

In the Middle of the Night

The Testimony of Bro. Oscar Niyiragira



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Introduction

Dear reader, the testimony you are about to read is a testimony from a wretched man who testifies that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.

The first Chapter is a true story about the miracles God has accomplished for me and my family during my long flight from my country, a hard fight against death and devils. I have faced one of the worst civil wars Humanity has ever known. Like in a dream, I have seen my parents, my relatives, my friends, my country, my house, my car, my money, my degrees and my futile pride going away like a setting sun.

Hopeless, I have wandered throughout unknown lands, towards unknown countries. Several times, the old Satan tried to show me that my Savior was gone, that His Love to me was no more. He wanted me to die spiritually as well as physically.

But, in the middle of the darkness and loneliness, I implored my Lord, He heard me, He came back to me, I survived. Alleluia!

He heard me, that's why I am still alive; He heard me, that's why I testify to the whole world that Jesus Christ of Nazareth is the same today: Let the mountains and the valleys proclaim that the Lord Jesus Christ is the Almighty God. He heard my cry, took me out of the danger and put me where I am now.

The first Chapter introduces the second Chapter which is a spiritual testimony that God gave me even before I fled my country. For years I have been fighting against it, today I am compelled to write it, before I die.

Dear Brother and Sister in Christ, if you are too busy to read it, I have a little advice for you: rather to misread it, don't read it at all!

I also ask you not to try to imagine in which "block of doctrines in the Message" you can line me: You will find me nowhere, and you will then find me everywhere is the truth and the Bride of Christ. Put me in the Word of God, that's the only place where I want to be!

In addition, you may find it so simple, perhaps even so easy; that's exactly because I am the least of the sheep. I am neither a preacher, nor a Doctor in the Scripture, nor a writer. I was even led to write the original in a language that I don't know quite well (another miracle in itself!)

that's why you may find some little grammatical errors. I am very sorry for that.

It is nothing but a simple testimony from a simple Christian. However, Something burning in my heart has compelled me to write what has been written. God will be my only Judge and Witness: I have done what He has ordered me to do. Nothing on earth or from hell can make me believe different.

God bless you.

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Contents

	Page
1 A True Story	5
2 Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross – Part 1	13
Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross – Part 2	23
Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross – Part 3	30
Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross – Part 4	36
3 Like a Vision	44
4 This is the Day	56
5 Bride, Bride, Bride of Christ!	67
6 Time for Unity in the Message – Part 1	69
Time for Unity in the Message – Part 2	83
7 Woe Unto Wolves, Woe Unto False Shepherds	88
8 Cheer Up My Brother, Cheer Up My Sister!	91
9 Conclusion	93

Chapter 1: A True Story

Beloved Brothers and Sisters in Christ, Grace and Peace be with you in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

I was born the third day of October 1963 in a poor and small village Ndora in a country called Burundi, central Africa. My father was a preacher in a little Adventist of the 7th day church and has raised me in a strict respect of Moses' Law.

In High School, I often liked to attend Christian meetings organized by different denominations: Protestant, Catholic, Pentecostal, etc. I eagerly wanted to understand the meaning of my life and to find out a church where actually I could find Jesus. I loved Jesus Christ so much that my classmates often called me “the crazy of Jesus”.

In my search, I went in almost every denomination but, alas, more I searched more I was disappointed. Every denomination had its own way, its own interpretation of the Bible, its own conception of God. It was that much disappointing since I knew from my old Bible that there was one God, one Faith, one Baptism, one Way, one Truth, One Savior. The ways I found in those denominations were different, so different from what I found in the Bible.

Angry and confused, I finally decided to go back to my father's religion, though my thirsty was unquenched. I often heard like a voice in my heart asking me: “Are you sure?”

“Are you sure?”.

I remember that I often asked my daddy some questions like: “If our religion is the only true one, then why nowadays the God of Moses, Elijah or Peter doesn't do miracles anymore? Where is He?”.

Daddy often answered that God had changed the way He deals with human beings. Sometimes we laughed together because I knew he just repeated what they had taught him, even though he sometimes didn't believe in it at all.

I wanted to go to heaven. I wanted to be there, one day, looking at Jesus face to face. I wanted to be there, that's why I wanted my way to be a hundred percent sure, straight to heaven.

Oh! Wretched man that I was, I was not sure of either my father's religion or any other denomination. Perplexed and lost in the darkness, I often cried like a kid.

In the Middle of the Night

Something deep in my soul was telling me there might be such a Way, sure, safe and in perfect accord with the Bible.

It was like that day at Jacob's well, with the wretched woman of Samaria, 2000 years ago!

“But the hour comes, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeks such to worship him.” (John 4:23)

Unfortunately, for all the denominations I had visited, some had a portion of the truth, others a portion of the spirit, some others had none of both.

To draw and drink the water from the right well, to be able to worship Him both in spirit and in truth, was all my prayer.

Thanks to the Lord, my prayer was miraculously answered in November 1980.

Indeed, one of my classmates and I, found unexpectedly an address of a non-denominational Christian association that distributed some brochures from Europe. We wrote to them and some days later, I got what I had been waiting for a long, long time: The Truth, the Way, the End-Time Message, the Freedom, my freedom! Amen, glory to the King.

Don't ask me what happened to me the day I read the first brochure: I was away in a holy place. What a joy, what blessings, what a peace I've got that day, unforgettable day! (Oh, may the living God bless all of those who work day and night in order to make available this precious Message!).

I had in my hands a Message of God Himself to this final generation brought to us through the prophet of Malachi 4.

I knew Jesus Christ was coming back soon, but I didn't know the Bible said that He had to send first Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, according to Malachi 4:5, as He did before His first coming.

I was trembling when I took the Bible and opened the chapter four of Malachi: Yes, it was there, it had been written!

Let me tell you my brothers and sisters that from that time on, my life has never been the same, as it certainly happened to you, too. From then on, I went to tell it to all of my neighbors, friends and relatives from

different denominations, telling them that I had found the Living God who did the same things in our century as He did through the first disciples:

“The blind received their sight, and the lame walked again, as did the apostles.

Sinners repent and are baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, as did the apostles.

The dead are raised up and the THUS SAITH THE LORD is proclaimed, as did other prophets.

The Pillar of Fire is come to confirm His Word and to lead us to the Promised Land, as it was done in the days of Moses.

Look at me now; I am free from sin, free from any anti-scripture doctrine, free from any denomination. Please, will you come and go with me?” I told them. +I thought that everybody would come with me on this new, simple and clear way to heaven, out of Babylon the Great, back to the original Word of God in the Bible. Alas, I was mistaken!

Some called me a fanatic; others went even to consult a doctor for me! They decided to stay, I decided to go alone as quick as I could: **Farewell Babylon, Goodbye sinful world!**

I had at last found a ship to take me back home on the footprints of my fathers the apostles. Free, I was free and a hundred percent sure of the Way! I decided to go no matter the loneliness, the threat or the poverty I might encounter on the way.

After I had believed the Message of God, the first question arose: where to be baptized?

Indeed, throughout the whole country, none of the different denominations we knew was baptizing in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I eagerly wanted to be baptized the way the first disciples were because I thought that I could die anytime any day.

We then decided to write again to the brothers in Europe asking them what to do. They told us that in our own town Bujumbura, there was already a small group of believers who had received the same Message some months ago.

Some days later, I met the little group of believers not like others: so humble, so poor, so happy! They were truly born again. Lord, what a

In the Middle of the Night

heavenly Love! Like a flock of sheep, they were always persecuted by the government and other denominations, dismissed from school, put in jail, tortured, deported and threatened to death.

Despite such life, the Holy Ghost was powerfully leading the group in a way I had never seen all my life long in any other denomination. It was simply supernatural.

This was my Day, this was the beginning of my journey and from then on these people were going to become my brothers and sisters in Christ. I would journey with them no matter how narrow the path might seem!

I still remember the Day when, in the waters of the great Lake Tanganyika, I have been baptized. Happy, wonderful, unforgettable day! It was a beginning of a hard fight, a long flight to the kingdom of my Father.

Indeed, I'd only just been baptized when the devil , with all his fury, came out of the abyss to strike the people of God. Men, women, kids and elders were mercilessly put in jail, hit, humiliated and tortured to blood. Hard became the battle and heavy the cross. We were persecuted more than criminals were. In addition to the torture and the hammer, students were dismissed from their schools and workers from their jobs. Friends and relatives abandoned us.

One day, one sister was almost killed by her own father with his spear because she didn't want to leave the Message.

Another day, militaries broke another brother's leg but miraculously, he could walk the next day. Glory to the Lord!

One morning, policemen called some young sisters from their dungeon and asked them to sign that they accepted to leave this Message and go back to their former denomination:

"We will let you go free if you renounce your new faith", said the policemen.

"We can't do it because we are already prisoners of Christ", answered the sisters.

Then the policemen brought a big hammer and laid the sisters' hands on the table. They hit the small hands of the poor sisters so much that the bones were broken.

"Won't you sign now?", shouted the policemen.

In the Middle of the Night

One of the sisters, defeated by the torture, was going to sign while a policeman, in a fit of anger, hit her hands one more time. As if the policeman had awakened the sister, she became more determined to stay with the message.

“Will you sign?”, asked the policemen, yelling.

“With what?” answered the sisters, face streaming with tears. “Never, we will never sign. You can kill us if you want, God will rise us again today or some day, but we will never go back to Babylon. We prefer to meet our heavenly Father in the state you have put us rather than to go to hell with your freedom.”

Thus, they accepted to stay in prison with Jesus rather to go back in the denominations’ jail. Alleluia! eternal Grace, power of the living God!

I feel like I still see that old good time where we were walking together as one, toward the Promised Land. We had pledged allegiance to Jesus our Lord, in spite of the poverty, humiliation, persecution, hunger and misery.

Oh! Brothers and Sisters, beloved Bride of Christ, whosoever you may be, wherever you may live: if we could only realize one more time the Power hidden in this Message!

However, while it is true that we all have been persecuted in one way or another for the cause of the Message; it was very surprising that out of all the others, I remained the only one who was not put in prison or dismissed from school in that time. Beyond all explanation, I was one of those who were ready to pay the supreme sacrifice for the cause of my Savior Jesus Christ, but God put me on hold. I didn’t know there was something kept in store for me, something so hard, something so bitter.

For instance, I remember that one day, my classmate and I being the only believers at our school, police officers came to arrest us with two names on their records. At my utter surprise, they took him and left me alone.

I also remember that one Sunday morning, my Bible in my hands, I was ready to go to church when suddenly arrived a messenger from my home village. He told me that there was an important and very urgent information to get from my parents. I strongly disagreed because I had had in the night a strange dream showing me that something special was to happen in the church.

In the Middle of the Night

I wanted to attend the service to get the right interpretation of the dream. Alas, the messenger insisted, I surrendered! Back in the evening, something had happened indeed. The government had decided a “final solution” according to his officers. They put in prison everyone who was in the church that day from one month old kids to elders. They also decided to lock up the church definitely from then on.

Therefore, since 1983, the authorities forbade our church. No more freedom to worship our God, no more liberty to serve our Lord.

Don't let me try to explain how hard it was; it was simply untenable. We had to meet, to pray and to baptize clandestinely during more than five years.

In spite of such circumstances, the work of God was growing under the powerful leadership of the Holy Spirit, and the Message was sprayed throughout the country and the neighboring countries. In that time, our only concern was to find a place to meet the next Sunday and to talk a little with Jesus. We could have given all the gold of the whole world to a man who could have given us only one hour, one free Sunday morning!

Let those who have got plenty of freedom feel dozy during the Sunday service! Let those also who have got plenty of time spent it in their trivial discussions.

Five years later, the Government which was persecuting us was overthrown and within months our freedom to worship God was recovered. Happy, we were so happy to see accomplished the dreams and prophecies announced previously. Oh! How it was beautiful, walking together as one on the way to Zion like the very first Disciples of Christ: We were helping each other, loving each other, blessed together, true sisters and brothers in Christ.

Certainly, something saint and supernatural was moving our lives, Jesus Christ being all in all of us.

Alas, hardly one year had passed that something so sad; something so dark and cruel came to divide the sons of God. Who would have believed in it?

Brother and sister, wherever you may be, this is for you too because the devil can strike anywhere he knows there is the members of the Bride. Hear what happened, beloved ones! This is my wailing, this is my moaning, and this is my testimony!

In the Middle of the Night

We had braved the hunger and the thirst, the mockery and the poverty, the torture and the hammer; but under that new stratagem of the devil, several have succumbed: The enemy came like a thief in a storm and divided the church, taking away the brotherly Love among believers.

With the Grace of the Lord, I had announced in the church one week before what the Lord had shown me in dream. The next Sunday, it happened exactly as it had been said: a group of brothers announced their separation.

Why the separation took place? I don't understand till now and I don't want to. I think there is no excuse for either a pastor to frustrate the sons of the Living God, or a believer to rebel against a servant of the Living god. The Word of God must be the only Doctrine, and Love must be the only rule, otherwise the Holy Ghost can't stay. Love overcomes any problem.

I still see the sad day when, their hearts broken by a deep sorrow and remembering the battles won together, sisters and brothers who couldn't dare believe that such a thing could happen, were crying all day long like kids.

The pastor asked me to repeat what I had announced one week before and I concluded saying: "This is the work of the devil, cursed be this day forever and ever!"

Some years had passed when one of the worst civil wars ever known on the earth came and smote the central African region. I cannot describe in this little testimony all what I have seen and endured. It is not possible. All I want is to tell it to the mountains and the hills that JESUS CHRIST IS THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER. He has been my Protector and that's why I still live today. No one or nothing will forbid me to praise Him from now on till I die.

I tremble all over and I don't know neither where nor how to start this part of my testimony about the miracles God has operated among His People. I have seen the horror on this earth, the strength of the hatred and the Power of the Divine Love!

Before the catastrophe, the Believers were divided as I said. The devil brought indifference, impatience, sadness, bitterness and coldness in the hearts of the Christians.

Alas, among them I was!

In the Middle of the Night

I became the Christian of Sunday, the old zeal for my Savior decreased. Many times I have said no to the sweet calling of my Lord, and like a blind man I have run away from the will of God.

I thought I was a good Christian but God has let me see that my heart was full of vanities and vain pride. A raging war struck and I fled from my mother country, leaving behind everything and everyone I loved so dear.

In 1993 indeed, there rose fighting between the two different ethnic groups Hutu and Tutsi that live in the Great Lakes region of central Africa. Because my marriage was mix (my wife's ethnic group being different from mine) my flight therefore became very dangerous because both sides were hunting us. My wife and I chose to flee together in spite of the threat, when many other non-Christian mix families were forced to separation or divorce.

Indeed, all the communities and hiding places became suddenly either Hutu lands or Tutsi lands. There was no more friends, no more room left for neutral people!

Chapter 2: Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross

Part 1

A thunderstorm was rumbling from a dark sky and the night was falling on the village where I was born when came the moment of the chilling decision: to flee or not to flee. Anguish filling my heart, I looked at my wife and my children hidden under a bed in my father's old house. I looked at the face of my dear old mamma who loved me so. I looked at the beautiful hills where I used to play with my childhood friends I loved so dear and I cried. Defeated by the heaviness of the sudden problem, I suddenly realized how vulnerable I was.

I felt I wanted somebody to help me take the right decision, any mistake being fatal. Behind me they wanted me to die and in front of me they would kill my wife. I felt so distressed, so unfortunate, so alone that I decided to search for God's will.

While I was praying, I suddenly heard gun fires and militaries' trucks coming up in our direction. No doubt, to run forwards was going to be the right decision.

After the prayer, I begged my parents to flee with me but, alas, they were too old to face the famous and chilling forest of Nyungwe. I looked at my mother's face for the last time and I said Goodbye to her. I thank her for all she had done for me. I thank my Daddy for all he had taught me about my Savior and I thank him for all the money he had spent for my studies despite his poverty.

A decision was made; I was going away, far away to an unknown land with my wife and my two children. Behind, we were leaving our beloved ones, our Brothers and Sisters in Christ, our friends and our country. All our belongings were left behind because we didn't even have time to go to Bujumbura, the capital of the country, to take some money from our bank. All the systems in the country were suddenly shut down.

While we were bidding farewell to each other, my mother gave us all the six potatoes she had in the kitchen because she knew that the hunger was one of the worst enemies for a fugitive.

Never, I will forget that heart-rending love of a mother, faithful till the end!

In the Middle of the Night

Through the famous dark forest of Nyungwe, we have walked, climbed, crept during 4 days and nights. We were too tired to lift our own shoes but the hardest trial was the hunger.

The worst of trial came the second night when I realized that I had lost my little daughter, two years old.

Indeed, having pity for me and my wife who could move any more, another fugitive had volunteered to help bear our daughter on his back. Two hours later, we missed each other in the darkness of the jungle. Whenever I tried to call her, the only answer I was getting was the echo of my own voice. Oh! what a nightmare it was! We wept so much that we even lost our voices.

We had to clear a way ourselves for there was no way in that forest. It was like a frightful nightmare I used to have when I was a little boy, 6 years old.

But now it was not a dream, I was living a dreadful reality: big trees, crags, ravines, big mountains, snakes, leopards, thunderstorm, darkness. Any danger could have killed us. We were so hungry, so tired, and so weak that we couldn't move anymore.

I looked at my little son and my wife who could hardly breathe; I looked at my feet which were swelling. Lord! What was happening to me? Why this? A multitude of unanswered questions invaded my heart. It seemed there was no hope to get out of my difficulties.

