dimension as with eyes shut as you can see beyond your environs. In the same sense, God allows his people to experience visions as a way of getting revelations.

After the countdown, the voices were dismayed saying "hey, he is not dead".As I lay comatose I mastered the strength to raise my body, I could not stand the fact that this large snake was eating my body, this large snake seemed to be eating me from the belly, and rats from the wardrobe were spitting a fluid that burned my body. In this era of time, things happen in the spiritual first and then occur in the physical. Snakes are a symbol of very wicked and calculated witchcraft, rats are a symbol of poverty in one's life.

Confusion brings fear



Even if God has given you a personal promise that He will make a way for you, the devil will bring confusion. He will start making you think God didn't say He was going to provide for you. He is not going to make a way for you. You're then going to say God, but I thought you said you will provide for me, what did I do? Satan wants you to doubt, but you must trust in the Lord.

2 Corinthians 1:10 "He delivered us from such a deadly peril, and he will deliver us. On him, we have set our hope that he will deliver us again."

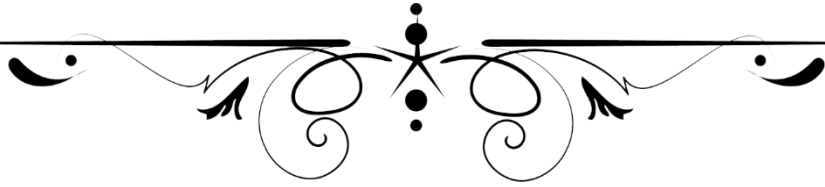
An African man appeared singing in Swahili, he then said in Swahili "John amuka twende binguni" John wake up and let us go to Heaven" He was dressed in brown trousers and a shirt that was more or less a dark shade with stripes on it. I just let him fade away after which I rose and went outside. From the fence I could hear murmurs from the spiritual beings" how did he manage, he has refused to die?".

For the rest of the night until dawn, the demons run riot and tried all sorts of tricks that they thought would work against me. My room became so hot that I had to get right outside the house, what I saw stall my footsteps. An Owl on the Guava tree screeching in a shrill sound that sounded like a human voice off a walkie-talkie, shrill at me from the Guava tree behind the house, there were pink flashy lights and beams around it. At this point, I was unperturbed and just turned away.

Demons are highly active from the onset of dark to the break of dawn, the peak in activity is between 3 a.m and 6 a.m. The ones that operate in the day are very powerful and harness your energy if you show fear, thus they appear in full color and vivid form.

Back in the house, they pretended to weld the doors and convince me that I was locked in permanently, the room temperatures would then rise again, if I would make for the door they would yell out that radioactive material was all over the door and that I risked getting cancer.

The Strongmen



At the first light of dawn, there appeared 4 strongmen in full military combat gear, they were as tall as a 10 storied building, lofty as they appeared they marched very majestically, in the field were a couple of police cars, the policemen came out and were shouting all over the place asking the demons where I was, These were high ranking demons of destruction on a mission but because of the anointing, they could not physically find me. In fear, I covered in my room as I listened to the commotion that went on outside.

By mid-morning all seemed quiet, I tidied up my room believing that all the fiasco was over. After cleaning up I settled down and prepared to sleep as I had been awake for the past 36 hours. I did not know I still had to contend in the physical and spiritual. After a couple of minutes in bed, the frenzy began yet again.

From the corner of my eyes, I saw what looked like a monitor lizard probably 1 foot long in the corner next to the sofa set. It appeared to be forging its way through the bottom of the sofa. I was not comfortable seeing this and for the next 3 hours I tried to locate it, but it moved so swiftly from one point to another, even when it was in clear vicinity I would hit it but it would not die. It began to speak out in an inaccessible corner, it appeared wounded and it spoke very obscene words. This is when it dawned on me that I was dealing with a spiritual entity,

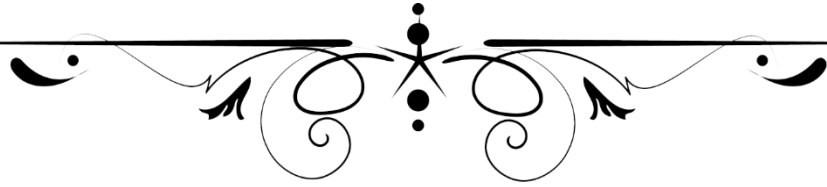
things moved from bad to worse, it then told me that my mum was dead and I should travel upcountry, more serpents and lizards appeared in corners of the house and I decided I had to leave. As I ventured outside at midafternoon, all over the place, the demons had camouflaged themselves in the flora and fauna, anytime I got near enough, they just fizzled into smoke.

