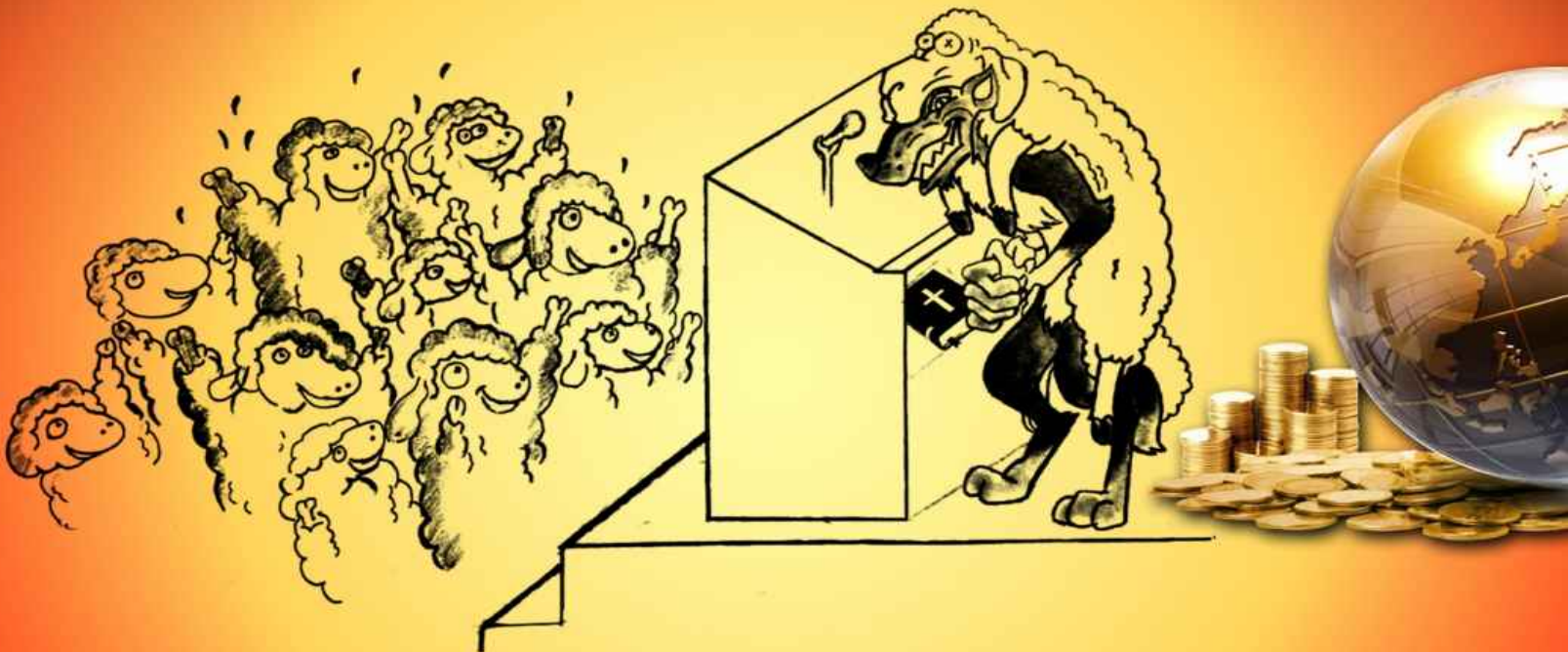


Church Mafia

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

CAPTURED BY SECRET POWERS:
AN UNTOLD AFRICAN NARRATIVE

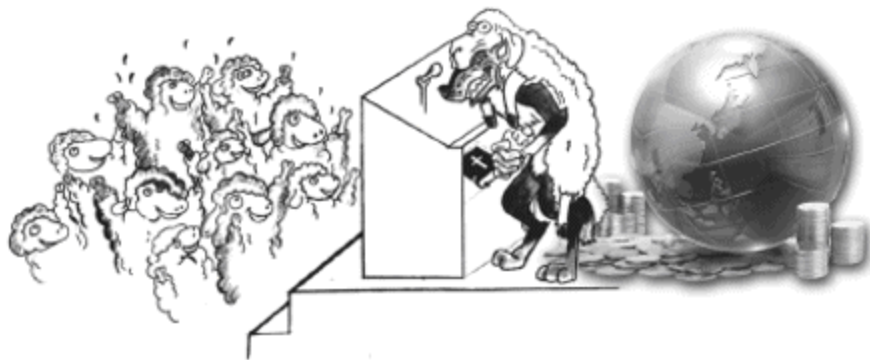


MAKHADO SINTHUMULE RAMABULANA

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

Church Mafia

CAPTURED BY SECRET POWERS:
AN UNTOLD AFRICAN NARRATIVE



MAKHADO SINTHUMULE RAMABULANA

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The real names of people are not given in the book, pseudonyms were used.

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*This book is dedicated to the Body of Christ globally, and all those who
are called into the fivefold ministry.*

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Book Summary: Church Mafia

THE *CHURCH MAFIA* is a thought-provoking and tell-all book inspired by the life of Makhado Sinthumule Ramabulana, who took a courageous step to reveal how God saved him from secret and occult societies. He explores themes of his life in the ministry, commercialisation of the gospel, lessons learnt from countries he travelled to in an effort to gain powers, and detail of the occult operation.

After years of struggling to accomplish his mission of pastoring a mega church and impacting the world, he became frustrated, strayed from his true calling and fell into the trap of exploring secret powers hidden in the church today. He operated as General Khatha-Khatha within a counterfeit spiritual movement that operates under the banner of prophecy and instant miracles. This movement operates using secret powers to attract huge crowds, charges consultation fees, and promises people miracle money; leaders of this movement also perform false prophecies and staged miracles.

After reading the *Church Mafia*, you will begin to understand that most operations in churches today are influenced by secret societies. This book will enable you to be enlightened and never to be fooled by any false doctrine practised in the church today. The main aim of the book is to make the Body of Christ at large aware of the secret operation that has captured so many churches today.

It is hoped that after reading this book, your life will be enriched.

About the author

BORN IN POLOKWANE, South Africa, Makhado Freedom Sinthumule Ramabulana grew up in a Christian family where both his parents are ordained pastors from the Apostolic Faith Mission Church. He grew up in a family of three children. He was raised by Christian values and principles. Makhado became a Christian during his teenage years, later attending the Apostolic Faith Mission of South Africa Theological Institute where he received his qualification in Theology; he was also ordained as a bona fide pastor. Makhado is married and is blessed with three children. He became an occult member and was given a title of 'General' by the occult society for a long time while he pastored an Independent and Charismatic Christian Church as a prophet and pastor in South Africa. He has travelled several African countries in search of the occult spiritual powers to boost his ministry. He joined several occult societies for the purpose of performing miracles, to prophesy, heal and to have a fast-growing church but he was later delivered from occultism through the grace of God. After he was delivered from occultism he went back to serve as a pastor under the Apostolic Faith Mission Church, Thaba Tshwane, and he has since been travelling all over the country sharing his testimony and teaching people about the deceptive tricks and secretive powers that are being practised in the church of God.

Makhado Freedom Sinthumule Ramabulana is currently a Senior and Presiding Pastor of The Apostolic Faith Mission of SA – Life Overflowing Assembly, located in Sebokeng Zone 10 (Vaal).

His focus is more on winning souls back to Jesus Christ and spreading the message of restoration and repentance globally.

DAILY SUN

Thursday 4 January 2018

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SEE PAGE 16

Shembe holy walk!

Inkosi Mduduzi 'Unyazilewzulu' Shembe leads his congregants on a pilgrimage to the Cannan Holy Mountain in KZN.

See Page 5



ROBBIE MALINGA'S STATUE REMOVED!

SEE PAGE 3



I'M TOO UGLY TO HELP!

SEE PAGE 5

SPEAK UP! TELL US WHAT YOU THINK

SEE PAGE 12

PASTOR'S MUTHI CONFESSION!

I was in a rush to make money and see my church grow, says Khatha Khatha

By SIFISO JIMBA

FOR AS long as he could remember, all Makhado Sinhumule wanted was to be a pastor with a big church.

So after studying theology for four years, he travelled through West Africa to get muthi powers. HOWEVER, HE ENDED UP MISUSING HIS POWERS TO PERFORM TRICKS SUCH AS MAKING PEOPLE VOMIT SNAKES!

The 56-year-old, originally from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

SORRY: Pastor Makhado Sinhumule says he used muthi to perform miracles in his church.





REF/06.06.2018

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

RECOMMENDATION LETTER

We the Governing Body of the above named Assembly here with wish to recommend Pastor Makhado Freedom Sinthumule to can be invited and given a platform to preach the word of God, and share his personal experience and testimony. What he has to say, in relations with his personal experience with the false prophetic and witchcraft in the Church, needs to be heard all across the Body of Christ. His testimony is deeply and widely informative.

On the 25th to 27th May 2018, we as A.F.M OF S.A Pool Of Life Centre, hosted Ps Makhado Sinthumule as our guest speaker. Words of mouth will fail us to describe the impact his testimony had on us and all the visitors we had that weekend. In the wake of the wide spread of fake and false Prophets and witchcraft in the Church this days, Ps Makhado shares knowledge and tips that helps a child of God to can identify and avoid them. Many of the Children of God have fallen victims of the marine world, their performances and deceptions, through fake and false prophets for far too long now.

Ps Makhado exposes the tricks and tactics used by fake and false Prophets, to deceive people into believing that a miracle or healing has taken place, and reveals how they get to know ones contact numbers, id numbers, plate numbers, etc. he further reveal as to what impact does the objects like oil, water, stickers, arm bands, and more, has on those that use them.

To the Servants of God, here is one of our own, please let us use this man of God by inviting him to our Assemblies. His testimony will surely teach, warn and strengthen believers.

Ps Makhado can be contacted on this number: Cell. 076 977 9568, or 079 651 2094.

Thank you kindly

Pastor S.S Nhlapo (Pastor at Pool of Life Centre)

Foreword

I CAME TO KNOW Pastor Makhado Sinthumule Ramabulana when he and his parents (who are well known to me) invited me to minister at his wedding in Lebowakgomo. He did his ministerial training at the Apostolic Faith Mission Theological Institute in Soshanguve. He was subsequently ordained as a pastor in the AFM of SA. After his ordination, he started a ministry in Soshanguve (North of Pretoria) which operated independently from the AFM of SA. After a while he lost his AFM pastoral status because of non-compliance with the requirements for status retention. His pastoral status was reinstated early this year (2018).

I must commend him for his courage and boldness in penning down some of the scary cultic operations done under the guise of religion. For many people, it is not easy to make a distinction between a Christian church and a cult. A Christian denomination will comprise of congregations which are united in the adherence to their beliefs (confession of faith or creed) and liturgical practices. Cults, on the other hand, would comprise a system of religious veneration and devotion toward a particular object or person other than Jesus Christ.

The title of the book is *Church Mafia*. The term “Mafia” can be traced back to the criminal society in Sicily which was a terrorist-type of a crime syndicate (Sicilian mafia). As it spread beyond Italy it embraced other places such as the United States of America (New Orleans, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and other East Coast cities), Russia, Japan and other countries. Makhado’s equation of the current false prophets and false teachers amplifies their operation as syndicates of spiritual “terrorism”. In many instances criminal acts are committed in the name of religion.

In 1 Timothy 4:1-2, the Bible warns about apostasy, deception and false teachings. Children of God are called upon to be vigilant in order to escape the trap of apostasy, deception and false teachers.

Makhado became part of this secret society due to his disposition to power and material success. It is this inclination that leads many Christian

ministers to deviate from their calling and embrace everything and anything that leads to fame and prosperity. As Christian ministers, our ministry benchmark must always be the Lord Jesus. Jesus' ministry was characterised by sacrificial service to humanity. The following is said about Him:

“[J]ust as the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.” Matthew 20:28 (NIV)

We must guard against anything that is a deviation from sacrificial service. We are grateful to God that Makhado has been set free from this manipulative secret powers and has been restored to his original calling.

The book comes at the right time: when the commercialisation of religion has become topical in South Africa. The public discourse includes charlatans who claim to have powers to do strange and horrendous things. This book gives insight into some of the weird things done by some ministers; e.g. feeding of human beings with snakes and dogs and other things that are not part of the normal diet as we are accustomed to. It also explains the rationale behind the selling of water and oil for healing. We begin to understand the frenzy about the use of military titles such as “Major & General” within these cultic practices. We, now, understand how these ‘staged miracles’ are organised and implemented.

Obviously, the main objective is not sacrificial service, but it is to acquire personal fame and accumulate personal material wealth through deception.

This book is a wake-up call to all of us, to be vigilant and not be taken for a ride by these charlatans.

Pastor MG Mahlobo
President: The Apostolic Faith Mission of South Africa

Review

CHURCH *MAFIA* BY my brother Makhado is a broom that is about to clean the church in South Africa and Africa from the invasion of mafias, receptors and manipulators. A hard-hitting, no-hold bar truth he experienced on both sides of the Christian faith. This book covers the witchcraft and magic that have invaded the Church of Christ all in the name of miracles, signs and wonders. We are seeing the performance of Pharoah's magicians instead of Moses' rod (Exodus 7). Sadly, today, we see many bishops, pastors, apostles, and prophets who are like Simon the sorcerer (Acts 8:9-25) in the church, manipulating and deceiving people. Be ready to be educated and challenged in spiritual things and discernment as you read this book. I am glad the author is candid and unafraid to confront the deception of Satan and his agents. Brace yourself for a radical shift and make sure you share the truth and the book with others – "The church is marching on and the gates of hell shall not prevail."

Solomon Izang Ashoms
Director, African Centre for Ethics, South Africa

CHURCH *MAFIA* INFORMS us that we – as the Body of Christ – are destroyed because of a lack of knowledge. It is very important to realise that God will always deliver this much-needed knowledge in our lives. *Church Mafia* is the knowledge that every Christian should empower themselves with.

Church Mafia is an autobiography which tells us of the spiritual journey of Apostle Ramabulana, and the challenges he meets along the way in his purpose to serve God. This book takes us through the apostle's lowest point in his life, and we should learn from it.

This book is difficult to put down because it is about what has not been disclosed to the church at large before. Apostle Makhado Ramabulana

gives us his testimony, and God shows His glory through this journey and his life.

Church Mafia is a ‘must read’ book for those who are church-hopping. There is so much knowledge that Apostle Ramabulana shares which shows the will and glory of God. The book is also a must for those in great churches and why they should not change them.

I would like to recommend this book to the Body of Christ all over the world. Acquire knowledge and prepare yourself for life-changing reading. Move away from seeking miracles, but seek God instead.

Fortiscue Helepi
Co-owner/Co-founder, African Flavour Books
South Africa

Acknowledgements

THIS BOOK WAS written during a time when Christianity was facing many obstacles due to various strange, religious doctrines. There were times when it seemed like this project would not be completed; but through persistence, focus and continuous prayers the project was finalised.

I would like to acknowledge everyone who supported me in my endeavour to undertake this challenging project. I would like to thank my precious wife, Machelane Grace Sinthumule Ramabulana (my queen), for her unconditional love and her big heart. To our three children Phathutshedzo-Joyce, Pheny-Moshe and Enoch-Sinthumule for their patience and support during the late-night drafting of the book.

To my brother, Rendani, and his wife, Boitumelo, thank you for being there for me when things were tough. You will forever have a special place in my heart. To my sisters, Phophi Ramabulana and Leah Setwaba, you two are the best.

To my parents, Dr AA Ramabulana and Pastor Masela Joyce Ramabulana, a word of thanks for your unfailing love and encouragement throughout my life and ministry. Thank you for raising me with sound biblical doctrines and for laying a solid foundation in my life.

To my parents-in-law, Mr ER Maponya and Ms MM Maponya, who were supportive and never gave up on my young family and me, I appreciate your presence in my life. I can never thank you enough.

To my aunt, Sesi Mahlodi, my uncles, Elias and Masela Setwaba, and their families for the roles you have played in my life. Your presence in my life has brought so much change.

To all the Setwaba, Makweya, Maponya, Sinthumule and Ramabulana families for being a part of my life. Family is everything.

To my Brother, Mr Landre Lumena, what we used to share and talk about during our lunch breaks and long hours of road trips has now been turned into a book that will change many lives around the world.

To Corle Smith for proofreading the original manuscript and encouraging me to release the book to the Body of Christ and the general public, thank you.

To Pastor Ezekiel Matope and his team for the excellent words of wisdom and guidance on how to write a life-changing book.

To my sister in Christ, Mpho Seleka, who stood by my family and me during the most challenging period of my ministry.

To my home church, YES House Lebowakgomo (Yahweh El Shabach House) which funded my Bible school studies and for being with me through the ups and downs of my ministry. I will always be grateful.

To the Apostolic Faith Mission, Thaba Tshwane Assembly (Dr TJ Skhosana, the leadership and the whole congregation), thank you for allowing my wife and me to serve in the assembly and for welcoming us with love.

I acknowledge the support and rehabilitation breakthrough I received from the Apostolic Faith Mission (South Africa) under the leadership of President George Mahlobo.

To Mack Makete Mokgonyana (Mac'Dation Creative) and Artdon Drawings for designing the book cover.

To the chief editor Elisabeth Marnitz and her assistant Marie Pietersen, thank you for turning my dream into a reality.

To all the intercessors and my prayer partners who believed in my vision and prayed for me, thank you in earnest.

Introduction

THERE IS A secret, evil force and power that have infiltrated the Church of God. This book is an endeavour to reveal how the Church of God was entered and turned by some into a den of thieves. However, there are still good churches out there. The wisdom contained in these pages will guide you on what to do; how to be an instrument in the Kingdom of God and to rebuild the fallen walls. The purpose of the book is to expose in detail all forms of witchcraft practised in some churches.

There is a counterfeit spiritual movement under the banner of prophecy under which I once operated. This spiritual movement operates with powers from hell, to attract crowds. This movement charges consultation fees, provides people with miracle money, delivers false prophecies and allows staged miracles. The leaders sell oils, holy water (which is unholy), protection stickers and other materials.

We are seeing many staged miracles and the so-called forensic prophecy taking place in churches, on TVs, the radio and social media. A forensic prophecy is an accurate and microscopic prophecy, in which prophets call the congregation by their ID numbers, house numbers, mobile numbers, car registration numbers and full names. People have to be enlightened about this secretive operation that is occurring right in front of them. If these prophecies and miracles we see were real, we would see more people giving their lives to God, but instead we have a miracle—chasing generation. If all the churches were a true House of Prayer, all evil would have decreased by now. There would be no crime, marital problems, immorality, drug and alcohol abuse or prostitution.

I have operated as a General in the kingdom of darkness for many years. In the occult society, leaders use military ranks like General, Chief Commander, Major General, and other titles. I grew in power and fame, and the conditions of growing in this power were continual animal sacrifices before evil altars. I would bring sacrifices of animals to eight altars each week. My spiritual experience in the occult world was deep. I

was initiated and given an occult name Khatha-Khatha, which is discussed in the book. My occult experience is a living testimony and an eye-opener about these secretive powers controlling so many churches.

By revealing these schemes from hell and places I have travelled in search of these powers, a lot of lost and deceived people will be enlightened and restored. This is a great and challenging task to fulfil. I pray that as you are reading this book, you will experience deliverance, healing and understanding of God's Word through the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Ensure that you declare prayer points on the last page after reading this book.

CHAPTER 1

My Early Childhood

BIRTH AND BACKGROUND

I WAS BORN ON 13 January 1982 in Limpopo at the Pietersburg Hospital, which is now known as Polokwane Provincial Hospital. As people were busy making their New Year's resolutions, a baby boy was born to the Ramabulana family. Born in the same month as great leaders like Martin Luther King Junior and Elvis Presley, the young couple was filled with so much joy as they welcomed the birth of their firstborn male child after being married for a year. The eventful Friday morning of 13 January 1982 was marked as the official mother's and father's day for both AA Sinthumule and Joyce Masela Ramabulana. As my mother held her firstborn child in her arms for the first time, the whole atmosphere of the maternity ward was just filled with jubilation and so much celebration. She was exhausted, yet filled with so much joy and awe while staring at her little bundle of joy. This is how my mother always describes this magical moment of giving birth to me and holding me in her arms for the very first time.

From the very first day she gave birth to me, she believed that there was something special about me which she could not explain. She believed in her heart that I was just not an ordinary child, but a gift from God until this very day. It was right in that labour ward when she decided to dedicate my life to the Lord. As I cried, her face was filled with more delight and love that no words could ever describe. Her face was covered with tears of joy as she prayed for protection and favour upon my life and my future that lay ahead to be unfolded as years went by. My mother described how my loud cry faded away as she laid me on her chest. I think somehow my spirit connected with the powerful prayer she prayed in that maternity ward.

Both the Ramabulana and Setwaba families were overwhelmed by the birth of a male child who was to be named Makhado by his paternal grandmother. The good news spread like wildfire within our close family as everyone could not wait to see this child who was named after Chief Makhado Ramabulana who was the 19th century chief in the Singo dynasty of the Venda tribe. Chief Makhado Ramabulana was the youngest child of Khosi Ramabulana, and my grandmother saw it fit to name me after Chief Makhado Tshilwavhusiko (someone who fights at night) Ramabulana. This is not an ordinary name, but the name of a great warrior who fought and defended the Venda tribe during the Mphephu-Boer War in 1898. As I was born in a Christian family, my father also saw it fit to give me a second name that is associated with Christianity. My father gave me a second name, Freedom. Freedom was a name my father loved as it reminded him of a Zimbabwean missionary, musician and pastor by the name of Freedom Sengwayo who later changed his surname to Sithole before he passed on. The late Pastor Freedom Sengwayo was known and renowned for his musical gift in the 1980s and 1990s. I thought to myself that maybe when my father named me Freedom he aspired for me to become a well-known musician or a pastor like the late Pastor Freedom Sengwayo.

As a child who grew up in a Christian family, I was dedicated to God from the day I was born and was raised with Christian values and principles. After my parents got married, they moved to Thohoyandou in Venda, where my father was a pastor at a local church while my mother worked at a local shoe store. I think my mother developed her love for shoes from working at that shoe store in Venda, and her love for beautiful clothes and shoes is something that my younger sister, Phophi inherited from her.

CHURCH RITUALS

Due to my parents' s busy work schedule in the ministry and other engagements, my parents decided to move me to Seshego (a small township close to Polokwane) to stay with my grandmother and aunt for a little while. My grandmother (the late Koko Leah) was a St John Church prophetess by then, and her ministry had a strong influence of Mme

Christinah Mokotoli Nku. Growing up around my grandmother was a spiritual experience, which I realised affected my own spiritual life as an adult. When I stayed with my grandmother, I experienced being around different kinds of brass bands, church choral singing, African hymns and seeing various people dressed decently in church attire, coming for spiritual cleansing and consultations. Since my grandmother's church was fundamentally based on the doctrine of prophecy, I also saw a number of people coming to visit my grandmother for spiritual consultations which included prophecy, deliverance and healing. I remember one day where I had the opportunity to attend one of these African initiation church services that were hosted in my late aunt's (Rachel) house, a place I called my second home. On that Friday night, I recall people arriving with their bags and blankets as they came to attend a cross-night prayer service that was to be held in a small white and blue tent that was pitched next to the gate of my aunt's house. Some people came with their empty bottles of 5 litres and 2 litres with the intention of filling the bottles with what they believed to be Holy Water from my grandmother. My grandmother was given a title of 'Mmamosebeleksi' (Spiritual Mother) which was a title given to women who operated as prophets and helped people in getting their healing and listening to their prayer requests during consultations.