As a last recourse, I prayed God to not let my wife and my son die in that cursed place. God Himself is my witness: immediately after my prayer, my wife became strong enough to walk again. It was the first miracle which raised again some hope in my heart telling me that my God was not gone yet.

About October 26th 1993, we reached the other side of the mountains in the new country: Rwanda.

In front of us we could see some villages where we could hopefully find some food and some rest. We walked about 5 miles toward the villages but the officers we found there forbade us to stay in the village.

“You must continue up to Nshili. Refugees are not allowed to stay here.” They said.

Nshili was a temporary refugee camp 30 miles far from there.

In the Middle of the Night

There were some small trucks to ride refugees up to Nshili but the price was now 5 times more than the regular price. Ready to give everything we had, even our shoes, we eagerly waited for the next truck available. When it came, I climbed first and helped my wife get in. Suddenly, the crowd began to shout.

“We won’t travel with that woman.” They said, threatening.

When the driver asked me to come out; I begged him the pardon, crying, insisting. I promised to pay a double price but, alas, dark was dark! They jostled us out in the dust and the truck vanished far away. This was my first disappointment, my illusions of peace vanished with the truck.

I realized that I shouldn’t get peace in my host country as expected. I wondered either to go ahead or to go back. I suddenly discovered that I had no more friend, no one to talk to, no where to go. From then on I would have to count on Jesus and Jesus only, for all other friend could be a liar and a traitor.

It was getting cold and we had no other clothes than those we bore. We asked our Lord to renew our strength one more time, and decided to go ahead. We walked 10 more hours toward an unknown destination with a meal of just one sweet potato. Late in evening, we reached Nshili camp, unforgettable Nshili.

During the night, I realized how dangerous was the camp for my wife when I saw some groups of other refugees pointing their fingers at my wife. I had to act quickly because the refugees in the camp were very angry and hostile to the other ethnic group. In the afternoon, in order to find a neutral place to hide my wife, I decided to go forward in spite of an extreme fatigue. I walked all day and night long but couldn’t find a town where we could stay peacefully. After several thoughts and an indescribable sweat, I found a convent, which accepted to hide my family for two months. They were so touched by my story that they drove me up to the camp to pick my family up from the danger.

The next day, I was driven back to the camp to pick my family up, and what do I see? Blood around the building where I had left my wife, people with nightsticks and machetes all around the house. My body shaking, I cried out like a thunder asking where was my wife, but I got no answer. I run into the room that I had paid for her protection. She was there, waiting for her last hour.

When she saw me, she almost lost her mind . I asked her to tell me what was going on; her story was as horrible as pitiful.

In the Middle of the Night

Indeed, she had witnessed through the window 4 other women being hit, knifed, tortured and killed by the crowd. Then, one killer came laughing and told her:

“We have decided that you will be the last. Keep you ready in one hour.”

She wanted to cry for help but there was no help around. She felt so unfortunate, so helpless, and so alone!

When she realized that she had not long to stay, she knelt before her Savior and asked Him to take her in His eternal Kingdom.

“I thought my time was over, that’s why I quickly wrote you this letter”, she told me with a sobbing voice.

“I just wanted to tell you Goodbye”, she continued.

I sincerely don’t know how to describe the feeling I had while I was reading that heart-rending letter.

In the letter, she was asking me to stay forever in the Word of God, and to take care of the remaining child. She ended saying: I’ll be waiting for you at the other shore. When I finished to read, I became so determined to protect her that I was even ready to die for her.

“They will have to kill me before they put a single finger upon you”, I told her.

I wanted to believe that I was strong enough, though I knew I was alone: One against one hundred meant death for sure!

Brothers and Sisters, this may hurt you I know, but I prefer to be honest. I confess that I was so nervous that I decided to die fighting for my little family. I had never fought in my life and I knew I had no excuse before God. But let my wife die, crying for help, be tortured before my own eyes after so much pain she endured because of me who the first asked her to marry me! I wouldn’t survive such a sight.

After having lost my daughter and all I had, it was unsupportable for me to watch my last treasure disappearing away and me stay again on this earth!

I knew that within a half an hour, I would be fighting bare hands against a whole bunch of killers and in seconds would be killed. However, there was only one regret in my heart: I had never thought one day that my life could end in such a way! To die fighting like a pagan?

In the Middle of the Night

I don't think that somebody who was not in my place may understand how deep was my anguish. But for me, if Jesus Christ could take me out of that bunch of wolves, this would mean the same to me as when He brought Lazarus back to life. The likelihood to escape death was zero percent because all of those in the same condition were laying dead outside. Only a miracle could make my family survive that hour.

Oh, Eternal Grace, inexplicable Love of God! Like somebody awakened from a deep sleep, I remembered there was a God of miracles, my God. I remembered His Love, I remembered His Word.

Brothers and Sisters, beloved soldiers of the Cross; at that very moment, something strong enough to displace mountains filled my heart. The gates of heavens moved off, and I felt like a thousand special commandos coming down all around my little family!

It was something stronger than a bomb, something so simple: FAITH.

Time was come to prove that the God of the old and new Testament, the God whose Voice resounded publicly on the Ohio River in 1933, the God I received in my heart in 1980 was still a living One. Amen! Outside, I heard an agitation among the crowd. The hour they had kept for my wife was come. Through the window, I could see them coming toward the house.

My Faith took its wings, and I told my wife and my kid to stay inside the room and, quietly, like a son of a king, I went straight outside to meet them for a special combat. Once outside, I found a whole bunch of unknown people ready to kill anytime.

"What do you want?" I asked them, quietly.

"Your wife must die." They answered back, with strange voices.

"Why?" I asked, knowing that they wouldn't waste their time trying to give me explanations.

"Because she belongs to the same ethnic group of those who killed our president, our families, and who force us to flee our country." They said, with a plaintive voice.

More I looked at them, more they seemed fighting against an invisible Power.

In the Middle of the Night

“You will have to kill me before you put a single finger upon her. She didn’t do anything to you and she is a true Christian. No one should die for the faults of others, and the blood of those you have already killed is upon you. Believe me, God will make you pay some day.” My body was trembling while I was saying these words, but my voice was coming out with an authority I had never experienced before.

I don’t know exactly what happened but the only thing I can remember is that one by one they went back. Oh! Glory to the King!

When everybody was gone, I run into the room and told my family to follow me. As if God wanted to show me that He saves as well as He cares, a woman came running towards us telling me that in a certain village they had seen a little girl without her parents. We went there and there we found her!

Dear reader, you can easily guess my emotion when I hold once again my little daughter in my arms. God is simply a Savior. Amen!

The next night, we were lodged in the quiet and so kind convent of Sovu, unforgettable convent of Sovu!

Lord, what hospitality! A very warm welcome, kind words, smiling faces, rest at last.

January 1994, I decided to go out and tried to find a little job. There was none available for a refugee.

I remember one day I wanted to rent a little house in the city of Butare, some miles away from the convent. I had reached an agreement with the owner for a 3 months contract. But when he saw my family, he suddenly changed his mind. “We never lodge serpents over here”, he said.

I remembered the first day we were kicked out of the truck, I remembered my country I had left behind, I tried to imagine my future, and I sighed.

My soul was bent by the loneliness; I wanted somebody to understand me. My nights were nothing but mourning, the flame of hope was dying in my soul. I was becoming nervous. The country where I was supposed to find peace was becoming more and more hostile. The same civil war I left behind was now raging in my host country. I wanted to fly away, far away from these interminable stupid wars, out of this cursed region, for a country where I shall hear the words Hutu or Tutsi no more . But how? I had no money available and to try to walk up to another country was simply impossible and dangerous.

In the Middle of the Night

What to do? Alas, with my weak faith, I had forgotten all the marvels that God had done for me. I had forgotten that there was Somebody somewhere who holds the earth and the heavens in His hand. Pity for the human race! I had forgotten that two months ago He had sent his army to protect my wife from being decapitated!

Lost in a multitude of thoughts and impossible calculations, trying to find an answer to my questions, I found that I was unable to solve any of my problems despite my so-said education and degrees. Like a pride child who suddenly realizes that he is weak, fragile and vulnerable, I found that I was simply good for nothing. Something in me was being hit; my futile pride was dying.

When we discovered that it was impossible for us to get established in this neighborhood for a long term, the convent helped us to move to Kigali, the capital of Rwanda.

They had served me, they had hidden me, but alas, my heart cries whenever I remember that they didn't find a hiding place for them while almost all of them were being killed three months after I was gone!

Thank you convent of Sovu, beautiful convent of Sovu, my heart will never forget you wherever I may be.

Once in Kigali, we were pleased to find other Brothers and Sisters in Christ, believers of the Message. My God, what a brotherhood!

Despite a raging war between the two ethnic groups, brothers were helping each other, hiding each other, going to church every Sunday.

Oh! I still see those shining faces full of a heavenly Joy, singing as if they were to die the next hour. It is like I still hear that choir of a thousand voices singing together the songs of Zion without knowing that within 60 days hundreds of them would be decapitated. There was surely something special from up above which led them to act out of the ordinary, while hatred was raging in other denominations.

However, the 6th day of April 1994, the country was struck by the worst of the horrors of all times: a genocide where one million people (a fifth of the whole population) died within 90 days.

Once again, few days before the "storm", I miraculously escaped and the genocide started one week after I had left Rwanda.

Indeed, just two weeks before the cursed day, something very strange came in my heart. I don't know how to describe it but it was something

In the Middle of the Night

like a fear I had never felt before. All my nights became nightmares. It seemed that I could die anytime. Everything from the trees to the streets seemed hostile. My peace and my joy were gone. I asked any brother I met to pray for me.

At her utter surprise, I told my wife that we were going to repatriate back to Burundi. I felt like something was about to happen.

Though the situation in Burundi was bad, I decided to go first to explore the possibilities. I found that things were very bad in Burundi. The capital Bujumbura was divided in two parts: A Hutu land and a Tutsi land. No more room for a family like mine, no more place for neutral people. Though I had a foreboding of problems I was going to face, I decided to go back to Rwanda to repatriate my family.

It was a crazy decision but I did it, not knowing what I was doing. A brother in Christ, Faustin, who heard that I was going to Rwanda, asked me to give him and his family a ride in order to help him flee from Bujumbura.

“Brother, you know I love you but please, don’t flee toward Rwanda. For now it is not worse than here but soon it may be. Please don’t go.” I tried to dissuade him.

“I know, my brother,” he told me, “but I have no other choice”, he added. I could understand him because the situation in Burundi was really worse than in Rwanda, so far.

With no pass for the border, I took him, his wife and his four children for Rwanda. We had to brave a lot of dangers all the way long. In Burundi, I had to avoid the dangerous streets, in Rwanda I had to hide them under the seats. The worse came when we had to cross the border between Rwanda and Burundi.

The Rwandese government soldiers arrested us and asked us the documents. Because the brother was himself a refugee from Rwanda living in Burundi for years and years, he had nothing else to show than his refugee identity. When they saw the brother and his family, God only knows how close the death came to us!

They called me the big traitor who was bringing rebels in their country. They took the family behind the customs building, ready to shoot them any second. I cried, I begged, but nothing changed. Suddenly, I got an idea: To Caesar what belonged to Caesar! I gave half of the money I had

In the Middle of the Night

on me in order to deliver my beloved ones from the danger of death. For now, they had escaped, but for how long?

We drove all the rest of the day from Cyangungu to Butare, through the majestic forest of Nyungwe. I wept all the time we crossed that forest, remembering the nightmares I've had when I was wandering through that same jungle 4 months ago.

Late in the evening, we made a stop at the same convent of Sovu, for a last "thank you", a last sight, a last goodbye!

The next day, we woke up early in the morning and drove to Kigali where my family was waiting for me. There I dropped brother Faustin and his family.

Before the prayer of a goodbye, he told me: "Thank you Brother Oscar, thank you. May God be with you, wherever you go, and may He reward you ten times for what you have done for me."

Oh, indescribable memories! To think that three weeks later, he and all his little family, except one child who was absent that time, will die boiled one by one in boiling water! (Miraculously, the only child who survived is now living in the same country I live in, in a city called Atlanta. Who shall understand the ways of the Lord?)

We were already back in Burundi when we heard the dreadful news coming from Rwanda.

I sincerely believe that it is simply impossible to describe the horror of the genocide which stroke that little poor country of seven millions inhabitants. I can't and nobody can. It was an earthquake of another kind!

Indeed, like I said before, almost 1 million people (15% of the whole population) were killed within 90 days, and that is to say 10,000 lives were sent to death every day!

I've read a lot of books of History, but I don't know if the Humanity had ever seen such a speed of killings in a civil war.

The few survivors who escaped were telling us unbelievable stories: Rivers of blood 1 meter deep, mountains of dead bodies 10 meters high. People were hunted like animals.

In the Middle of the Night

Many of our beloved Brothers and Sisters in Christ were exterminated, among whom was Faustin and his family I had helped to flee from Burundi.

Some of them died because they were hiding brothers and sisters, others died because they refused to follow the killers in their killings, others died simply because of their ethnic group.

Some others who were not even in danger, accepted to die for the brothers and sisters they were hiding rather to betray them to the enemy. Others, who were asked to chose between to kill or to be killed, accepted to die rather than to sin.

Many others were killed simply because of their ethnic group, they died like sheep without cursing or hating their butchers.

Tortured, stoned, decapitated, burnt alive, they have stayed faithful to the Lamb till the last breath. They were my brothers and sisters, they were my friends, they were innocent, they were Christians. !

Believers of the Message and Soldiers of the Cross, they have sculpted a living testimony with their blood, proclaiming that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. Amen!

Some day, I know, I'll meet them and together we will sing a song for our Savior.

Oh! beloved Brothers and Sisters, if we could realize one more time the power of the faith we have had in this Message of the hour!

The same power, which could rise the dead, the same power that could strengthen the first Christian to accept to die rather to deny Christ, **the same power has come to us. Soon, the same power will take us beyond the skies.** Oh, I feel like dancing. I am not fool; something is about to happen. Like through a window, we can see it coming. Amen! There is a Truth beyond the senses, there is a Truth beyond this life.

No, this Message was not just another sermon. It has not been sent just to be heard every Sunday and Wednesday or Thursday night, It has been sent to be believed in, because it is the Truth. It has been sent to bring the Pentecost back to us, the power to break the laws of death and gravitation. Glory to His Name!

Chapter 2: Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross

Part 2

In Burundi, meanwhile, as if God wanted to show me the other side of the world, I was promoted to a governorship for my region. With this title, I could meet with presidents and other leaders, perhaps a good opportunity to change something. They gave me bodyguards and cars to move in.

In my anger against that stupid war which had killed my beloved ones, ignorant of the reality of the political world, I thought that the truth and compassion could change the face of things. I was mistaken!

In the meetings and in the medias I have protested. I protested before the United Nations through their Special Representative; I cried for help by writing to the leaders of this world through their embassies; I shouted peace from the rooftops but, alas, dark was dark, there was no hope. Pity for those poor and innocent peasants from both sides crying for an unobtainable help while perishing like flies!

I discovered a strange master of the political world, his name is Satan, a killer since the beginning. Brothers and Sisters, beloved chosen flock, come on, let's go! Let's hurry to our Kingdom, this one is definitely lost, I know it now.

This is not pessimism; this is realism. Believe me, I was there, I've seen it. It is true wherever you be, whatever country you may live in.

More I shouted for peace for both sides, more killers from both sides wanted me to die.

I remember that one day, I fell in an ambush 1mile long. Tens of bullets brushed my poor car but none hit my body. After the incident , I decided to look for any means in order to quit that cursed region.

When I made an application for my studies in Belgium, I was approved for a grant and the government of Belgium accepted to pay for me all the bills. I got my visa, my ticket was ready and my flight was scheduled on a Friday evening.

Wednesday evening, when I saw that everything was ready, I thought the time was come to bid goodbye to the Brothers and Sisters in the church and I did it. My plan was that, once in Belgium, I would ask for asylum and bring my family in. Therefore, I was happy to go.

Friday morning, after I had packed my bags, I got an urgent message from the embassy: My departure would not be! Why? The government would not let me go!

I tried my best in order to change the decision. I called Louvain-La-Neuve, the University I was supposed to go to and asked them to do something. Two weeks later, the Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Belgium himself sent a letter to the government of Burundi asking to let me go but alas, nothing changed. Sad and nervous, I finally decided to stay, waiting the day of my death.

Later I will learn that my heavenly King had traced for me a route to follow, a class to finish! **God of Abraham, who shall understand the ways of the Lord?**

One day, the city of Bujumbura being completely divided in two different ethnic areas, I was trying to move my family to a safe place. Breaking my own rules to never take any bodyguards with me, for the first time I took two bodyguards from the Presidential guard that day.

On our way, we were stopped by a group of militiamen with a lot of blood on their clothes, and corpses all around.

I told my wife: “this must be my last day.” My body was trembling as well as my bodyguards.

Suddenly the killers rushed at our car and ready to strike with their bayonets. I quickly tried to put up my windows but one of the bayonets was already inside the car 10 inches close to my chest. I tried to slip away under the steering wheel, giving them my back. Five seconds passed and I still felt no bayonet in my back. When I looked up, I saw that bunch of “carrion-eaters” running away as quick as they could.

“What happened?” I asked the militaries behind me.

“When they saw us, they run away.” They answered.

“Did you do anything?” I asked.

“No, there was no time and they were more equipped than we are.” They said.