The worst point was when the demons began to masquerade as people I knew very well, right outside my window they asked for cigarettes when I returned to the house. I got into the kitchen and the sight was unbearable, something with multiple tongues was licking all the plates and pans.

Darkness set in yet again, I noted that all over the place the demons were setting up for a final assault to eliminate me. The band was at work again, they marched all over Langata, I could only hear the sound as they seemed a block away everywhere I went. I opted to walk around the estate for a change.

At the junctions, I noted that there were demonic alters: this explains why some neighborhoods are prone to problems, a couple of rough-looking men seemed to be carrying out a sort of ritual, one junction had bloodied corpses of infants. This is how the devil sets up his presence in different locations around the city. As it was getting late, I returned to the house and had a rejuvenating cold shower.

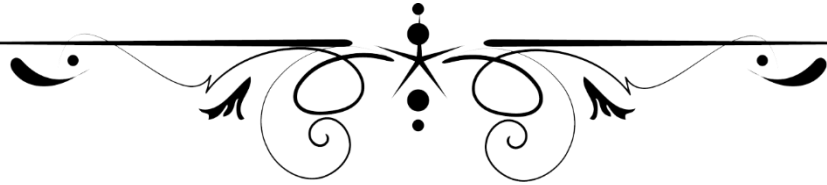
The Enemies Final Assault



I got back into my room and this time the big snake that was eating me up the day before was moving behind my sofa set, by my estimation, this was a 10-foot long snake. For the next 30 minutes I battled with it, all I had was a broomstick and a machete, it eluded me as much as possible and whenever I got into close contact it lunged at me with all fangs out. I was indeed terrified as I do know how potent the venom is. I gave up and called in the tenant from the main house, she came in and searched but found nothing, at this point, I was satisfied that what I was seeing was not in the physical.

My sister came back from work, we prayed, and everything went quiet. For the first time in 48 hours, I was getting sleep. I slept soundly and woke up to a normal world then left for my upcountry home with immediate effect.

The Recovery



I got to Kisumu and surprisingly my mum was telling me that her church member had approached her to pray for me yet they did not know what had occurred in Nairobi. A few days later she got a report from a neighbor that I was seen talking to myself at the bridge next to our home. Something was amiss as this allegation was not true. For the next 5 months I settled upcountry, the company I worked for had probably had a tough time locating me as I had no phone. I knew my chances of leaving the village were close to nil as my parents were really worried about my safety.

I underwent a medical test, the results were awful, my kidneys were one stage to failure, my bone density was reduced, I was not digesting proteins, my eyesight was poor, my pancreas was not functioning well and my breathing capacity was very low. The Doctor prescribed supplements that got me back to form in a couple of months.

I plunged into deep prayers day and night while upcountry, I survived 2 malaria attacks and bounced back to full health. In October of 2014, I was invited to an interview at an Aviation company at Wilson Airport, Nairobi. My Dad was

reluctant for me to leave as he feared either alcohol or anything else was going to kill me. Eventually my dad gave me his blessings and I returned to Nairobi. I later learnt that my Mum was in the background praying as the decision was made.

Sam invited me to his Church as the Church I had chosen to attend at Langata did not fulfill my needs. This congregation met at a commercial building with the Nairobi central business district. They indulged in very strong spiritual warfare, every fortnight the lead pastor would ask us to carry out dry fasts before the deliverance session. At last, I had found a place I felt I belonged to.