Koko Leah was highly regarded as a prophetess within her church before she became born again. In her former church as a prophetess she was regarded as a seer, healer and also a spiritual mother (Mmamosebeleksi). As a prophetess, she was viewed as someone who spoke divine words of wisdom and was also expected to carry out and perform the required priestly duties. It was believed that her priestly duties had the power to save and liberate people from sickness, oppression, barrenness and also to predict the future.

In her church, congregants believed that prophets and prophetesses were highly regarded as gifted individuals who were half-man or half-woman, and half-God. That Friday afternoon people started to arrive as taxis and private cars brought different people to the house. Most people who came to attend the cross-night services were women. As these women entered the yard, they would enter by singing wonderful hymns. As a young, curious boy I would watch them from the corner of the house as I secretly counted the number of cars parked outside while other church

members were seated under the tree, drinking tea and enjoying fresh scones that had been baked by my late aunt Rachel. My late aunt was such a hard worker and I remember how she cooked for all those guests alone. Our small house was now turned into a spiritual place where visitors would visit once a year for some spiritual upliftment and cleansing rituals.

THE CROSS-NIGHT PRAYER SERVICE (NIGHT VIGIL)

When the time came for the congregation to gather inside the tent to begin with their cross-night prayer service, one elderly woman dressed in a white church attire started to sing a song as she clapped her hands and walked towards the tent, followed by people making their way towards the tent. Since it was late in the evening, candles and paraffin lights were on. There were chairs and tables placed inside the tent. I remember seeing three white candles and three chairs that were reserved for church leaders who wore different attires to indicate that they were higher in rank than other congregants. The attire of the church leaders symbolised that they were the chosen ones. As my aunt pulled my cousin, little brother and me into the church tent, she had already wiped our faces with a wet cloth and put an extensive amount of Vaseline petroleum jelly on our faces and on our dusty feet. We were dressed in warm clothes and dragged along to the cross-night prayer service (night vigil). Since kids had no liberty to play during the church service, we (my little brother, cousin and I) found ourselves glued to our chairs. Our small feet could not even touch the ground when we sat on those black, plastic chairs. We spent the whole evening watching church members singing, dancing and others falling down under the influence of the so-called spirit that was operating during the cross-night service. We could see people making strange noises and actions with liberty, and we were so angry with my grandmother for not giving us permission to also play along, as we thought those sounds and actions were games. We eventually fell asleep due to fatigue and boredom.

We were taken back to the house after we had fallen asleep, and when we woke up the following morning, we found church members still singing and dancing in the small tent. This cross-night service was called 'Moletelo' (Night Vigil Service). After we had finished drinking tea that did not have enough sugar, my brother, cousin and I decided to go and play

in the neighbourhood. We walked past the small tent that was filled with spiritual people who spent the whole night singing, dancing, praying and reading the Word of God. As I entered the highly electrified atmosphere, I realised how most people (especially women) in the tent were dusty from head to toe, and their white gowns had turned brown due to the soil as they fell down under the spirit of that church. Only the church leaders who were seated on reserved chairs and table seemed clean and neat. Most people in the tent looked tired, dirty and hungry since they attended the night vigil service until dawn broke. They were all expected to stay awake because if people were seen to be sleeping, they would be told that they were rebellious and under a demonic attack.

WHEN OTHER KIDS WENT TO PLAY

As other kids ran to play, I was intrigued by what was happening in the tent. I registered every detail in my head at that tender age. After singing some songs, a few people were given time to share their testimonies and to explain what they had experienced during the service; most of these people seemed to be in a trance. Most people who testified were ladies who were regarded as more spiritual, and still undergoing a training process to become prophetesses. This spiritual trance took place when church members sang chant songs, hymns or psalms as the whole congregation would clap their hands. The sound of the clapping made a sweet melody that created a spiritual and electrifying atmosphere where those who were more spiritual, could sense the presence of the spirit and would allow the spirit to operate in their presence.

This spirit was referred to as the Holy Spirit by the congregation since it operated in church settings. As this spirit possessed people they fell down, and others would be convinced that it was the power of the Holy Spirit. They believed that the human spirit of the person possessed by this strange spirit was in contact with God.

When I was a kid I did not really understand what was going on, but as I grew in my spiritual journey all these episodes at my grandmother's place started to make sense. I started to fit all the puzzle pieces together later in my spiritual life. After the church service, members shared their testimonies or read a scripture from the Bible. The church members would

begin to pray facing east, where the sun rises. After everyone had prayed, one of the church leaders would be concluding all prayers with one prayer with the sole purpose of boosting the congregation's prayers and providing supplication with a stamp of authority. As we all closed our eyes and listened to the Bishop's prayer, he suddenly pitched a pleasant hymn with a melodic and heavy voice as he sang "Hosanna". As he prolonged the song the congregation joined him in soprano, alto and tenor voices as they all joined in harmony. As they sang, one would not determine if the congregation was hungry or tired, because of the energy they portrayed. At the end of the Hosanna song the bishop prayed the benediction prayer. When he said "Amen" the candles were blown out and the congregation took some of their chairs as they left their blankets and bags in the tent and walked slowly into the yard as tea was about to be served. Some of the congregants joined a queue to speak with my grandmother who in this case, was regarded as their spiritual mother and prophetess. They spoke to her one by one. These were the same people who spent the whole night in prayer and among whom some were even falling down under the influence of the spirit that was in the tent.

SPIRITUAL BATHING

As the elderly moved into the yard, a few people stayed behind in the tent to take a quick nap before eating breakfast. I quickly moved towards the special chairs that were allocated to the Bishop and other church leaders. I started to imitate how the Bishop preached and prayed. As I was making a joke about him, I was immediately reprimanded and called to order by some of the elders who remained in the tent; my voice was getting louder and louder while they were trying to get some rest. I then moved out of the tent and decided to go into the house, since the whole yard was full of church people who looked a bit worried and too spiritual. When I entered the house I realised my grandmother was holding a white chicken in her hands, and she moved towards the bathroom with the chicken still in her hands. I decided to follow her to investigate what was going to happen to the harmless chicken. The chicken kept on making a noise as if it sensed that its days were numbered. My grandmother entered the bathroom and closed the door, and she started to pour water into the bathtub. As the

chicken cried, I moved closer to the door. As a small boy I did not understand what was happening inside the bathroom. As I came closer to the bathroom door, my heart started to beat fast as I did not want my grandmother to realise that I was sneaking and eavesdropping on her consultation session.

I made sure that I walked carefully without making any sound. The floor was already wet because different people took turns in bathing in our small bathroom that could not really cater to such a number of people. As I placed my one ear onto the door, I made sure that I stood in a position that would enable me to run away quickly should my grandmother open the door. As I listened attentively, I realised that the cry of the white chicken was starting to fade away. “What happened to the chicken?” I asked myself, but I did not have answers. I heard my grandmother praying and calling the angel of Mme Christina Nku. My ear was glued to the door, and with both my legs ready to jump in case my grandmother opened the door, my grandmother appeared. I was caught red-handed as I did not expect her to open the door by that time. When I realised that I had been caught red-handed, I immediately came with a quick excuse and gave her a very sad facial expression and complained about my aching stomach. I held my stomach tightly and cried hysterically, as I was scared of being beaten. I cried out and said, “Koko, ke loma ke mala,” (grandmother, my stomach is aching). My trick worked successfully because my grandmother sympathised with me and did not beat me or shout at me. I think she suspected that the baked scones we had eaten caused the aching stomach. She looked at me and said, “Don’t worry ngwana ngwanaka (my grandchild), you will be okay,” as she walked away to the kitchen with the dead chicken in her one hand.

As she passed me, I got up and walked into the bathroom trying to see what kind of water she was using in the bathroom. The water was so dirty and it had chicken blood and some colourful powder. As I put my hand in the water, I realised that the water was extremely cold. Three white candles had also been kindled in the bathroom. I quickly walked out of the bathroom as my grandmother returned with a woman who was about to bath with the strange-looking water. I heard my grandmother giving special instructions on how to wash away senyama (bad luck) that seemed to be following this woman. I stared at this woman and thought maybe my

grandmother was referring to the dirty and dusty white attire the woman was wearing. I remembered that the woman was one of the women who had fallen down during the all-night church service in the tent.

I marched out of the house and ran away, forgetting completely that I had claimed to be sick. I ran as fast as I could, trying to find my cousin and brother who were playing black mampatile (hide-and-seek) in the neighbourhood. I ran with my sandals that were preventing me from running fast. I felt as if the shoes were delaying me from sharing this juicy news with my cousin and brother. I wanted to explain every detail of what I had seen in the bathroom while they were playing outside. The white chicken kept on ringing in my head. I was about to tell them the most interesting news of the day. I looked for my cousin Leah and brother Rendani as I felt they also had to hear this white chicken story since I could not keep it to myself. I called my cousin Leah who was dressed in her pink dress and my brother in his brown trousers with a striped blue shirt. All the children were dressed neatly as our house was hosting visitors; we were dressed for the occasion. They all stared at me and I started relaying full details of what had happened to the harmless white chicken. As I narrated the story, both my cousin and brother placed their small hands on their lips and opened their mouths wide and they seemed to be enjoying every detail of the news. The only response my cousin uttered was “Eeeeh” (oh my God), and my brother shook his head and said he will never ever eat chicken in his life. Whenever I share my childhood memories with people, they always wonder how I managed to remember such events in full detail. I always reply by saying: “Only my inner spirit knows.”

CHAPTER 2

My Spiritual Journey

BACKGROUND

MY PARENTS WERE pastoring in the Apostolic Faith Mission, Dzanani Assembly in the 1980s and later on my father responded to a call to go and pastor at another assembly that was located in a township called Lebowakgomo-Section A in Limpopo. They had to relocate from Venda and rented a house close to the new assembly. We moved from Venda to Lebowakgomo, and it was around that time that my father decided that I would not be staying with my grandmother anymore as her church doctrines clashed with our family beliefs and doctrines to a great extent. Matters worsened on the day I asked my mother why she did not come to granny to bath as a lot of people were flocking there. When she asked what I meant by bathing, I relayed the white chicken story I had told my cousin and brother. When my mother broke the news to my father they decided that we would now stay with them (my parents) full-time and only visit grandmother during school holidays or weekends. My mother and father made it their mission to stand in the gap for my grandmother by praying for her without ceasing from that day onwards. Their prayers were answered after so many years. My grandmother accepted Jesus Christ as her personal saviour after so many years of prayer. The day my grandmother was born again, a certain pastor from one of our local townships was preaching at my father's church and my grandmother was there to visit us. On that Sunday morning, we saw my grandmother giving her life fully to the Lord. From that day she decided to do away with the slaughtering of chickens, consultations and cleansing of people until the day she went to be with the Lord.

CHRISTIAN VALUES TAUGHT AS CHILDREN

Growing up and staying full-time with my parents was a true blessing to my siblings and me, as we grew up in a family where we were taught pure Christian values and morals from a tender age. We were forced to attend Sunday school classes with other children where we were taught so many Bible stories. There is one particular story I used to enjoy, the story of David and Goliath. I was fascinated by how an ordinary boy like David would conquer a big giant like Goliath. My Sunday school teacher would say David conquered as the presence of God was always with him. Our Sunday school teacher made sure that she explained all biblical stories in such a way that we as young children would understand her. We also attended a lot of church services and crusades as our parents did not have a nanny to babysit us at home. I remember one evening when my mother took my brother Rendani and me to a church service. We did not hesitate to tag along with her as the evening church service was different from the ones we used to attend when I stayed with my grandmother. We were looking forward to enjoying the wonderful sound that came from keyboards, drums and bass guitars. The music prompted us to look forward to the church service. When we arrived at the church with our mother, the worship team and the sound engineers were testing the sound just before the main prayer service commenced. I quickly ran to take the microphone that was placed at the podium as the sound engineer was testing other microphones. My mother was busy greeting other church members who had arrived a bit early and sat at the back. As my mother who was the pastor's wife greeted them with a smile and gave them hugs, I took the microphone as my brother Rendani went straight to the keyboard. As I took hold of the microphone, I was not aware that the microphone was already on and connected to the church's PA system. At a tender age I could remember and recall most sermons preached at church. With a microphone in my hand, I faced the empty chairs and looked at my mother who was in conversation with some of her church members.

I began to shout "Fire, fire," and this excited my brother and I as he was busy fiddling with the keyboard. I called him and said: "Rendani look." As he looked at me, I was so confident that what I was about to do and say would work, since I saw many pastors doing it as well. As my brother looked at me, I called my mother who was still standing at the back engaged in a conversation while holding her small, brown blanket

and her handbag. I shouted at my mother and said: “Mma, you must shout if you can hear me at the back.” She looked at me and then continued with her conversation at the back. I started to shout “Fire, fire,” again and suddenly everyone looked at me and started to laugh hysterically. I felt embarrassed and disappointed as I did not get the results I expected. I continued to shout “Fire, fire,” again and again with an expectation that this “fire” would alert my mother at the back. My wish was to see her rolling on the floor, but unfortunately nothing happened, and the only fire I received came from a clip on the ear I received from the sound engineer. As you continue to read the book, you will see how the word “fire” was of huge significance in my ministry.

When the service began we both sat next to our mother on the front seats. The worship team started singing and we joined in and danced. When the time to pray arrived we also prayed as we were taught how to pray and we even changed our postures as we saw how preachers always changed postures and the tone of their voices when they prayed. We knelt down as we wanted to imitate my mother as she knelt down on the floor and began to pray. I also knelt down just like her and started to talk with my eyes closed. After a few minutes I just did not know what to say to God anymore. I opened my eyes and peeped at my mom with my tiny hands on my face. To my surprise I found her still praying. She was deeply engaged in prayer as I saw tears rolling down her cheeks and the tone of her voice just made me cry and worry about her.

After we had prayed and listened to the sermon of the evening, we sang a short song and closed the church service with benediction prayer. After church, all the church members greeted and hugged each other as it was the custom to do that after church. My brother and I were standing close to my mother and followed her everywhere as this was a new church, and we were not familiar with the people and the Northern Sotho language as we could only speak Venda.

THE PASTOR’S CHILDREN

When we arrived home, our mother prepared warm food for us; she prepared porridge (pap) with scrambled eggs that were mixed with tomatoes and onions. When she finished preparing our meal she called us

into the kitchen. We moved from the sitting room and followed each other in the candlelight which was not bright since we did not have electricity. When my brother and I took our plates that were presented with love, we returned to the semi-dark sitting room and sat down. The small television we had was off as the car battery we used to recharge the TV with was very low. We were waiting for one gentleman from our church who used to help us recharge the car battery. As we were sitting and enjoying the meal, my dad took out our old cassette player and decided to play some gospel songs. He played his favourite song by Pastor Jimmy Swaggart entitled “let your living water flow over my soul”. This song still has a sentimental value for me even to this day. Whenever the song finished, my brother was the one who went to the cassette player and pressed the rewind button.

After dinner, we were forced to go to bed to save the candle for the next day. My parents always encouraged us to pray before sleeping in order for the witches and demons not to attack us at night. We went to our room and jumped into our beds and covered ourselves with blankets and then prayed. The sound of the zinc roof used to scare us a lot and we would shout ‘Fire, fire of God!’ whenever we heard the sound. The sound of the zinc roof was a result of the heat of the sun being absorbed by the zinc during the day, and at night when the zinc turned cold, it reacted by making a very strange sound as if someone was throwing stones on the roof. As kids we thought demons or witches were jumping on top of the zinc. We covered ourselves with blankets and closed our eyes tightly until we fell asleep.

SET APART AS A CHILD

I remember one morning I woke up so confused by a dream I had had that night. I quickly ran to my parents’ room to explain what I had seen in the dream. My father was so good at interpreting dreams and visions. Ever since I was a small boy, I would dream different kinds of dreams and some dreams confused me.

Every night we would say a prayer that my mother’s aunt, Koko Selina taught us (Ke sa le o Monyane thekga pelo yaka go se tsene motho, go tsene Jeso fela. Amen), which meant (I’m still young lord, guard my heart; no one should enter my heart, but Jesus only). We were taught that prayer

was a weapon to protect us from all kinds of evil spirits at night. As children we did not even understand what demons or evil spirits were. During that night I remember seeing myself seated in the same room in which I was sleeping. I was sitting on the edge of the bed as I looked at myself in the mirror that was next to me. As my eyes were looking at the mirror, I suddenly saw a bright shining light that was shining from underneath the bedroom door from my left side. As I turned and faced the bedroom door to look at this golden, shining, radiant light coming from underneath our bedroom door, I looked in amazement while my mouth opened a bit as I saw a man dressed in a white gown and encircled by a glowing light. The light came from his face, hands and feet. It seemed as if his entire body was enveloped in this bright light.

This man walked towards me with a golden vessel in his hand; in the dream I was not terrified, but very jubilant and filled with love for this figure. This was a very special kind of a feeling which I could not explain in words. I suddenly saw this man pouring what seemed like golden liquid on my head as I closed my eyes. I then started to cry in the dream. As I raised my head, I saw this figure moving back to the door. As he turned and faced the door, I saw this light that filled the room fading away as the figure was disappearing. I suddenly woke up from this dream and realised that I had tears all over my face. The dream felt so real, but I then realised that it had just been a dream.

After explaining the dream to my parents, my father told me that what I had experienced was a spiritual dream, and the figure I saw was a heavenly being that came to anoint me. I then asked my dad to explain what he meant by anointing me. He then explained that it meant that I was identified and chosen to work for God in his kingdom. My father's words became a powerful seed that kept on growing within me. Whenever I dreamt of preaching to people, it would confirm to me that I was really chosen by God for his good work. As I grew up, I started to develop a strong passion for ministry, and somehow I believed it when people at my father's church called me 'morutinyana' (small pastor). My mother would dress my brother and me in small formal suits and ties, and that was when people would jokingly say we were small pastors, and I would believe them and take their words to heart. To me, those words were not just jokes, but I kept them growing within me.

CHAPTER 3

Life After Bible School

EARLY TRAINING

THE YEAR WE graduated from Bible College most of my classmates were well prepared for ministry work. We all thought that ministering required a theological qualification only. I remember how most of my classmates had drawn down the vision of building successful ministries. We were young and full of passion and the fire of God. We were ready to bring a radical change within the Body of Christ on earth. Most of my classmates started referring to themselves by church leadership titles such as bishops, evangelists, apostles and prophets when we had graduated. No occult names were used there as our theological teachings were influenced by both the Pentecostal and charismatic background. We believed in the fivefold ministry that was used by God to build and edify the Body of Christ.

During my time at the Bible school, I was called an evangelist, and I liked the title very much as it was associated with great evangelists of our time. The evangelistic title was influenced by the evangelical movement during that time. The gospel of the cross was preached with real passion, and we saw how people were healed, saved and delivered when they were introduced to Jesus Christ. The name of Jesus was the only name used to heal and deliver. When I completed my studies at Bible College, I remember how I established a church in the middle of the city. I remember a voice speaking to me to establish a church in the CBD (Central Business District) of Pretoria. I believed the voice of God and feared nothing at a very young age.

After we had graduated from Bible school, most of my classmates ventured into the ministry. Some joined their home churches, some established their own independent ministries, and I lost contact with others. Most young preachers believed so much in independent ministries

rather than serving in a denomination. It is evident that there are facts and sound reasons why most influential pastors left serving in denominations and ventured into independent churches. Among our generation, we saw how these independent ministries flourished. Non-denominational churches were growing at a faster rate than denominational churches. Most denominational churches were associated with old traditions, and young preachers usually thought that old traditions would deter or slow their visions.

Today, as I am writing this book, I can clearly say that the enemy has captured the church of God because we lost our Godly traditions and principles in our churches. Some modern churches believe that traditional methods are irrelevant. As I grew in my progress in the ministry, I came to the realisation that some of the old traditions saved us from being tricked by the enemy during our time at the Bible College. We were taught church history to know the importance of knowing where the church movement originated. Church theology helped us to understand different doctrines in the church. We paid attention to the church tradition which is not just historical text that we can learn from, but a wall that blocks false teachings and false doctrines by the body of Christ. Church tradition assisted us to get a better understanding of exactly where our belief system originated, why we sang and prayed the way we did.

PLANTING A CHURCH AFTER BIBLE SCHOOL

When I established my first church in the city, I had a long list of potential church members. I had people in mind whom I thought would support the vision I had. Having a good vision is good, but it does not mean that a good vision is guaranteed to flourish. I have seen a lot of ministries with great visions, enthusiasm and potential, rising and falling. Most of these ministries are non-denominational or independent churches. When I established my ministry, the future looked very bright and promising. I never knew what lay ahead and all I had was my trust in God. I remember fasting and praying for the launch of this ministry. As I shared my vision with those who were spiritually enlightened and matured, most of them advised me on the importance of prayer in the ministry. I took my time

reading books addressing effective ways of establishing a church. Most of the books I read were influenced by the western context.

Through my journey in the ministry I realised that sometimes God will use your experience to be a lesson or to be used as research for others. A few months before the church launch, I attended the launch of another church in my hometown. The service was well organised with perfect decorations, a worship team, sound, great speakers and food. I remember one pastor preaching on the subject “You are tested to be trusted.” It was the most memorable launch and the whole set-up of seeing a new venue, a new worship team and a new vision with new members excited and inspired me. After attending this launch, I started to plan my own launch. I went back to the city to secure a venue and other important things. As I was in the city I met an anointed musician I had met some years before at a stadium crusade. I shared my vision with him and he loved my vision. We prayed and started to plan the launching service together. The connection and brotherly love I had for Jay Mbiza was like that of David and Jonathan in the Bible. 1 Samuel 18:1, “After David had finished talking with Saul, Jonathan became one in spirit with David, and he loved him as himself.”

Jay Mbiza had been there when I ventured into ministry, since my humble beginnings. He was responsible for the whole worship team and the sound system of the church. He soldiered on in the field with me until he left the ministry to venture into his music career. Jay Mbiza remained a friend throughout the ups and downs of my ministry and he believed so much in my vision and theological gifts, as much as I believed in his music gift. When God delivered me from the occult world, I remember how I sat down with him to tell him how I wanted to continue working for the Kingdom of God with all of my heart and how I wanted to return back to the ministry field in full force. Jay Mbiza encouraged me by saying “I believe in the vision that the Lord has placed in your heart and I always believed that you would bounce back, no matter what.” Years after returning back to the ministry and after my fall and deliverance from the occult world, I remember how Jay Mbiza invited my wife and me to be guests of honour in one of his live show recording events in Pretoria CBD. A lot of people struggled to accept me back into the ministry after my

deliverance from occult practices, but people like Jay Mbiza welcomed me back with brotherly love.