Alleluia, Jesus Christ is my almighty God. The only thing I regret is that I don't know how to thank Him!

In the Middle of the Night

Several times, I had felt close the chilling hand of death but to be frank, this was my first time to feel such a fear. Five days after I still couldn't believe that I was not dead yet. My God, what an emotion!

This event has been one of the worse trials which decided me to flee my country for good.

Some days later, I was on my way to Zaire, uncertain Zaire.

As if God wanted to recall me that He is my only Protector, I saw on my way to Zaire a man burning in flames. I slowed down and I heard like a voice deep in my soul: "It could have been you."

One mile further, I saw another terrifying scene: In a plot of a deserted house, people were paying money in order to enjoy the scene were people were burning in flames!

Oh! height of sadism, how can a human being fall as low as that? This is nothing else than the devil, the old Lucifer thrown down to the earth. He is a killer since the beginning.

Once out of the town, the same whisper came back: "it could have been you!"

I stopped the car and wept like a child. I was talking to my God like a child to his father, saying:

"You have done a lot for me, Lord, more than what I deserve. I have not been always a good Christian. I wish I could do something for you before I die, tell to others that you are God and how merciful you are. Even if there is nobody to listen, I shall tell it to the mountains."

I was like out of the human nature, my heart was so thankful to God. I felt a respect I never experienced before.

Once in Zaire, as usual, I first looked for a believers' church. It was not easy for me to locate the church because it was my first time to enter the country. I went south and north, east and west, up and down the streets of the little town Uvira, but couldn't find what my heart was looking for: my spiritual family.

Desperate, I decided to go south to search in another little village 20 miles further.

It was my first time to drive on such a kind of road! Strictly speaking, it was not a road. I had to go round big stones, deep holes, and drive

through the rivers for lack of bridges. It took me one hour to go 10 miles. At such a speed, to walk would have been wiser by far! Soon it was getting dark and yet I had not found any lodge for the night.

I got out of the car and sat down on a rock beside the road where trees, grass and waters seemed like singing a sweet melody under a smooth rhythm of an evening breeze. Beyond the blue waters of the great lake Tanganyika, I could see the city Bujumbura, capital of the country I was born in, the country I was now leaving for good.

After a while and a multitude of thoughts, I decided to go back to Uvira for an unknown lodge.

While trying to imagine a solution, I saw a group of people coming from Makobola village. In the middle of the group was a man who seemed to be kind and Christian. I approached him and asked:

“May I ask you a question Sir?”

“Sure.” He answered.

“Please, I am new in this town and I wish I knew where should be a Christians’ church who believe in the End-Time Message brought through a prophet called William Branham.” I asked.

At my utter surprise, he smiled and greeted me saying:

“God bless you my Brother in Christ. I am one of them.”

So grateful to the Lord, I returned to Uvira with him. He showed me the church and introduced me to the Pastor and other Brothers. I was truly fascinated by the Love they testified unto me. In spite of their utter poverty, they helped me start my new life for the first days. One week after the exploration, I called in my family.

During two years, we lived in that small town of Uvira. Indeed, as it was in Rwanda, no refugee camp could welcome us.

Life was extremely hard in that big country, Zaire. Economical situation was more than catastrophic. It is easy to imagine what kind of life a refugee could have in a country where the government couldn’t pay his police officers! The change was \$1 for 80,000 francs Zaire and the monthly pay of a colonel of the army could hardly pay 1 kilogram of rice!

There is no way to describe what was going on in this country. All the political sciences and economical laws of the best analysts in the world

In the Middle of the Night

were turned upside down. People in the society were left on their own in a total lack of government. Prices were changing every hour and could double within 24 hours.

I was born in the extremely poor family, grew in the extreme poverty, but what I've seen in this country was beyond imagination.

I discovered that Brothers and Sisters over there were fighting a battle as hard as the persecution we used to have in Burundi. A battle of another kind: misery, hunger and poverty for years and years!

I can still see those beloved sisters and brothers praising the Lord, coming to church every evening three times a week though they had nothing to eat for two days. They were singing with joy and praise although they were so hungry and so weak in the body.

While poor people who were not Christians were sometimes tempted to steal in order to survive, Believers had Faith and Perseverance for Armour. They knew that someday, they would be proclaimed heirs and heiresses of the coming new world. Alleluia! Glory to the King.

When I saw how hard it was to live in that country, I decided to transform my old car into a taxi.

I have struggled day and night in order to feed my children. I have pushed, pulled, lifted, loaded, unloaded, and I have survived! Sometimes, I had to work 16 hours a day to finally earn 4 or 5 dollars, not enough for one meal!

Because the roads were in a very bad condition, I had to fix my poor car almost every evening and pay 1 dollar for the militaries. Thus, I often went home with no money at all in my pocket.

The trial was so bitter and the cross of humiliation so heavy that I sometimes wondered if God had not abandoned me.

Indeed, the refugees' cars were the most requisitioned by the militaries for an average of two days every week. So, one day, a Major took my car for 3 days. The next day after I got it, another colonel came to requisition it again. With all the obedience of a refugee, I begged him to let me work just one day because my children had not got enough to eat the previous days.

Alas, like a lion in the jungle tearing his prey into pieces, he hit me so much that I bled all around my face. The crowd came shouting "death to the refugees" and I got more kicks, more spittle, and more humiliation. A

In the Middle of the Night

taxi man who had witnessed the scene and to whom I was a pitiful sight tried to plead my case. Alas, he got heckled as “bad citizen”.

Suddenly, the militaries threw me into a truck and, for I was bleeding, I first thought that they were taking me to a clinic. I was mistaken. They drove me into the jail, straight into a dark and nasty dungeon.

I wept like a child. The emotion which pushed me cry the most was a strange feeling of loneliness in the danger. It seemed I was very vulnerable, far away from my country and my relatives, no one to understand me and no more rights to call for. The darkness of the dungeon was the exact image of my life.

There are some days when, no matter how older or educated you are, you feel a great need of the old good tenderness from your loving daddy or mammy.

The next day, as if God wanted to show me that all things are possible with faith, my pastor went to contact a brother in Christ who was a colonel, full commandant of the area. When he understood that it was simply by injustice that I was put in prison, he ordered my freedom right away. Once again, the Lord recalled me that I was not alone. Yes, in the Kingdom of our heavenly Father, there is always a solution.

I never know how He does, but I always know that He provides. Amen!

We are a nation, we are a people, we are a family, we are an Army, thousands and thousands of angels camping all around us. I am not a fanatic, I know what I am talking about. I have seen my heavenly Captain in the combat all my way long; who shall dare to stand in His way?

Until June 1996, I struggled for my carnal survival, but my family and I were spiritually blessed. Thought the storm was raging outside, we had peace inside our hearts; and together in a same ship, brothers and sisters were traveling towards the same Promised Land.

Nonetheless, in June 1996, something strong and unthinkable came and shook some believers' churches. A war of another kind, a merciless spiritual war, another sad lesson.

May 1996 indeed, there came from East Africa a group of “brothers and sisters” for a 2 weeks “spiritual revival”, preaching their late new revelations in the Message.

The first days, they begun preaching like any other preacher would do. Some days later, came more “revelations” and the cup was full.

In the Middle of the Night

Believers began hopping from one foot to the other, shouting out and so forth. Some of them thought I was carnal because I didn't get what they got. What the most turned me upside down was that hundred and hundreds of people followed those hypocrites. Something very strange was happening. I can't write all they did and taught: It was a shame, it was anti-Christ.

The third week, from his first white coat, the devil took his true color.

I had heard some conflicting doctrines raging in the church, but never one day I had thought that I would hear such a nonsense in my life! Doctrine upon doctrine, they brought a new baptism in a new name, preached an eight or ninth prophet-messenger, said they were already living in the new Jerusalem, and did what I can't tell here!

They called themselves the great eagles. Wanting to fly higher than the sun, they have burnt their own wings and have fallen lower than the dust.

I sometimes went to visit some of them, true brothers and sisters some weeks ago, and I found them so possessed by the devil that even their eyes had changed. Any time I opened my Bible imploring them to listen one time, only one more time, to the Holy Scriptures, they strangely laughed saying: " Oh, the old things; you are like a hundred years behind!" Sometimes, I couldn't dare believe my ears!

Although the majority of dear Brothers and Sisters held tight the Word of God, that flock of Satan brought ignominy to all of us. All the denominations in the city, jealous of the supernatural blessings of the Lord to His Message, jumped on the occasion to criticize.

Indeed, as said the prophet, the devil will always try to show a bunch of hypocrite crows instead of the genuine eagles.

This situation saddened me so much that I actually wept when I remembered the time we first believed this humble and Holy Message, when the Lord was so powerfully manifested among His beloved ones. Alas, after so many battles won together, the devil brought new tactics with divisions, dark doctrines, hatred, scandals, conflict of leadership, etc. Who shall pretend that the Holy Spirit can stay in such an atmosphere? As said the Prophet, the Holy Spirit will perch himself apart and will come back only after repentance.

Chapter 2: Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross

Part 3

October 1996 as if the demon of war had to pursue me right into my last hiding place, the civil war I had left behind crossed the border up to where I was, in Zaire.

It was always the same scenarios: horror, flight, killings, rivers of blood, fears, bombs and destructions.

In this big country, as big as the third of the whole United States, it was particularly difficult to flee away. There was no infrastructures, no good roads that fugitives could use to run away, far and faster. There was the majestic lake Tanganyika in the South-East, the dreadful equatorial forest in the West, where the lion and the viper lay down the law. The merciless war was coming from North-East.

Those who decided to flee towards West would die by hunger, lion, viper or bombs, and those who fled through the lake would die by drowning.

Millions of refugees preferred to run west where, according to some reporting, thousands were dying every day. Pictures of babies feeding dead mothers could be seen in almost every newspaper. Once again, human beings perished like flies, while jackals and vultures were dancing and singing for the unexpected feast! The war which begun in Rwanda in 1990 was now being described by some geopolitical scientists as “the African first world war”!

Indeed, more than 10 African countries and an unspecified number of western countries were involved in that dirty war.

Once again, I've seen the same Power of our unchanging Lord working among His people.

Indeed, anyone who belonged to the rebels' ethnic group was automatically qualified as a traitor and was mercilessly targeted to death. The leaders of the city announced that “whoever will hide or help a traitor in one way or another will pay the price of a traitor”. A curfew from six o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock in the evening was decreed.

In spite of the threat, Brothers and Sisters in Christ were ready to pay any price if necessary in order to save other Believers' lives. In other respects, they had nothing to do with the madness of this world.

In the Middle of the Night

During one week, the targeted Brothers and Sisters were alternately hidden in different homes. Nevertheless, war was dangerously approaching, and militiamen begun searching house by house, looking for a possible last “traitor”. Things were going from bad to worse.

My wife and my children had to spend their days and nights under the bed, and terror became my daily companion. Militiamen painted themselves with blood and begun strange ceremonies in the streets with heads of dead people upon their spears. Killings were everywhere and life was taking another color. No, it was not a movie, somebody somewhere was really dying for nothing and the next day could have been my turn.

One evening, elders, trustees and some Brothers met clandestinely in order to study how to evacuate a family to a safer place. The Pastor informed us that there was a man who, in return for payment, was ready to take by night the family in his canoe to Bujumbura.

“The Church will pay the canoe”, the Pastor said, “but the problem is to find someone who can accept to move the family from their hiding place to the shore.” The problem was difficult to solve especially since the curfew allowed no traffic by night. Distressed before the problem, everybody kept silent. Meanwhile, I remembered how, in Rwanda, believers had accepted to die for others. I also remembered how, in Burundi, Rwanda and here in Zaire, Brothers and Sisters had done the best they could to help my family and me. Most of all, I remembered what God had done for me all my way long since October 1993.

In a decisive tone, I said: Brothers, I will go. Are you sure? They asked. Yes, I will go. For Jesus, I will go.

The evacuation plan was settled at midnight and two other Brothers were chosen to come with me.

The family to evacuate was separately hidden. The husband was in a home, his wife and children in another home, two miles away. After a short prayer, we went first for the Brother. While we were about to leave, a crowd of young men in night vigilance came all around my old car.

They discussed in their mother language but fortunately didn't see the Brother in the back seat.

I quickly moved off my car and vanished in the dust. I was lucky indeed; they had neither a satellite dispatcher nor a vehicle!

In the Middle of the Night

Within minutes, we picked the rest of the family up but, at the next corner, we met a military patrol. I slowed down and two big flashlights floodlighted our faces. Once again, they murmured in Lingala, their language, but at our utter surprise, they didn't either shoot or stop us despite the curfew. Amen! Isn't our God an Almighty Savior? We continued safely up to the shore without any other problem.

Thus, God saved the lives of those beloved believers. May God be with them, wherever they may be!

Back home, I told my wife the adventure we had been through and how God had protected us. I felt like I had paid a certain debt. I was so happy to have been able to help a life in danger before the day I would bid farewell to this earth.

The rest of the night, I was unable to sleep because of so many questions in my heart.

A multitude of images and memories came through my thoughts as I tried to understand why all of this has happened to me.

The death of my mother and my brother-in-law have deeply moved me the most:

That night indeed, I remembered my father telling me the story of my mother's death, one of the saddest stories I've ever heard in my life. (Dear reader, I am sincerely very sorry for this, the aim of my testimony is not to write down sad stories. Sorry, I am really sorry!)

We had moved from home and were living in the bush", my father began the story. "We ate raw food because if we cooked it, the smoke would have betrayed us and indicated our presence.

So, one day, we had had nothing to eat for three days and your mother decided to go home and look for some food a little quick. We came together but I stayed hidden outside, watching for her. Alas, the military alerted by the smoke appeared suddenly from nowhere and it was too late for her. I was watching towards West, but they came from East. When she was about to get out of the kitchen, she found a whole group of killers waiting for her outside. She took an old hoe to defend herself and tried to run away behind the house but, as you know, her age betrayed her; they were stronger and faster."

It seemed that my father, struggling against a very painful emotion, would never be able to finish the story.

“Please Dad, continue and finish. I want to know. How many were they?” I asked him, sobbing, eyes brimming with tears.

"A dozen or so", he continued, "they were armed to the teeth and were all militaries except their guide, who was one of our neighbors. Your mother tried to defend herself with her hoe but they defeated her within seconds. They asked her where were her sons. When she said that she didn't know, they hit her so much that she lost her mind. I was there, hidden behind a banana tree. They asked her where I was, she also answered that she didn't know. Oh, my son, though she knew where I was, she accepted to die for me! They then took her eyes out, cut her tongue and begun a horrifying torture. Before she died, she took her blood out of her mouth and splashed them with it saying: 'may God curse you on His Judgment Day'. They then killed her with her own hoe and cut her throat with their bayonet. When I saw how they had killed her, I decided to avenge her and die with her. I wanted to kill one of them and be killed. Rabid, I took my spear and run towards them. When they saw me, that bunch of jackals took off, thinking it was an ambush. I challenged them to stop and kill me but, alas, they didn't...

That's how, my son, that who fed you ended her journey on this earth! If one day you have to see again the place you were born, you will see her beside the big cedar tree. That's where I have buried her body's pieces."

I simply can't describe how my heart suffered after I heard my father's narrative. To loose a mother is very painful, but to have her die in such a way was simply very trying. (One year later, my beloved father also died almost in the same way, ignominious death.)

That night in Uvira, trying to understand why God has done all of this to me, I also remembered all my other relatives who had died, but especially my brother-in-law:

A witness told that he and his friends, being hunted, found a hiding place in a deserted house. The killers found the house and put fire on it. The brother, realizing that there was no more hope, preferred to die outside rather to burn alive. While he was trying to escape, a hail of arrows pierced his poor body. He died praying, asking God to take him in His Kingdom because he knew that through the Message he had received, he would not be denied! Amen. It seems like I see him crossing the chilling waters of death, the Truth of the Message in front of his eyes, the Wings of Faith lifting his Hope and singing the beautiful song "I would not be denied".

In the Middle of the Night

I also remembered that in many cases, God has been a wonderful Protector for the Ones He loves.

One evening in East of Burundi, one Brother in Christ, pastor of a church, saw a group of killers who wanted him to die. In that little village, they had already killed more than three hundreds people that day. It was now the Brother's turn to die. He took his Bible, run into the church and stood still in the same pulpit saying: "Lord Jesus Christ, I will die in this same place from where I was proclaiming Your End-Time Message You sent to us." The killers came, looking everywhere with their big flashlights, lighting up time and time again the face of the Brother but couldn't see him. They went back and the Brother praised his Savior. Amen!

Another day, in the middle of the night, a Choir singer and a Doctor in medicine, who was visiting another family of Brothers in Christ, woke up and asked his host to record his song.

"My Brother and Sister", he said to the family, "a moment ago, the Lord has revealed unto me that my time is over. I heard a song of a Goodbye in my dream, and the Lord asked me to sing it for you and the whole church. As you will hear it in the song, on this earth I shall see you no more. But I will be waiting for you on the other side of the river. Therefore, turn on your radio recorder and record it, you will play it to the church. Farewell my Brother, farewell my Sister."

He took his guitar and sang the song while the family recorded the song. (I have done my best to get the tape, and I cry whenever I hear the song.)

The next morning, the Brother took the bus to Bujumbura, his Bible in his bag. Walking towards his home, he met a group of soldiers:

"Who are you?" they shouted out. "My name is Damien. I am a Christian." he answered. "Hurry, because it is getting late." they gently told him.

Thinking that everything was alright, the Brother quietly went his way but, alas, some seconds after, one of the soldiers shot him in the back and the Brother fell dead.