During my first counseling session with the Pastor, he told me that my case is so serious, that he does not even know how he will pray for me when he learned that I was previously in Tanzania and had suffered two attacks, he said that I was very lucky to have survived. Nonetheless, he prayed for me but the deliverance was incomplete. Many people at church would get completely delivered and carry on with their lives, but in the standard fashion, they would disappear to other churches and come back months later when things had gone wrong. I note that people had loads of problems but mine was a hard nut to crack. My life improved considerably, I had peace of mind and looked forward to employment. At one service the pastor prophesied that one of us was going to get a big job, he stated an aviation job as he went through the prophecy, later in the week the aviation company at Wilson that had called me from Kisumu confirmed that I had been selected to start work in 2 weeks. The pastor was delighted that his prophecy had come through as indeed I had not told anyone at this

church about why I came to Nairobi. Life was tough, I had no income, and because I had to go to Church.

I walked a total of 18 kilometers from Langata to Nairobi CBD (CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT) and back, at this point, I understood how necessary it is to attend a strong church. Many times I would walk to town during the week to get errands done and walk back home. At some point, I dreamt of being attacked at knifepoint which I repulsed, and from that point, my body aches disappeared. From then on I walked with more ease.

The pastor issued me prayers for a 3 day fast, a few days before my starting date, I carried out the prayers but to my chagrin when I reported working all ten of us new employees just hang around on the first day as we waited to commence. On the second day, we were asked to leave on the understanding that we were to be called back 6 weeks later. Things took a turn for worse as when six weeks elapsed, the nine were called apart from me. I had failed to pray a few days before and I thought that was the root of the problem. I immersed myself in spiritual warfare and worked hard to build and maintain a relationship with God. All through 2015, I did midnight prayers into the wee hours of the night, researched to depth on spiritual warfare and multiple facets of Christianity.

I had run a small advertising magazine back in 1999 as a young man, I did run a similar magazine all through the year 2015, this experience proved invaluable as it enabled me my basic financial needs all through the year. Within a few months, I was part of the intercession team at church. Many times towards the end of 2015 I spent time at Uhuru Gardens and conducting self-deliverance. This was my year of prayer, though I noted that the more I carried out deliverance warfare prayers,

situations would get worse albeit the minor problems that would be cleared. I began to ask myself why the prayers were not giving me breakthroughs for my most critical needs, employment, and marital reconciliation. One of my major advertising clients Bishop Maureen had told me about a prayer concept (the Courts of Heaven). She implied that spiritual warfare only made matters worse for her and her women's prayer group whenever they used it. Hebrews 4:16 gives an insight "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." When you approach God by this concept you don't have to bind high-ranking demons and destroy the works of the enemy. The emphasis is getting a non-guilty verdict from God and knowing your Godly purposes which in turn will lead to your blessings manifesting. On this platform, you get to know which and how many accusations the accuser has against you and your forefathers. You, therefore, remind God of his word and ask for his favour to prevail.

1 John 2:1 KJV (My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous). The emphasis is on establishing a legal basis for the removal of evil verdicts set up against you by the enemy.

In February of 2016, I requested Bishop Maureen to carry out a Courts of Heaven prayer for me. I recall her telling me that when spiritual warfare would not work, it meant there was deep-seated iniquity in place and the only way was to approach God for Mercy.

In 3 days I was called for a 10-week contract by an aircraft company. On my reporting date, the 9th of February 2016 we were asked to return home and wait until we were called back, I prayed and went home to a very relaxing nap and received a phone call, confirming that I would have to report two days away.

After two days I reported to work without any glitch, the pay was good and my life began to change for the better. My friend from overseas gave me numerous household items when he closed up his furnished apartment rental business. It was so much that I even had to leave a gas cooker, sofa sets, and beds. At the end of the contract, I traveled to Ethiopia twice between April and June but things did not materialize by a whisker as changes were made due to bureaucracy, to date I regret that I did not consult Bishop Maureen to Carry out a Courts of Heaven petition for me as struggled through spiritual warfare to align things out in a foreign land but the enemy fought back so furiously. It even got to me seeing mists in my room on the eve of meeting the civil aviation inspectors. When iniquity is in your bloodline, the enemy will fight the breakthroughs that will propel you financially to the utmost. Only the mercy of God prevails in such situations but one has to learn how to approach God for mercy. This is why the teaching of the Courts of Heaven is one of the key pillars of my ministry.