THE LAUNCH OF MY FIRST CHURCH

The day of the launch finally arrived. Invitations were received and accepted, and posters were all over the city to invite potential members. The event was sponsored by family, my home church and friends. It was the launch of a new ministry with a big future ahead of it. The event went very well and we had a large number of attendees. Most young preachers think the number of church members is important because it is through numbers where some determine if their vision will impact the community or not. Today most churches are interested in how big their auditorium is; pastors are respected by the number of followers they have. I later understood that for a ministry to succeed it is not about filling the dome or by how many overflow halls you have. Ministry is successful when souls receive Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour and Lord.

CHAPTER 4

Powers

PASTORING IN SOSHANGUVE

I PASTORED IN A school class hall in Pretoria CBD for just a year then relocated to a township in the northern side of Pretoria called Soshanguve. I strongly believed and was convinced that I was moving into a land flowing with milk and honey. I strongly believed that this relocation would enable our church to be a full-fledged church that would have all kinds of departments such as men's and sisters' fellowships, home cell, youth department, Sunday school ministry and a department that took care of the needs of the elderly and poor. I grew up in a Christian family, and I studied and observed how my parents ran their ministry and I thought I had seen and known it all. My church was based on the Word of God and sound Christian doctrines that were rooted in the Bible and the Holy Spirit when I started. I was taught at the Bible College that when a person establishes a church, he should remember that Jesus Christ had already laid a foundation and no man can lay any other foundation.

As I proceeded with the work in the Soshanguve township, some of the good tips and advice I received from the Bible School started to fade away as I concentrated too much on building the new congregation and retaining church members, rather than on attending intercession gatherings, pastoral seminars and training. Pastoral seminars are good as they expand one's pastoral knowledge and enable one to deal with the forever-changing community. I never sought counselling from anyone, as I was on my own and ran my own independent ministry and had no one to account to. I was my own boss and did what was right in my eyes. Instead of investing in my pastoral career by enrolling in leadership and ethics courses, I found myself raising money to travel to countries in Africa to obtain anointing and more powers. As a young pastor, who now envied people who operated

as prophets, I also wanted to be called a prophet; hence I became obsessed with visiting experienced spiritualists around Africa for powers.

I started to network and associate with other prophets who had no theological training as they did not believe in a study discipline, but in miracles. This group of prophets did not believe in submitting to anyone and that caused most of them to become rebellious to any authority. What attracted me to them was their rich practical experience that seemed to be flourishing, overshadowing all the theological terms and theories I had acquired at Bible College. They lived such glamorous and luxurious lifestyles, and most of them were school dropouts. My association with them convinced me that ministry can make an ordinary person like me wealthy and I could live my dream. Some of those prophets were even given honorary doctorates, even though some of them had dropped out of school, from primary and high school.

When I tried to practise all the knowledge I obtained from the Bible College, I sensed a feeling that my church was just growing at a slow rate, while these prophets were just living comfortably and travelling the country in the fastest and most expensive cars. I thought to myself that maybe the syllabus from the Bible College was outdated and the library had only old books that did not apply to the current times. I was not aware that God wanted me to exercise patience and to have faith in what he had planned for me. My finances were also starting to affect the ministry and my life in general.

Financial pressure from an independent church has crippled many pastors and some ended up leaving the ministry to pursue other things. In my circle I could observe how some pastors survived this financial pressure and strain by changing from being ordinary pastors into becoming prophets who performed mind-blowing miracles. I also fell into this trap, where I found myself succumbing to the advice of friends who did not have any theological training; they claimed that being called a pastor was outdated and I should upgrade into being called a prophet.

I remember how, in Bible School during our Missiology lecture, we once discussed why we see a lot of trained and highly qualified pastors dropping out of ministry or church, and one student suggested that some were never 'called for duty' in the first place, but a lot of students suggested that it was due to lack of experience and patience in the field of

ministry. Over the years I have discovered that life in the ministry differs from one congregation to the other, but finances and church growth are the most common problems faced by many pastors. The Bible college trained us to become great community leaders but forgot to emphasise the importance of continuing with vocational training and being close to God even after graduating. Training is important when one is in ministry, as a person will be trained on how to stand firm even when going through challenges in the ministry. Most church leaders succumb to the financial pressure they meet in ministry.

PRESSURE IN THE MINISTRY

One day as I was seated on the passenger seat talking to one of my friends who operated as a prophet, I heard someone addressing him as ‘doctor’ and I wondered when and how he acquired such a qualification with a busy schedule like his. The prophet used to travel from one place to another, performing miracles through his prophetic ministry. I suspected that he might have bought or bribed someone to obtain the title of ‘doctor,’ but I let it go as I did not want to burden myself with other people’s hidden agendas. As we were driving, I could feel the surge of excitement as I also wanted to experience this fast life and to see myself driving an SUV car, and being respected because of the title of ‘doctor’. I kept on looking and admiring the beauty of his German SUV car, I could not take my eyes off the interior of the car. The quality of the car and its interior just left me in full admiration of this friend of mine; the quality of the leather seats and the luxurious massaging seats and heated armrests were just out of this world. The seats of the car and the sunroof were embroidered with the logo of the car.

As I looked at the back seat, I again saw a lot of valuable items like the most expensive cell phones, watches, designer jackets and shoes and very expensive laptops. I asked my friend where he had obtained all these items from. He responded by saying that he received all those valuable items from a tent crusade. I quickly asked him to keep the items safe, because if police officers would stop his car he might be suspected of theft as his black car with black tinted windows looked like cars used for bank robberies or transit heists. He then told me that his car boot was full and

he had no space to hide all those items that were on the back seat of the car. He told me to open the front cabinet of the car and I saw a lot of thick white envelopes which contained an undisclosed amount of money that he had received from his recent tent crusade. When I saw all these envelopes, I thought to myself that God made his cup to overflow.

“I commanded people to give their Isaac seeds and I made sure that every single person offered, even by force, in that tent crusade, and those who did not give were commanded to borrow money, and they did”, said the prophet as we were driving in his luxurious and head-turning SUV car. He quoted from 2 Kings 4:3. I replied by saying “You are indeed a mastermind doctor in this field.” I was not sure if I should just keep quiet or rebuke him for manipulating innocent people as I envied his lifestyle. He then laughed so loudly, as he instructed me to take one phone from the back seat as he was planning to take all the phones and electronics he received at the tent crusade to a pawn shop in town. Ministry seemed to look promising and bright whenever I was with this prophet; it was far more exciting than when I was sitting at home and meditating on the Word of God and His promises. Now and then ‘Dr Prophet’ would receive calls from people who seemed to be complaining or who were not pleased about something that went wrong and ‘Dr Prophet’ would threaten the callers with scary curses and a life without peace. Most people are afraid of curses by a prophet as they believe that a curse would complicate their entire lives. This made me realise that their followers were gripped by fear and they were forced to obey their prophets as they operated like half-God and half-men, addressing ordinary people who were not rooted in the Word of God.

As he dropped me off at my residential place, he gave me professionally designed posters of his next crusades. The layout and graphic design of the poster were very eye-catching and a good marketing tool for this upcoming crusade. The poster had before and after photos of people who were healed and delivered during many of his previous crusades. These photos were classified as evidence of testimonies. There was a photo entitled ‘before’ and it showed a person with a terrible wound and next to it was an after photo with the wound cleaned and healed. The content and the design of the poster was a crowd puller to this tent crusade in itself. There was a photo where a woman was standing next to a very big

house together with her children and thanking the prophet for his prayers that took her out of a small house into an expensive and big house. The next photo had an old man who was standing next to a wheelchair claiming that he had been healed by the prophet, and the last photo had a woman holding three babies and the lady claimed that medical doctors had confirmed her to be barren and that she would neither conceive nor bear children in her entire life. After the prophet's prayers, she claimed to have received her miracle of triplets.

As no one tested the authenticity of these so-called miracles for the gullible and unsuspecting eyes, every testimony looked convincing and true as it was done by the so-called prophet of God. As we opened the door of this SUV car I could see passers-by staring at the interior and exterior of the car. It was a car that you will rarely see in our neighbourhood. The prophet then gave me an envelope with R500 inside and he told me that I would see what I would do with the money. In my mind I knew that I would buy something for my family and me to eat. He told me that he was rushing to meet his girlfriend who happened to be a wife of one of the pastors with whom he had held his tent crusade some years ago. I looked at him with so many questions in my head and did not respond as he was my senior in ministry, but I could not stop admiring the beauty of his car as he took off. I heard a very powerful sound as he changed the gears of his car and took off, and some of the boys who were passing by clapped their hands and whistled in admiration.

I wondered how he managed to acquire this kind of wealth in such a very short period of his prophetic ministry. As I stepped into my reality, everything seemed to be blurry and heavy and deep in my heart I started to feel discouraged and even doubted my gift and calling. I wondered why those who follow God's ways and principles and did everything according to the book, seemed to be stuck compared to those who were breaking all the rules and principles of the Bible. As the evening approached, I started receiving messages of apology for the home cell service that was to be held that evening. Most people had other commitments to attend to, but I suspected the cold weather as the cause of absenteeism as our cell group service was held in the church tent. I started to have discouraging thoughts, and I asked myself these questions: "Here I am and every service I conducted was not effective; the church growth was slow and just

attracting a lot of young people and children. I had a church leadership that I chose in order for them to support the heartfelt vision, but those leaders I regarded as pillars of the church and on whom I relied, were losing interest and leaving the church to join other ministries.” I felt really broken to depart from some members who started the work with me. I appeared to be in control in the public eye, but behind closed doors I gradually felt the pinch of people leaving the church.

Reality forced me to think of other ways to boost my church and ministry as I wanted to prove to those who left that I could survive without them. I thought to myself that people would leave one-by-one and I wondered how I would maintain and support my young family. All this pressure of ministry led me into being closer to a group of prophets who stayed in upmarket houses and lived flamboyant lives, while I felt stuck in the township. This group of prophets did not have time to pray, did not read the Word of God, nor meditated on the Word of God as they spent most of their time talking about the richest pastors and prophets and about the expensive cars and properties they owned. They idolised all those controversial and international pastors and prophets. I gradually lost focus on the work with which the Lord entrusted me when I became closer to this circle of friends. I also had my own perception of how ministry should be tackled, and I could pick up certain unholy actions that were practised by these men, but I still wanted to learn more about their international trips of visiting their so-called spiritual fathers for powers. Most of their conversations revolved around prosperity and on how God blessed them with abundant material wealth. Their gospel focused on material things and wealth. Some of their doctrines were not scriptural, but they seemed to be working for them as they looked to be progressing in life. Unsound doctrines became the order of the day, and they claimed to have powers to curse and to command miracles with their tongues and to have a large number of followers. All the things they had acquired sounded and looked like what I had been praying and searching for during the cold and long nights of prayer in my church tent.

As a mortal man who was struggling in ministry, I envied the kind of powers these prophets possessed and I wanted to experience what they were experiencing. As the saying goes: “If you want to know the direction, ask those who have travelled the route before.” Our friendship grew and I

began to adopt some of their doctrines and lifestyle in order to be part of them and for them to reveal their sources of power. I however knew that their kind of power was not from God as they practised unsound doctrines. I wanted to travel to the places to which they travelled, and return with those powers they testified about.

ENQUIRING ABOUT POWERS

One day I asked one of the closest friends of Dr Prophet who also experienced the ‘second touch’ as it was usually called by them, how they obtained this second touch. They believed that the first touch usually happens when you receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour, and the second touch happens when you obtain powers from a particular person or spiritualist. The closest friend of Dr Prophet was free enough to claim that, since he received the second touch and impartation he had seen huge changes in his ministry and finances increased within a short period of time. His story challenged me as the man did not even have any proper training from a Bible College; he used to play a keyboard at his church but was later introduced to this kind of operation when he travelled with this prophetic friend of mine in tent crusades. Dr Prophet was a powerful and eloquent preacher, and his friend used to play melodic and touching keyboard hymns when he preached.

After my serious conversation with this keyboard player who was now a prophet, I told myself that I would raise money to make sure that I would go and get this ‘second touch’ and impartation in Nigeria. The keyboard player turned prophet said he had seen so many people visiting his country to obtain powers and upon their return, their ministries would take a different turn that seemed prosperous. He mentioned that business people, presidents, politicians, pastors, celebrities, musicians, herbalists and traditional doctors visited particular places in Nigeria that he knew, and they would return with powers to be famous, to be voted into top positions, to be wealthy, and to have miracle and prophetic powers after their encounters. I was listening to the self-made prophet with so much interest and enthusiasm to become blessed with this second touch as well.

I saw going to Nigeria as an opportunity to obtain this impartation. I did not even reveal my plan to my wife as I knew that she would be

against the whole change of direction. I raised money to pay my single entry visa. When my visa was released, my prophet friend told me that where we were going, was where most prophets and influential people obtain their powers, I became really excited. This friend of mine gave me two options regarding this change of direction I wanted to take to boost my ministry. The first option was to visit few international pastors and prophets who had mega churches in Nigeria who would lay their hands on me to be powerful, and the second option was to travel to the places where he and most powerful prophets obtained their powers instantly.

As a pastor I knew that I could not waste the money I raised for both of us to get air tickets, accommodation and food just for a person to lay his hands on me. I then suggested that we should go and obtain powers at the places to which prophets flocked. I then told him that I would visit these mega churches after accomplishing my mission of obtaining powers. The only thing I was afraid of was to be prophesied on TV publicly as most of these mega churches usually broadcast their church services on TV. My friend looked at me and laughed hysterically. When I asked why he had found the whole thing funny, he replied by saying, “Do you think what you see on most of these TV channels is real and true?” I said: “Yes, television can’t lie,” and my friend said: “Don’t worry, even if we can go to these televised miracle churches you won’t be prophesied upon since you will have ‘belonged’ and turned into one of us by then.” I became a bit confused by what he said and then I brushed it aside.

I then asked about these people who were caught in a church and were labelled as witches on TV screens publicly. My experienced friend said such miracles were usually staged in order to promote how powerful the presiding prophet or the senior prophet is. “What?” I asked myself. “Do you mean that even those old women who surrender their Juju powers to the prophet and cry bitterly on the stage are also a scam?” I asked. “Yes, it is well rehearsed and arranged for televangelism purposes, and all these things are called to be the work of the ‘Man of God’ ”, he said. That is when I realised, all this time people were being fed lies and staged performances in the banner of prophecy and miracles. Then the prophet said: “Don’t worry, I will teach you all the tricks of this game since you have a willing heart and are eager to learn.”

CHAPTER 5

Nigeria

PREPARING TO TRAVEL TO NIGERIA

WHEN MY VISA was approved I looked forward to the day when I would board an International flight for the very first time. It is a pity that my first flight travel was for the wrong reasons. As I was preparing for my trip, I had already prepared my wife that I would be visiting Nigeria for prayer and an International Pastors Conference and since she wanted the best for me, she supported me and wished me well as I would be travelling. She was not aware that the sole mission of my trip was to obtain powers. All my Christian life I never thought I would be tempted to the point of succumbing to the pressure of a life like that.

Babalola, the spiritualist I wanted to visit, told me to send more money as he had to buy things for my consultation. I promised to send the money the following day since he sounded eager to help me. He promised to buy powerful cleansing items with the money before my arrival. Babalola believed that one should be cleansed first before the actual occult initiation. I was told that one of their members named General Tom would bring items to bathe with before arrival. This member used a military rank title. Occult groups use titles and names according to ranks and levels of the individual in the group. Other occult groups use titles similar to military ranks (Commander, Chief of Staff, General or Major). The more people you initiate under you, the more your rank is elevated. I was called General when I operated as a prophet.

The spiritualist told me that the spiritual bath would remove all negative spirits following me and would make me a newborn person. Occultism is a secretive religion with hidden knowledge, and this hidden knowledge must be kept a secret. Most people join occultism with a view that it is a Church of God. The spiritual bath contained a collection of sacred muti and black soap. The magical ingredients were believed to

remove evil spirits which were claimed to be the cause of all misfortune in a person's life. You were required to bath from head to toe. The bathing of the head symbolised cleansing of destiny, after bathing with the water you were required to sprinkle the yard where you stayed with the dirty water. I was given time for this spiritual bathing. Occultism is governed by numerous rules and instructions ('Ditaelo' is one of the known South African terms); you do not act as you please, you obey orders. The occult world uses the so-called spiritual bathing or baptism in the river as one of their initiation methods.

The day came when I was seated and busy with spiritual consultation in my shrine when the parcel from General Tom from the occult group arrived. This was the day Babalola called and asked if I received the spiritual cleansing packages and instructions. I accepted the neatly wrapped box and did not want anyone including my wife to see what was inside the box as it was from a secret society. I took the bath that evening and it was a very terrible bath as my whole body started to itch. The itching convinced me that the unclean spirit was being washed away. Immediately after bathing, I took the dirty water and sprinkled it around the yard. My flight was scheduled to take off that same evening.

ARRIVAL IN NIGERIA

When we arrived in Nigeria, I started to think about how the media and the movie industry portrayed this country in a bad light, as a very overcrowded, and a dangerous country that practised black magic to the core. The country was known for all notorious things like drugs, money laundering, human trafficking and witchcraft. When I entered the country I never thought those kinds of things would happen to me. Maybe my bravery was due to the fact that I was already under a powerful juju spell as I was already given black soap that was mixed with some strange smelling muti to bath with a few weeks before the trip to Nigeria. This black soap was couriered from Nigeria to South Africa and I received it by post. The black soap was intended to cleanse me from all unwanted and evil spirits, but to my surprise, ever since I started using the black soap I never questioned my prophet friend who introduced me to this cultic Kingdom of Darkness. I never doubted what he had said and I was not

aware that most of my decisions were forcefully manipulated by the evil force that was on the black soap.

When I arrived at Murtala Muhammed International Airport after an eight-hour flight, I moved around and spoke like a zombie as my will was already confined within me ever since I had bathed with the black soap. The weather of that country was extremely hot and I thought I would die of heat or dehydration. I felt that I was far from home. We waited for a couple of hours for our luggage at the luggage carousel. I waited patiently with other passengers and it was during the waiting that I realised that most of the people were heading to a certain church that was popular in my country. I could hear some talking about the church and how it helped a lot of people from our country. When the bags took long to arrive, I started to panic and to be impatient but my friend reminded me what their country was like so I could just relax.

As soon as I saw my luggage, I grabbed it quickly and loaded it onto the trolley together with my hand luggage. As the sliding door opened automatically, I was greeted with loud voices of people talking so aggressively, the noise sounded like people were fighting, but their facial expressions of jubilation proved me wrong. My friend, who was originally from there, then said in his pigeon English accent, "Welcome to Niger, my brother." Since it was already in the evening, we took one of the metered taxis and drove to the city.

MY LAGOS EXPERIENCE

When we arrived in the busiest city in Africa, Lagos, we were confronted by a lot of noise, cars hooting non-stop and the most terrible traffic congestion I have ever seen. Men and women were travelling by bikes and street hawkers were still selling on the streets. The whole place reminded me of an area in my country called Sunnyside, in Pretoria.

I was fascinated by a man who was riding a bike wearing a white helmet on his head. There was a woman holding onto the guy at the back and the very same woman was carrying a baby at her back and also carrying one big load of things on her head. This bike was trying to find its way by passing through two yellow minibuses. Lagos looked overpopulated to me and some street vendors were selling their

merchandise to customers who were already in moving buses. Young boys were also running around the street bare-chested and dressed in brown trousers and shouting, “pure water for sale.”

My eyes glowed with excitement when I saw a board on which was written guest house, and I knew that we had arrived at our sleeping place for the night since it was already late and we were tired. The accommodation was already paid and the bike driver assisted us in carrying our bags inside the guest house. Since my friend knew some of the people there as it was his hometown, he paid the driver and asked the driver to return the following morning to drive us around, since we were there on a very important mission. The driver then gave us a sly smile and agreed to join us the following day to travel to this mission. I thought the driver might have suspected why we came there, as my friend introduced me as a pastor to him.

A CULT OF PRIESTS

The following morning, we visited a particular priest who belonged to a certain cult known as a cult for priests. We were on a mission to visit most of these secret societies that give people powers and wealth. When we arrived at the house of one old man who was also a priest in that cult, he welcomed us and made us feel at home. I then started to ask the priest about their cult and how one can affiliate. The priest told me how he had travelled on his spiritual journey for 20 years searching for religious truth and enlightenment that took him through Christianity, the Islamic faith and finally to this cult. This cult was a religion that had its own priests. One had to go through a spiritual initiation to be a member of this cult. I then asked him if it was possible to become a Christian pastor and secretly become a member of this cult, and the old man replied by saying most people who are called Christian prophets have been initiated as priests of this cult in their country and still practise Christianity in their countries.

I then asked if these two powers could fight each other. The old man with his white hair looked at me and said their cult was powerful and he kept on emphasising that most pastors, prophets and bishops affiliate with their cult secretly, and their churches grow at a very fast rate due to powers obtained from the cult. He said that a pastor is someone who is trained to

know the Bible, while the priests from their cult are turned into fathers of all secrets. This old man knew how to read signs and symbols of their cult, what kind of sacrifices to make, and how to prepare charms and spells. He said if a Christian pastor did not want to be caught with questionable charms, he would use other disguised methods that can be accepted and not questioned by his congregation. He mentioned that some pastors used various holy objects deemed as holy such as soap, salt, candles, calendars, stickers and oil and other religious products and received powers from their cult. When I heard this breaking news, I realised that what I had been looking for was right before my eyes. The priest said the pastors who come to them sell those items to their congregation without them suspecting a single act of foul play.

I then asked him how a prophet can prophesy with accuracy and know even the deepest things about a total stranger. The old man then took a board they used in their cult; he then sat down close to the open door and placed what he called a divination board on his lap. He said to me, “Here we use divination and not prophecy, and we conduct our divination on this board that you see.” The old man said: “This board that you see now can tell you which football club can win a soccer game, who is going to be the next president of the country, it can also reveal all the personal details of a person, and disclose many other things.” As the old man was explaining this divination board, I was convinced that he was making everything up as that could not be possible. I thought maybe he wanted to trick me into trusting the powers of the cult. He then asked me my full names as he looked at the wooden divination board as he was busy drawing some line on the board that had some divine power. After a while he told me that in my family I am the eldest and I come from a family of three children, one girl and two boys to be exact. I stood up and clapped my hands in total admiration of these divination powers and with great excitement I told him that this was what I call a prophecy and most church people will love it.

I realised that if this old man could change from his traditional attire into an expensive suit and shoes and start a biblical prophetic and miracle ministry in my home country, he would make a fortune and be able to afford even private jets, properties and luxurious cars. I then thought to myself that if he came to my country holding a Bible and this wooden

divination board, he would get a free slot on television and also have the biggest church in the country. I then asked how I could learn to do this divination trick, and he said it is a process because I needed someone to train me, but he told me that any person can do this. He then consulted the divination board again which confirmed to him that I came to their country to get powers and where I would be visiting after our meeting with them was the right place as they had what I was looking for, namely powers. My eyes then looked at how skilful this old priest was and I gave him money in appreciation of his courage and efforts to enlighten me on certain things in a country that is known to be a mastermind of a lot of scams.