The soldiers argued among themselves against the killer. When they checked the Brother's bag, they found his Bible, some brochures of the Message, and his identity showing that he was really a Doctor and an innocent Christian. When he realized his sin, the soldier who killed him became foolish on the spot (and is still foolish up to now). It is one of the

In the Middle of the Night

soldier, deeply sorry, who told the story to the other Brothers in the church.

Chapter 2: Hard was the Way, Heavy the Cross

Part 4

All these stories above came through my memories and recalled me that God does what He wants, and who shall fathom out His Science?

That very night in Uvira, I remembered what God had done through all of these testimonies above,

I remembered what I had been through, I looked at my family hidden under the bed and I prayed God saying: Please Lord Jesus Christ, show me the way, show me your will. I sincerely wanted to know from God himself what this endless wandering was all about: A punishment or a class!?

Indeed, among all the Brothers in Christ we were sharing the journey with, I was the only one still wandering north and South, East and West. I wanted God to explain to me or let me die like others. Something deep in my Soul was calling for an answer from my Creator. After all, my life was not worthier than my relatives' life.

I was very nervous. I often asked God to let me know His will. His almighty Hand had protected us until then, so why the day of my death seemed so near? And why death was always close but never reached me?

Early in the morning, still lost in that multitude of questions, my wife woke up and begun to tell me a very strange dream she got during the night:

“I dreamed we were walking in a very big and beautiful city,” she begun to tell, “tall and majestic buildings on every corner of beautiful streets. Suddenly, I saw a man who told me to come and see our mansion. He took us in a very beautiful house, with a lot of beautiful things inside. I was very amazed by the beauty of that house when the man told me: This is your new mansion, here you will stay.”

“Tell me Brother,” she asked me, “what does this mean?”

“Honey,” I said, “I sincerely believe that finally our last day is come. Yesterday, I prayed God to tell me His will. Who knows? This must be the answer.”

Thrown into confusion, we stayed hidden in the house, praying and waiting for the will of the Lord.

In the Middle of the Night

Two days after, come the last trial of a series and one of the most terrifying trials I've had since October 1993.

The night was falling when I thought it was a good time to go bring some water from the lake and buy some food somewhere. When I came back, I found my house surrounded by a group of militaries and militiamen. My door had been broken up and two of the militaries were trying to get my wife outside by force.

When I found my wife screaming and fighting against those killers, something powerful took my whole body and I roared out like a lion in the jungle. Though I knew that they could kill me any time they wanted to, I tried to show them that I was ready to die for my family. When they began to shoot in the air, I realized that things were very serious. Only God could save us from that danger.

"Where are the traitors you are hiding here?" They shouted out.

"There is no traitor in my house. Please, you can search and see it yourself" I answered, imploring.

"What is your wife's ethnic group?"

"I've heard that her great-grand parents used to be mix. But, you know I am that taxi man who often gave you a ride. Don't you remember? And I have a good radio player, you can have it, I am your friend." I stammered out, so scared.

"Where is the money?" They asked, threatening.

I gave them all the money I had on hand. They went back and I let out a sigh.

Nevertheless, it seemed that they were to come back or send another group. I realized that the strategy I had used the first time was not going to work the next time. Times were serious; our lives were in danger. A better strategy was needed: we had to call our unchanging Savior for rescue, the prayer was the solution.

We did a long and powerful prayer without knowing that a whole group of militaries were surrounding our house. They waited until we finished our prayer.

When we pronounced the last "Amen", they knocked at the door. Quickly, I hid my wife and my three children under the bed and waited

In the Middle of the Night

in the living room. They decided to smash in the door and came in, shooting in the air.

Their faces were very strange, drunken and armed to the teeth. I realized that they were sent for one mission: to kill.

“Where are the traitors?”, they asked.

“Sir, we are just poor refugees, we are Christians, we have nothing to do with traitors”, I said to the one who was likely to kill me.

It seemed like the word “Christian” made him so furious that he ordered me to lie flat on my stomach. One of them put his boot on my chest and his bayonet on my throat saying: “you can say goodbye to your God now!”

Brothers and Sisters, at that moment, a strange feeling shook my whole body: A feeling of a man whose life must finish! As long as I live, I will never forget that thing which passed in my eyes while I was waiting for my last second when the bayonet would begin to cut in my throat.

Something unforgettable, something I don't know how to describe, something great passed before me: a film of my whole life, from my childhood till then.

It sounded like a Great Judgment, a balance sheet of my whole life passing in front of my eyes just in seconds. Scared, I screamed loudly saying: “Jesus Christ, don't let me down, I appeal to your Blood”. It was not a dream, it was not a vision, the death was suddenly upon me.

I closed my eyes, praying God to reduce my pain while I would be dying. When I opened my eyes some seconds later, I saw the drunken soldiers struggling against an invisible and invincible power: to kill or not to kill?

Don't ask me how or why, the only thing I know is that the same soldiers were killing a lot of people like me, and that kind of men did not need a lot of time to take a decision.

After two minutes of the special combat, I saw the militaries leaving, grumbling and grinding their teeth.

Contrary to what I thought after my wife's dream, I understood that my time was not over yet.

I did not die because the God of Paul and Peter has protected me. Amen and Amen! I will praise His Name now and beyond

my life. Years won't be able to bend my tongue and death itself will not be strong enough to keep my mouth shut!

Two days later, the attackers encircled the town and the thorny equation became worse: how to get out of the town?

Through the mountains? There was no outlet!

Through the lake? I had no money to rent out the boat, (40\$ was all my remaining cash)!

To stay? It would have been a suicide!

To go back to my country? A true nightmare!

I didn't know where to go or what to do. Once again, it was the same frightening darkness surrounding my destiny. Everything, even my house, seemed dangerous and hostile. God had saved me from many dangers, but now I faced another challenge. I had no more doubt that God was ready to protect me anytime anywhere, but I couldn't understand how He was going now to solve this enigma.

At nightfall, I prayed God as usually to protect my family and to let me know His Will. After I had hidden my family, I fell asleep on the floor, the first time since four days I deeply slept.

(Brothers and Sisters, at this exact moment of my testimony, I am forced to begin writing what I never like to say. God is my Judge and my Witness, since I am born again, I hate to make public what I consider something just between me and my Savior, as it happens to any true Christian when he meets his personal Savior.

Indeed, I've seen so many teachings and revelations, bringing so much trouble in the church that I have decided to be very careful about some things. The same fears have pushed me to stay away from any responsibility in the church. God is my witness, several times the same fears have pushed me even to abandon writing this testimony, and God only knows how many miraculous signs I have asked Him before I accept to continue writing what you are reading. He had to tell me clearly or let me save my time and my money!

That's why, dear Brother and Sister, I warn that if you find something you don't like in my coming spiritual testimony, don't hurry to throw upon me your stones. Just put it aside, and go ahead. Know simply that I truly love you, because you have believed in what I believe: this Message of the hour. Let's only share one prayer: to be one of them).

In the Middle of the Night

So, early in the morning, something like a dream came and took me away in a supersonic speed. It seemed like I was crossing the Milky Way with a lot of stars as we often see it. I was very afraid of that infinite empty space, thinking that I was dying. At the end of my strange journey, worried and trembling, I cried loudly: “Lord Jesus Christ, where are you? Please don’t let me down!”. When I pronounced the Name of Jesus Christ, I felt like I was not a stranger, my fears disappeared and my heart felt so peaceful, so quiet, so confident.

Then, I heard a Voice like an echo ringing in my mother language: “Uri Niyiragira, ubaye Ngenderakumana. Ntutinye, ndi kumwe nawe”, which means nearly: “Your name is God is my Shepherd, you are I walk under God’s Grace. Don’t worry, I will be with you.”

I heard the Voice but couldn’t see that who was talking unto me.

Suddenly after that, I came back in a same supersonic speed, back into my five senses, the bad five senses.

From that day on, the bad advices of my five senses were defeated. No more worries, no more fears, no more doubt, Jesus Christ was my Protector. Though the situation was extremely dangerous, I knew from then on that I would not die in that war. My Faith had lifted me beyond the five senses, and I told my wife to be still. Brothers and Sisters, there is a Power; there is a Power and death can do nothing against. The Word of God is TRUE.

The Faith in the Message we have received will save us one of these days. I am a survivor who testifies that the prophet of God has told us the TRUTH. Let us keep our Faith in Jesus, the Vision beyond the curtain of time is now going to be accomplished. Remember the big Meeting, we will be there, the Vision is true!

Two hours after the strange dream, things run as if everything was planed by a very high level Manager!

In order to get some money to help me flee away; I had been looking for a buyer of my old car for weeks but couldn’t get one. However, at 9 o’clock that very morning, came a messenger telling me that there was a buyer ready to buy my car. Alas, my heart was so distressed when I came to find out that the buyer was a Brother in Christ. Indeed, I wish it could have been another buyer rather than a Brother in Christ because in few days the warriors would probably come and steal the car.

I discouraged the Brother, he insisted, I surrendered.

In the Middle of the Night

Just some money to help me run away was all my prayer. He gave me some hundreds of dollars and I gave him my car which, alas, will be stolen by warriors some days after.

I had now some money but no ship could be available. No captain would have been crazy enough to risk his ship in the middle of a raging war!

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a dear Brother working at the port came in hurry saying: "Brother Oscar, there is an unexpected ship which is coming alongside, this is your unexpected last chance".

Thanking God for the crazy captain, I quickly packed my bags, and within one hour I was on board, ready to begin another adventure, another journey, and another story!

The sun was setting down behind the majestic blue mountains of Uvira and wide gilded beams, slipping between them, came to flood our faces brimming with tears.

Above us, a lot of storks, frightened by the infernal noise of the coming tanks, were flying south looking for a hiding place too. It seemed like all the nature was moving, all the earth was shaking, something was coming. Once again, humans were going to die like flies!

Standing at the edge of the ship and facing the shore behind us, my wife and I fell in an indescribable heart-rending scene. The group of Brothers and Sisters, who had accompanied us, were crying like children when they saw our ship unmooring. We loved them all, and it was simply impossible for us to refrain from crying. I wanted to stay with them, but an unknown destiny was driving me to unknown lands. Bidding us farewell for the last time, they lifted their hands till we disappeared in distance and loneliness. Moved by such a touching testimony, a deep regret filled up my heart when I remembered how poor and unfortunate they were. In few days or hours, they were going to suffer the same frightful trial as the Brothers and Sisters suffered in Rwanda and Burundi.

One hour later, from the middle of the lake, we could hear the mourning sound of the heavy artillery. The city was burning, and somebody somewhere was dying.

Although I was the most "wanted" in the city, I was still alive and still going, far, far away!

We sailed all night long on a quiet lake under a beautiful moonlight and a starry sky. The sky looked like a gigantic screen full of mysteries and it

In the Middle of the Night

strangely seemed like I was sleeping in the open sky. Surrounded by a chaos all around the ship, I felt worried when I thought that I was going to an unknown land, no friend to give me a comfort. Suddenly, something took my thoughts away and I remembered that the voice told me some time ago in a strange dream that Jesus would be with me. Everything changed, my worries vanished, and an indescribable Peace and joy filled my heart the rest of the journey.

Oh, What a happiness to know that, in the middle of the darkness, there is always a loving Almighty Hand watching on you, wherever you go, wherever you are! It makes you feel like a son of a King.

Brothers and Sisters, do we really realize the Grace of the Lord upon us, poor wretched like we were? Do we really realize the Power of His Word?

Now I know that everything is possible, if we only believe. Glory to His Name.

It was early in the morning when we reached the shore, near the coastal city of Kigoma, in Tanzania, East Africa. After a lot of problems with immigration officers that I solved by giving half of the remaining money, we went to stand near the main gate of the port, wondering what to do and how to get help. If I was a refugee like any other, the solution would have been simple: just to go to UNHCR office and be driven to any refugee camp. Alas, a lot of mixed families had paid a great price for that rashness.

Still standing and wondering what to do, there came at my utter surprise a young man I used to teach in High School. I told him my problem and he promised to help me, because he knew all about the town.

We have lived day after day in that coastal town of Kigoma in a small one bedroom house for rent. Contrary to Zaire, the government was well organized, which meant that it was impossible for a refugee to get any kind of job. Police officers were on every street corner. The challenge was to go shopping at the market and be able to avoid the prison!

Our shyness and accent betrayed us every time we tried to get out. We had to avoid any discussion while we were shopping. I remember that sometimes, I had to pay almost a double price because I couldn't haggle over the price of something. Any little vendor could have been a spy.

One day, on my way back home from shopping, I met a friend who also lived in Uvira, Zaire, before the war came. He told me that he walked more than 1000km (nearly 700 miles) throughout the forest, went West

In the Middle of the Night

and South, before he decided to come Eastward. One month later, he reached Kigoma, Tanzania.

“Friend Oscar”, he told me, “My two children died of hunger. The warriors shot my wife and my brother. I’ve lost everything, my joy is gone and the reason of my life has vanished. We have heard how you miraculously escaped. I wish I had a God like yours”. He was so skinny and weak that he even had difficulties to find his words. His words touched me so much that I couldn’t stay long with him. I gave him 500 Tsh (1 Dollar) and continued my way, my heart thanking the Lord for all He had done for me...

Meanwhile, the cost of living was getting high and my means were dangerously diminishing so fast. One more month and no more money for my monthly rent payment!

Then, I decided to go and explain my particular problem to UNHCR office. I was glad to hear that they had created a little protection camp for the mixed families, 300 miles far from there.

Though I knew that to live in a refugee camp was a challenge, I decided to go because I had no other choice.

Chapter 3: Like a Vision

It is a beautiful morning when a big truck from UNHCR comes to take us to Mkugwa refugee camp, the smallest of the several refugee camps with more than one million refugees from Burundi, Rwanda and Zaire.

All day long, the countryside is speeding past, letting us contemplate a beautiful immense savanna scattered with some villages. The driver, tired by the stony and dusty road, makes sometimes short stops alongside the road and thus allows us to get out of the dusty truck and breathe some good oxygen.

At nightfall, we enter into the depths of the dark forest Maragarazi where terror is the master.

Everybody in the truck is asleep while, fallen into a multitude of thoughts, I wonder where, when and how will be the ending of all of this endless story.

My thoughts are interrupted by a sudden brake and...yes, a leopard, proud leopard: No fears, no hurry, here is his mansion, here he governs and woe unto a driver who doesn't yield!

My God, to think that I am going to live in such an environment!

I hit my thigh to make sure that I am not dreaming. Alas, I am not...

In the midnight, the driver flashes left, exits out of the main road and in front of us we can read on a notice board: "Welcome to Mkugwa Refugee Settlement". Mkugwa camp, unforgettable camp, unspeakable memories!

We sleep in the open the rest of the night and, the next day, an employee from the camp management takes me throughout the jungle to show me my plot.

He particularly warns me about the pythons and gives me some directives of how to build my hut accordingly.

"Beware", he tells me, "We have many cases of refugees attacked by big cats, cobras and pythons".

Scared, I feel like I want to go somewhere else. But where else? Despite the threat, I can do nothing but to stay.

In the Middle of the Night

Needless to say that life is extremely hard in this camp. The quantity of food for one refugee per week is just enough for three days only. Some grains of maize, beans and some oil and salt is all they can give us. Therefore we have to manage accordingly.

We eat those grains of maize and beans from the 1st January to 31st December, but sometimes it is simply untenable!

Six months have passed and signs of undernourishment and malnutrition begin to strike down my family. My wife and my children become so skinny that the pity replaces the fear in my heart.

Believe me, we are a pitiful sight! I often weep when I remember the good old days of my prosperity.

When I realize that my family is in danger of death, my wife and I begin to plant some sweet potatoes behind our little hut. I also try to find a little temporary job to help me pay for an additional salt and food. The job pays me eleven dollars (\$11) a month, just good to pay only 6 Kilograms (10pounds) of rice only! The misery I never imagined in my life is now my daily companion.

We live in an absolute poverty; yet we still experience the eternal Truth of the Living Word.

One by one all my worries are always miraculously solved.

I have no more bank accounts, no more savings, no more employment, no more villas, no more mother, no more father, no more country, no more larder, no more health insurance, yet I am still living. Why? Because in Matthew 6:25-34, the Master has spoken. Amen!

So many times since my father's bedtime stories I have read and heard this, but now I believe this Word. In His sublime Love God has demonstrated His word and from now on my mind will never be the same. Amen!

“Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what you shall eat, or what you shall drink; nor yet for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?”

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof".

Oh! my beloved Brothers, what a lesson I've got! This is something high, and who shall understand this with his five natural senses? Who shall live this Word unless it is revealed unto him?

Once we believe this Word, nothing on earth or from hell will be able to forbid us to seek first the kingdom of God.

Hunger, thirsty, poverty, wars, loss of our beloved ones, false doctrines, nothing will overcome our Love for the Kingdom to come.

The key here is this sentence of the Lord: But seek ye first the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you. Amen! This is the true Wisdom, the true science, and a wise management of life. This doesn't mean laziness or irresponsibility, it means that there is something higher in life than to get some promotions at work or some popularity in the church! What would be the use of my millions of dollars or my degrees if one day I have to face the river of death, alone, without Christ?

Only the true Eagles can understand the Wisdom of their Father. A true Christian is simply somebody whose eyes are opened to see and to believe the Truth, present and to come.