In August of 2016, I received a dream of working at Wilson, I then approached Bishop Maureen again for the Courts of Heaven prayer session and

within 3 days I was called and asked to report to work. two weeks earlier, I had started a seventy-day fast. All through the year 2015 and January of 2016, I had carried out numerous fasts but the key things in my life were not coming forth. Why did I have to carry out a Courts of Heaven plea for mercy and yet I was going through a 70 day Fast.

As long as there is any form of iniquity in your bloodline, no amount of spiritual warfare, night vigils, and lengthy fasts will give you a breakthrough especially in finance, marital matters, and ailments.

This time I was formally employed. My divorce had been served in April 2016 and I was a single man. I opted to serve the Lord as advised by the clergy and only wait upon God. The instructions were “if God does not lead you to remarry, do not” All through 2017, I worked very hard and still engaged in midnight warfare, sometimes only getting 3 to 4 hours of sleep a night, indeed these prayers kept a lot of danger away, the only problem was I did lose very many spiritual battles that involved high stakes. I still took part in intercession and had started preaching to the congregants and to random people everywhere I went I took the opportunity to spread the word. My lead pastor then left the Church after a series of iniquitous attacks. From this point, I became an assistant to the pastor, who remained behind. In December of 2017, I registered my own Aircraft Maintenance Company left formal employment, and moved to an airfield at Kajjado, In less than a week I had a client and multiplied my finances greatly. In the spiritual realm, the prelude to this breakthrough was 3 months of continuous prayer, what happened is that I had not planned to make such a move but all along when sinful thoughts would cross my mind I would earnestly call on God and remind him that I had not subscribed to

wallow in the ways of the world. This strengthened my inner man (spirit man) Eph 3:16 That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; weeks before the breakthrough I would have intense battles in the dream that I won and on the eve of the breakthrough I fought for very long with spirits that snatch blessings”.I must say this was very difficult as after this occasion I did not win anymore by warfare, I lost so many at the edge of breakthrough that I had to look for Bishop Maureen to carry out a Courts of Heaven for me.

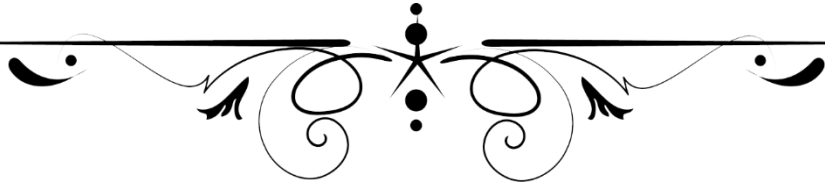
As I was not compelled to attend service on Sundays. One of the congregants called me and told me of a dream he had received, he told me that Jesus told him that I should not worry about finances and that he was still with me, he told me that there was a strong urge that I should build upon my preaching to the congregants.

In 2018 February I felt compelled to attend a famous Church at Westlands that was presided over by a prophetess, I attend their Saturday morning prophecy service. As soon as the prophet took the pulpit she pointed at me amidst the 200 or so congregants and asked me who I was and that I had a big mission in East Africa which I had to accomplish to the uttermost. As the service went on, people were delivered in droves, the praise and worship team sang and people were felled to the ground, I told myself that this the right place to be.

I took extra time to study the Courts of Heaven approach, I read more as I commuted by public transport, I watched numerous videos but I could not conduct a case as I did not know how to hear from God. I just did not know God's voice.

This time I was seeing God's power first hand. I returned to my Church and let them know of this church but the members were reluctant to attend.

The truth about Charismatic Churches I Attended



Whenever I dropped my offerings at the basket at the altar of this Church I suffered very strong headaches for days. This forced me to carry out self-deliverance prayers. I stopped giving offerings. I had noted that the women at this church dressed explicitly, in a few weeks I noted that a junior Pastor had been called out shamed for sexual immorality. I was later to learn from dissident congregants that sexual immorality was rampant at this church and was cleverly tolerated.

The remaining Pastor left my regular Church of attendance and started a Church elsewhere after a fallout with some of the congregatns. After I took the mantle at Church, every Thursday and Friday God would speak to me through visions and revelations and I would get a leading of what to preach about on Sunday. I struggled with the Courts of Heaven as I had not mastered it yet. My ex-wife tried to reconcile with me, but God spoke to me through dreams and showed the horrors that were awaiting me. At one point I visited my son and her, when I was leaving I started praying and I felt a very strong buzz in my ears, my son too complained of the same. I tell you without God's revelations one can fall into a pit and die.