JOURNEY INTO THE DEEP FOREST

As we were busy being driven to a distant village outside the city, my friend kept on asking me if I was happy and I said to him that I was 100% convinced that there is power and that most Christian pastors, prophets and bishops might be using something that made them say accurate prophecies whenever they appeared on our TV screens. My pastor friend then said: “Where I am taking you is a powerhouse and you will need to be very careful with the kind of choices you make.” He continued to say that when I choose the kind of power I want, I should be very careful. I noticed such a sudden expression of firmness when he mentioned this point. He was never serious about things, but this time around he was dead serious. He said: “The people you are going to see are not just ordinary people, they are witches.”

The mention of the word ‘witch’ scared me, but unfortunately, there was no way of turning back now as I was already deep in my mission of buying power. I could sense and see that he wanted to tell me more, but he decided to keep quiet as if he were stopped by someone. When we arrived in the village we had to take two bikes and use them to ride through the deep and big thick forest. We rode on those two bikes for hours and I started to sense that this mysterious place we were heading for was very far. We rode on the bike until I saw smoke appearing in the sky in front of us. That was a sign that we were getting closer to the village and I saw

some dogs on the thin gravel road close to some strange farms. I then started to relax because I knew that my destination was near.

OKOMBO POWERS

When we arrived at the house, they welcomed us and we sat on the veranda where they introduced us to a group of old men who were expecting us. We gave the old men cola nuts and an alcoholic, dry gin as a token of our appreciation. The old men called one man who took us to the back of the house where I saw one big drum with boiling water placed on top of firewood. This big drum was boiling and we could see the hot steam from where we were standing next to a goat tied to a tree. The old man's assistant told me that the first step required was to protect me from evil spirits and they told me that they would demonstrate how the kind of power called 'okombo' works. He took some muti from a container and rubbed it on the small goat as it was trying to run away. After rubbing the muti on the whole body of the goat, he called me to come and try to touch the hot and boiling water inside the big drum. When I tried to touch, my hand got burnt very badly. And I said: "This is too hot." They all laughed at me as the assistant gave me a bucket that had so many holes in it and they asked me to fetch some hot water from the hot drum and pour it on the goat tied to the tree. I told them that the water would not reach the goat since it had some holes in it. The man took the bucket from me and I saw him fetching water, filling the bucket to the brim with not a single drop of water falling on the ground until it reached the small goat. The man poured the boiling water onto the goat, and to my surprise, the goat remained calm and kept on standing without any signs of violence nor feeling any heat. The goat seemed to be enjoying the hot water. I was called to come and touch the goat, and when I touched the goat I realised that the water was extremely cold.

I was asked to try the same exercise. I then fetched water from the drum and walked slowly as I wanted to check what was preventing the water from dripping onto the floor, as I saw a lot of holes in the bucket. The water was boiling hot and as I reached the goat I could still see the hot steam from the bucket and I did not attempt to touch this boiling water for the second time as I was burnt the first time around. I poured the hot

steamy water onto the goat and watched this goat that did not react. I later touched the body of the goat and the water was extremely cold. Then the man said: "Take off your clothes, we are going to cook you." I did as instructed, and they closed my eyes with a red cloth as other men were called to carry me and put me inside the burning drum that was on fire. When my body touched the water, the water was freezing cold. They told me to take off the cloth that was covering my eyes and when I opened my eyes I saw myself inside the same drum that was on fire and I was told that I was about to be cooked for three hours. I stayed inside the cold drum for quite some time. They opened and closed the lid of the drum as they wished. After the three hours I was given a white cloth to put on the lower part of my body and they said I was now a man, but what surprised me is the steam that came out of the drum. A white chicken was later sacrificed and I had to take the sacrifices to three different altars (idols).

GOD OF IRON, THUNDER, LIGHTNING AND WATER

I walked into the bush without shoes, wearing only my white cloth that covered only the lower part of my body. I was holding the chicken sacrifice in one hand and a small branch they had cut from a tree. The leader of the society then instructed all the men to walk behind him as he wanted to lead me to the god of iron. When we arrived at the god of iron I was informed about his powers. Next to the god of iron was a goat that was tied to a tree that would be slaughtered. When we arrived at the god of iron I was informed about his unique powers. Next to the god of iron was a goat that was tied up which was to be slaughtered there as well. This god of iron had a name and it was made of steel and iron. Then the leader of the group said: "This god of iron is the Devil. If you sacrifice for the Devil, he will give you what you want." As we stood there next to the so-called devil, the two men grabbed the dog; one man pulled the dog by its head and the other pulled the dog by its back legs. As he pulled the dog to stand opposite the god of iron, one man holding a sharp object, cut off the head of the dog, and the head fell onto the god of iron as if it were magnetically drawn to it. After the dog sacrifice was given to the god of iron, I was then asked to make vows and ask what I wanted from the devil as they called it (god of iron). I concluded my petition by pouring the chicken blood I held

in a calabash in my hand. As I was pouring blood onto the head of the dead dog and the steel and iron god, I was instructed to utter the following words to the god of iron as I mentioned it by its original native name: “God of iron, take what you want and give me what I want.”

We then moved to the next altar and called the god of thunder and lightning. This god was made of some wooden sculptures. This god was believed to be the cause behind strange fires that appear in people’s houses called “Vutha”, and lightning that hits people in different places. As I poured the blood onto this wooden sculpture, I felt a strong presence of an evil force as I could feel my hair standing up. As blood was dripping on this wooden sculpture I also had to make some vows.

The last altar I had to reach was next to the small flowing river. I was required to get inside the small river and pour the remaining blood all over my body. As I bathed with the water from the river, I was expected to call on the water spirits, and this water spirit was supposed to be addressed as a woman: The Mother of all was called Anita. As I called her name, I mentioned what I needed from her and I also made a vow to follow all the rules that would be given to me from the consultation house. When I had finished bathing in the river, I walked out of the river and was made to lie down flat on the ground. While I was lying down one man took hold of my left hand and made three cuts on my wrists. As blood came from the three cuts, three small white shells were placed on the cuts for the blood to enter into the small shells. As the blood entered into the three shells, I was told to place the three white shells inside a small calabash that was covered with white feathers of fowl and the small calabash’s top was also covered with white shells that crossed around the top of the lit calabash. As I placed the three seashells (cowries) inside the calabash, I closed the calabash and I was instructed to place it in the river, and it moved along with the flowing river.

As I looked at the calabash moving in the river, I knew it had my blood inside and I wondered where the river was taking my blood to. After a few minutes I was told to go and take my calabash since the river had pushed it to the river shore. After I had collected the calabash I was told to open it, and all three small shells that contained my blood were gone. I was shocked as I knew that the calabash was closed and tied with a red and white cloth to make sure that it did not open while in the river. As I opened

the mysterious calabash I was instructed to fill the calabash with the sand collected from the river. I filled the calabash with sand and then they gave me an empty bottle that I was required to fill with the water from the river. The chicken blood was sprinkled on the sand. The person initiating me used his left hand to sprinkle water back to the river and said: “Anita, with my hand I give you water, with my hand I feed you (referring to the blood of the chicken). From now on you will serve ‘Makhado’ (referring to me) as he will also serve you.”

He closed the calabash and gave me instructions that when I arrived at my home country I had to take the calabash to the biggest river in the area and place it next to the river for the whole night. The following morning I should go and collect the calabash and throw a few shining coins into the river as a way of showing that I would be buying Anita’s powers (Anita was referred to as the water spirit). I was instructed to pour white chicken blood inside the river and the calabash. After that, I was instructed to take some fine sand from that river and mix it with the sand inside the calabash and also take some sand from the calabash and throw it into the river with my left hand. One important instruction was the place where this power inside the calabash was supposed to be placed back in my home country. I was told to buy three different cloths with the following colours: red, blue and white. These three cloths were supposed to be positioned in a specific order. The blue cloth was the first cloth to be put on the floor as the blue represented that I now belonged to the marine spirit (Anita’s powers). The red cloth was to be placed on top of the blue cloth and symbolised that my left hand would make sacrifices to feed this Anita power. I was required to put money from different currencies around the red cloth. The highest currencies from different countries were supposed to be used as a way of commanding the people of those countries to flock to my shrine. The calabash was supposed to be covered with a white cloth as a symbol that I would receive cover and protection – no-one would suspect me for using any strange powers. People would think I am pure and clean because of this.

The initiator then told me that all the other things I would learn and understand on my own. As he was about to officially hand over this calabash power, he held the calabash with both hands and he hit his chest three times and handed over the calabash with both hands. He instructed

me to hit my chest three times as well. He instructed me to put the calabash on the floor as he greeted me with his left hand. His hand had the razor cut marks I had. He concluded by kissing my hand three times and I did the same to his hand. As the evening approached, we managed to complete the first part of my secret cult initiation.

SPIRITUAL FATHER OR MY 'PAPA'

We then left the river and returned to the land, and that is where and when the old man told the translator to tell me that the water spirits had welcomed my sacrifices and that was a good sign because they would be able to bless my work. As we walked back to the village, I started believing everything I had heard about that strange place. I believed that what I saw was not a trick, but a supernatural experience by certain forces. When I was accepted and initiated into the secret society, I was told that I was then a 'son' of that house and was even given an occult name, Khatha-Khatha and the occult genealogy. When I operated as a prophet, I was known by the name of Prophet Khatha-Khatha. Occult groups or societies believe and promote what is called the spiritual genealogy which is similar to what we normally call a family tree. In the occult society, individuals become a son or daughter of the person who has initiated them within the cult. What happens in this spiritual genealogy is that the spiritual father (main pastor/prophet) facilitates the spiritual initiation within the occult when one consults the spiritual father for spiritual solutions and guidance. Every son and daughter initiated within the occult develops what we call a spiritual umbilical cord when one is initiated. Naturally, when a child has reached a certain stage, the umbilical cord falls off as a sign of growth. In the spiritual world, we also have the spiritual umbilical cord that is directly connected to the spirit of the spiritual father and mother. In the spiritual realm, no one can serve two masters; one can either be in the Kingdom of God or in the kingdom of darkness.

In the kingdom of darkness, they go through the process of re-birth through spiritual initiation. Once you are initiated into occultism, fewer demons or spirits from your initiator are transferred to you. Your body becomes the house of this newly-born demon. This demon, once it sees or hears its spiritual father or mother, bows down with respect and calls out

the spiritual leader by the words mama or papa. This is because the weaker demon is connected to the big demon through the spiritual cord.

Pastors who are members of secret societies, occult groups or who practise witchcraft, make use of the same occult titles of spiritual sons, spiritual daughters, spiritual fathers and spiritual mothers. This is actually a demonic spiritual family because as times go by, the spiritual daughters will be attacked by spiritual husbands. In these occult churches, their church liturgy/services are similar to the Church of God and they hide their true identity through the Bible and also preach like Christians. As I was part of this movement, I know for a fact that some church members are initiated in occult kingdoms underwater and through oils, water, salts, honey, candles and wearing attire displaying a photo of one of the occult members who, in most cases, is the initiator. The more members use these products, they will start to see things through dreams. Most of these spiritual dreams are actually a spiritual sign to confirm the spiritual initiation of the soul through the use of occult products. The newly initiated member will be automatically possessed and controlled by a lesser spirit of a son or a daughter of the initiator (the pastor or prophet of the church). Once the person has become a spiritual son or daughter of Mama or Papa, that person will be influenced and controlled by a spell. This is what we call a cult, and it can only be broken in the spirit through a powerful prayer.

BELONGING

We then moved into the house, and to my surprise they prepared and cooked a dog that was killed outside, and they mixed the dog meat with muti for dinner. After eating I was placed in a dark room where I was told to wait for the second part of the initiation. As it was my first time to be initiated into a secret society, I was convinced that the whole initiation process was legit as this ceremony attracted a lot of elderly people from that village. Some kept on saying, “Today we want you to see that there is power in this country.” In the middle of the night I was taken to a group of old people dressed in white clothes and standing around a fireplace. When I arrived there I sat among the old men and joined the clapping of the hands even though I did not understand the songs they were singing.

I was there with my pastor friend who was also my translator and we were the youngest men in a group of twelve dodgy, old men. I was introduced to the old men, and then I was asked to get inside the circle of these men as I was requested to move from one man to the other. These men were chewing some muti and also sipping on a portion of dry gin (alcohol). They then spit the mixture of the muti and dry gin onto my face and then laid their hands on me and began to speak what I believed was a blessing upon my life. After speaking, they instructed me to remain in the middle of the circle until I was called into the house. They put a traditional wristband with beads on my left hand and I was instructed to wear the band whenever I prayed or made sacrifices. The beaded wristband was a sign to show that I belong to this group of old men.

CROWD PULLING

The following morning as we were preparing to leave the village, I was called into the shrine for the last time and as I sat down looking at Babalola (leader of the cult), he asked me if I could try by all means to recruit as many people as possible back in my home country. I told him that since that was a secret mission for me, I would find it difficult to initiate others into this secret society as I was only a beginner and also regarded as an ordained Man of God in my country. The old man said the only way for me to grow fast and great in power was if I would initiate a lot of people into their fraternity. The more people I initiated, the more I gained power. He also indicated that this water spirit (Anita) wanted to multiply by initiating others into her kingdom. He said as I was a pastor in my country, it would be easy for me as I would call those I initiate spiritual sons and daughters, and no one would suspect a thing. The old man gave me two things through my left hand that morning: a small black horn that was filled with very strong muti called “Ashe”, which was used to command all the people submitting under my ministry. The second gift was the head of a pig mixed with strong muti to attract people into my church. The old man gave me a portion of crowd-pulling muti. He told me to test the crowd-pulling muti by rubbing a little bit of it on a tree that was close to the shrine. I did exactly as he asked and went back to the shrine. I sat down and kept an eye on what would happen to that tree. After a few

minutes I saw a duck walking slowly as it was followed by small ducklings and stopped at the same tree. Some people who were outside, came and stood under the same tree and continued with their conversation next to the tree. Even dogs came and played around that tree. The old man instructed me to make sure that I bury this muti in my church immediately when I reach home. The old man made a joke and said, Noah in the Bible used this muti to bring all the animals into his ark and we laughed at that. I then suspected that this spiritualist could have been a pastor in his past life as he knew the Bible scriptures very well.

The old man then said the muti of crowd-pulling is the same muti used by their hunters in the bush and also by most street hawkers. The muti was given to only skilled hunters when they struggled to catch antelopes in the forest. They would rub the muti on the tree and the following day, when they returned, they would find several antelopes lingering around the rubbed trees freely. Lastly, he said, when the pig began to rot, the number of worms coming out of the head would be the same as the number of people coming to my church.

After praying (incantation) he told me to have a safe trip back home. On our way back to the guest house my friend who introduced me to these cults kept on asking if I was satisfied. He was convinced that the initiation rituals I had been subject to were going to make me powerful in my country. We stayed for a few days in the guest house and then the pig's head started to rot and smell very badly during our last night in the guest house. The smell became very bad as the country was so hot. When the guest manager started to complain about the smell, I knew that I would not make it to the airport with such a smelly thing and muti. I then asked my friend how we were going to make it to the airport with parcels like that, as the security officers were going to search us. My friend then said I had to be brave as the smell was a sign that my name would be known from Nigeria to South Africa. I just stared at him and felt powerless as I just felt that he was not being realistic about our situation.

The next morning we prepared for our flight back home to South Africa. The smell was terrible, but to my surprise no one asked about this terrible smell in the flight. What came to my mind was that maybe the officials were bribed by my friend or there was some sort of a syndicate. When the pilot announced that we were about to land at the OR Tambo

International Airport, we were sitting impatiently with this smelly parcel and a lot of people were complaining about the smell, but nothing was done to us as no one had the guts or courage to approach us or complain to the flight officials. I thought maybe the god of iron blocked their minds not to breathe a word of complaint to us.

When we left the aeroplane, I had to carry the smelly parcel together with the calabash and the black horn. My friend reassured me not to worry about anything with so much confidence as I was not the only one carrying power and none of the airport officials would do anything to me. I knew the risk I was getting myself into as I knew that OR Tambo International Airport had very water-tight security everywhere. Even if I were not carrying any illegal things, the smell from the pig-head muti would draw unnecessary attention when they would check my parcels, and this would be a huge scandal as I was regarded as a pastor in my home country. The whole trip was just way too stressful for me and I was pacing and restless throughout the whole flight.

As we walked in, we were stopped by two police officials, and as they were busy interrogating us we told them straight that we were returning from Nigeria to visit a traditional doctor as I had health problems. The two men then said to my friend “Olga, you know what to do,” with a pidgin English accent. I saw my friend taking out some US dollars and he acted as if he were kneeling down to tie his shoes, but he was actually putting the dollars under his shining sharp-nosed shoe. He then looked at the two policemen and winked one eye at them as a sign that there was money under his shoe and that he had done what they expected him to do.

I acted very calmly, but I had never been scared like that in my entire life. I did not want to be arrested as I knew that the news would really destroy my reputation as a pastor. The two officials then started to joke around by saying: “Olga, we know that if we can ask to check your passport, we might find problems there.” We all laughed as we walked away, leaving the money on the floor. One officer then stepped on the money with his shoes and knelt down to collect the dollars on the floor. The whole operation was quick and seemed like part of a very tight syndicate.

As we walked away I looked really worried and uneasy like a little school boy, but my friend patted me on my back and said, “Do not worry,

pastor, I know those officials and I am in their good books.” I did not even want to ask him further questions as I just wanted to get out of the airport and go home to my family. We managed to go out and looked for a metered taxi that took us straight to my place. That same evening, we went to my church and buried the smelly pig head in the church and later took the calabash to the river as instructed by the person who initiated me. That was the beginning of an occult operation in my ministry. I travelled for miles to the east side of Africa to seek African powers to boost my gift and church growth.

CHAPTER 6

Zimbabwe: Chipinge

PRAISE AND WORSHIP IN TEMBISA

WHEN I HEARD about a Zimbabwean prophet who was powerful in one of the busiest townships in our country called Tembisa, I decided to travel to Tembisa to meet this man that made people vomit snakes, lizards, fishes and some other strange things. This African prophet belonged to a church that prayed and worshipped in an open veld next to the busy road. When I arrived at his church that was located in the veld, he was dressed in a white church robe and had a red cloth tied around his forehead which had a white cross. When I arrived I walked towards the prophet who was busy with other members of his church who were also dressed in white robes. He then approached me and asked if I were Pastor Makhado as we had been communicating throughout the week regarding this appointment.

He told me to kneel down and face the sun and instructed me to take a small, smooth stone from a container that held water. He touched my head and prayed, using a strange language and started to call out his spirits. He made some strange sounds that made me most uncomfortable, but I decided to continue and watch him pray as he told me that he was going to cleanse me from a curse to prove how powerful he was. The prophet asked me to remove my shirt right in that open veld and since this township was far from my neighbourhood and no one knew me there, I took off my shirt and the prophet asked me to be quick. He took water and splashed it on my stomach three times and gave me a hot clap on my stomach. He then said, “You have Sejeso right inside of you.” He continued to say, “Your wife has been putting things in your food to control you.” I laughed at his prophecy uncontrollably as I knew that my wife was a bona fide prayerful woman who feared God. I knew that my wife did not use any African muti as I was the one using the muti and travelled to so many places behind her back. The prophet continued to say, “Pastor Makhado, your wife is a dangerous

woman.” I just lost interest in the whole meeting as I thought the prophet was disrespecting my wife with this fabricated prophecy. By that time I could distinguish between true and false doctrines. I kept quiet, as I did not want to quarrel or disagree with the holy man of the cloth who was even able to speak in a strange and frightening language that sounded hilarious at the same time.

After prophesying, he pinched my stomach and pulled it very hard and I saw a small lizard that was wet, falling from his hand (the same empty hand he had used with which to pull me). He then said the small lizard had been dwelling in my stomach for a very long time and it was the same lizard that blocked all my breakthroughs in my life. I knew that the prophet was just making up stories and I just played along and acted as though I believed, as the mission of my consultation with him was for him to give me powers or teach me the trick of making people vomit snakes and lizards.

As he thought I believed him, he suggested that the next step was to visit my place and dig out some muti that was planted by my enemies. The prophet was not aware that I had already been taught about the technique he was busy using on me. The technique was used by some prophets I knew; they usually perform one miracle that would lead to the second phase, where one would keep on paying hefty amounts of money to buy spiritual items like oil, water, salts, washing powder or objects to be used for certain rituals. When he was done with the whole consultation, I asked to talk with him in private.

A PRIVATE TALK WITH THE ZIMBABWE PROPHET

We then drove to the nearest shopping centre for a good talk. As I was taught that when you visit a spiritualist one should buy a bottle of an alcoholic dry gin, which I bought for him. I watched him as he opened and drank the dry gin and narrated his experience in the church. It was confirmed right there and then that he operated as a false prophet. As the bottle was getting empty, we kept on talking about different powers that one can use in the church to excite and retain the congregation and potential congregation.

As we drank from the same bottle, he then told me that he can help me to get powers on how to remove lizards, snakes, fishes and other living creatures from people's bodies at a cost. He said this power has to be injected into my body in order to work effectively. As I saw him taking out a small lizard from my stomach, I was convinced that this man knew what he was talking about. He told me that with the same kind of power, I would be able to master the trick of digging out things from people's yards. I asked him what was required of me to get this kind of power, as I wanted the power so badly. His speech slacked a bit, and he said the only way I could get this power was if I crossed the border and travelled to a small town called Chipinge in the Manicaland Province in Zimbabwe. I asked if he was 100% sure about this happening, and he replied in the affirmative.

The prophet then said: "Do you know what the short man is?" I just laughed at him and asked if he was referring to a tokoloshi and he said, "Yes, you are right." I asked him if the so-called short man can perform those lizard and snake miracles and what would happen to the short man when people pray in the church and shout out the name of Jesus or shout out, the fire of the Holy Ghost. "Won't the short man run or lose power?" I asked the prophet. He then said: "Most pastors shout fire while using the powers of the short man to heal and perform miracles." That was when we set a date and decided to travel to Zimbabwe together.

ARRIVAL IN CHIPINGE

When we arrived in Zimbabwe, we took a bus that took us to a village called Chipinge. When we told the driver that we were heading for Chipinge, he also spoke about this strong spiritualist around the area who was known and respected for his strange powers. The man did not know that we were heading to the same spiritualist that he was talking about. This man was feared by everyone in the community, including traditional doctors around the area. He was feared for his powers. When we arrived at the place, we had to cross a small river before arriving at the house of a man who was believed to have great powers. His house was filled with a lot of cars that were given to him by people who consulted at his house. People would shower this man with cars as a way of thanking him for his

work. We were the last to arrive and last in the long queue awaiting consultation. Most people in this queue were not from the country, and some of them had been waiting for days for their turn to see the man with powers.

We then slept in the cold as we did not manage to meet him on our first night there. As we were seated with other people, I overheard them talking about another powerful man in Mozambique who was rumoured to be the gobela (spiritual father) of the man we came to consult with in Chipinge. I carefully heard about how this gobela had powerful spirits to heal mentally ill people and how he knew how to perform other mind-blowing miracles. In my heart I knew that I would have to make means to research about this gobela from Mozambique and raise money to go there.