In the Middle of the Night

An unbeliever is simply somebody who tries to run away from the Truth. He often doesn't want to face the reality of his destiny. Like an ostrich, he will hide his head in the quicksand thinking that his predator won't find him! You will often see him hiding himself in the quicksand of some alcohol or some little short-lived pleasures.

If we could only believe in this Word, this could lock the door to so many devils, sins, worries, jealousies and quarrels I have often observed.

Through the fog of my life, one of the greatest lessons of a lifetime I have learned is to rely on my Savior. This Word in Matthew 6:25-34 has been a light in the night, the hope of a hopeless.

One year has passed and my trial is still going on. One Thursday evening, a very strong souvenir comes in my mind, and once again a multitude of questions fill up my thoughts.

Why all of this has happened to me and what will be the conclusion?

I remember the day when I first met Him, my youth when I praised His Name, the days of my spiritual prosperity. I have loved Him, brought hundreds of souls to Him, gave Him tithe and offerings. Many times I have risked my own life for Him and His Saints.

However, I also remember the days of my indifference and laziness to carry the cross. I also regret the time I wasted, running after the vanity of this world.

My parents and relatives have been exterminated, my comfort has perished, my education reduced to zero, and like a setting sun, my health is running away from me. Worse, I am far away from any church. No pastor, no deacon, no brother to comfort me and pray for me.

Like a lonely bird on the roof, something in me is dying in the coldness of the journey. Worn-out by five years of a survival struggle, I am so tired that I need something decisive. God must do himself something final if He wants me to survive!

The next Saturday evening, a beautiful sunset projecting its gilded rays on the top of the trees, so many happy birds singing so high to break their throats, a quiet forest, a wonderful nature!

I sit down under a tree, carrying in my heart something special, something strong enough to move mountains, powerful enough to quench all the fiery darts of the devil, something simple: a prayer of

faith. Acting like a child, I address Him this prayer that I have written on a sheet of paper, nearly in these words:

“Lord Jesus Christ, my Savior. If you take me out of this jungle, and put me back in a city where I shall walk again with Brothers and Sisters in the Message, I promise that I shall do anything you will want me to do. I will serve you. I will testify for you. I will sing a song for you. Please Lord God, remember me. Don't forget me, I will do it.”

I put the prayer under the grass near the tree and, one hour later, I return to the camp with a strange feeling of something unloaded from my heart.

Some days after, one brother in Christ who lives in another refugee camp, far away from mine, comes to tell me that he has decided to repatriate back to Burundi.

“Dear Brother Oscar”, he says, “I have come to tell you that we have decided to go back and die in Burundi, rather than to die by hunger in this jungle. Life is untenable for us, we can't endure anymore. I have also come to ask you to come with us. We don't want to leave you alone in this forest.”

“Thank you very much Brother”, I say, “thank you because you still think about us. However, I feel like I am moving soon. I don't know where but I know that I am not going back to Burundi. We are moving somewhere else, we are leaving. Once again, something is about to change”.

Everybody is surprised when they hear me saying this with a surprising certainty. Later, my wife will ask me: “Brother, you said that something is going to change, that we are moving. Does this mean that we are probably going to die?”

I say: “I don't know. But keep you ready anyhow; we are leaving one of these days. Something deep in my heart that I don't quite understand well tells me that we are leaving”.

Two weeks later indeed, coming from a walk in the nature, a truck makes a sudden stop beside me, raising the dust up in the air. It is the camp commandant's jeep coming from a meeting.

“Don't worry Oscar, there is some chances to move you out of here”, he tells me, smiling.

“God bless you, commandant”, I answer, joyful and so thankful to my Lord.

In the Middle of the Night

Running, jumping, crying, singing, everything seems quite new. All the hills, birds and trees around seem to be friends. It is like I see God everywhere. The smooth waters of the river low and the leaves up in the trees seem to join me and praise our Creator. I can feel something eternal all around. The five years of unhappiness vanish; an unspeakable joy takes place in my heart and makes me act like a child. All the wine of the whole world can't make somebody as happy as I am.

Actually, what makes me so happy is not necessarily because I am leaving, it is that sudden certainty that the Almighty God, Creator of the Time and Space, Heavens and Earth, is with me now! To know that He always listens to my prayers makes me quiver.

I can feel His Presence, hear Him murmur in the middle of the Nature.

Goodbye sad stories, goodbye tears of yesterday, Goodbye five years of sorrow! Something in my heart is telling me that something is going to change, from now on.

“...The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the Name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living...” (Psalm 116:3-9).

“Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of the saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds..." (Psalm 149:1-5).

I sincerely believe that only those who tasted the Joy of the Holy Ghost can understand my feelings, and nobody on earth can explain these things to another. Life is not learned, it is lived.

Running and jumping, I return to the camp in a state of an indescribable happiness, certain that my God will deal with my request. Faith lifts my Hope and brings the future into the present tense, making the things to come a reality.

On my way home, I cross a group of other refugees who, surprised, turn their heads while they see me jumping and singing like a drunken man.

"Go ahead," I murmur in my heart, "call me a fanatic, a holy-roller or whatever you may invent, but all I know is that I am leaving soon!"

I continue my way, still singing and shouting.

Yes, the wings of Faith lift me beyond the time of one year, and make me believe the things yet to come. The future becomes a reality, and no devil on earth can make me doubt about it. I am leaving; it is settled.

There are some blessings a man can forget, but there are some others, which are simply unforgettable! The birds above singing, the waters of the river low in the valley dancing, something truly unforgettable comes to murmur in my heart. The Voice is not audible for my ears, but my heart's ears never miss Him when He is really present. I hear something so sweet murmur to me: "pay attention to what is going to follow; be wise and get lessons from it."

(May the reader also pays attention to what follows!)

A beautiful Tuesday two weeks later, an impressive procession of cars, trucks and military vehicles carrying a huge delegation of VIPs (very important persons) come from like nowhere to meet the Mkugwa camp refugees.

Indeed, they come from New York and Washington D.C. They are US Congressmen and Congresswomen, with some UN high officials from New York. From the biggest city of the world, the Super-Power of the planet, to the poorest country of the earth, the lowest place a man can

live in: Mkugwa camp, the smallest humble refugee camp in the middle of the jungle!

Their mission is to see and know the refugee camps, especially the curious Mkugwa camp, the only place where both Hutus and Tutsis, mixed married, can still live together.

We didn't call for them, and no refugee went first to them; it is them who came to us.

Five Days after their departure, a UNHCR Protection Officer from Nairobi (Kenya) and another UNHCR field officer are sent again to our camp. They inform some mixed families that there is a possibility for them to be resettled in another undetermined country. Before they leave, they take me apart and tell me:

“ This is a top secret. We want to inform you that the United States of America have accepted to resettle all and only the mixed families from Mkugwa Camp and Mkugwa Camp only. Keep this for you, don't tell it to anybody else until the fulfillment of the project, otherwise there should be a lot of damages.

Those who will qualify through all the different steps shall leave in approximately one year. Therefore, be ready and patient.”

Although it is supposed to be a secret, crazy rumors are sprayed all around throughout the camp about the project and its timing.

A group of refugees among those who have the promise don't simply believe that the matter is serious. They continue to live in their ifs and buts, and some of them, tamed and blinded by their unbelief, don't even go to take the registration, which is a preliminary. The behavior of this group is very strange. Their faces are always sad and sorrow. In such circumstances, nothing is worse than doubt and indecision.

Another group of refugees so excited and impatient for the day D begins to sell their fields, some others even quit their different small jobs. Alas, when their imaginary dates and timings come and pass some of them become so incredulous that they withdraw from the program. Others go crying for their jobs lost and their time wasted!

However, most of the chosen families boldly stand by and believe all and only the message brought by the special envoy. Patient and confident, they follow all the directives and recommendations given to them. For them, joy and hope are unbreakable. By their wise advises, they often encourage those who want to withdraw.

In the meantime, while the project is going on, there raises up something bad and dangerous for us. Indeed, in our protection camp, there are also many other refugees who entered the camp illegally and therefore can not be eligible. There are also several hundreds of thousands of refugees who live in other camps nearby ours.

When these non-eligible refugees begin to see that the matter is growing more and more credible, jealousy, hatred and real threat against us multiply. In the camp, they form a coalition against what they call “the traitors”. The coalition gathers those who didn’t qualify and those who were called but didn’t believe or didn’t want to fill the application.

Their aim is to discourage the poor, weak and uneducated refugees; telling them bad and false news about their host country to come. They always try to bring divisions and misunderstanding among the little lucky group, threatening and persecuting the others.

I can still remember those UNHCR officers begging those indecisive persons to come in before the deadline (oh! what a terrible word!). Some accept the advice and come back, others prefer to stay in the coalition.

Months have come, months have gone, but the project still goes on.

There are five stages of interviews we have to come through; nonetheless, the two last ones are heart-rending.

Indeed, the goal of the program is simple and clear: “to resettle to USA the mixed families of refugees living in Mkugwa Camp”.

The consequences of this conditional sentence are strict:

1. You can be in the Mkugwa Camp, but you don’t go if you are not a mixed family. Indeed, some lied; others entered the camp clandestinely or illegally.
2. You can well and truly be a mixed family, but you can not go if you live outside the camp. You may wait for a possible future program, but not for this special one.
3. You can be a mixed family living in the camp, but if you don’t believe and decide to register for all the interviews of the process, you stay!
4. You may have believed, loved the project and taken the registration, but if you fail to the interviews and investigations of the immigrations officers, to the rules and the Law of the Government of the host country (e.g. terrorism, drug, genocide, polygamy,), you don’t leave.

5. You can qualify from all of these conditions, but if your life, health is not sound in body and mind (e.g. ignominious diseases, HIV, Aids,), you don't take the plane.

After all of these 5 stages of trial are passed, tokens are issued to only those who are on the final list. No one can get a visa or a ticket if he is not on the sealed final list.

(Beloved Brothers and Sisters let me, let me tell you the lesson I have seen on the stage 4 and 5 of the trial, a lesson of a lifetime!

Remember that it is not a dream I am telling you, it is a true story I have been through.

Please, dearly beloved sons and daughters of the living God, should you listen only one time! God is my Witness. I lie not. The prophet has shouted it out, told it to the mountains and everywhere, but who has believed his report?

Now, I simply believe something is going to happen very soon, according to His Message.

I am like a lonely bird standing upon a hilltop looking at the dark clouds coming down from the sky: come on my friends, it is time to get out of this place!

Like somebody suddenly awakened out of his sleep, it touched me so much that now I am scared).

It is a wonderful Thursday afternoon when a UNHCR officer comes into the camp. For our security, he chooses some of the refugees to repeat and communicate secretly the information to the others. The next Friday, every applicant will receive his envelope to let him know his lot.

When everyone gets his results from the US immigration services; oh! What a worry, what a surprise, what an anger, what a sorrow, what a disappointment, what a gnashing of teeth for those who find a "NO" in their envelopes!

They had been so boastful and had been so certain of their success that they were always going on about it, taking the resettlement for granted. Alas, now that they get their "NO", the shame is so high that some of them decide to leave the camp forever, others decide to repatriate immediately.

In the Middle of the Night

When I see that one of them is one of my best friends, I realize myself for the first time how high was the risk to fail.

But, thanks to my Almighty God, I am one of those who find a “YES” in their envelope. What a joy, what a happiness, what a victory for us!

However, the Victory is not total yet, because there is a final test we have to undergo. The most trying of all the trials. Three weeks after the results from US immigration services, they take us to the city of Mwanza for a medical test. Most of us tremble and curse the doctors and the buses, which take us to Mwanza!

Woe unto those who will be found with the dreadful virus in their blood because no one will enter the USA with a HIV.

Indeed, AIDS is one of the worst chastisements of Africa and the whole world, and soon or late a sinner must meet the Truth in one way or another.

One month later comes the day of terror, the day of Truth when the final medical results must be announced. It is the pitiful day of all.

Almost everybody tremble, remembering what have been their youth and their ways. It is like a judgment day; the results will mean DEATH or LIFE.

+ (HIV positive) means a double punishment: stay and die.

- (HIV negative) means a double joy: fly and live.

Brothers and Sisters, if I have ever seen people desperate to death in my life, it is well this day. My entrails shake every time I look at the faces of the damned, found with the horrible virus in their blood.

I will never be able to describe the horror I see at the faces and in the hearts of those people.

No, no, no, no! I wish I never remember that day anymore! I miss the words. Their anguish is worse than the despair of those sentenced to death penalty. Lord, they are so pitiful to see!

When I look at then, face streaming with tears, I thank my father who taught me the commandments of God since my youth, and my Savior who wrote them in my heart that day at the Calvary, where my sins were washed away. Amen!

In the Middle of the Night

Listen to these words, young people running away from wisdom, trying to catch a mirage:

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.” (Ecclesiastes 12:1-8).

Chapter 4: This is the Day

It is a sunny afternoon of the third day of December 1998, when a Protection officer convenes an urgent meeting for all the refugees whose names appear on the final list. The only topic is: “The day of the departure”.

The UNHCR protection officer begins to congratulate all of us who have endured the trial till the end. She then calls the names of all of those who have qualified, to make sure there is no intruder.

Every time a name is called, it is a moment of intense emotion. When the last name is called, the officer finds that there are four intruders. Ironically, they are among those who withdrew from the program and are now seeking to know if there shall be one more chance. She then asks the police officers to take them away before we actually start the meeting.

Everybody is attentive and waits eagerly for the speech. After a moment of silence, the Protection Officer reveals solemnly the main topic of the meeting, saying:

“Dear friends, on this special day, I bring you an official information. Tomorrow morning, early in the morning, you leave for the United States of America”. Emotion and shouting in the crowd become so high that the officer is compelled to interrupt several times. Some quiver, others weep for joy, tears of joy filling their eyes.

“The buses are coming in the middle of this very night to take you to Mwanza, where the airplanes will be waiting for you. Therefore, go and keep you ready. You have 12 hours. Thanks for your attention”, she concluded.

Everybody is surprised. No one was expecting the departure to be so near. The surprise is total.

Lord, what a happiness! I can't believe my ears! After so much struggles, I am finally arrived.

In the middle of the night!

Time is come now to bid farewell to friends and relatives, to arrange the job's hand over, to pay back small debts here and there, to pack the bags, to make our children look better, and for some of us, to learn how to wear shoes!

In the Middle of the Night

Everything seems telling us goodbye. Sometimes, it is a very touching scene to see families being separated, brothers bidding farewell to their sisters, fathers saying goodbye to their sons, knowing that they shall see them no more.

The psychological condition of those who stay is particularly hard. Some of them take the suicidal decision of immediate repatriation. The price of incredulity is always high indeed!

In the middle of the all last night in the camp, something deep and strong touches my soul. Everybody among those who leave tomorrow morning, even the old enemies, smile together. We all suddenly become like Brothers and Sisters, knowing that from now on we all have a same journey, a same destiny. No need to reconcile the old opponents, no conventions needed, the brotherly love comes and grows all naturally. What a lesson!

Going up and down the small paths of the camp, I ask some of my traveling companions I meet why they don't sleep. They all answer: "we wish we could, but we can't. We are too happy to sleep".

I agree with them. Indeed, it seems like something in us has changed even the law of the nature. The token, the written proof and the official information they gave us transform our hope in a certainty. Though the buses are yet to come, the faith we suddenly get that we are flying soon changes even the biological rules of the organism. The power of joy and faith can't allow us to sleep.

It is simply impossible to sleep when you truly believe and know that something is coming to change definitely the course of your life. Out of a land of war and all dangers, to a land of peace!

Let sleep those who stay!

Let the sorrow, weeping and groaning to those who have no more hope!

Let the gnashing of teeth, jealousy and quarrels to those who won't go!

But let be free and united those who for sure, tomorrow morning, are flying away!

And let him hear, he who has an ear!

At three o'clock in the morning, our camp is suddenly floodlit by a procession of UNHCR and police vehicles. My heart jumps when, in the midst of the procession, I see three big buses coming down a hill facing

the camp. They come for me I know. Lord, what could I have done if I was not one of them!?

Five minutes later, the air is flooded by a hum of engines. Everybody becomes busy, the hour of the great departure has come.

Everybody in the camp runs towards the gathering place, both those who go as well as those who stay. However, no one will go beyond the fence's bars if he is not on the list.

No token, no departure! It is the only clean-cut sign which matters before the police officers. (Any time I look again at my pictures, something moves my soul when I see the deep anguish of the people behind the bars.)

It is a big event. The number of police officers has been doubled, and some of the biggest worldwide news stations are present. Indeed, since the last afternoon and the entire journey long, we are treated like sons of a king: TV Radios, Newspapers, Internet, etc. every detail of the event is reported instantaneously worldwide. They often present us as the heroes of Love and Tolerance, who have overcome the tribal hatred.

Smile, glory and joy become our daily companions. And to think that we were the poorest people in the world! Go figure!

One hour later, everybody has got his seat in the bus. Five minutes later, the camp commandant gives the final signal, as a sign that he surrenders his authority upon us. Suddenly, the gate is opened and, shouting, screaming, jumping, quivering and singing, we are rushed off, to live in other climes under other authority.

Goodbye Mkugwa camp, goodbye pythons, goodbye yesterday!

Although I know that I am not going into a paradise, my joy is double and deep because it is a fulfillment, an answer from my Savior to my prayer.

We drive for a long time before we reach the city of Mwanza, where we stay for the all-last preparations. They buy for us new clothes, new shoes, give us the last vaccines against possible small diseases from the camp. Delicious food, delicious milk. No more grains of maize, no more tap water!