My aircraft maintenance business began to dwindle later in the year. Again I approached Bishop Maureen and we prayed, this time round I got new clients who had problems that no other company could solve, By God's direction, I solved these problems and they brought on more clients.

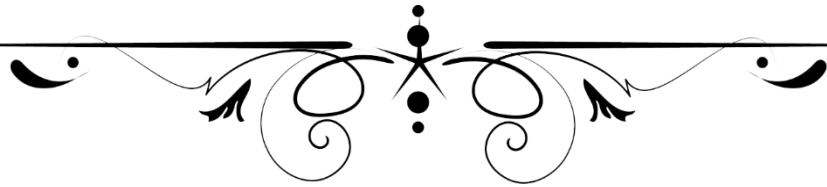
All through 2019, I got new clients, an investor came along and we invested in the aviation oil supplies business. I began to visit the Westlands Church again together with one of the Church elders, who had problems that I was incapable of praying through. We visited for the prophetic service and he was the first called out, he was instantly delivered from his ailments that would ironically later come back. I attended frequently, I became an example to the other congregants of how much one should love God with all their heart. I began to ask myself questions and asked God to show me whether I was at the right place. God showed me that I was in the wrong place after I saw very awkward gestures being made by the clergy. After I left I had horrible dreams and I prayed to God to show me where I will find him as I needed a spiritual mentor to prepare me for life in Ministry.

By coincidence in oct of 2019 I met a man at the bus stop who was listening to Gospel music, he told me I was facing a dangerous attack and urged me to attend his church in town. I attended and was welcomed warmly, this was a very strong church that had numerous branches in Kenya, I was impressed by their deliverance and they even showcased more power than the Westlands Church. They assured me that they will train me for 5 fold ministry and even introduced me to members who had left the Westlands Church because of deception in the leadership. I believed I was home and dry. I attended numerous services and midnight vigils and persevered through low temperatures that made me cold to the core. After the night

vigils, everything I had prayed about was destroyed in the dream as it was all based on spiritual warfare. At this Church, deliverance would be carried out but after a week one was back to his/her former bad state.

In the year 2020 early March, I began to develop a cordial; relationship with one of the congregants who was a lead counselor at the Church and also runs her ministry elsewhere, she was an example of what I was pursuing, ministering elsewhere and getting hands-on training from this present Church. The Church broke off services during the Covid shutdown period. On the the morning before I went for counseling at this church, I had a dream of this lady pastor and counselor running away as I had seen walk out of a guest house with a man, in the dream I followed them but had to jump away through a roof as they seemed to have noticed me. On jumping through the roof I landed in a small shop and fell before 2 men who told me: "she has been doing it for long".

In the Physical Realm



I got to this Church by 10 a.m and to my surprise, this lady walked in dressed very well and accused me of not communicating with her during the lockdown period, I let her know of the dream and she talked before I could finish by saying "oh it looked like I was being intimate with someone" and when I let her know of how the person looked and that she was in trousers, she was shocked beyond words. At this point, I was practically done with this Church as this lady Pastor counseled people together with the Church elders, why couldn't they see her sinful life, yet she also runs a ministry. What stood out is that she was very vocal whenever counseling sessions were held, she would not hold back her harsh opinions. At one point she and an elder at the Church were counselling me, the elder was seeing me wrongly in the spirit and accused me of being an immoral person, on the other hand, she asked to be excused as the matter was too heavy for her to hear. What I always ask myself is how do the same people who prophesy live in sin.

Towards August of 2020, I dreamt of going into the wilderness and I was handed a bible by a man. After this everything stopped working in my favor, finances dwindled and I moved back to my abode in Kajiado next to the airfield, there was practically no activity at the airfield as companies had laid off numerous workers. I practically was indoors and the more I engaged in spiritual warfare, new brokered

deals were cut off by clients at the eleventh hour. I got pneumonia twice, the second time was near-fatal to the point the doctor thought I had Covid. At this point I asked a lady friend of mine that I had met at the town Church to pray for me, she had also left the Westlands Church after witnessing grand deception in the clergy. She reminded me of a book she had earlier sent me "Holy Ghost School" which I had not bothered to read. I read through it and she sent me 4 more books. The books covered the subject of Covenant Time (discipleship) and how to hear God directly and be in his will.