When our turn came to meet the Chipinge spiritualist that I had waited to see for so long, we entered the house with so much relief. The man introduced himself to us by saying “I don’t have any tokoloshi, even when people claim that I owned a lot of them.” He said he would do a perfect job for me since I had travelled from far. That same evening, he took me to the graveyard where he pointed at one grave and said: “This is a new grave.” He then instructed me to strip naked and bath with some cold water that was mixed with muti that left an itching effect on my body. I bathed on top of that grave and he told me to lie naked on top of that grave. As I lay there, I suddenly became dizzy and I just fell asleep. While I was sleeping I saw a vision of a small baby, and when I woke up he told me to leave my clothes on top of that grave. I then walked without clothes and followed him to his house, and my heart was beating fast as I felt really embarrassed and afraid to walk like that at night and in a foreign land. When we arrived at his house, I started to think by myself what would have happened to me if I were caught naked by the neighbours. In the house he asked what I had seen while lying on top of the grave, and I told him that I had seen a picture of a small baby and that was when he revealed to me that the grave belonged to a six-month-old baby who was buried a week before. He then continued by saying “You came at the right time because I am going to give you the spirit of the deceased baby as the baby was young and the spirit will not demand a lot of things from you.” I just opened my eyes wide open in total shock as I never thought such things could happen and were practised.

He then continued to say, people who use the spirits of the elderly deceased people, end up in big trouble as those spirits are aggressive and cannot be tamed and controlled easily. He narrated stories of people who were instructed to marry a lot of wives due to this kind of a spirit. Some pastors also ended up marrying a lot of women to calm the so-called spirit of the deceased. Some were forced not to cut their hair until they were instructed to do so by the spirit. He then said: “The spirit of the elderly is hard to live with, but the spirit of a baby is easy as you will need to buy sweets and also some toys for it.” I did not know if I should believe what the spiritualist was saying, as what he was saying was something that you would find in staged dramas or movies. I just looked at him with so much doubt and disbelief.

He prepared something in his shrine and gave it to me and instructed me to put the nicely designed piece of leather that contained something inside in my pocket and to always put mealie meal close to this piece of leather. He also gave me a small black bottle and told me to buy a small flower that I could put inside the house. He instructed me to pour the black liquid inside the flower pot and give the flower a name because from that time onwards the spirit of that young baby would live inside the flower and grow as the flower grows. If it would happen that the flower died, I had to take the same soil of the flower and use it to plant another flower. He instructed me to give the flower fresh milk, and to water it once a week and put sweets next to the flower pot. As he mentioned fresh milk I started to think of a certain church that was always selling fresh milk to its members, but I just brushed that thought aside as the whole encounter with the spiritualist was just mind-blowing for me at that time.

When I arrived back in my country from Chipinge with the powers that were in a flower pot and piece of leather, I made sure that I introduced the powers I got from other countries to the new ones. I then poured mealie meal on top of a white plate and placed the leather piece on top of the plate and poured fresh milk inside the flower pot. That night as I watched TV alone I started to hear a cry of a baby, and as I checked if my baby girl was crying I realised that she was sleeping peacefully with my wife. I heard the cry of a baby again and thought maybe I was starting to go crazy, because of these many powers, but I then remembered that it was the spirit of a baby with which I had come from Chipinge. The following morning

when I checked the mealie meal plate, I realised that the mealie meal had disappeared, but the plate and piece of leather were still there. That was the life I got myself into, the life that was filled with fear, anxiety and secrets. One spiritualist advised me to overcome the fear and anxiety with an alcoholic dry gin, which I did at times.

CHAPTER 7

The Mozambique Experience

AT THE WITCHDOCTOR'S SHRINE

THERE WAS A man from my church, Mr Mathebula, who used to frequent my shrine for consultation. Mr Mathebula narrated his experience while he was working in the mines around Rustenburg. When he was a mineworker he had a close friend who told him about a powerful man who was regarded as a witch doctor in a small village of Inchope in Mozambique. Mr Mathebula and his friend travelled to this village to consult at the witch doctor's shrine. "This old witch doctor had extensive knowledge about different kinds of muti, and most traditional healers (sangomas), dignitaries, business people, pastors and prophets flocked to his shrine for powers," Mr Mathebula said. "How can pastors consult at such a place?" I asked Mr Mathebula, as the whole conversation was starting to fascinate me due to the kind of operation I was busy with, as my shrine was frequented by sangomas, dignitaries, business people and pastors and at times I did not know how to solve their many problems.

Mr Mathebula told me that he and his friend travelled to Mozambique for only one reason: for his friend to obtain wealth. Mr Mathebula said the old man told them that he had something to give them, but they did not have to pay any cent then but would pay him from the first profit they would generate from whatever business on which they would be embarking. The witch doctor instructed them to throw their first profit into a flowing river. The instruction to obtain this power of wealth was free and seemed easy to follow as it entailed just throwing money (only coins) into a river. Mr Mathebula and his friend then decided to collect this power called 'sinakwaje'. However, Mr Mathebula had his own doubts and fear about entering in such covenants, as he was aware that these kinds of powers are not to be taken for granted as at times they put close family members' lives in danger.

After their return from Mozambique, the two mineworkers began experiencing changes within a few weeks. Mr Mathebula's friend had been gambling all his adult life, and after returning from Inchope he began to win a lot of money through gambling, and as time went by, he hit the jackpot one night and won a lot of money. Mr Mathebula's friend had gambled all his life but the luck he had after returning from visiting the witch doctor overwhelmed him and his friend Mr Mathebula. The friend decided to resign from the mine and started a business that seemed to be flourishing; his business was, however, illegal mining of precious stones. While Mr Mathebula worked very hard underground in the mines, his friend was living a luxurious life and running around with the most expensive cars. What startled me the most was when Mr Mathebula told me that: "Our visit to that witch doctor was the biggest mistake of our lives." I wondered why he could say such a thing as his friend enjoyed the life he wanted upon his return. Mr Mathebula then sat close to me and with a soft voice said, "After my friend had obtained all these riches, he experienced a lot of misfortune in his life. He was involved in a horrific car accident where two of his kids died on the spot and he survived with just a few scratches." I gave a great sigh as I wondered how a father can handle the pain of losing his children so tragically. Mr Mathebula then continued and said, "Pastor, you will not believe what happened after we buried the kids, the guy became filthy rich, his life was filled with so much luck and fortune until the day he passed on."

After listening to this whole story, I also wanted to visit this witch doctor to experiment if what Mr Mathebula was saying was the truth. I have been to so many spiritualists, but this Mozambique spiritualist, who was called a witch doctor by his community, left me with so many unanswered questions. I struggled to understand how a mere mortal man could have such kind of powers. I then asked Mr Mathebula to take me to that place as part of my experiment and research. "Pastor, my advice for you is one, if you decide to ask the old man for powers, please do not enter into a covenant that will finish off your family." I then said: "No, I just want to experiment on something and if I ask for power, it will just be less power as I just want to do my research about this witch doctor." I grew up as a curious boy and this curiosity landed me in scary places, I thought to myself.

The problem about the occult world is that you will never be satisfied as you always want to come up with more ways and methods of helping people who come for a consultation with major problems. I then decided to travel with Mr Mathebula to Mozambique. The day of our departure I asked one of my assistants at the shrine to drive me to Rustenburg where I took a taxi to Mozambique with Mr Mathebula.

ARRIVING IN MOZAMBIQUE

When we arrived we stayed in Maputo where I enjoyed Pao (a white bread roll with fish). The next morning we took a bus to go to Beira and that is where we crossed one big bridge that I will never forget. When we arrived at Beira we got another lift to a small village called Inchope where the so-called witch doctor operated.

On our arrival in that village I was shocked to see an old man who had more than twenty wives and all these wives were staying with this old man in a very big compound, but each wife had her own house. The houses were traditional huts except for one big house that was built with expensive looking face-bricks. One of the old man's many grandchildren welcomed us and took us to the family guest house. As we walked towards the guest house, I saw beautiful cars parked outside and most of these cars had my country's car registration numbers. The young man escorting us then said in Tsonga, "Most of our clients this week are from your home country". I then felt a sense of relief as I saw that I was not alone in this power-searching journey. Mr Mathebula then said: "I told you that so many people come to this old man to collect powers and I saw it with my own eyes, his powers work like magic, pastor." While we were walking in the big yard I saw a group of many women and men chained, and when I asked the young man what was happening to those people, the young man replied in Tsonga by saying, "These people have mental illnesses and problems and they are all here for cleansing and healing as my grandfather can cure mentally ill people."

I continued to wonder where the old man obtained such kind of powers of making ordinary people rich and to even heal mental sicknesses. We stayed for a full three days before we met the so-called witch doctor. When our turn arrived for us to meet the old man, we entered his consultation

room where Mr Mathebula greeted the old man in Tsonga, and I could pick up that Mr Mathebula was a regular client there as they were talking and laughing like old friends. The witch doctor looked very old with his old dreadlocks and a small monkey that sat next to him, fiddling with his dreadlocks. I looked at this man who wore a brown shirt and torn brown pants. Even in my wildest dreams I never thought my obsession to obtain more power would land me in a witch doctor's place one day, but here I was staring at the most feared, old man in the village of Inchope. As we sat on the floor relaxed, the old man asked for my names and he took three shells from his bag and threw them down three times without saying a word. He told Mr Mathebula that he could give me power in Tsonga.

As Mr Mathebula interpreted for me, I told him that I would explain the kind of power I was looking for as I heard what happened to Mr Mathebula's friend. I knew right there and then that I had to make one quick wise decision that would not put any of my family members in danger like Mr Mathebula's friend. The old man gave me enough time to express myself as Mr Mathebula translated for me. As I was talking, the small monkey came and sat on my shoulder and slapped me three times on my face. "Don't worry pastor," Mr Mathebula said. He spoke like someone who understood this operation very well. After I had finished talking, the old man asked how many kids I had and I said only one (that time my wife and I had only one daughter). Suddenly the old man said I was very young and these powers were not for small boys. He stood up and asked us to leave.

I then wondered what my age had to do with the whole thing that led the old man to chase us out of his shrine like that. I then asked Mr Mathebula if there was something I had done wrong or if the three slaps I got from the monkey were the cause of this problem. Mr Mathebula seemed to be out of explanations as he looked very powerless and more discouraged than me. As we sat in the guest house, the old man's grandchild whose name was Opal returned again and he could pick up the heavy vibe in the room as we sat there, dead silent. Mr Mathebula explained what had happened to Opal who grew up under his grandfather's watch and knew a lot of things about his grandfather. Opal said the reason his grandfather refused to help was his past experience with a young man who came to the shrine looking for powers, and after some years the young

man returned with members of his family who were complaining about a force that was finishing and killing their family members every year. When the family visited their family sangoma, the young man confessed about the kind of power he used in order to acquire all his riches. The family then decided to travel back to the old man's shrine to ask the old man to take his powers back.

The old man then explained to them that it was impossible for him to take back what he had given his young client. The family insisted aggressively that he should take his things back; the family was referring to the black calabash the young man received from the old man when he gave him powers. After a week the family returned with the young man who has been mentally ill up to this day. "The young man I am talking about is on the group of men and women chained outside. The old man might be afraid that you will do the same thing," Opal said.

I kept quiet for a while with my heart beating very fast and hard after such a revelation. I realised that such powers are not be taken lightly as those who are close to me might feel the pinch at a later stage. I could not risk my family for powers. I then asked Opal if there was no way that I could obtain little powers and not something heavy, as I had travelled all the way seeking for solutions for my shrine. The whole afternoon and evening we listened to Opal talking about his life with his grandfather in the shrine. Opal was overflowing with too much information about his grandfather, and I thought to myself that if he were not careful, he would end up mentally ill and be chained like the people I saw in the yard.

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WIFE

There was one story that left me in total shock. Opal said his 85-year-old grandfather's youngest wife was twelve years old. I asked him why spiritualists have a tendency of marrying a lot of wives and why his grandfather would marry a small child like that. Opal then continued to narrate the story behind that: He said some years ago there was a man who visited the shrine with his wife looking for children, as they could not conceive and the woman was declared barren by medical doctors. The man was also looking for business luck. The old man gave them something to use and did not collect any consultation money from them. He told them

that the same power given to them, would tell them how to pay their debts back; the couple left with so much hope and bid the old man farewell. After some years the couple became rich and had three children who grew up and were educated. One night this man had a dream, and in that dream he saw one of his daughters getting married to the old witch doctor who had given him powers many years ago. This dream continued to trouble him at night until he shared the dream with his wife and they both decided to consult their local sangoma for help and cleansing, but the local sangoma instructed them to return back to where they had received their powers from.

The couple decided not to return to Mozambique as they tried other sangomas, priests and prophets to remove this curse. After some years the man who was tormented by the dream died and left behind the wife who was also gravely sick. On her deathbed, the wife explained to all her three children what had happened before they were born and she gave the address to find the old man. When the mother died, the elder daughter began dreaming about her one-year-old daughter drowning in a river. The dream began to torment her night and day and she decided to tell her siblings that she decided to consult with the old man. They all travelled to Mozambique with the one-year-old baby girl and when they arrived there and narrated the story to the old man, the old man then said their parents owe the spirits a lot and in order to appease the spirits, the one-year-old baby girl was required to come and serve the spirits at the old man's shrine. It was after the family had given away the little baby to grow in that shrine that their lives became peaceful and her mother never dreamt again. From the day the family left her there until she turned 12, her family never experienced any misfortune or bad luck.

The story gave me a total fright, I saw such kind of stories only in movies or dramas, and I never thought they could be inspired by real-life stories. I told Mr Mathebula with a straight face that I do not want those kinds of powers at all and Mr Mathebula, as he seemed to know it all, asked Opal if maybe his grandfather could give me powers that required only animal sacrifices. Opal then said it was possible to obtain such light powers to avoid a heavy price to pay in future. We then started to talk about these animal sacrifices and I asked Mr Mathebula, since I am a Christian pastor, what will people say when they start to see such practices

of slaughtering animals in the church? Mr Mathebula said: “Don’t worry, if the old man can give you the one that requires animal blood, you will just slaughter the animal and say you are reaching out to those in need and without food. I have seen a lot of churches and religions doing that,” Mr Mathebula said.

A RITUAL CEREMONY

That evening Opal promised to speak to his grandfather as they were very close and since he was like a right-hand man to him. We slept, and the following morning Opal knocked at our door and told us that the old man agreed to give us something that we would accept to be fed through animal sacrifices.

Most spiritualists will tell you that powers grow stronger when they are fed by continuous sacrifices and shedding of blood. Opal gave me a list of things that I was supposed to buy at the market for my big ritual ceremony. First of all, the list required me to buy one of the following: a white chicken, black goat, cow, jacket for a man, wooden walking stick, ring, knife, white shirt and white pants. The list also indicated that I had to buy two blankets. Furthermore, the list required me to purchase six cases of alcohol and cold drinks. This list reminded me of a list of things that are requested from the groom’s family during our African lobola celebration back in South Africa. I started to have so many unanswered questions as I never understood the reason behind that list during lobola celebrations.

With the money I had, I managed to buy all those things, as I did not want to take any of the old man’s powers for free. The stories that I heard from Opal about people paying later made me very cautious. We went up and spent the entire day in preparation of my evening ceremony. That same evening, I was taken to the bush to bath and after bathing, I was given a white shirt and white pants that I had been instructed to buy during the day. The old man took me to another shrine with all the gifts I had bought. The old man pointed at a statue that had six hands; each finger had a ring and the old man instructed me to remove one ring from one finger and replace the ring with the ring I had bought during the day. There were various types of lovely rings in those fingers. Most rings were silver with

stones of different colours and shape. Other colours were pink, purple, red, black and maroon. I then selected a silver ring that was marked with a strange mark. After I had chosen that ring, I put it on my finger and replaced it with the ring I bought at the market. As I exchanged rings, all the women were rejoicing and ululating as if it were a wedding celebration of some sort. I then gave the older wife of the old man the blankets and gave the old man a knife, a jacket and a walking stick and he also gave me another walking stick. In that shrine there were different kinds of walking sticks. I saw strange-looking sticks that were long and had s-shaped handles.

The old man then cut me with a razor blade on my body and smeared the cut with muti that had a strange oil that came from the two calabashes. The two calabashes represented a male and female. He then told me that he was giving me these powers and the powers would reveal what was required to guide me. He said as I was a pastor, I should make sure that this power grows by opening many branches or having pastors under me. He also mentioned to me that he had heard that I wanted the power that required only animal blood and sacrifices. He asked me which animals I would be able to sacrifice each week, and I told him that I was willing to sacrifice any animal as long as I had money to do so. He took the powers in his hands and called me to follow him. We then arrived at a spot where Opal and his father kept the white chicken, black goat and brown cow I had bought. When we arrived, the old man placed the powers down and started speaking with the two calabashes as if he were talking to human beings. He started by praising them and thanked the gods for bringing me there, and he asked them (calabashes) to choose which sacrifices they preferred. After ten minutes or so I saw the goat walking alone towards the two calabashes and fell down just next to the calabashes as a sign that the spirits had chosen the blood of the goat. The whole experience was just overwhelming and I started to understand why such practices are kept as secrets. Some people take part in this kind of rituals not knowing that they are feeding spirits. We grew up around friends and families who partook in such ceremonies or rituals, but most of them were not aware of the origin and real reasons behind these rituals.

NAMING OF THE SPIRITS (FIRE AND FORCE)

The old man told me to pick up the two calabashes from the ground and wear them around my neck since they had a long leather string attaching them when being carried. I was introduced to them and I was told to choose a name for them. I asked what the reason was behind the names. The old man told me that as a pastor it would help me whenever I call them (the spirits in the calabash), even in a church set-up. The spirits would respond and do what I wanted them to do. I decided to name the spirits 'Fire' and 'Force' as that was a line that I normally used at church when I preached.

The old man looked at me and laughed and asked why I chose such names. I told him that 'Fire' and 'Force' are easy to call out loud in a church set-up. The old man then opened the first calabash that was closed with a stick shaped like a human head. The old man asked me to spit inside the calabash and call out the first name, 'Fire.' I did just that. The old man said to the calabash, "From today onwards you shall be called 'Fire'." We did the same with the second calabash and I named it 'Force'. After all was done the old man told me to take my bags and go without saying anything; I wanted to know how much I should deposit for the consultation fee when 'Fire' and 'Force' started to work. I did not want to owe him a single cent for the sake of my dear young family.

I left with Mr Mathebula and walked in the big bush unharmed. We slept under a big tree as we waited for sunrise. Early that morning we got a lift from a truck driver who was heading towards Maputo, and when we reached Maputo, we took a taxi to my home country. On the way after crossing the border, our taxi had an unexpected engine failure. We were stuck there while the driver was trying to fix his taxi, which he kept on saying he had thoroughly serviced the week before. Mr Mathebula came close to me and asked if I told the spirits that they should not worry as I would be taking them to their new home. I replied that I did not as the old man did not give me enough time to ask him questions after the ceremony. Mr Mathebula said that was the reason the taxi had that problem. I quickly went to my bags that were on the ground as the taxi driver asked us to take our bags outside. After I had whispered to the bags, I signalled to Mr Mathebula that I had done so. Mr Mathebula then asked the driver to start

the engine of the taxi for the last time. The taxi driver, who was just standing there helpless, tried to start the taxi and revved it for two minutes and suddenly gave Mr Mathebula a smile. Apparently the taxi was fine and we entered the taxi with our bags and drove off. Mr Mathebula said to me: "I told you, pastor."

We travelled back to South Africa and the memories of what happened in the small village of Inchope kept me thinking throughout the whole trip.

CHAPTER 8

The Democratic Republic of the Congo

ON AN ISLAND IN THE CONGO

I REMEMBER THAT I was in the deep forest of the Democratic Republic of the Congo on a very small Island called Congola, where I was introduced to this old man who was a powerful spiritualist on that Island. Baba Francis was a well known and respectable spiritualist there and in the surrounding villages. People of all races and from different parts of the world visited and consulted him at his tiny hut. He stayed in a small traditional hut that was the same as other nearby traditional huts. It was there where people with spiritual matters and problems from every continent would come to see Baba Francis for his magical powers.

My tour guide and interpreter, Pastor John – whom I gave a special nickname due to his never-ending tales about their country's political history and other well-known tales happening in their villages – shared these stories with me. Some of the stories about black magic were scary, but I wanted to hear more. I asked him if Baba Francis would really help me to obtain what I was looking for. We travelled for five days (3 000 km) on a motorbike, and I really wanted to get confirmation if this legendary and powerful Baba Francis existed. Pastor John pointed towards the small hut where the spiritualist was waiting to receive us and said that different people from all walks of life (politicians, leaders, medical doctors, church leaders, business people, kings, queens and sports people) travelled to that very small hut to get power. He said "Power, power there is," and he laughed at me as if I did not know what was awaiting me inside. As a young boy who grew up in a Christian family, I looked at him with doubt in my heart.

PRACTISING WITCHCRAFT IN THE CHURCH

As we were waiting to be called into the small hut, Pastor John told me a sad story of his friend, Prophet Zachariah. Prophet Zachariah had obtained his power from Baba Francis some years ago. Prophet Zachariah grew up as a normal village boy who used to trade with second-hand clothes. When his business started to go down, he came to Baba Francis for prophetic powers. Prophet Zachariah was never born with this gift of prophecy and miracles until he met Baba Francis who initiated him and gave him the power to prophesy and to perform miracles. As a prophet, Zachariah was able to see and communicate with dead people. His church masqueraded as a Christian church, but it was strongly influenced by traditional and cultural practices. Prophet Zachariah had a very big church with a lot of followers. A lot of people went there to be healed and to receive their prophecies at a certain consultation fee. Prophet Zachariah's church was built on a wrong spiritual foundation, and it was clear that Christ was not the foundation of this church, yet a lot of people flocked there. The foundation of his church was based on prophecy, healing and miracles through evil spirits and powers.

Most people who anchor their faith on prophecies, healing and miracles are in great danger, because the sole purpose of salvation is not only in healing, to be prophesied on or about miracles, but to repent and reach heaven one day. My interpreter (Pastor John) continued with the story of Prophet Zachariah and he whispered to me and said, "The kind of power that Prophet Zachariah operated with was the spirit of a dead person mixed with the spirit of a dog and an eagle." I did not make sense of the whole story as I did not understand how a dead person's spirit, dog and eagle could be able to predict someone's future and past. He asserted that we call it witchcraft. I was even more shocked when he mentioned that Prophet Zachariah practised witchcraft in church.

MEETING BABA FRANCIS AND THE WITCHES

As Pastor John was explaining how the witchcraft was done, a young girl came out of the house dressed in a white gown and called us as it was our time to enter the hut. As we stood up and prepared to enter into another world, Pastor John whispered into my ear and told me not to be scared, but to be very brave. He told me that he would tell the old man what I wanted

and would make sure that my request was clear to Baba Francis. As we entered through the first door that led us inside the house, the young girl who had called us, sprinkled water onto our faces, hands, chests and our backs and she asked us to take off our shoes. We followed all the instructions. As we entered the consultation room, we came inside a room that did not have a door but was closed with a black curtain that displayed foreign signs and symbols. I looked closely at the signs and symbols and tried to figure them out, but I was instructed to enter the consultation room in reverse. Before we reversed, we were required to hit the wall three times. We went out of the consultation room and we did as instructed by the old women I saw in the room. I was fearful and my heart was now beating a bit faster. Did I see what I thought I saw? Was it possible? My mind was filled with amazement because in that same room I saw two altars. The two altars were surrounded by people inside the room. I entered a room that was painted white and all the people there were dressed in white gowns. As we entered the room, everyone started to ululate and celebrate. We were told to sit down, and we sat down and two white cloths were brought to us by a young lady. It seemed the young lady was the one running all the errands for Baba Francis since the rest of the people looked very old, yet still strong.