The 7th day of December 1998, the buses come and take us to the airport of Mwanza. As our buses go by, trees bent down by a smooth wind look like wishing us the best of the journeys.

In the Middle of the Night

We reach Mwanza airport twenty minutes later and, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, our plane lands. A half an hour later, we take off into the air, one of the most moving moments of my life.

Up in the air, I look through the window and I see the land and the clouds running away: Goodbye Africa, Goodbye land of my ancestors.

If I have to live one hundred years, I will never forget the moment when, flying above the clouds, looking at each other, tears of joy trickling down my cheeks, unspeakable memories come in my heart and unroll all my eventful and dreadful journey.

I look again through the window, I hit my thigh to make sure I am not dreaming. No, it is not a dream, it is an end of a dream, an end of a class. Praise the Lord, I am flying away!

May God of Abraham, Elijah and Moses, who took me out of the danger of death and the jungle, let me live and die for His cause. That's all my prayer!

Blessing, Glory, Honor and Power be unto the Almighty Lord Jesus Christ for ever and ever. Amen and Amen!

Standing beside the great Lake Victoria on my way to Mwanza town, bidding farewell to Africa, land of my ancestors. It was not a dream, it was a Victory in Jesus. Soon I was flying away! Talk about victory!

Following our trajectory on the screen, we fly over Ethiopia, then Eritrea, and cross the Red Sea. The night has fallen over the region and, crossing the Red Sea, memories of the Old Testament recall me the great miracles God has performed for the sons of Israel, when He took them out of the bondage.

We continue to fly along the Red Sea up to the Suez Canal and stop over at Cairo, Egypt.

The monuments and drawings in the airport recall me some of the biblical times stories. After four hours, we take off and, flying low throughout the land of Egypt, then Israel, unspeakable emotion fills my heart any time we see some villages or towns floodlit in a specific configuration.

Down there in the land of Israel, in the stillness of the night, everything seems quiet, everybody seems sleeping, everybody seems ignorant.

In the Middle of the Night

Oh! if they could only know what time it is going to be, if they could only know that their salvation is at hand!

We make another stopover at Amsterdam, in Holland. At 9 o'clock in the morning, we leave Amsterdam and fly over the majestic Atlantic Ocean for 8 hours. Five o'clock, local time, we land at O'Hare International Airport, Chicago, Illinois, USA.

My God, what a luxury! Everything is new, everything is different, from the highways to the weather, it is another world. Another kind of jungle of reinforced concrete with rivers of cars!

For a moment, I feel a certain fear. They have promised us only three months of assistance, but how shall I live in this high tech civilization of unashamed luxury, alone, poor, with no friend, no relative, no one to show me the way?

The next day, we are dispatched each one of the families in different cities of resettlement.

We stay with only one family who also goes to Louisville, Kentucky. One hour after the take off, we land at Louisville International Airport where people from Catholic charities are waiting for us.

Louisville is one of the cities in the state of Kentucky, the state in which the End-Time Messenger was born.

I know the story, I also know that there is a church of brothers and sisters in a certain town called Jeffersonville, in a state called Indiana, but I have no idea how far it is from Louisville. Hundreds and hundreds of miles, perhaps!

However, no matter how far it may be, my first trip in USA will be to the city called Jeffersonville. I know there are many big and beautiful cities in the country, but nothing in them can attract my heart as Jeffersonville.

I want to see the little Jeffersonville, the little Branham Tabernacle, the beautiful Ohio River where, for the first time after John the Baptist on the River Jordan, the Angel of the Lord has once again publicly spoken.

Tell me such stories; show me such places; let me see my Brothers and Sisters in Christ; that's all I want to know!

Two days later, our social worker comes to visit us. My first question is:

“Please, can you show me where is Jeffersonville on the map?”

“What Jeffersonville?” He asks.

“Jeffersonville, Indiana.” I answer.

“Jeffersonville is just behind you. You can even see some of its buildings throughout the windows.” He tells me.

I can't believe what he tells me. I think He has probably misunderstood.

“Listen. I am talking about Jeffersonville in Indiana state, not here in Kentucky.” I repeat.

Surprised, he says: “And I am telling you about Jeffersonville, in Indiana state, and the great river behind you separates Kentucky and Indiana.”

My head is spinning. “And where is the Ohio River?”, I ask him, confused.

“The river behind is Ohio River.” He answers.

Mercy! I have asked my Lord to take me out of the jungle, but not up to Branham Tabernacle!

What scares me is neither the tabernacle (it's a church like any other), nor the place (Jeffersonville is a city like any other), what scares me the most is how God deals with my requests since 1993.

Woe unto me, because I am a poor little sinner, son of a sinner!

I am sincere, I am unworthy of such a care from God. Several times He has said “Yes” to my prayers, when several times I have said “No” to His loving call. Mercy! for a wretched man like me.

Nervous and impatient, I once again ask my social worker:

“Please, can you give me a ride up to there?”

“No problem, I can.” He answers.

Immediately, we jump into the car, and within 5 minutes, we are crossing one of the immense bridges on the Ohio River. One minute later, we are in Jeffersonville.

To make sure I am truly in Jeffersonville, I ask him to show me the “Spring Street”.

In the Middle of the Night

Surprised, he asks me:

“Have you ever been here before?”

“Physically never, spiritually yes.” I answer him.

“But, what’s the matter with you and this Jeffersonville, anyway?”

Coming back home, I tell him what’s the matter with me and Jeffersonville! I tell him about the story of the prophet sent to the earth before the dreadful day of Malachi 4. Before he leaves, I ask him the number of the bus which makes trips between the two cities.

The next day, early in the morning, I wake up with one objective in my mind: to find my church!

Walking throughout and all around the city, in the freezing weather of January, from early in the morning till late in the evening, I look for Branham Tabernacle for almost a whole week, unsuccessfully.

I go up and down, again and again, street by street, looking, asking, calling, searching and freezing but can’t find my Branham Tabernacle!

My worse enemy is the weather, and God only knows how far my poor body will endure: Walking eight hours, often lost in an unknown city, waiting for the bus one hour or more, sounds very dangerous. But two years far away from any church of Brothers and Sisters in Christ sounds more dangerous for a Christian.

I have no time to lose, I am thirsty, I am hungry, I am worn out. I need food; it has been stored somewhere in this town I know. I’ve got to find it; I’ve got to find my church, no matter if the cold has to burn all my fingers. Oh! let those who have plenty of food throw them away!

One Friday evening, coming from another unsuccessful search, I am waiting for the bus which doesn’t come. One hour later, I decide to walk up to Louisville, not knowing that pedestrians are not allowed on the freeway.

Crossing the bridge, I realize my fatal mistake, fatal ignorance:

A river of cars and trucks driving at breakneck speed make me feel dizzy. They go so fast and so close to me that I can fall under their wheels at any time. To avoid such a possibility, I move forward clinging to the edge of the bridge and, twenty minutes later, thanks to God, I’ve not been hit.

In the Middle of the Night

After the bridge, the problem is now how to get out of the freeway. Indeed, there are so many cars that it is simply impossible to cross freely the freeway. The only thing I can remember is that I hit my leg while trying to jump overboard in order to reach the downtown streets.

Once at home, I feel so discouraged that I can do nothing else but to implore God to show me my church.

Saturday morning, I decide to try one more time. After two hours of search, I see a building which looks like a picture I used to see in the brochures: This must be a church, the church, my church! And this must be the Answer to my Prayer. Amen! Glory to my Lord!

Brothers and Sisters, I am unable to describe my joy when, at the bottom of the church, I read this notice: "The Branham Tabernacle". I am simply lucky that nobody can see me running freely all around the tabernacle like a little boy! Security systems, rules unknown, I don't care!

The whole Earth belongs to my Father, and everything here and above, in the jungle or in the town, obey Him. Who then shall dare to forbid me to praise Him the Day He fulfils His Promise?

I spent enough time contemplating the tabernacle. God! what humility! there is no fuss, no publicity all around the church. It is all natural, all spiritual. I simply like it.

Glad, I am simply glad to see the historic church of the good old time, from where God, through His prophet, has called His people out of Babylon the great. Oh! wonderful memories!

The next day, Sunday morning, we all take the bus and go to church. After more than two years of spiritual loneliness, I can at last enter the temple of the Lord once again and take a seat among the Assembly of the Saints.

After the service, a brother in Christ comes and asks me where I come from. After I have told him all about my story, he tells me that two days before, he saw a man like me walking on the bridge. Thinking that it was somebody who perhaps wanted to commit suicide, he called the police on his cell phone.

After he recognizes me, he goes and informs other brothers and sisters who do whatever they can to help me. Once again, I experience the Christian brotherhood and the heavenly Power of Love in action: they help me with food, clothes, furniture, etc. They even help me buy a used car!

In the Middle of the Night

Alas, I have nothing to give back. I simply say: “May God bless them all”.

And now that my story is touching to its end, from the deepest of my heart I seize the opportunity to say to all of the Brothers and Sisters who have rescued me all my journey long: THANK YOU.

Thank you, Brothers and Sisters, who gave some of your bread to my children while they were starving.

Thank you Servants of the Living God who prayed for me when the death, roaring, was knocking at my door.

Thank you, Brothers and Sisters, who accepted to hide my family at the risk of your own lives.

Thank you, Sons of the Prophet, who helped me with your gifts and your prayers.

May God bless you, Brother and Sister, wherever you be, for whatever you may have done for any Child of God.

Above all, Thank you Lord, thank you Jesus Christ! You once saved my soul on Calvary’s tree, now you have saved my body from the suffering of the spear, and broke the sword which wanted me to die.

Easter 1999, a lot of Brothers and Sisters are gathered in Jeffersonville, Indiana. We enjoy the excellent opportunity to meet and talk to Brothers and Sisters from other states, other countries, other continents.

It is a wonderful moment of praise, singing, a living testimony of brotherhood among believers.

An evening at Holidays Inn Hotel, some Brothers and Sisters ask me to sing a song. I say that my English is very bad and have no song in English. They insist asking me to sing in any language.

Scared and so shy, I want to say “no” when, suddenly, my memory flies me over the time and the space back to the refugee camp, under the unforgettable tree where I promised to sing a song for Him once out of that jungle.

Tears on my cheeks, I quickly run home to take my book of songs.

“This is the opportunity, this must be the Day.” I think.

Looking through my book of songs, I find a song in Swahili entitled: “This is the Day”.

In the Middle of the Night

Brother and Sisters, to sing a song is apparently a small matter. However, the moment means to me a lot of things.

Indeed, it is a day of my memories, an evening of my dreams, a night when I fulfill my little but very meaningful promise I made to my Lord. A song, just a little song is the most affordable promise a refugee can make to God, but miraculously it has been accomplished before Brothers and Sisters from all around the world!

Back home, something recalls me all my journey since the first day I met Jesus Christ, back in 1980, up to that tree where, I asked my Lord to let me live one more time, only one more time.

Back on my path where I have walked twenty years long, I can truly see nothing but the amazing Grace of our Living God.

My Lord! what a lot of mountains I have climbed, what a lot of valleys I have crossed!

I have seen the strength of the hatred and the Power of Love. I have roamed the streets and the forests, stayed in the palaces and lived in the bush.

I have tasted the food of those in high places but I have also eaten bitter roots and wild fruits.

I have journeyed upon the raging seas, flock of Lucifer and other vultures all around my ship, but, thanks to the Most High, Almighty God of Moses, Peter, Paul and Branham, the anchor holds still.

Alleluia!

Brother and Sister, let us together with Brother David praise our Lord God for what He has done for all of us, you and me:

“ O GIVE thanks unto Lord, for He is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, who He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

In the Middle of the Night

Hungry and thirsty, they soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distress.

And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

Because they rebelled against words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore He brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out their distress.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for His Goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (Psalm 107: 1-15).

Beloved Brothers and Sisters, here comes the end of my story, and here begins another chapter of my testimony.

It is a chapter I am compelled to write, knowing that God will be my only Judge on the final Day.

Chapter 5: Bride, Bride, Bride of Christ!

I was twenty years old, a young student at the University of Burundi when, a morning in my bedroom, something took me away out of my senses. All my life long, I have tried to keep secret what I saw but now I am allowed and compelled to say. I have to, because that's the second and the last promise I made to God, under the tree, in the middle of the jungle. I have no more excuses, I must tell it before I die.

However, if somewhere you find that I hurt you, you may hurry to throw upon me your heavy stones. But remember, I sincerely love you anyhow.

I once again ask you not to try to imagine in what "block of doctrines in the Message" to line me, you will find me nowhere, and you will then find me everywhere is the Bride of Christ.

By the side of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is where I want to stand. I know what this means to me. Amen!

I was standing near a big church, in the midst of the paved front yard. The big paving stones made the front yard look like a set of plots of impenetrable reinforced concrete.

After a while, I heard a Voice asking me to look up above. I saw a group of three creatures shining bright and coming down. I heard one of them asking me: "what do you see?"

I said: "a church and a yard paved with strong paving stones and a reinforced concrete."

The Voice said again: "there is a life underneath the concrete."

I said: "Lord, it is not possible. No one can be under this and live. He would die by asphyxiation!"

"Stand still and see the Power of God.", the Voice said.

I heard a voice shouting out with a loud voice saying (in my language): "Bride of Christ, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, COME UP."

Scared, I was waiting for something strong like a big hummer or a strong thunder which would tear the concrete to pieces. But, I saw a limpid fresh water flowing down from heaven and hitting the stones and their joints. I saw the reinforced concrete cracking and the whole ground shaking.

In the Middle of the Night

While I was waiting to see a weak and dirty woman coming out, I saw instead a very beautiful young Bride clothed in white linen coming and staying on her feet. She was smiling.

Looking at her, I was amazed to see that lady, so beautiful and so alive despite the concrete.

I heard like a murmur in my heart (not a voice) telling me: in spite of the concrete of different doctrines they have tried to put upon her, far away from the oxygen and the freedom of the Holy Spirit, the Lord has taken care of her.

Suddenly, a power was given to her and behold, within seconds, I saw her taking off and going away beyond the skies. Alleluia!

I was very confused by what I saw. I couldn't understand it, and I wanted to make sure that the strange thing which happened to me for the first time was really coming from the Lord. I wanted God to confirm it by another sign coming from somewhere else.

The next Sunday, I woke up early and went to church. After church, a Brother came running and said:

“Brother Oscar, I have something important to tell you. Last night, I had a dream. It seemed like we were in the center of the town, in the middle of a big meeting of people, thousands of people all around. Somebody was shouting out and clapping his hands on his thigh. Then, I saw a big, strong and dirty hippopotamus running out, disappeared far away and threw itself into the waters of the Lake Tanganyika. I saw that but I don't know the meaning”.

“ God bless you Brother. You saw right but neither do I understand.” I said

Chapter 6: Time for Unity in the Message

Part 1

Beloved Sons and Daughters of the Living God, my Brothers and my Sisters, we have come from the East and the West, from the North and the South. We were all scattered here and there in strange lands like sheep without a shepherd. Years after years we have wandered; starving, thirsty and tired in strange lands of Babylon the Great.

In these last days, our heavenly Father looked at His Timing, it was three to midnight. He saw our suffering and He sent us His servant, the prophet of Malachi 4:5-6, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. We heard the Voice of the 7th angel and we saw the miracles of the good old time.

We heard a cry of a flying eagle, and we recognized the good old Gospel of our fathers the apostles.

We came running from all nations, all tongues, all creeds and all denominations, out of confusion, out of the bondage of Babylon. So many dangers we have overcome, and so many battles we have won in the Name of the Lord.

Dear Brothers and Sisters, can you still remember how united we were on the battlefield? Would you like to remember how glad we were the first time we saw the evening light? Do you still remember the songs of Victory and Glory together we were singing? **Did not our hearts burn within us, while we came together as one to hear this End-Time Message?**

Our hearts became so united in Christ when we discovered that we all had one Cause, one Master, one Message, a same journey, heirs of one Kingdom. Jesus Christ was all in all. Amen!

Now, years have come, years have gone, but we should ask ourselves: Is Jesus Christ still all in all of us? We often sing the song, we often read that Scripture, but is He the same today as He was yesterday? Indeed, if He is no longer the same for you, then something must have changed for sure. What? not Him because His Love is unchanging; it is you, mortal human, who have forgotten your first love.

Let us watch ourselves and see if Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. Otherwise we are missing the target, we are running after a mirage!

Let me tell you my Brother, let me tell you my Sister. I have wandered through different countries and met so many different Brothers and Sisters in the Message. I have seen and still see the mighty works of the Holy Spirit among the Bride, but I have also seen and still see the terrible damages on the spiritual battlefield: **Divisions and false doctrines have become the main arrows of our enemy.**

I have seen it, that's why I cry; I have seen it, that's why I will talk. I will talk, no matter how heavy the stones may be! My Savior has touched me, that's why I will testify for Him.

Watch out Sons of God, war is raging and people are dying under the foot of the old seducer.

I am neither a preacher nor a writer, I am the least of the flock, but something burning in my heart pushes me to do what I am doing. After so many countries I have crossed and so many doctrines I have met, I could have never imagined that the battle which is going on now was as cruel as that. I was so naive until I saw a multitude of corpses on the ground. Believe me, there is a lot of damages, horror and cruelty on the battlefield.

It is the ultimate battle of the Bride just before the most glorious event in the history of Humanity.

I was like standing and watching from the corner of the battlefield. A multitude of the soldiers of the Cross behind their invincible Master, Faith in the Word of God is their only flag. Lucifer and his troops of devils came from the other side of the field, unbelief and doctrine upon doctrine are his secret passwords!