The foundation of Covenant Time is

1. Having an intimate relationship with God
2. Receiving Spiritual power and authority
3. Being in God's perfect will.
4. Receiving material blessings

I discovered that all through I would spend hours in prayer for things I was imposing on God for him to bless. I did not care about knowing what God had to tell me after spending a whole night in prayer at night vigils.

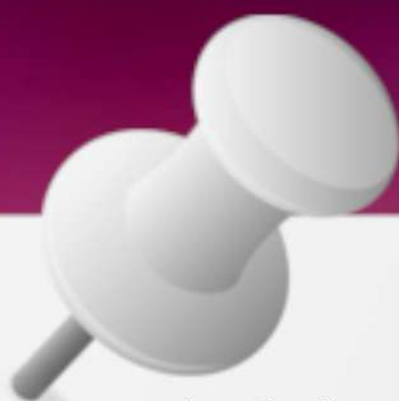
Covenant Time entails submitting 100% to God, after this your spiritual ears and eyes open and you will be amazed that you can converse with God. This way he leads you on what he has purposed for you to do on earth.

Within a week I started my daily covenant time with God. On the 4th day I went to look for Kenya shillings 40,000 owed to me only to be told that the client had traveled out of the country, there was nothing in my house to the point I even looked at the ground on the way back home in the hope of picking up a note to buy food, I got home licked some sugar and started watching a video on my phone on how to hear from God, within 3 minutes of this I received a phone call and I was divinely provided with 40,000 Kenya shillings from a person assigned by God, the question I was asked was, "do you have food in the house", I said no as I had gone to look for some money at the airfield, I was then asked how much money I was owed and I answered Kenya shillings 40,000, the person then told me, you are right as I have been receiving a continuous word Kenya shillings 40,000 numerous, so I just wanted a confirmation. God is merciful to his people, we just need to seek him with all our hearts. I would fill up pages with revelations straight from God. My finances were replenished, my health, etc. Within the same week, God showed me in the dream, a dream that played all through the night, I felt like I was turned inside out and made afresh and to my uttermost joy my lady friend had a similar dream that I was to marry her. We started our courtship and by December of 2020, we tied the knot. Everything happened by God's direction and timing. Everyone out there should know that God restores fully, after living for God for 7 years in the faith he had answered my prayers in ways I did not expect.

After doing Covenant time, my Courts of Heaven sessions became easier as I could directly hear what God communicated. For the first time in five years, I was now able to conduct a Courts of Heaven session and reverse an evil verdict. Thank you, God, you are the ALMIGHTY.

My prayer life changed, God would tell me what to pray for and when to pray. I would speak in tongues and He would ask me to stop after a few minutes as the prayer had gone through. I speak to God every day and every facet of my life is led by Him.

We have been married for the past 7 months now and are currently teaching God's people about Covenant Time and the Courts of Heaven.



The constant bombardment of the spiritual realm by spiritual warfare created counterattacks of rampant failure at the edge of breakthrough whenever I prayed against iniquity. I was not moving forward in life nor enjoying my Christian life.

Bishop Maureen taught me about The Courts of Heaven, Hebrews 4:16 **LET US THEREFORE COME BOLDLY UNTO THE THRONE OF GRACE, THAT WE MAY OBTAIN MERCY AND FIND GRACE TO HELP IN TIME OF NEED.**

Isaiah 1:18 Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

For everything, I could not get a breakthrough over in normal prayer and spiritual warfare I got breakthroughs in only 3 days after Bishop Maureen petitioned to God for mercy through the Courts of Heaven prayer.

I heard of Covenant time and went through the Holy Ghost School, I learnt how to actively hear from God and be in Covenant with him. My prayers became shorter and efficient as I prayed by the direction of what God told me. Finally, I could conduct a court of Heaven session on my own as I could hear and see the accusations that had beset iniquitous patterns thus I was able to open my books in Heaven and know what purposes were to be accomplished for my God-given destiny and know of the blessings and deliverance attached to them.

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