We then put the white cloth on our shoulders and we joined the circle that was around the two strange, old altars in the centre of the room. Baba Francis was seated opposite the two altars. I knew it was him even before being introduced, as he was the only man in the room beside us (Pastor John and I). We were welcomed and introduced and Pastor John was the one who interpreted for the old man and me. Baba Francis was very old and he only spoke and understood his mother language. When Pastor John interpreted to me that Baba Francis and the witches were welcoming me, I was in total shock and fear but thanked them anyway. At the back of my mind I was puzzled by the way Pastor John addressed the old women as witches. I knew that it was not morally correct to call anyone a witch, even if one was suspected of such a practice.

The witches started to sing and beat the drum; I did not even understand the lyrics of the song. The song started with a slow and a soft rhythm, and as they sang and hit the drum and clapped their hands, I also found myself clapping my hands and following the beat of the song. My

principle for that day was when you are in Rome, you must do what the Romans do. The more they sang, the more spiritual the atmosphere became. The atmosphere was changing as the rhythm of the song, drum and clapping of hands grew louder and louder. It was then when Baba Francis took out and opened a small box that looked like a small coffin; he opened that scary box and took out what looked like white powder. He put the white powder in his hand and blew it in one direction inside the room. He took the second white powder and did the same. Whenever he blew, I observed every single action secretly. As Baba Francis was blowing what looked like white powder, he faced all four directions: north, south, east and west, and the last blow was through his open window. As Baba Francis blew the last blow standing at his window, there was silence and everyone looked at me. For about a period of five minutes there was silence in the room, and as Baba Francis was still holding his small coffin with both hands, suddenly a white dove came from outside through the window and moved inside the room.

The whole experience was strange to me as my eyes moved with the white dove while the eyes of the witches were looking at me. Finally, the dove rested on the floor next to me and it walked towards me. Baba Francis took out the white powder and blew it on my face and said the spirits were confirming to him that I was a great person and that my star was bright. He was speaking through Pastor John all the time who understood their language as he originated from the same village. Pastor John stayed in a different country where he was moving around with tent crusades, but he was mostly invited by different churches because of his ability to prophesy, heal and to do miracles.

Baba Francis said sometimes people come from far countries and there are times where his spirits and ancestors refuse to help those people. He said: "Once the dove comes close to you, it means that the spirits and the witches have welcomed you and are willing to give you what you need." By then I was not sure if Baba Francis was deceiving me or not. The question in my mind at that time was, "What am I getting myself into and will I be able to pay the price and handle the after-effects of this whole journey?"

THE APPOINTMENT WITH MAMBAMUTU

When Baba Francis instructed us to go to the river in the DRC on Congolo Island in the middle of the night, I wondered if Baba Francis wanted me to bath in the river in that cold weather. I was scheduled to meet whom they called Mambamutu. Mambamutu was a secretive name and no one was allowed to mention that name or even relate stories around that mystic creature. Civilisation was only among the elite on that island. The traditional healer, the chief and a few professional workers were among a few individuals who were more civilised than the rest. Few people had cell phones and most wore second-hand clothes donated by missionaries and tourists. When I arrived at that island I already knew that the small island might have some sort of a spell or powers, because a lot of people who were going to that island at the airport were told about the spiritual powers at that place, and how a lot of tourists went there to obtain these sinister powers. I also witnessed this power a few days before I met the so-called Mambamutu.

A few days before the fearful night, I was taken to the same big river – I have never seen such a big river before. Both my interpreter and I were taken to one particular place in the river. This particular place had what looked like a big stone. This big stone or rock was located just next to the seashore. The old man pointed at the stone and spoke in his native language. My translator translated by saying he meant ‘it was the door of the world’. When my translator explained what the old man meant, his face was glowing with excitement. I could see that he knew a lot about that place. I looked closely at the stone and it looked like the stones that are found at a river or sea.

My translator was so excited that he started to talk with the old man in his native language and they looked as if they were talking about stories that happened at that place. Since I could not understand a word they were saying, I assumed that they did not mean any harm to me. Their smiles and facial expressions spoke volumes and I knew that my mission would be accomplished through the old man and the translator. Some places look ordinary when observed through your physical eyes, yet they are extraordinary through spiritual eyes.

My translator put his hand on my shoulder and said to me, “My brother, you are so fortunate for the old man to have brought you here.” He looked at me once more and said: “Today you will see that there is power here.” He pointed at the same stone we were all looking at and said many politicians, business people, spiritualists, bishops, medical doctors and other world leaders came there to ask for power to succeed in their respective fields of work.

I then took a dove from the hands of the old man. The old man asked if I were brave enough to handle what would happen. He spoke in his home language and showed me some signs with his hands. My translator translated and I told him to tell the old man that I was well prepared and ready for anything. I was then instructed to follow the old man as he entered the river walking towards the big rock. As I followed the man who had taken politicians, church leaders and business people on this path before, I knew that each step I took was a step towards my new reality and breakthrough. When we reached the stone, the old man took the dove from my hand, and he used the dove to hit my chest three times and gave the dove back to me. As he hit my chest three times with the dove, I felt as if something was coming out of my body. He told me to place the dove that was now in my hands on top of this stone. I took the dove and placed it on this stone. As I placed the dove on top of the stone, I was afraid that this dove might fly away, but it seemed like there was a magnetic force around these mysterious stones.

After I had placed the dove on the smooth and well-shaped stone, I looked at the dove and it looked as if it were under a certain unexplainable force. It did not move, and suddenly it vanished before my two eyes. I looked at the stone with amazement and the dove was gone. The old man looked at me and clapped his hands and started praising. I was shocked and confused and started to clap my hands as well. I had a lot of unanswered questions running through my head.

MIRACLE MONEY

Baba Francis also introduced me to what is called ‘money ritual’ which is the same as what is called miracle money in so many churches. The devil knows that the problem with believers is that they believe anything that

looks convincing. If it is labelled miracle or holy, then people will believe that it is from God and if you ask them how that is possible, they will look at you as if you are a demon and say: “Our prophet says it’s a miracle from God.”

Baba Francis showed me a pot that was empty, and he covered it with a white cloth and did some incantations which comprised of an occult prayer. I saw the empty pot getting filled with money; I saw different currencies of the world in that pot. The covered pot was getting filled with paper money and was now even overflowing. I watched with so much shock as this traditional pot turned into a money-making machine. The man was busy chanting and doing his occult prayer and movements as the spirits were bringing money inside a pot. When he finished, he told me to take out the white cloth on top of the pot, but not to take the money. He repeated that I had to make sure that I did not touch the money at all. I then removed the white cloth and saw paper money from different currencies. I then wondered how this man stayed in a small house with cracked walls if he had such powers. The whole experience did not make sense to me as I was comparing what was inside the pot and the environment of this spiritualist.

One of the assistants of Baba Francis told me that this is ritual money and real. I looked into the pot again and I wondered if the money were real, and why those people in the room were not rich. The spiritualist said their spirits did not make fake money and they asked me to take a few notes from the pot to prove that it was real. I stretched my hand forward to pick only the highest currency, and as I touched the notes, more notes were falling down from the pot. I even saw my country’s currency and I decided to take it out as well. As I was holding my country’s highest note that was removed from a traditional pot on an island where they did not even know our minister of finance, I became even more confused. I looked at them and asked them for the money. I told them that I would invest it and bring it back. I came up with a lot of business ideas but the old man wearing a red occult gown, which symbolised the position he held in the occult operation, did not have a business or any investment plan about this money. They told me that the money in the pot was mine and I could do anything with the money. Baba Francis came and touched my hand, and as he pulled me I quickly noticed a strange ring in the hand of everyone in

the room, except me. This ring was a sign to show that you belong to that occult group. The occult ring was a symbol that one was married to the occult spirit. This kind of ring was similar to the rings I had seen on many influential people I have met.

I started to think about how I was going to invest the money. I started thinking of buying a big tent and sound system for crusades. I even thought of building a church or buying a new car and beautiful things. But the problem was how I would pass through the airport or cross the border with money held in a plastic bag. I knew that I might succeed at other airports because I believed that one of the occult members would accompany me and secure my departure. But my fear grew stronger as I wondered how I would be permitted to enter my country with that kind of money, and what I would say if the immigration officials asked me some questions about the money. If I said it was miracle money, I knew I would be all over the media and under investigation. As my mind was busy trying to find the best possible way to land with this miracle money in my country, Baba Francis said to me: "Freedom" since they did not know how to call my first name Makhado. He said: "Freedom, this money you see here is all yours, but you will need to cleanse it."

I was not permitted to use the money before it was cleansed. In my context I thought to cleanse the ritual money meant to exchange it. I then asked him how I could cleanse the money and he said I had to sacrifice an animal immediately. The occult leader then suddenly changed and said he thought that I was not going to get that money because I was not ready to do what was usually shown in African movies. I asked what must be sacrificed, and he listed a long list of animals. I asked where I would get all those items as I did not know the place. One of the occult members said I should give him the money and they would buy the animals needed for the rituals at the market. The total price of all the items was too high. The price was more than my flight ticket and accommodation in that country for a month. I tried to negotiate with them to take some money from the traditional pot to buy the required items, but they refused. I started to doubt them until Baba Francis said ritual money was a secret and they would explain to me since I come from far. The old man said ritual money was the same as miracle money. There are those who can fake it by putting money into your bag secretly, while your attention has been distracted.

They claimed that the real ritual money spell is money brought by spirits of unborn babies killed through abortion. As I was listening to this occult man who had been the spiritual leader of this operation for more than 40 years, for some reason I doubted his stories.

The occult leader then related a story about a young preacher who used to trick people about miracle money. This preacher came to him to get the real power to make miracle money. During his services, the preacher who was well-known for his prophetic and miracle gimmicks in his country worked closely with some of his ushers. Before the miracle worker could enter the church, his ushers called people to the front for what they call intercession, and it was during that time that the intercession leader requested everyone to make a prayer circle.

As they were busy praying in chain prayers, other ushers at the back would start to put some money in people's bags left on their chairs. Nobody noticed as everyone was busy praying in very loud voices and closed eyes. Money and other precious stones were put in their bags in preparation for the miracles that would take place later during the service. When the miracle worker came, he would pray, and after praying, he would start to tell church members that God told him that that night was a holy night. "Angel Michael would come and bless us," he said. During the so-called Angel Michael's visit, miracles happened, some received healing, others received miracle money and still others received precious stones. People found these things in their Bibles, bags and pockets. So many people found the miracle money and testified. This miracle money was in most cases in foreign currencies so that people would believe that surely this is the work of the Lord.

This preacher came to Baba Francis's occult shrine to get power for the money-ritual spell. He was given the real spell since he said he wanted to use the money of the ritual spell for other people, and not himself. Money appeared in people's bank accounts, pockets and bags. The disadvantage of the miracle money was that whoever used it would face financial bondage ahead. Some preachers used this spell and called it miracle money.

After hearing how this ritual money worked and how it invaded the church of God as miracle money, I realised that deceiving people with money tricks is a dangerous game. Then I decided never to entertain thoughts of obtaining such powers.

CHAPTER 9

How It All Started: The Operation

RETURNING FROM NIGERIA

WHEN I RETURNED back home from Nigeria with Prophet Jeremiah, I knew that it was very important to implement drastic changes in my church as I now belonged to a secret society which controlled my life and decisions. I was actually captured by secretive powers of the secret society. After one month of burying the special muti (from the cult) in my church, I began to notice a few changes that would be revealed in this chapter.

Prophet Jeremiah (the prophet who took me to Nigeria) called me for a secretive meeting that we held in the Pretoria CBD. This meeting was arranged in one of his flats around the Pretoria CBD. It was on a Saturday evening where he said to me: “Since you are now one of us, I am going to reveal a few ‘techniques’ that you should start using in your church. Firstly, it is very important to use the occult name given to you. Your occult name empowers you to be more popular than your original name, and it tells other occult members about your rank and level and which kinds of powers are entrusted to you.”

The name that I was given was Khatha-Khatha, and this name was supposed to be used on my crusade posters and all my marketing materials. My followers and the general public were supposed to call or identify me with that name. Prophet Jeremiah said: “You need to teach your church people and followers to always praise the god of Khatha Khatha and that in itself will automatically cause your name to be on everyone’s lips and anyone who hears this name, will be interested in meeting you in person.” As he spoke, he said that the next day he would send two men to my church and their purpose was to see if the powers from the secret society were working effectively. At first I had a problem with how my church leadership would take this whole operation since I did

not want anyone to know that I had a secret agenda with Nigerians – as Nigerians had a certain reputation in my local community.

Prophet Jeremiah kept on saying that things had to change and from then onwards as I was no longer taking decisions on my own, I had to account to the cult of priests back in Nigeria. “This cult will guide you and solve any problem you have”, he said. In my mind I kept on thinking that the gentle Holy Spirit was now replaced by powers from a cult of priests. However, we then agreed about the secret visit of the two occult men who were also based in the Pretoria CBD and had offices as herbalists/spiritualists in town.

THE SUNDAY SERVICE

After the Sunday service, I drove home with my family and we kept on talking about the guests and new members turning up at our church. From that Sunday onwards, we kept on receiving a lot of new people. This secretive mentoring by the two men went on for a month, and the progress and development of the church were reported to the occult society back in the village in Nigeria after every Sunday church service. After a while, my senior, Prophet Jeremiah – whom I referred to as my brother since we were instructed to call each other brothers as we were in the same cult – told me that the senior has allowed me to start operating as a prophet, as I was now completely ready and trained.

They gave me the following guidelines:

- Not everything I was taught at the Bible College will work anymore, as the Bible school operation was not the same as the occult society. He taught me step-by-step how the occult society operates. They referred to the operation as forensic prophecy, google prophecy and accurate prophecy.
- He encouraged me to design what we used to call visitor cards. On the church visitors' cards, I should ask the visitors for their names, surnames, date of birth, and prayer request. He said all the church visitors' card should be kept with me and the following week I should visit one of the occult members (Dr Yaya) in town who operated as a herbalist/spiritualist. The herbalist was supposed to

take each church visitor's card and consult with the cult of priests on my behalf. The cult would then give us detailed information about everyone on the list. I then asked brother Jeremiah how it was possible to be able to retrieve personal information about a person who is miles away. Brother Jeremiah replied by saying: "That is what we call remote healing or prophecy; it works only if you know the person's full names as they appear on the identity book and date of birth." The cult of priests will then retrieve all personal information of people on the list, and I was requested to write everything down during the week.

- He said I should make sure that during my Sunday church service, I prophesied on only those people of whom the cult of priests had given me detailed information.
- I was required to perform animal sacrifices and bath with the animal blood at the nearest river before going to each Sunday church service.
- I was also required to use the 'ash powers' that were given to me inside a horn in Nigeria. I was supposed to lick the black ash muti. This muti had powers to make everyone believe what I said, and I was not to be doubted nor questioned. This muti had powers to brainwash and hypnotise a person's mind. Whatever I said would be accepted without any opposition or resistance.

THE ID NUMBER AND CAR VIN OPERATION

Prophet Jeremiah asked me if I would like to perform the ID number and the bank account balance prophecy that was popular in most prophetic churches. He said that kind of a prophecy was called forensic prophecy and I would not be able to carry it out alone, as I needed two IT guys (whom he referred to as hackers) to retrieve information for me. He said I should also have enough money to pay the two people as they would be working behind the scenes to make this operation look real. This was actually staged prophecy.

He said he needed full names and car registration numbers which would be given to the people working behind the scene. The first stage was

to give the guys working behind the scenes the car registration numbers of the people to be prophesied on, then the guys would retrieve what was referred to as the stroke (the stroke consisted of the name of the car owner, the address and the ID numbers). If all the information was linked to the given name that would be prophesied on, then it meant all the information was accurate.

The second stage was to give the second guy the ID numbers of the person to be prophesied on. The second guy working behind the scene had a way of accessing bank accounts. He had a way of providing accurate information and all transactions, including bank balances.

All this information was to be given to the prophet together with the information from the cult of priests. All this information was gathered and used on innocent people who would not be aware that they were actually targets of the prophet and the guys working behind the scenes.

THE MIRACLE MONEY OPERATIONS

The miracle money issue was performed the same way as the ID number operation, but this time the guys behind the scenes were able to transfer money into people's bank accounts at the same time that the prophet would be praying for people's bank cards. E-wallets were also used to transfer money into people's accounts as the operation had full details of church members.

The miracle money was executed by highly trained ushers who also deceived people by putting money (foreign currencies in most cases) in people's bags during the church service. This practice was performed when the church members were distracted or paying attention to something else during the church service, like during chain intercession prayer sessions or when being called by ushers at the information desk. Prophet Jeremiah said the reason they performed this miracle money operation was for church followers and members to trust the prophet without any doubts. After experiencing the power of miracle money, most church members would then start to trust their prophet with their entire salaries, pension funds or investments.

He said at times people would be declined for loans at the banks, but once they were prayed for by the prophet, their loans would be approved

within a few months. The prophet would usually request those who needed their loans to be approved, to give what they called seed offering (money) and also provide their full names and personal information to the prophet. Once the prophet had all the required information and the seed offering, the guys working behind the scenes would then transfer money to their bank accounts.

Those miracles encouraged others to trust the prophet even more, as the miracle money prophecy was at times demonstrated during the church service. People would receive money notifications during the church service thinking that it was a miracle from God. Such miracles were used to make followers protect and defend their prophets against all opposition. When followers of a false prophet are captured by this kind of powers, it is very difficult for a mere mortal man to convince them to repent. Only the power of the Holy Spirit can break this cycle of deception.

Prophet Jeremiah then told me that at times prophets would help their loyal church members to obtain loans. The guys behind the scenes would transfer this miracle money into accounts of people who have had a good credit record for several months. After three months, the prophet would tell these people who received miracle money to apply for a loan for Jesus Christ. He used a scripture in the Bible to deceive his followers to take loans without objecting:

“Elisha said, go around and borrow as many empty jars as you can from your friends and neighbours.” 2 Kings 4:3

DEBT COUNSELLING OPERATION

This operation is done through guys behind the scene. As these guys have personal information of church members and also of visitors, they have a way of accessing credit records and debts of these people. They would pay debts of some of the members and the members would come to testify that their debts have been miraculously paid off. People who experience such kind of miracles are expected to turn into staunch supporters of the prophet as most will always refer to these great miracles when the prophet is attacked or opposed.

JOB INTERVIEW OPERATION

There is a section on the membership or visitor form that requires people to reveal their employment status. Those who are not employed will be called to the front to be prayed for, and after a few days they will receive a job interview SMS with numbers that start with +2787 or receive a call from a call centre starting with 0860. After such fake SMSs, people would start testifying about the interview SMSs. Prophets who broadcast their miracle services on TV or Social Media, use these kinds of testimonies to attract more innocent people.

SMS, CONTACT DETAILS OF RELATIVES AND PROPHECIES

Prophet Jeremiah then said: “When you perform this prophecy, make sure that you train your ushers to be highly skilled in retrieving information for you.” What they then do, is that they take church members’ cell phones (while the member is unaware) during home visits or during consultations. The usher will then access SMSs, names and contact details of the person’s closest relatives and friends secretly. All the information collected will later be used as a prophecy to the unsuspecting victim.

MEETING A LIFE PARTNER: PROPHECIES

“In this operation, church members’ personal details are given to another group of guys working behind the scenes.” These guys will then keep in touch with the people looking for life partners and in this case, “Women were the ones who were always on the list and easy targets,” said Prophet Jeremiah. “Social media is seldom used as the platform to lure these women into marriage.”

After the prophet has prayed for all single women who are desperately looking for husbands, within a few weeks the ushers will use contact information they received from these women. There is also a special service for these kinds of arrangements where single ladies from different places are invited to be prayed for at a certain fee. Some of the women end up getting married to arranged life partners,” Prophet Jeremiah said. I

knew that these kinds of marriages would not last because of the deception around such arrangements.

VOMITING OF SNAKES, FISH AND OTHER STRANGE OBJECTS

Prophet Jeremiah said that two groups of people would be needed to carry out this kind of a miracle. The first group is the so-called staged people who are paid to perform fake miracles. The second group comprised of ushers who jot down prayer requests of people at the information desk. If someone complains about bad dreams and not sleeping at night, ushers will make sure that they locate the person's house and plant something in the yard of that person. Those who complain about stomach problems are given special water an hour before the prophet ascends the stage. When the prophet ascends the stage, he will then pray and shout by saying: "People will vomit things today," because he would have kept track of the time, since the special water should cause the vomiting. As they start to vomit, ushers will then throw in some snakes, fish and other things into the buckets to make it appear as though those people have vomited strange things. The ushers who work with the prophet are usually very fast when they carry out such staged miracles. Those who do not have stomach problems will be given Indian beans that will cause them to vomit when they arrive home. The following Sunday they will return to church or come to the weekly consultation with the vomit inside a bucket.

VISION OIL

There is a special vision oil that is normally sold in prophetic churches. Members are instructed to rub their faces with it every night before they sleep. This oil causes nightmares. The fragrance of the oil has a bad effect on a person's brain, and the person would end up experiencing bad dreams. These people would then consult with the prophet at a fee regarding these dreams.

MEGA CRUSADE OR STADIUM OPERATION: THE CHARM PREPARED BEFORE MEGA CRUSADES AND GIVING

I asked Prophet Jeremiah about these pastors who are able to attract a huge number of people for crusades in stadiums or huge venues, and how they influence these people to give their properties, pension money, cars and all other valuable items without thinking twice. I mentioned that the same people fail to take care of the poor, widows, orphans and their local pastors, but are willing to do wonders for a visiting prophet. He then laughed and revealed the powers behind the great attendance and the offerings.

The prophet told me that the reason people give their money, cars, houses, cell phones and other valuable things, was because of the muti buried in places where the crusades are held. The prophet said most churches and crusades are firstly organised by demons in the spirit before a crusade can take place. Before a prophet can hold a crusade, he slaughters a sheep or a goat as an offering sacrifice for the spirits of that place to attract more people to the crusade. “Ask yourself this question. Whenever you attend a revival or a church service, are you led by the Lord or are you pulled by sacrifices and spirits buried in that community?” he asked me. I just listened attentively to this new revelation.

He revealed that for these powers to work effectively in crusades, they do the following: He had to send one of his servants three weeks before the actual crusade starts to spy at the place where the crusade would be held. This person will visit all the big churches around the area, and the purpose of visiting the churches was to collect soil from all the big churches in the vicinity. The same person will also collect soil from every busy place where people gather. He will also collect names of people, especially Christians, who have a lot of money or seemed to be wealthy in the area. There will be a minimum number of people to target, depending on the size of the place. The names and soil are brought to the prophet to prepare a strong charm before the crusade. The prophet said that kind of charm operated like a distance remote control as the charm made people donate their money, cars and houses without any consideration. The unfortunate part was that when those people came back to their senses after the crusade, the prophet and his team would be long gone. When I asked why he was targeting Christians, he said: “Christians are weak; they love miracles and they are easily deceived as they have a tendency of believing anything and are easily tricked before doing proper research.”