Alas, I saw a multitude of unwise people leaving the protection of the invincible Master and running towards the enemy on their own. And what I see? Nothing but screaming, death and desolation.

Anybody or anything, who is not on the side of the invincible Savior is vulnerable. Death and danger are everywhere. I've seen plenty of devils burning their wings and running away while they tried to touch a single hair of a single one behind Jesus Christ, but I've also seen a multitude of believers running away from their original protection and suddenly falling like flies. **What happens? Shall be only one to help me understand what happens? Why people are running away from our Shepherd towards a multitude of doctrines? Who is scattering them away?**

Please don't comfort me, don't try to tell me it is the perfect will of God. From the beginning, His Perfect will is our salvation, I know. It may be the permissive will of God, but I know whose perfect work this crime is.

If people are dying like flies in a multitude of doctrines, impure new revelations, sins and quarrels; it is not the perfect will of our beloved Savior. It is the work and the perfect will of the old Satan, killer since the beginning, now more than ever jealous and angry against the Bride of Christ.

We have received one revealed Word and one Message, therefore there should be only one Faith of one Bride in one Word. So, where do those new revelations bringing differences between the Message and the Bible come from? Why so many divisions and heresies among the churches?

Just try to look around and you will be struck by the multitude of doctrines and the rapidity of divisions in this Message more than in any other assembly!

Once again I repeat: no doubt, the devil is in action, and people are dying.

I have often witnessed how a division among Brothers and sisters comes and grows up. In many cases, there is always the same fruits to follow a broken brotherhood: bitterness, quarrel, hatred, scandals, creeds, sects, enmity, sins and so forth. The Holy Spirit can't stay in such a waste.

Why the enemy uses often this tactic on the battlefield? The secret is always the same. **The devil is still using the same old tactics he once used to seduce the first woman in the Garden of Eden: misinterpret, dislocate and misplace the Word of God.**

The prophet of the Lord discerned the tactics of the devil and warned us:

...Let's just turn back there and listen to this just a minute, and see if that ain't his first tactic. That's the first thing he did; he never leaves his same tactics; he does it all the time. Now, just see if that-- that's what it is. Now, he didn't disagree with the Word; he just caused her to kinda misconstrue that a little, you know, just kinda make It sound like the way he wanted It to sound-- don't take the whole word... (The Greatest Battle Ever Fought;-VGR).

This is still true today. The devil tries always to hit a little bit of our Faith in the Word of God.

The purpose of my testimony is not to detail all the things the devil has tried to take away or to add to our Faith in the Word, but everybody can see the consequences of his tactics.

Indeed, we have received one same Message in the beginning. Now, we find that there are so many tendencies (some more or less daring than others) that we sometimes wonder what's happening. If there is one Word, there should be one Faith. Therefore if there is so many different "words" we are hearing here and there, the problem is not the Word; the problem is within some of us.

Something must be wrong because two different things can never be true at the same time. That thing is clear: doubt in the Word.

Otherwise, who shall ever explain unto me how in the world things like polygamy, new baptism in a new name, drunkenness, lies, and other insanities have mischievously slipped in the Holy Church of the Living God? **Who in the world could dare believe that one day we would see some blocks like "Bible only" and "Message only" as if the written Word and the Spoken Word were different?**

Who can preach that we already live the Millennium if he doesn't omit something from the Word?

Who shall say that the rapture is already come or is in process if he is not just a fallen blind chicken?

All the so-said new revelations we've got nowadays which come to contradict the holy Gospel we have received since the beginning is the result of unbelief, always the same tactics of the devil.

Watch out, Brothers and Sisters; there must be first a doubt, somebody (a false pastor or a false believer) that first denies a portion of the Scripture before any division may occur in a church. Therefore, a sect, like any sin, is nothing but the fruit of incredulity in the Word. **Incredulity is the work of the old Satan and woe unto the false pastor or the false believer by whom the scandal happens!**

Faith in the Word is the foundation, and anything can happen when the foundation is hit.

In the "stature of a perfect man", Brother Branham shows clearly the Faith as the base of the Pyramid, and the brotherly love at the top of the pyramid, just under the Charity. Faith and Love are vital parts for a true Christian, and those are the main targets of the devil. The top collapses whenever the foundation is destroyed.

In the Middle of the Night

Anytime I have witnessed a division among Brothers, I have found that the devil always hurries to cut into the brotherhood. In some cases, I've seen the bitterness coming suddenly among Brothers and Sisters, so that they even couldn't talk to each other.

In some countries, I've seen with my own eyes Brothers and Sisters hiding each other, believers accepting to die for other Brothers in Christ. Alas, once the war was over, the devil brought that terrible thing in the hearts of people so that they were even ready to hit one another. **Bride of Christ, can't we see the tactics of the devil?**

The devil knows that, with a living Faith in the Word of God, united in the presence of the Lord, we can overcome the worst dangers of death. But, without Faith and divided, we surely fall.

I am not talking about a social brotherhood, I am talking about that heavenly Love of 1 John 3: 14-15 without which nobody can see the Lord.

(We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and you know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.)

I sometimes wonder what's wrong with the human nature! Why people can never reach a genuine unity? Because they have rejected the Word of God. Lucifer is the master of this perverse world, wars and quarrels are his rules from the beginning. That's why there can't be any true Peace and Unity outside the Holy Spirit. A true Believer, born again and led by the Holy Ghost, will always walk away from quarrels and jealousy.

This doesn't mean that we may not have our little different opinions about one thing or another, but a true believer will distinguish his own opinions and desires from the Word of God. No one should make his own opinions or feelings (good though they may appear) a doctrine to teach to the church of God. We will avoid a lot of confusion and quarrels when the Word of God will become our only Doctrine, and the New Jerusalem our main desire.

In the sermon "Victory Day", the Holy Spirit speaking through His prophet is straight.

(Now, God gives us the Bible. Now, the Bible is the Word, and the Word is God. So that is our binoculars. That's our glasses. But now, when we go to looking in the Bible, and seeing four or five different ways, well, it

needs focusing. You see? And we-- we got to bring the thing into the place where we see the one solemn purpose for God. But man wants to start an organization, run this way.

And the other one wants to, "well, I don't... I think I can be a bigger fellow than him, so I'll start over here. And we'll school our boys better. And we'll do this," and so forth. See, they fail to get the glass in focus.

God wants them to see one thing, and that's the innocent Blood that was shed for their sins. That's exactly. That's the real thing, no matter...

We don't need an organization. I have nothing against them, only they--the-- the damage that they do to pull people out and separate the brotherhood and things. But we only need to look at one thing, and that's our Substitute. That's right. And that Substitute is Jesus Christ. And then today you see how are twisted out in organizations. And they say "The Methodists is having a revival."

'Course that don't mean the Baptists; that's the Methodists. And these are having a revival, and so forth, and they-- they cut the other fellow out all the time.

But we don't want to see it that way. We want to keep pulling that focus till we find out that there is one God. When you see three of them out there, you better focus the glass a little better. See? You-you're seeing something wrong. So you'd better bring it in, and find out there's one God over us all, and He's the God of the Human race.) (Victory Day;-VGR).

You may say that he was talking only to the "others", but Brother, don't you know that there is no favor in God? You stay with the Word of God or you die!

Let's hear what the same Holy Spirit said through his apostle Paul in 1 Corinthians 1:9-13.

(God is faithful, by whom you were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

Now I beseech you, brethren, by the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you.

Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I am of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ.

Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were you baptized in the name of Paul?)

Somewhere else in 1 Corinthians 3:3-8, he repeats the same Word:

“For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?”

Who then is Paul, and who is Appolos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man?

I have planted, Appolos watered; but God gave increase.

So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour”.

Once again you may think he was talking only to the Corinthians. No friend, you come back to the Message or you perish!

This Word of God written two thousands years ago is today addressed to you in this first year of the millennium. I don't care how many times you may have read or heard this Scripture, today you'd better read it again. Be wise, know what time it is and come back to the original.

Don't content yourself saying you are a Message Believer while you seed bitterness and confusion among the redeemed people of God, you should know that there is no favor in God, and unchanging is His Word.

Beware, Bride of Christ, Lucifer has deployed all his forces against us since long ago and only those who stand for and in His Word shall overcome. Oh Brothers and Sisters, should we all see the raging war in the battlefield! “Listen, you soldiers of the cross. When you disbelieve one word of God's written Bible, you're disarmed. Believe that, honey? You're disarmed; you surrender. You jellyfish, put on the full armor of God. Amen. We're in a battle. What God said is true; every man's word is a lie. See?” (The Greatest Battle Ever Fought;-VGR).

Come back to the Holy Message and unite, cast out the hippopotamus, something great and serious is about to happen now! Alas, I have no

words to tell it and nobody can believe it unless it is revealed unto him, unless he sees it himself.

What is Faith?

I've heard a lot about Faith but I couldn't realize the depth of the concept until I lived the experience and heard the sermons of Brother Branham about Faith. Brothers and Sisters, we got to have Faith. Faith is the key, Faith is the substance, the evidence and the demonstration of things to come. You know it, now it is time to live it, God Himself is going to make it happen in us.

When I was in that refugee camp, before I got the written confirmation that I was one of those who soon were going to fly away, I often wondered if I was not running after the wind.

When the resettlement project was in progress, doubt often run down my body anytime I tried to use my five senses. Our hope was dying under the heaviest critics.

One day for example, a high official, a pagan who was against the program came and told us in a meeting, laughing: "You stupid refugees, why do you waste your time waiting for things which will never be? Your departure to USA will never happen, it is like the second coming of Jesus. You will wait thousands of years!" Such critics from some authorities themselves discouraged us more than any other source of critics.

However, if I'd have "jumped" beyond the time and see what was coming after one year, my doubts would have vanished, and my preoccupations would have been different.

Back in October 1993, in the middle of desperation, climbing dreadful mountains, sleeping in the dens, having lost everything, all of these trials would have been so light to bear if I'd known that, seven years later, I would be living in a beautiful house with electricity, driving in a good car on beautiful highways.

If there had been "somebody" omnipotent and omniscient to give me a written and certain report about the ending of my journey, the chilling cold and the burning heat would have been like a pastime. No more worries for the roaring lion in the darkness of the jungle, no more fears for the sparkling sword of the soldier in Uvira town!

Now, we often worry about the ending of our earthly journey, we often wonder and want to know what is coming next, we even wonder and

want to know what time it is before the Rapture. Unable to find the answer, we then begin to doubt about our “tomorrows”, our clothing and our livelihood.

For a true believer, this should not be a problem. We have a heavenly clock to show us the signs of the times, and the Master gave us His Scripture to show us the ending of all things. So what’s the worry?

We’ve heard His Message sealed by the THUS SAITH THE Lord, so why the tears?

If we have been baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ; if His blood has washed away our sins, and if we have received the TOKEN, sealed by the Holy Spirit; therefore we simply know that soon He is coming for us. No devil on earth or from the hell can make us believe something different. **Behold He comes soon for us, it is settled, it is certain, we know it, we have the THUS SAITH THE Lord.**

On the Ohio River, it has been spoken; in the heavens it is settled.

When is He coming? The question is no longer necessary since we know what is the most important: He is coming for us now. Alleluia! Glory to our King.

Those who say and preach that He won’t come, or preach that He is already come, must repent.

During more than thirty years, they have harmed the Bride of Christ, now it must stop and woe unto a man by whom the scandal has happened! I ask them to wait just a little while if they think that this is just another sermon.

The Word of God being the evidence and the same yesterday, today and forever, this means that all the promises of God will strictly happen according to the Word of God. Our Faith is based upon the Truth, the Word of God.

Therefore, why are we so easily deceived by anti-scripture revelations?

Many times I’ve heard so many different doctrines about the rapture, the coming of the Lord, the third pull, the Millennium and so forth.

But, the rapturing Faith is the perfect Faith in the Word of God and will come according to the Word of God.

Beware sons of God, nothing different from the Scriptures will happen in the third pull.

As true as Jesus Christ of today is the same Jesus Christ of yesterday, He will come in the same way it has been spoken in His Word. He will come for His Word-Bride.

Somebody who didn't see what I have seen or who doesn't hear the echo of the damages of the false doctrines can't simply understand my cry.

You may not understand (neither do I) why I keep repeating this but alas, I have seen with my own eyes in different countries and on different continents, thousands of people throwing away their Bibles or having a new baptism in a new Name because of a so-said new revelation.

My problem is that I don't know how to keep silent when I now hear that hundreds and hundreds of believers (beloved Brothers and Sisters few years ago) are suddenly following and worshipping a new "king of kings"!

I don't know how to break my pencil and keep my mouth shut when preachers are coming to tell us how they have discovered that the Bible and the Message are different!

They can no more read the holy Bible in the church because it would destroy their false revelations and ideas. They don't want to preach about the holy Message of the Hour in the church because it would destroy their false doctrines and opinions. They can no more allow other servants of the Lord to preach in their churches because they know that they have built exactly upon the grains of sand.

However, they should know that if they read this End-Time Message and think that they've found something different from the Bible, **they are not reading Brother Branham, they are reading they own thoughts.**

And if they think they are more inspired than the prophet of God and think they got a better understanding and a better interpretation of the Bible, I urge them to humble themselves before God.

Who has bewitched you, deserters going down the hill? Come back. There is safety only in this revealed Word. Why should you loose your crown?

God and His Word are One. The same who wrote the Bible through the hands of our fathers is the same who interpreted it through the mouth of

His prophet. Let us just believe all His Word and live His Will, the invincible Master will lead us till the end.

The aim of my testimony is not to give the bad news from the battlefield, but to exhort and rejoice together with the beloved ones who faithfully stand still behind the invincible Master. The revealed word of God will lead us till the last inch of our journey, up to the gates of the heavens. God has a Plan of salvation written and outlined in the Bible, any new revelation contrary to it comes from the devil.

One day, I was telling this to somebody who believed that we were already in the millennium. He told me that the old Jesus of the old Bible was good for blind chickens like me. Some days later, war came raging and he realized that he could die any time. He forgot all he told me some days ago and came running towards me.

“Brother Oscar, I am so sorry for what I thought before. I now realize that the Millennium is not come yet, I feel I can die any time. Please, pray for me, I don’t know if Jesus Christ shall ever pardon me.”

Indeed, it is often so easy for a man to deny the Word of God and explain eloquently his thesis or his false doctrines, but one day or another he has to face the moment of Truth!

In the same way, if we have truly believed in the prophetic Word of God revealed to our generation, we should know with certainty that “tomorrow morning” we fly away. We should then focus our Faith on the main target: to be one of those who soon will meet Jesus in the Air!

So, if our goal is to live in the new Jerusalem, how it comes that we hear so many quarrels about polygamy, drink a little, marriage and divorce and so forth? I sometimes wonder if those who bring those discussions in the Message have really understood why the Message has been sent to our generation!

Tell me, you who spend all your life discussing about Marriage and Divorce, drink a little, the seven thunders and so forth. Is that the only thing you’ve got from this End-Time Message? or are they the only sermons you’ve heard from the 7th angel? Is Marriage and Divorce, drink a little, the only thing you are interested in? Would you take a little advice? Be born again!

All day long you break our ears with your new mysteries about the seven thunders, but what would be the use of to know all the mysteries behind the Coming of the Lord, the color of His Horse, if you don’t go with Him?

In the Middle of the Night

Blind man that you are, you wake up or you perish with your marriages, your divorces, your alcohols, your thunders and your doctrines! This Message has not been sent just to teach us some little rules of this earthly life, It is a humble and shining evening light bringing with It the rapturing Power, strong enough to break the laws of death and gravity.

Knowledge is useful, but please, don't miss the main thing:

Don't try to understand the Word of God, believe It.

Don't only believe, do It.

Don't only do, be It.

You must be one with the pure Word of God because that's the only thing that really matters. Jesus comes only for the Word-Bride. Amen! Be filled with the Holy Ghost and keep you ready, that's the most important thing you must know in the middle of this night.

If we can only believe that tomorrow morning, the "buses" are coming for us; if we only knew what untold happiness is waiting for us, that we will be walking in the streets of gold beside the crystal sea, angels all around singing the songs of victory; all the devils would vanish together with their sins. The little divisions and other fruits of incredulity would be defeated immediately. Faith is the key indeed.

With Faith, no true Christian will hate his pastor because he forbids him to have two or five wives.

With Faith, no false doctrine will be able to distract us from our pilgrimage.

With Faith, a wise son of God who no longer has his first joy of Salvation will repent and humble himself before God rather than to try to find another source of joy, or to try to found another religion.

With Faith, a true daughter of God will no longer have to spend three hours in front of her mirror or be ashamed at school of her long hairs because she knows that tomorrow morning she will shine like a star. Alleluia!

With Faith, we shall come together as one from all tongues and all nations, we will love one another, known and unknown, and together we will meet our Lord who died for us.

In the Middle of the Night

Faith lifts us beyond the curtain of time and shows us the things to come. Abednego and his friends saw it and defied the furnace.

By Faith, Ezekiel the prophet as well as Brother Branham saw the end and couldn't have rest before they warned people.

Thus, what the five senses call a possibility, the Faith calls it an evidence, a truth: tomorrow becomes like today. When Faith comes, it makes us act like the men of tomorrow: By Faith we enter the arch before the flood comes, and we flee before the earthquake strikes.

By the way, I have seen something strange on this earth. People can have their eyes as perfect as they can be, but still be unable to see the truth manifested.