The prophet further explained how they prepare the charm: they take the soil (soil from the churches and other gathering places, e.g. business centres) and mix it with a mixture they obtain from occult spiritualists. The mixture will be put into a black plastic bag and buried at the entrance of the place, or any four-way crossing in that community. They also bury a live chicken, and once the chicken starts to die and rot, that is when the charm starts to work. After a few days, when the chicken has started to rot and maggots come out, people will drive, walk and run to the crusade in great numbers. People will flock to the huge stadium, tent or community hall or church due to this kind of occult practices. The crusade will be full to capacity and sometimes it will be overcrowded. I then asked the prophet what happens to names written on a piece of paper which is buried with the live chickens, and he said, "Those people are influenced by demons to give away huge amounts of money, cars or houses, or to do something big." That is where I realised that it is not every gift that is inspired by God.

I strongly believe that if some of those Christians whose names were written on those pieces of paper were prayerful and filled with the Holy Spirit, those demons from the pit of hell would not have succeeded in influencing them to fall into such traps. Lack of prayer makes people and their families victims of demons from the pit of hell. People would not be influenced by demons if they were constantly praying. The painful truth about these kinds of crusades is that after the mighty crusade has shaken the whole community, most churches will begin to close down. Side effects of occult spirits and welcoming occult prophets in an area are the reasons why most churches will close down, churches will no longer grow, pastors will be less prayerful and the divorce rate will increase.

Furthermore, there will be a high rate of murders (killings, shedding of blood, or accidents), most young children will be addicted to drugs, prostitution and many different vices. The high rate of suicide is also disconcerting. There is always a price to be paid, and most of the time the innocent people are the ones who pay a very heavy price.

Prophet Jeremiah then said, "My brother, in order to have an effective revival in any area, you should make sure that you have three fieldworkers. The purpose of the three fieldworkers is to go to the area

where the revival will take place and be deployed in three different sections within that area for information gathering.”

He gave me practical examples that I will mention next.

THE FIRST FIELDWORKER (CHRISTIANS AND CHURCHES)

The first fieldworker focused primarily on churches and Christians around the area. The fieldworker will visit most churches in that particular area to identify the most effective and prayerful church in that area. He measures churches in terms of the building size and membership. Once the fieldworker has categorised the churches, he conducts his research about the residing pastors of those churches, the background of the pastor, his family, the car he drives and where he stays. Christians who are usually targeted are those who love miracles and instant prophecies. Most of these Christians would be identified by car stickers of their pastors on their cars, and wristbands with the names of their church or prophet.

The fieldworker would make sure that he creates a friendship with those kinds of Christians to the extent where the fieldworker will plant something in their yards secretly. They usually plant things that look like snakes, scary objects, small bottles with scary things inside, and they would sometimes label the bottles with names like ‘tokoloshi’ (zombie). The fieldworker will also ensure that he collects car registration numbers and personal details of the families, and all this information will be given to the senior prophet.

The senior prophet will then keep the information safe as he will use it during his prophetic services to trick those who will be at the mega revival. The senior prophet will also consult with the spirit and powers under which he operates for guidance. The purpose of consulting these spirits is to get confirmation about the operation, to check if the whole operation will be effective and accurate and if the families visited by the fieldworkers will attend the mega revival. For the operation to be effective, the spirits have to confirm if the targeted people are tricked into paying huge amounts of money for consultation and to buy the muti that is disguised as holy items.

Once the spirits agree, the crusade will proceed and posters and flyers will be distributed throughout the entire area and surrounding areas.

THE COMMON TRICKS PLAYED ON PEOPLE DURING MEGA CRUSADES

During the revival, the senior prophets will brag about their prophetic gifts and how powerful and accurate their gifts are. They will then narrate to the crowd how they are able to call people by name and from their houses. To convince the crowd about their gifts, they will mention the name of the most known pastor in that area; they will make sure that he does not pronounce the name clearly to deceive the crowd in believing that the Spirit of God just revealed the name during the service. The crowd will then assist the prophet in pronouncing the name with great excitement as some of his church members will be there. The prophet will then look confused and then proceed to describe how he looks, where his church is, what his cell number is, and even his car registration number is revealed. The crowd will then start to praise the prophets and clap their hands in great excitement and admiration of this staged prophecy. The minute they clap and shout, it will be a signal to the prophet that the crowd has totally been deceived.

The prophet will then give the crowd the cell number of the popular pastor which he will claim the Lord gave him. The crowd will then see the prophet as half-God and half-man as he will be prophesying involving people through their cell phone numbers. One person from the crowd will then be asked to call the pastor and ask him to come to the tent quickly. As the pastor enters the church, the prophet will then ask if he knows him, to which the pastor will respond negatively with much shock and disbelief. The prophet will then prophesy to the pastor and mention most of the events in his life; the pastor will be asked to confirm if he agrees with the prophecy to which he will say “Yes” with amazement. The whole crowd will then rise and applaud with much excitement, and from that evening onwards word-of-mouth will spread like wildfire about this mega revival. People will flock to the revival, hoping to receive miracles and prophecies.

THE SECOND FIELDWORKER

The second fieldworker will focus on local hospitals and traditional doctors for information gathering. The fieldworker will obtain information or a database of the local hospital and traditional doctor through reliable

sources and security officials. The data usually has the names and contact details of people visiting their loved ones in the hospital. The fieldworker will then try to create conversations with sick people who would be basking in the sun outside and who seem to be isolated. The fieldworker will then request information of relatives from these patients and promise to call them to come and visit. The fieldworker will then visit the local traditional healers and agree on a secretive working relationship. Some traditional doctors will refuse to give these contact details, but some will give such information at a very high cost. The traditional doctor will even reveal the most confidential information about the clients. Some traditional doctors are even given huge amounts of money to testify that they have repented at the revival or crusade of the prophet and to instruct their clients to consult with the mega revival crusade for their solutions. Some traditional doctors even go to the extent of saying their bones were showing them that the particular prophet has powers and can help their clients. All these actions embrace the syndication between the prophet, his team and the traditional doctor.

THE THIRD FIELDWORKER

The third fieldworker focuses on local taverns, nightclubs and other popular public joints to gather information and photos of interesting characters. Some of these people would be invited to the crusade to testify.

Prophet Jeremiah told me to master all these operations if I wanted to succeed as a prophet and to receive the title of a general.

CHAPTER 10

The Commercialisation of the Gospel through the Eyes of Dr Yaya

FINANCIAL STRAIN

THE SOLE REASON why I changed from being called a pastor to being called and becoming a self-made prophet was due to financial problems and distress I had encountered in the ministry. Prophet Jeremiah made it clear to me when he said many things would change drastically; more so my preaching and practice in my ministry. He told me that my teachings and preaching should focus more on prosperity, wealth, money, miracles and healing because that was what the majority of people were looking for in churches today. Prophet Jeremiah also said, “The church has moved away from being a community upliftment initiative programme into a mini shopping centre where prophets and pastors are selling spiritual materials such as the so-called holy oil and holy waters. You should create a consultation office if you want to start making a lot of cash fast.” I then asked, “What is a consultation office and how should I make one?” His reply was: “A consultation office is a place where people will come for spiritual consultation at a fee. You will make money from consultation fees, sell spiritual material such as holy oils, wristbands, holy salts and other things, and you will be able to perform other spiritual services at a price. I tell you Khatha-Khatha, you need an office.”

The following day Prophet Jeremiah took me to one of his friends in town who was also a member of the same secret society I had joined in Nigeria. This man had an office next to a busy taxi rank, and he had hired unemployed South Africans to distribute his pamphlets at every corner in the city and at taxi ranks. His pamphlets had full details of his services: he operated as Doctor Yaya from West Africa and had a long list of things that he was able to cure and with which to assist. When we arrived at Dr Yaya’s consultation room, Prophet Jeremiah introduced me to this dark

and tall gentleman he called Dr Yaya. As Prophet Jeremiah was busy talking, I noticed that Dr Yaya's phone kept on ringing constantly; Prophet Jeremiah then whispered to me that his potential clients were busy calling and enquiring about his services and he said his marketing strategy was working to his advantage. Dr Yaya kept on saying on the phone "Yes, Papa, I can make it grow big and strong," and I thought he was referring to church growth. Dr Yaya then hung up his cell phone, looked at me for a few seconds and spoke to Prophet Jeremiah in their mother tongue and they then laughed hysterically. Prophet Jeremiah then explained to me that the reason they were laughing was that Dr Yaya was known to be good at solving men's problems and they laughed at the fact that South African men love to grow their manhood. Dr Yaya's phone kept on ringing continuously and I then thought to myself that Dr Yaya was busier than most qualified and professional physicians in our local surgeries. Dr Yaya then decided to give his cell phone to his secretary who was a South African woman who spoke our local language. The reason Dr Yaya hired South Africans was for them to assist with translations as most of his clients were school dropouts and spoke only in their native languages.

Before our meeting could start, Prophet Jeremiah instructed me to show Dr Yaya the marks on my left hand in order for him to see that I belonged to the same secret society as him. I then lifted my shirt sleeve a bit and showed him the three signs I had on my wrist; the signs were three striped marks on my left hand that came from razor cuts. Dr Yaya also showed me his striped marks, and to my amazement, the marks looked exactly like mine. We then greeted each other with our occult greeting using our left hands. He said it was great to have a South African pastor who was initiated by their country's most powerful secret society. He told me that most prophets in their respective countries have affiliated with their secret society for powers and to perform miracles and accurate prophecies (calling people by their names, cell phone numbers and also revealing their deepest and darkest secrets). "This means our secret society will grow fast and easy in this country," Dr Yaya said. Prophet Jeremiah then asked Dr Yaya to brief me on how to run a successful and effective consultation office in my local community.

Dr Yaya looked at me and then insisted that I should use my occult name (Khatha-Khatha) on all my posters and publications. He told me to

go by the name Prophet Khatha-Khatha, the name I was given by the secret society after my initiation ceremony. Secondly, I was instructed to use their occult colours, which were red, blue and white as the colours representing the brand of their secret society. Doctor Yaya then said: “As a pastor, you should be very wise when it comes to making money. Remember as a pastor your prayers should come at no fee, but you should ensure that you sell things to your clients to generate money for yourself.” This tip sounded interesting and I moved to the edge of the seat, as I wanted to know how it was possible to commercialise the gospel without anyone suspecting anything.

I then asked the experienced Dr Yaya how the so-called consultation operation can work in a church setting; in my eyes, Dr Yaya operated exactly like traditional doctors and herbalists. “Prophet Khatha-Khatha, listen to me very well. I will give you the knowledge and will also share my experience with you since we belong to the same ‘family’,” Dr Yaya said. He continued to say: “You should design a poster or pamphlet that will attract a lot of people to your consultation office and you should also mention a list of things with which you can help people.” He continued to say, “Most South Africans I have helped are attracted by the following things: bringing back loved ones, how to grow manhood, luck to win the lotto, how to be wealthy fast, how to get employed and pass interviews, how to grow and protect your business, and how to receive miracle money. This pamphlet method will automatically draw people to your office, Khatha-Khatha.”

Dr Yaya then said, “As a prophet, you can start special services or crusades where you will dedicate a day to pray for males’ manhood and relationships/marital problems. These kinds of services will make you popular and bring many people to your church, as I have picked up that most of my South African clients are men with manhood issues and women with lost lovers or marital problems.” I then asked for a paper to write down these informative tricks and Dr Yaya said: “You do not have to write anything down as I will give you one copy of my advertisement poster that you can use as a reference, my Brother. You can just replace Dr Yaya with your occult name and the name of your ministry, but please make sure that you include the Power of Jesus at the bottom of the poster,” and he then gave me a sly smile. “You should have a special office where

you will conduct your administration of clients. Something we call a shrine in our field of work. I will help you to set up the shrine very well. Come let me show you what I mean,” Dr Yaya said, and he instructed me to follow him as he entered one dark room just behind his reception area. “This is where I make more money. I tell you”, Dr Yaya said. “What do you mean by making more money in a dark room like this?” I asked him.

He then switched on the light. The room was filled with strange and creepy looking sculptures and idols which were situated in the corner of the room. He then told me to come closer to the idols. “These are spirits that talk and instruct my clients to pay a lot of money,” Dr Yaya said. “How?” I asked him. Dr Yaya then said, “When a client comes to consult concerning any problem like sickness or enlargement of his private part or manhood, I make sure that I shift and divert their problem or focus-point to something else. Most of the times I manipulate my clients by claiming that the main cause of their problems is linked to their ancestors. I then convince them that I have special powers from West Africa to communicate with ancestors and I make sure that clients speak or reconnect with their ancestors during the consultation session. To ensure that clients are easily manipulated and not doubtful, I request clients to go through a cleansing session whereby the client will bath with my muti in order to begin with the entire process. This muti will automatically cast a powerful spell on anyone who agrees to go through with the cleansing. Khatha-Khatha, my brother, there is no one who will bath with my muti and not take whatever I say. That is what we call the spirit of command, my brother, and I have seen most of your South African prophets using the same spirit on television.”

“The same bath will ensure that the client returns to my shrine for more instructions and guidance. He will even forget about the main reason that brought him or her to consult with me. The client will fall prey to the deception and play along with the new path of ancestors. I usually request the clients for some soil from where they stay during the follow-up consultation session. Remember, Khatha-Khatha, on the first visit you should be able to source a lot of information from the client, the same information you obtain will be used with the client when you prophesy or when you summon the ancestral spirits to speak to the client,” Dr Yaya said.

“The name and the surname of the client will determine which language will be used when the ancestors of the client appear,” Dr Yaya continued. “What do you mean, Dr Yaya?” I asked. He then took me to another room and showed me a pipe that was buried underground. This pipe was the same as the green hosepipe used in households to water gardens and to do other things. This pipe was connected to the other room. It was secretly and strategically placed there to implement the ancestor communication trick. Dr Yaya then continued to say, “Welcome to the world of black magic, Khatha-Khatha; this trick is the one that puts food on my table and which enables me to afford the life I am living in the best upmarket suburb of South Africa.”

He continued to say, “Once you have set a date to take the client to come and talk with his ancestors, you will need to find someone who will be able to speak the language of the client fluently. In my case, Nomvula helps me much to source people who can speak the required South African languages fluently.”

He was referring to his secretary. He further said, “She usually gets older women who can speak your languages from your local townships at a fee of course, and I pay this old woman very well per session. We make sure that this act is executed perfectly in order to convince the client to release more money for ancestors. My brother, this practice has made a lot of people to take their early retirement with the false hope of ancestors multiplying their pension funds and receiving miracle money worth millions.”

When Dr Yaya explained the second trick, he showed me a small trap door connected to the room filled with idols. He said: “With this trap door I am able to perform any miracle I want. What usually happens is that the impersonated ancestor of the clients can ask them to prepare a sacrifice for their ancestors in the form of an animal. The client will usually slaughter an animal and bring a piece of meat for the disguised ancestor. The client is usually asked to leave the sacrificial meat in this room for a few minutes. Once the client is outside the room, one of my boys will enter the room through the trap door and eat the sacrificial meat and leave only bones on the floor and pour a white powder on the floor to show some ‘footprints’. When the client returns to the room at my instruction, he will find the meat gone and bones left in the plate. I will then say to the client,

your ancestors have accepted your sacrifice and left only bones to show that they are well pleased.”

“The third stage is when the ancestor tells the clients that they want to give them more money by multiplying what they will offer to them. I will then tell the clients that the ancestors want to prove their power through lotto numbers. I will then give a blank lotto ticket card to the client and the ancestor will call out lucky numbers for the client to tick. The client will then be instructed to put the marked ticket card inside an envelope and seal it and will be told never to open it alone. The client will then take the sealed envelope to their home and watch the lotto game that particular week. We usually use a spell that will make the client forget the numbers that were called in the shrine by the ancestor. After watching the lotto game that week, the client will then write down the winning lotto numbers on a piece of paper as instructed by me. The client will return to the shrine with the sealed envelope and the winning numbers they had written on a piece of paper. When the client brings the sealed envelope, I will secretly replace the sealed envelope with another envelope that has the winning lotto numbers that I marked during the lotto game. I will then ask the client to open the replaced envelope and compare it with the winning numbers on the piece of paper. When the client sees the numbers from the envelope matching exactly the winning numbers, he will then be convinced that his ancestors surely have the power to create riches and wealth for them, and he will do whatever the ancestors command or ask for. The sole purpose of this lotto trick is just to lure the clients into trusting the ancestors with anything. So Khatha-Khatha, as you are now a prophet, you should please tell your clients that you have special powers to communicate with their deceased relatives,” Dr Yaya explained.

THE VISION WATER

“As a church prophet, you will need to convince Christians first because most Christians love miracles. So I will prepare what I call vision water for you, and will also teach you how to prepare it for your clients. This vision water activates what we call the pituitary gland which makes people see spiritual things around them,” Dr Yaya said.

“You mean this vision water makes people hallucinate or become drunk?” I asked.

“No Khatha-Khatha, this water activates the third eye in a person. The person who drinks the vision water will be able to see what is stored in their subconscious mind. I usually use it for people to see their enemies on the mirror or inside the water,” Dr Yaya said.

These revelations blew my mind as I thought that those kinds of things happened only in movies. “Do you mean the mirror or the water will show people hidden spiritual things?” I then asked. “No man, there is no mirror or water that can show people spirits. All of this happens in a person’s mind. This vision water is cooked from the African potato, which is the same as the African potato used in some ancestral ritual ceremonies. After you have cooked the African potato and you have given the client water from the African potato, the water will activate their pituitary gland and the clients will then see some kind of a movie unfolding in front of their eyes. This experience will take place for hours, and some clients might see all sorts of things including scary things in the process, so you must, therefore, ensure that you prepare the strongest coffee if you want the process to stop, as coffee helps in deactivating the pituitary gland at work,” Dr Yaya said.

“Some churches in my home country use this vision water secretly during their long fasting and prayer programmes. They usually prepare soft porridge with the vision water, and anyone who eats the soft porridge will begin to see their dead relatives talking to them. This kind of act will attract thousands of followers to that church because the experience is real and not staged. Other prophets use this kind of vision water for cases where the clients want to know who had stolen from them or caused something in their lives. After seeing the culprits, the clients will then praise the prophet, thinking that they have powers to reveal things not knowing that the power is from the African potato. Look here, Prophet Khatha-Khatha, we will help you to run a powerful consultation office in your area,” Dr Yaya said.

THE SACRIFICIAL CALABASH

“You will have to get special magical working tools like mine. This one is called the sacrificial calabash. I usually pour a very strong battery acid inside this calabash to dry the sacrificial meat. The client is usually instructed to put small pieces of a sacrificed animal liver inside the calabash; I will give the client a black muti that will be mixed with battery acid. The client will then pour this mixture inside the calabash containing liver and then close the calabash and hide it where he or she stays. I will then instruct the client to open the calabash the following morning, as I knew that the battery acid would have consumed and dried the animal liver by then. When the client reports to me that the meat was not there anymore, I will convince the client that the ancestors came at night and ate the sacrifice,” Dr Yaya said. The deception that was practised in that creepy looking shrine was just incomprehensible.

THE TRADITIONAL DOVE PAN

“This one is what we call the traditional dove pan. It is designed like the magical dove pan that is used by professional magicians, but the only difference is that this one looks creepy as it is covered with feathers and a bit of animal blood,” Dr Yaya said. He showed me a small pin and said if I pressed the pin it would open the second layer of the pan.

“In the first layer I usually ask the clients to break an egg and pour over white flour, and then close it and cover it with a black cloth. After a while I would ask the clients to remove the black cloth and open the lid as I secretly pressed this small pin, and when the clients open the lid, it will be the second layer where they will find a small dove covered in white flour. The dove will come out of the pan and the whole trick will appear like a miracle and the clients will be convinced that I am a real miracle worker,” Dr Yaya said.

I looked at him and the dove pan in total shock, and that is where I understood where the term black magic originated, and I started to discover the great lengths that false prophets go through to deceive their followers in order to milk money from them.

THE TALKING EVIL SPIRITS

Dr Yaya took a small traditional cymbal and inserted a small pipe with a small hole into his left nostril. A funny sound started to come out as he used a very strange breathing technique. As Dr Yaya breathed into the small pipe, he released a very funny sound when he started to talk. Dr Yaya performed this funny trick whenever he wanted to trick clients into communicating with spirits. “This skill and technique will also make you popular because you can make it look like the funny sound comes from an idol or tokoloshi (evil spirit). All these tricks will be used to collect money from your clients, and no one will hold you accountable for any foul play, as the disguised spirits and their ancestors will be the ones requesting this money in the form of these funny sounds. No one will ever accuse you of commercialising the gospel,” Dr Yaya said.

THE BLACK MONEY NOTE

“You see this paper?” he asked. Dr Yaya handed a black paper to me and when I touched it I realised that this paper was the same size as paper money. The only difference was that the paper looked pitch black. “This is real money, but I used black dye to make it look like this. I used this black note to lure unsuspecting people who will be scammed into wash-wash,” Dr Yaya said.

“What is wash-wash?” I asked Dr Yaya, and he said it was a trick they use to make people ‘buy’ expensive chemicals that will wash the black paper money and turn it into real money in front of their eyes. “How?” I then asked him with curiosity.

He said, “I usually visit the clients in their homes to protect their house from evil spirits and after I have done my spiritual cleansing ritual in the house, I tell them that their ancestors have given them very powerful luck and that more miraculous money will come to them. The following week I will send an old woman (these are my secret angels) to the house. I usually use women who will visit that house and pretend to be selling some things. This woman will go from house to house pretending to be selling some artistic sculptures, and when she comes to the targeted house she will start by selling, and as the conversation builds up, she will open a bag filled with black paper and ask the family to leave this big bag in their house as she wants to raise money to buy the special chemical to

wash the black paper. The woman will take a small bottle of the chemical and demonstrate to the unsuspecting family how this chemical works. She will then take out the last drop of the chemical and ask family members to take out any black paper from her bag, the woman will then pour this chemical on the black money and then the family will witness the black money turning into real money. I usually use US dollars. The woman will then ask one of the family members to go to the bank and exchange the US dollars to rands, and when the US dollars have been changed from the bank, the whole family will then automatically believe that the big bag is full of US dollars that will change their lives,” Dr Yaya elaborated.

This will be something they would also have heard from Dr Yaya previously, and the trick made by the woman selling artistic sculptures will serve as confirmation to trust whatever the woman says. The woman will then request more money from the unsuspecting family by advising them to buy a small bottle of the special chemical. During the process of the washing of the money, the woman will pretend to accidentally drop the bottle and break it with the intention of requesting the family to buy another chemical from her. The woman will then disappear with the money she got from the family and will then never be seen by the family. The only thing remaining with the family will be trauma and a bag full of fake black paper notes.