Indeed, since I came here in Jeffersonville, I have personally met several people who witnessed or heard the mighty miracles and works God has operated in their own town, but don't even believe in God! So, if seeing is not necessarily believing, what is Faith then?

The Gospel has been once again invigorated these last days, blinds recovered their sights, dead raised up, they heard with their own ears the Word of God, they saw with their own eyes the Power of God but they didn't believe! Tell me friend, what is Faith?

Only two thousands years ago, Jesus Christ raised up from death and appeared to a multitude of witnesses, but they say it is too long ago to be believed in. Hardly thirty years have passed, same Voice upon the River Jordan was heard upon the River Ohio and was witnessed by a multitude of believers and unbelievers, but still Humanity doesn't believe! Instead, they want us to believe in their "big bang" which would have happened (just in their own little brains) some billions light-years ago! Blind and naked, they are simply blinded by their incredulity.

They have chosen their "big bang", that's what they are going to have one of these days!

Noah has shouted out the oracle of the Most High, but people have laughed. So, whose fault it will be the day the sky will cloud over?

Therefore, Faith doesn't only make us believe the promises yet to be accomplished, Faith opens also our eyes to see the reality, the things which are, were, and will be. Faith makes us see God. With Faith, Eternity becomes closer to us.

In the Middle of the Night

No one can explain this to another, it is revealed by God Himself to each one of us. Faith is revelation, the revelation of the Word of God.

(Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

For by it the elders obtained a good report.

Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear). Hebrews 11:1-3.

Yes, Faith is the Key, Faith is the certainty of God. Faith is revelation.

Chapter 6: Time for Unity in the Message

Part 2

The Holy Ghost is the Solution.

We have been talking about divisions and a multitude of sects we now find in the Message. Why the divisions? As the prophet of God says, we found that the devil uses always his old tactics: misinterpret, dislocate, and misplace the Word of God. The consequences is the multitude of beliefs.

Now, somebody may ask: what to do in order to stay with the genuine Faith in the genuine Word of God?

Before we saw this evening light, we all were scattered in different denominations with different creeds and beliefs. God saw that and found a solution to our problem. In these last days, He sent us a Message, an authorized interpretation of the Word of God by the Holy Spirit through His Prophet. The solution was not the man, the solution was the One who was giving the answer from inside the prophet.

Now, thirty five years have passed and, many Brothers and Sisters, disappointed by a multitude of different interpretations of the same Message, have decided to avoid systematically any preacher and to listen only and only to the tapes as the solution, others have tried to organize conventions to try to find compromise. I understand the disappointment and admire their love for the original Word of God.

However, is this the best Solution to our problem? It is a serious problem for all of us, but what to do exactly?

I fear there is nothing a man can do by himself for this problem. I sincerely believe that the Solution is the Holy Spirit, as it has been always in such circumstances throughout History. It is neither the conventions, nor the listening of the tapes only which will bring the Solution.

Let us take for instance a group of five people and lock them in a same room. Bring in one true servant of God or play one tape of the Message. If the five people don't have the same Holy Spirit who speaks through the Preacher or on the tape, we will get as many understandings of one and same sermon as there are people. Thus, the misinterpretation of the Word of God doesn't come from the preacher only, it can come from inside ourselves also.

Therefore, the best solution is not to avoid any servant of God, the solution is to let the Holy Spirit come into our hearts and clear all the channels of our comprehension. And when the Holy Spirit will take in us the leadership of all things, we will no longer need to worry if the preacher is true or false, the Holy Ghost Himself will discern him for us.

See? We got to have the same Holy Spirit who was speaking through the Prophet in order to have the same Faith in the same Word of God.

As true as the battle is not between the preacher who misplaces the Word and the believer who rebels against, the trouble comes from the old Serpent and the Solution will come from the Holy Ghost.

So, if the battle is spiritual, we must be spiritual and follow all the directives of our Captain in the Combat. We must be careful when we take our decisions, a wrong solution outside the Word of God can be as fatal as the problem itself.

Indeed, we don't wrestle against flesh and blood, against a Brother or a preacher, but against principalities, against powers, against rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Therefore, when you decide to listen only to the tapes and deny the five ministries, are you sure that there is nothing you omit from the Word of God? Are you sure you are not denying the Message itself?

When you think you got a better interpretation of the Word than the confirmed prophet of God and become too pride of yourself. When years after years you decide to preach your own sermons or opinions and never give to the flock of God a chance to know what God has revealed to our generation, are you sure you are led by the Holy Spirit?

And when you pass your life making bitter critics towards Believers from other church, other country and other continent, are you sure that some day you won't be with them in paradise?

Please beloved Christians, I beg you, don't harm the Bride of Christ, don't harm yourself. You may be playing with the fire. We got to be careful, all of us, you and me.

One day, we were friendly talking about the Holy Spirit with a pastor who was preaching more about the order in the Church and his authority as Pastor than about the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He then begun to warn me saying:

“We must be careful with the Holy Spirit, Brother Oscar, there must be an order in the Church. The prophet said so.”

“But Brother, I thought we were talking about the HOLY Spirit of God! Since He is Holy this means that He will lead us in all holiness and order.”

Oh, another problem where it really should not be!

I know that the order in the church is very important. However, tell me friends, in the Church of God, between the Pastor and the Holy Spirit, who the most must care about the destiny of the believers? Whose order do we need the most? The order coming from the Holy Ghost or the pastor's order? What is the use of good orders given to an army of weak and hungry soldiers?

Sometimes, people put the cart before the horse or dislocate the Word of God and take only a portion of the Message that satisfies their thirsty. When we talk about the Holy Spirit, it is the only Holy Spirit who is, God Himself. So, how can we worry about the order in the church when the Master of the order Himself is present?

Everything is alright whenever the Lord takes the commands. Amen!

There must be an order in every church of true believers, but the Holy Spirit must first be the Master of the order. Contrary to the denominations, the Church-Bride of Christ is led by the Holy Ghost.

I also want to share something which apparently is a misunderstanding among some believers. I have heard different opinions about the place of the prophet in the Body of Christ. Nonetheless, I sincerely believe that this should not be a problem at all for whosoever knows and believes in the Word of God. It is still the old serpent which keeps bringing confusion among the Sons and Daughters of God. Some opinions make the prophet more or less than what he really is. But everybody must know that his place is not more or less than what the Bible say he is: a simple man, my Brother in Christ, the servant of the Almighty God, the prophet of Malachi four. Everybody must also know and believe that God considers him like the prophet Elijah of Malachi three:

Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he. (Matthew 12:11).

Therefore, every false opinions about him which are different from the statement of the Lord Himself come from the devil. All of those people, too pride of themselves, who say he is less must stop, and all of those people who go preaching that he is more than this must shut up and repent. Thus, if we have the Holy Spirit, we will respect one another and humbly, we will recognize our places in the Body of Christ. Together we will rejoice in the Lord.

From now on, everybody will have to abide by the Truth of the Word of God or spiritually perish forever. Enough is enough, the Bride of Christ has been molested enough! Behold, the wrath of the Lord is suddenly upon the wolves among the sheep.

The Holy Ghost is the Solution. With the Holy Spirit leading all of us, servants of God and believers will no longer fear a misinterpretation of the Word or a separation of believers, because the Holy Spirit will discern the devil immediately.

We will come as one and will love one another when we will find that we finally have a same journey.

Oh! Sons and Daughters of God. Let's cast away the world and its envies, let us open wide the doors and let come in the Holy Ghost. He will make us love one another, He will make us humble, He will make us walk in the evening Light. We will gather on a same "mountain", eating the same "manna", waiting for the same "appointment".

We will remember the old good days when we first met that Man of Golgotha, and we will be ashamed of what we have done of Him later. We will cry when He will show us that He still loves us. Oh, unfathomable Grace, unspeakable Love, wonderful Peace in Jesus Christ our Savior!

Brothers and Sisters, should we only remember one more time, the Grace we have had to receive this Message! How can I tell it, what can I write it in order to make it understood? Shall be one Servant of God to help me tell it better?

I love you all, God is my witness. I feel I love every Brother and Sister, known and unknown, who has believed this End-Time Message. Oh I feel living what I am writing. Amen!

STANDING UPON THE VERY LAND FROM WHERE THIS MESSAGE HAS BEEN PROCLAIMED, BE IT KNOWN THAT

TIME IS NOW FOR UNITY OF THE BRIDE OF CHRIST IN THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. BRING THE SHEEP, GATHER THE FLOCK, TIME IS AT HAND, OUR REDEMPTION IS NEAR.

If somebody knows he is spiritual, let him know also that this is a commandment of the Lord.

Sons and daughters of the King, eagles in the sky, may God reveal you what time it is now!

Bring in the little flock, help the weak ones, lift the sick ones too. Times are serious, what's coming is like an earthquake. As true as Elijah has already come, the other promise of Malachi⁴ is about to strike and nothing can stop it.

You know what to do, it has been taught to you. You have the Thus saith the Lord of the revealed Word of God, the Message of the Hour:

Believe the Word of God. Do what it says. Be one with the Word. Amen! He comes only for His Word-Bride, true Christians filled with the Holy Ghost.

Please hurry, let's go home. Come back, deserters going down the hill; wake up sleepers, it is a question of death or life! Can't you hear the rumble of the thunderstorm?

Chapter 7: Woe Unto Wolves, Woe Unto False Shepherds

I still remember when I was a little boy, seven years old, my father used to breed a little flock of sheep, a selected breed, together with some goats. My brothers had to graze them every day and bring them back home later in the evening.

It happened in my good old home village NDORA.

Alas, among the flock, there was a rowdy goat. The warnings of my father, the supplications of my brothers, it didn't care! It spent every single night bothering other sheep. One night, it became so crazy that it began to destroy the walls and to pull down the grass of the roof. Soon some sheep began to pass through the holes and went outside.

The mess became unacceptable when my father saw that some sheep were scattered outside the sheepfold in the cold of the darkness, within reach of wolves. He then convened an urgent meeting with my brothers to tell them what he intended to do about the goat. I was there, sitting in the corner of the room, when they were deliberating. Soon after, in the middle of the night, I heard the dreadful verdict for the goat, the good news for the sheep: "Go, gather the sheep, bring them in quickly; tomorrow morning I sell the goat to the butcher!" Said my father to my brothers.

Rowdy goat among the sheep, hear what you have done and what is your lot! Serpent in the grass, you first tried to harm this work of God and His Messenger while he was still living. After his departure, you have not stopped yet and you keep harming the Bride of Christ now.

You have taught so many false ways, trying to blacken our dresses and bring shame on us. You brought your stones of doctrines and divisions among the sons of the living God, you built your own reinforced concrete all around what you think is your church! You tried to obstruct the evening light with your walls and to forbid the Bride of Christ to breathe the oxygen and freedom of the Holy Spirit.

You have also sprayed so many false rumors about the timing and the coming of the Lord in order to discourage the people of God. God didn't send you but you went, He didn't speak but you kept talking all day long!

You are not even ashamed the day your lies are clearly disclosed! Instead of repentance, you conclude then that the Rapture of the Bride won't be

an event, that it is already happened, perhaps in progress! Blind hypocrite, your faith is messed up with strange doctrines to begin with, and you know yourself that your hope is gone because your broken wings won't be able to lift you up in the air.

However you won't be able to bend the confidence we have in our Bridegroom. We have His Word and His Seal, the best is yet to come for us we know it. We were with Him, He gave us His Promise, someday He will come back to us. And to let you know that we have His Word, behold, the Rapture of the Bride comes, and you will be left behind with your bewitching.

Believe it or not, your lot is bitter, because your crime is double. What you have done is horrible, the Holy Ghost can no longer accept your works.

In your trickery, you go everywhere reciting the Bible or repeating the Message only for your own propaganda. And like in political party, you read or say a portion of the Message which satisfies only your guilty ambitions, to raise up empty "amen" and "alleluias" just to challenge the other party!

Hippopotamus in the crowd, look around you and see what you have sewed, isn't it a shame? What else your doctrines have brought apart from the fact that they have produced bitterness and strife among the Brothers? Consider your ways and compare them with the original, aren't they a mess?

The wine has changed your sight, racism has bent your mind, money and business have filled your heart, and the woman at the other corner has blinded your sight. You even go saying that a girlfriend is already a wife, and jealousy and quarrels have become your hobby! And you would pretend that you are a born again believer of this Holy End-Time Message!

Go ahead; waste your time on your new revelations, bringing new doctrines and credos worse than those the prophet of God himself had destroyed.

Carry on! Trample underfoot that Man of Golgotha; bring bitterness, hatred and divisions among the People of God; but soon you shall learn that Jesus Christ is not a picture, and the Holy Ghost is not a myth. This Message won't go back without a Bride and woe unto you unless you repent, unless you repent!

In the Middle of the Night

You did the worst when, instead of repentance of your sins, you went up to the mountains and down in the valleys and bewitched the souls of God with your false teachings. The Word of God, you don't care anymore. You brought a new baptism, and some of you went up to call themselves "the king of the kings". Your sin is double because you have willingly opposed what you know is true.

Stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you do always resist the Holy Ghost! How do you think are you going to escape the coming wrath of the Lord? Whose fault if my father decides to sell you to the butcher?

Tell me, sons of vipers, how long and how hard do you have to harm the Bride of Christ before you stop?

Rowdy goat, wolf among the sheep, hear now what is coming for you. You may open or close your ears, throw away this book or put it on fire, but I have a very bad news for you: if tomorrow morning my Father doesn't sell you to the butcher, then say He didn't take me out of the jungle, out of the jungle!

Behold, the Holy Spirit will destroy the reinforced concretes and break the fangs to the wolf, and you shall know once again that Jesus Christ is not a picture.

Chapter 8: Cheer Up My Brother, Cheer Up My Sister!

But, beloved Christians, Bride of Christ, there is a very good news coming soon for us. The best news a human being has ever heard since the creation of the world till now! The prophets have foretold it, the apostles have seen it like through the mirror, and we have been waiting for it since thousands of years.

We have heard and seen His Messenger, the same Voice which rang out on the Jordan River has rang out on the Ohio River. The Message has been solemnly proclaimed and heavens and Earth have been witnesses. Now, the Message has been distributed worldwide, made available almost to every nation, every part of the world.

Since we heard the cry of our Father, we came out of Babylon, the habitation of devils, the cage of every unclean and hateful bird. We then begun a long journey towards our heavenly City.

During two thousands years, we have been persecuted, decapitated, disemboweled, humbled, exiled, tried, molested, despised, tired and worn out, but we boldly hold to the cause of Christ. Even now that we have witnessed the mighty hand of God working through His prophet, the devil has tried its worst to harm some of us. Hardly thirty years have passed - just a little time to allow the Message to reach the last sheep - the enemy has come and tried to bend our hope.

We have walked, climbed, run, stumbled, labored, sweated and wept. Hard was the battle, but glorious at last is the victory.

Bride, Bride, Bride of Christ, behold the coming of your Day. Day of your Glory, Day of your Joy, Day of your Salvation, the answer to your tears, the fulfillment of the Prophecy and Promise of your God. It has been spoken, now it is going to happen.

I beseech you, beloved Brother and Sister, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, just stand still and see the Power of our God. No need to try to know how it will be, the important thing is simply to have Faith and wait for it. Forget all the false rumors and false interpretations you've heard before from the enemy who wanted you to lose your crown.

Put aside all your little assumptions about the timing, take His Word, believe the Prophecy, believe in God and know He is God.

In the Middle of the Night

No need to have it shouted from the rooftops, the Holy Ghost Himself who dwells in you will handle it. **Believe, you will see it. I repeat: Believe, only believe, for what has been proclaimed by the seventh angel is about to happen now, during this very night.**

The city is ready, the mansions are waiting, tables are set and the angels ready to strike up the brass band till the heavens ring!

Cheer up my Brother, cheer up my Sister. Someday, beyond the hilltops of this very night, we will be together with Jesus and we shall then understand how merciful He has been to us, all the way long.

This is not a poem, this is not a delirium, I know what I am talking about.

Only to think about it, all my heart quivers. Whenever I look at the signs foretold by His servant, a deep respect makes me tremble before His immense Grace.

I am not fool, I have seen it, I have heard it, I tremble. I would be the worst miserable liar to hang if I was writing my own thoughts or vain hopes. **It is time to gather in the Message, it is time to wake up, something sublime comes to us. It seems like I can hear a hum of a multitude of chariots.**

Bride, Bride, Bride of Christ, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, keep you ready, we are leaving. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Chapter 9: Conclusion

Now, Dear reader, my testimony comes to an end. A heavy load has been unloaded from my heart, a Command has been executed, a promise has been kept. Now I can quietly wait for what is coming next before the last day of my journey.

I feel like I am now standing on the top of a mountain, in the stillness of the midnight, watching the Morning Star, eagerly waiting for the beautiful sunrise.

Though I have written the original in a language that I don't know quite well, I sincerely believe that somewhere the promise has been kept: I have worked day and night and kept aside my last penny in order to make available this testimony. **I have done what I have been asked to do, from now on I am free.**

I know that someday I will have to stand before the Supreme Judge for what I have written in this testimony, but I know who will be standing by me.

In addition, this may have seemed so little for somebody who was not where I was, but to me it means everything.

Indeed, when under the tree I promised my Savior to testify for Him once out of the jungle, I couldn't think one moment that one day I would have this opportunity to publish this testimony on Internet and in the books, in different languages. That's why I feel so grateful to my Savior for His answer to my prayer:

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto the Lord Jesus Christ for ever and ever. Amen!

May God bless you and be with you till we meet there. Amen!