THE POWER OF FAKE MONEY

“When I instruct clients to give a lump sum of money, I make sure that I don’t touch the money with my hands. I give the clients a big bag and tell them to put all their investments in the bag and I will secretly exchange the bag through the trap door and instruct the client to take a similar bag that is exchanged and filled with fake money. I will then go to the client’s house and ask the client to pour petrol on top of the bag with fake money. As the bag and money burn to ashes, the clients will witness their money burning, unaware that the money was replaced. All their investment and retirement money would have been left at the consultation office. When the whole bag is burned, the ashes will then be buried in the yard of the clients. The clients will be requested to wait for their ancestors to double their money. When there is a delay, the clients will then be instructed to

take another loan or sell their property to ancestors. The client will continue with this deception until their bank account is left empty. When the client starts to threaten me, I will then threaten to curse the client and his family,” Dr Yaya said.

THE HEALING SCHOOL

“As a church prophet you must open a healing school”, Dr Yaya said. “What is a healing school?” I then asked Dr Yaya. “A healing school is where you keep sick people in your care and vicinity. These sick people should stay with you full time and you use them to collect money from their family members. Most people take their sick people to hospices here in South Africa so your healing school will replace all the fly-by-night hospices. If this healing school is located in your churchyard, it will draw more attention and people will come from all over because of the miracles happening in your healing school. In your healing school, you will be able to control and manipulate a lot of people, because you will stage miracles and healing. Others will give false testimonies on how they were healed at the healing school. As people will be staying with you full-time, you can also apply for grants and sponsorship from the government and other private companies. You should then open an NGO (Non-Governmental Organisation) business account which our boys will use to transfer and clean illegal money, and we will use the business account for our illegal transactions. To the public this will look like a healing school, but behind closed doors we will know this is where we do illegal transactions. Every Sunday you will use your patients to testify to the public and some testimonies should be scripted by you. You tell your patients what to say, and trust me, this will result in your becoming a household prophet soon. The healing school strengthens tele-evangelism as the world will be attracted to what they see and hear on the TV screen. Once you have a healing school, you will also stage healing where some sick people will come on wheelchairs and walk after you have prayed for them, and other sick people will have bruises and wounds that are artificially created by professional make-up artists, and the television crew will be trained on how to capture and produce only what sells. After your clients have used your water or oil on TV, the producer will show before and after images to

sell your healing school to the nation. The healing school will also provide you with control over all your patients. You can also give them vision water that will make them see spirits during the church service, and will make people believe in your powers. You will be able to tell your patients what to do and they will do it on your command. This healing school is what we call ‘dikagelo’, which in one of our local languages means ‘a place where sick people lodge’ “, Dr Yaya said.

MIRACLE CENTRE OF ALL NATIONS

“Khatha-Khatha, if it is possible, please rename your church a miracle centre because the word miracle is selling nowadays. South Africans love miracles and if you say your church is a miracle centre for all nations, it will imply that your market will comprise of all nations and races. It will not be easy to change the name of your church now as it will make a lot of people suspicious because you are just returning from your trip to Nigeria. Changing your church name would be easy for you to attract more foreigners. We would serve under you as assistant pastors and bodyguards. Think hard about it, prophet Khatha-Khatha,” Dr Yaya insisted.

THE POWER OF JOURNALISM AND INFORMERS

“Prophet Khatha-Khatha, my advice is for you to raise money and buy airtime to broadcast your miracle services on your national television. The last time I checked it was a bit expensive to secure airtime on television. When you have a television channel, it will make you grow very fast and your ministry will be known everywhere. When you have a television ministry, we will help you to perform what we call national and international prophecy. This kind of prophecy will draw politicians and dignitaries to your ministry,” Dr Yaya continued to instruct me. “How is that possible?” I asked him. Dr Yaya said I should ensure that I have a strong relationship with well-informed journalists in the country. The purpose of this relationship would be to provide advanced information that I was to use in my church to prophesy. The journalist will provide me with information about stories that will make headlines during the week, as some of these media houses have a list of headlines they schedule for the

week during their newsroom meetings. He told me that I would then use that information from journalists as prophecy in my church, while the cameras are capturing everything. Once the news was broadcast by the media houses, his television crew would run the story on his television channel as a confirmation of the prophecy.

“These journalists will also connect you to other channels breaking news from other countries, and you will be the first person to prophesy about the news before they are printed in the papers or broadcast on TV and radio. This will automatically make you a true prophet of your generation. This informational prophecy will not be what God says, but will be based on the leaked information you retrieve from journalists,” Dr Yaya said.

“You should also have informers on the streets around where your church is located. You should be able to know everything from gangsters’ plans to the local politicians’ secret plans. You should also work closely with local traditional doctors who will provide you with information that you will use on your national TV channel. If a car is stolen in your area, you should be able to trace where the car is through the information from the streets. In other countries, some prophets bug phones of top politicians and gangsters and use the information as prophecy. We can help you set a very powerful miracle and prophetic centre for all nations here, and you will become known overnight as we have connections everywhere. This is a very watertight syndicate, my brother,” Dr Yaya said.

CHAPTER 11

The HIV Cure Deception

MARKETING CRUSADES

WHEN I HELD crusades and revivals, I made sure that I marketed the crusades very well to attract both Christians and non-Christians. My crusade marketing posters had taglines like ‘Join us for a Miracle Service, Healing and Deliverance Weekend, Financial and Debt Breakthroughs, All-night Prayer and One-on-One consultation with Prophet Khatha-Khatha.’ I remember an incident when a certain young lady and her mother came to my one-on-one consultation session where I made time to listen to people’s problems and provided solutions at a certain fee. The young lady looked gravely sick as her skin was pale and her body was too thin. During the spiritual consultation, I prophesied to the two women accurately and the mother was shocked about the accuracy of the prophecy and could not believe that I was capable of revealing such deep things about a person’s life. The mother then opened up and told me that her family believed that the real cause of the girl’s sickness was due to the fact that the father of the lady had rejected her from birth and that there was never any ritual ceremony done nor any damage payments that were offered to the mother after giving birth. The mother then continued to say that the father of the young lady agreed to a ceremony for the young lady and the reason she came to consult with me, was to ask for a peaceful and successful ritual ceremony between the two families. The mother believed that the reunion between the father and young lady would bring total healing to his daughter. As I wanted to make the mother and young lady happy, I prayed for them and they left.

After a few months I bumped into the young lady at the local shopping centre and she looked very healthy and she told me that she was now HIV negative. I asked her if she was certain about what she said. She then insisted that we buy an HIV test at the nearest shop to prove her case. We

then bought an HIV test from the shop and she did the testing in my car. To my surprise I saw only one line appearing on the tester and that confirmed her theory that she was healed and cured of HIV. “What happened?” I then asked this young lady who looked totally different from the person I had seen a few months ago. She told me that after her mother’s family had performed the reunion ritual with his biological father’s family, she was admitted to the hospital as her condition was getting worse. During the time her mother was coming for some hospital visits, the mother met a man who was always at the hospital gates talking to some patients about his miracle tea that was capable of healing HIV. The young lady continued to say, “As my mother knew that I was HIV positive yet denying the reality of my condition, my mother approached the man who was a local priest at one of the biggest churches in our community. My mom then scheduled an appointment with the priest for the collection of the miracle tea,” the young lady said.

“We didn’t pay anything as the priest insisted that I use the miracle tea first and pay as soon as I see results. We then went home to try his treatment that was two bottles of 5-litre water. I consumed the 5 litres for a month as instructed by the local priest. I could see changes even before the month ended. After the treatment, I went to the local clinic and to my great surprise, I tested HIV negative. When I saw the results, I had mixed feelings and so many unanswered questions, Prophet Khatha-Khatha”, the young lady said.

Her story was just too good to be true and was too hard to believe. I did not want to congratulate her, as I knew that her case was too sensitive. All I wanted to do was to meet this local priest and do my own research. “Can you please take me to this local priest as I need to talk to him urgently regarding your issue,” I said. We immediately drove to one local village and met the local priest who was wearing a black striped jacket with his church badge on the left side of his jacket. The local priest welcomed us as we sat down and joined the long queue of other sick people. When our time came, we had the opportunity to talk to this local healer. I explained who I was and my background as a prophet. Seeing that we operated the same, he then opened up to me and told me that his ancestors revealed to him the cure and remedy of HIV. I then asked him why he did not take this cure to our Department of Health for further testing as a lot of people can

benefit greatly from his great discovery. He then said his ancestors were refusing. “Most people you see here are teachers, policemen, nurses, and they all come here to buy this healing tea, and most people who have used this tea are satisfied with the end results.” His words and those of the young lady convinced me and confirmed this great discovery that was contained in the tea.

I then bought a few bottles for my clients and I told him that I would be his regular client, provided that my clients received the same results. What fascinated me was that the local priest told me that I should ensure that I tell my clients never to stop taking that medical treatment when taking the miracle tea. Clients were encouraged to take their medical treatment even when they test negatively after the consumption of the miracle tea. This tea made me very popular during my time as a false prophet as people came as far as Lesotho and Botswana to buy the miracle tea. After a month of the consumption of the miracle tea, they would tell me that they had tested themselves and had discovered that they were now HIV negative.

As time went by, I received a call from the local priest who called me regarding another discovery. He told me that his ancestors had given him another recipe for formulating capsules and these capsules were more powerful than the miracle tea. I asked him to send these capsules to me, which he did. I then gave the capsules to a lady who frequented my place for consultation as she had a very big stomach that was growing at a very alarming rate like a pregnant woman. The lady took the capsules and then after three days the big tummy was gone. This miracle capsule made a lot of people flock to my consultation office, because of real evidence of healing. I began to stock the miracle capsules in great numbers and began giving them to people and allowing them to use them and pay later after they had seen miracles.

More testimonies were being broadcast on our community radio station and the news spread like wildfire that there was a man called Prophet Khatha-khatha. We printed thousands of flyers, and I also had my own newspaper that was distributed free of charge to promote all the healing that was taking place in my consultation offices and to attract the attention of every person. One day the local priest told me that his main church had fired him as they were against his method of healing,

especially when people were made to consult with him in his house and had to pay for spiritual services. He told me that when I came to see him, I had to call him and we would meet somewhere private, but not in his house as a lot of people were looking and did not approve of his method of healing. Indeed, we met privately for our meeting.

After testing his capsules on my clients, I realised that his capsules and tea did not heal the virus, they only hid the virus in order for machines and the testers not to be able to detect any sickness or virus. I arranged a meeting with him to confront him because I knew that his capsules and water did not heal, but only hid the virus. I told him that he had deceived me and he was 'selling' a lie. As I look back right now, I realise that it was actually a case of the blind leading the blind. We were both in darkness and pushing deception. He then confirmed my suspicions by admitting and confessing to the deception behind his miracle water and capsule. He said the real reason why many clients seemed to be progressing fast was that he instructed all his clients to take their medical treatment as instructed by the clinic or medical doctors and to also eat healthy food together with the water and capsules. After he had confessed to me that his products did not remove or heal HIV, I quickly decided to remove all his products from my shrine as I did not want to get into trouble with the Department of Health or government.

CHAPTER 12

Identifying Occult Churches

A FALSE WAY OF PRAISE AND WORSHIP

TODAY WE HAVE many churches with all sorts of names and the new emerging churches focus greatly on the so-called forensic prophecy, miracles, and testimonies derived from the consumption of holy oils/water and many other items sold in the church. This emerging prophetic movement is currently raising many unanswered questions, as most of these churches grow at a very fast rate with so many people claiming to obtain their breakthroughs and healing. These emerging churches use the Bible, preach from it, sing Christian songs and even pray using the name of the Lord, yet the leaders practise occultism secretly, which makes their followers end up being captured by evil forces, unaware.

I will explain a few key factors on how to spot or determine signs of an occult church based on my personal experience, as I have experienced both worlds (the occult world and the true Gospel of God).

THE FAST GROWTH OF CHURCHES IN OUR COUNTRY

I have seen many people opening independent churches or ministries as they felt that their local churches were not meeting their spiritual needs. Some of the church founders I met enrol for unaccredited Bible short courses, buy pastoral certificates, and some even forge a doctoral qualification. Others are even ordained by fly-by-night Bible colleges and spiritual organisations as pastors, prophets, apostles and bishops. Such churches are not based on any sound biblical foundation which is to preach the true Gospel of God and to lead people to the Lord through sound biblical doctrines. The number of these new, emerging churches is increasing daily at a fast rate. I have seen how a person who felt unwelcome in a particular church or felt his gift was not well utilised or

recognised, ended up registering for a Non-Profit Organisation, hiring a building or buying a tent and sound system to pursue a self-appointed pastoral or a prophetic career. These self-appointed prophets are in favour of Prophetic and Miracle Centres. These miracle centres have caused disunity and divisions in churches today.

THE CHURCH OF GOD IS THE BODY OF CHRIST

Occult churches are influenced by witchcraft powers, and they fight each other because it is believed that one power has to be stronger than another. In this case, the pastors of these occult churches promote division among their church members and other church members.

This spiritual fight goes to a level where ‘staged demon-possessed people’ will manifest and mention the name of the other pastor/prophet they want to destroy as a witch. This kind of practice is promoted within occult churches and the staged demon usually confirms their presiding prophet as the only powerful and true prophet of God. This staged demon comes in the form of a person who will act as if he came to the church sent by other churches to destroy the powers of the presiding prophet. The staged demon will then start to manifest when being prayed for and claim that he was sent by a certain church to destroy the presiding prophet. That is why I always tell people never to entertain some of these demon manifestations taking place in churches and on TV, as most of these manifestations are staged and not true. Some of these prophets push their agendas through staged demon manifestations, testimonies and prophecies.

The Church of God is the Body of Christ and should preach repentance, forgiveness of sins, love and unity. Christ is the head and we are all members of this Body. Occult churches believe that their churches are more superior as they can heal, perform miracles, prophecy and they indoctrinate their followers with false doctrine that their breakthroughs, blessing and protection can only be found in their occult churches.

THE NAMES OF THE CHURCH

We need to understand that a true Church of God belongs to Christ, not an organisation or a family. We are all workers in the vineyard of the Lord. Many churches have strange names because most occult societies insist on a church name that is in line with what the secret society stands for, as the society claims that it has the power to make a church to draw crowds through the name of the church. Some occult societies also insist that their occult churches use the society's symbols and colours in the church's logo. There is no guideline on the naming of a church, but as the Church of God should be based on Christian doctrines, the name should also be in line with the Bible's sound doctrine. Other churches use words such as healing, miracles, and prophecy with the intention of attracting miracle seekers, sick people and those who like one-on-one consultation with the prophet. The foundation of such churches is primarily on miracles, healing and prophecies, rather than the full Word of God. Such churches promise miracles to many souls and people flock there in search of these miracles, rather than seeking the Kingdom of God.

THE TOTAL POWER OF CONTROL OVER CHURCH MEMBERS

Another way to spot an occult practice in the church is through the power of mind control and spiritual manipulation by spiritual leaders over their followers and congregations. A true church teaches its members to be rooted in biblical principles, while an occult church manipulates and twists some biblical scriptures to 'chain' their congregation members as slaves of their leader. Occult churches preach hearsay teachings, and such teachings contradict Christ's teachings.

THE ANTI-CHRIST TEACHINGS

Most 'Christian' churches have turned into anti-Christ churches while their innocent congregations are not aware that they are actually following anti-Christ doctrines. When the church starts to regard the words of their spiritual leader as more superior than the Word of God, that is an act of being anti-Christ. These anti-Christ churches teach their congregations not to question the authority and command of their spiritual leader. These occult leaders use the same Bible to enslave their congregations mentally

and spiritually without proper biblical training. They even push their congregation members to do extreme acts that endanger their lives to prove their loyalty to their leaders, rather than to God. Once church members are initiated into an anti-Christ operation, they will become too loyal to the spiritual leader and even protect the leader when attacked by others, or when others try to show them the occult practices within the church.

THE DANGER OF VISITING OTHER CHURCHES

Most churches are divided, yet all speak of reaching heaven one day. Occult church members are discouraged from visiting or to believe in other Christian churches' doctrines or teachings if they are not in line with what their spiritual father teaches. Occult churches serve as a one-stop shop or one-man shows where congregations receive everything from one man who in most cases, is given a superior title like the General Overseer, Major Prophet, Spiritual Father or Papa, or Bishop. Most issues on marriage, jobs, health, business, investments or court cases are all decided by the Senior Prophet on behalf of the innocent congregation. The congregation's intellectual people are not considered since they believe that the only true advice is from their spiritual leader who is the only one who listens and who is inspired by the Lord. In instances where members need clarity on certain unsound doctrine, they will be silenced by being told that they should not question the spirit of the church. The congregations of occult churches walk in total darkness, unaware. The more the congregation relies on an occult pastor, the more they walk in total darkness, because their lives will revolve around the leader who will be treated as some sort of an idol. Whenever church members want to visit other churches, they will be warned of evil spirits in those churches and at that point, will be supported by staged manifestations of staged demons that claim to be from other churches, staged testimonies of how people claiming to have struggled spiritually while being members of other churches. Occult churches portray themselves as the only 'church' in the location that has been approved by God, and their prophet has become a godlike image which has the power to invite angels to appear in a church while they use a 3D projector to create images of angels. Church members

are taught to be open and transparent, while the church leader is hiding a lot of hidden operations. Outsiders are always viewed as a threat and are given names and labels such as sceptics, accusers, unbelievers, sinners, witches and many other bad names with the intention to control the church members and discredit what others say.

ONE-ON-ONE WITH THE PROPHET

A presiding leader or pastor of a church's sole mission is to feed his flock with the Word of God, prayer and to counsel his members at no fixed fee. A pastor is a shepherd chosen by God for his people. Occult leaders prey on innocent church members in different ways, and one of the common practices is called the one-on-one consultation with the prophet. This spiritual counselling practice comes with a price tag and the members, or potential members, are referred to as patients or clients who live their lives according to the instructions of the presiding pastor/prophet. Some prophets even go to the extent of holding workshops or inductions to initiate their members with strange doctrines and selling of oils or water at a certain fee. These instructions differ from one patient to the other prescribing who a single person should marry, which car should be driven, how much money is to be given, and even how a husband and wife should be intimate. People flock to this one-on-one interaction with the prophet to give a report and to take follow-up instructions at a cost from the prophet of the church. Members are brainwashed into relying on the prophet with everything, and most members are not even aware that they sell their souls to their spiritual leader or prophet through these one-on-one consultations that come at a fee and with sacrifices or rituals.

THE DANGER OF EXITING THE CHURCH

Since the spiritual leader has total control over the members' finances, minds and spiritual life, it becomes difficult for the congregation to break away from such churches, even when they are advised to do so by their loved ones. Most members confess their most sensitive issues on record, and at times the presiding prophet uses those issues to blackmail anyone who wants to exit such a church. This blackmail practice is used only on

those who have money and give massively to the church. In some consultation rooms the senior prophet will install hidden cameras that will record everything the client complains about: sensitive issues from infidelity to serious crime. These recorded conversations will be used as a form of blackmail for the member not to leave the church and to keep on giving huge amounts of money to the senior prophet. It is true that some even threaten their members physically and also with some spiritual attacks or curses. This practice is one of the reasons why occult churches are always full of people who are bound. But I believe that as this book will be read, most people will find the courage to break free and turn to the Lord, and away from a mere mortal person.

SECRECY

It is always important for a church to apply an open policy to their congregation. Occult churches have turned their churches into a shopping spree. Church members are instructed to give different offerings under different names and projects, and they are even instructed to buy other spiritual materials to boost their prayers. From January until December the church will promote a monthly spiritual product to boost their sales. The same church will not be transparent on how much they make from offerings or sales of products. The church leader does not want the general public or other congregations to know how much the 'spirits' command people to give during the one-on-one consultation. This kind of secretive giving is labelled as the Isaac offering by some false prophets. The spiritual leader will twist and misquote some biblical verses to support the so-called 'Isaac offering'. The more secretive the practices in a Church, the more concerned one should be.

CHURCH MEMBERS ARE TRAINED TO RECRUIT

One of the common ways occult churches grow at a fast rate is through recruiting. One member of the family can end up winning the entire village through what I call recruiting methods. After members have been welcomed into such a church, they will invite other family members to come and see how their spiritual father is gifted, especially in what they

call 'forensic prophecy'. When the new family members enter the church, they will listen and observe how the congregation sings about their spiritual father and how some stand and testify openly about the special power they experienced from special prayers from their prophet or pastor. As the new visitors are being slowly introduced to these occult deceptive powers, the visitors will then pay attention to the dress code of the church members, the things sold at the church, the hype in the church when the prophet ascends the stage and when he calls people by their name and cell numbers. The prophet will usually ask those who are visitors to stand, and at times the prophet will prophesy in these visitors. Occult prophets use marine spirits to prophesy; most prophecies are accurately inured to deceive the innocent souls. After the service, those who were prophesied on will be asked to see the prophet as a follow-up consultation. This follow-up consultation is actually an opportunity to brainwash visitors and also invite them to come for a follow-up church service the following week.

In most cases, the following week one visitor will come along with more visitors to witness these miracles. People should never allow accurate prophecies to deceive them. Some of these prophecies are explained in a more complicated version; instead of bringing clarity to the one prophesied on, it brings more confusion to the victim who will then make a follow-up consultation with the prophet.

DANGEROUS SPIRITUAL ITEMS USED IN OCCULT CHURCHES: OCCULT RINGS

Occult rings are referred to as special rings and are worn by a lot of Christian pastors, prophets and bishops. Most of these rings are different, and they look expensive. These rings have occult power that makes the presiding prophet/pastor have unquestionable authority over the church members. These rings cause the pastor to be trusted by everyone looking at him during a church service in a church building, or even on television or radio. Extraordinary miracles are performed through the power from these rings.

How this Ring Power Operates: The ring is made of a metal that will automatically touch the skin of the person through the finger. The power of the ring resides with the image, sign or the special stone on top of that ring. These powers are actually demons that use the body of the one wearing it, whenever the person is wearing the ring. The demons will work as the power behind most miracles, healing and prophecy. Those who are prayed for or prophesied on in the presence of the ring, while the prophet is wearing the ring, will be affected; the demon from the ring will then multiply itself within the souls of those people who received the prophecy and are being prayed for by that hand. The reason for the demon to multiply itself is because the demon will work miracles, healing and fulfilling the prophecy, while it feeds on the innocent soul daily, weekly and annually until the innocent soul is spiritually and financially drained and empty. When this demon has enjoyed staying in that soul, it grows and takes total control of the life of the innocent soul.

THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF AND TOWEL

This occult white handkerchief or dry towel is used by occult preachers during the preaching, praying and prophecy. The preacher will make sure that he holds the white handkerchief or towel in one hand while he is preaching, praying or even prophesying to the congregation. Some even use the handkerchief to pray for innocent souls who will become dizzy and end up falling. These handkerchiefs and towels evoke special powers to perform miracles. Not all handkerchiefs, towels or shawls are however occult.

THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF

This piece of cloth is usually tied at one corner with special muti to control people's lives spiritually. After the occult prophet has wiped his face with this white handkerchief, he will then start to command people to give huge amounts of money, and suddenly you will notice almost everyone standing in the long queue with the intention to give money or to make a huge pledge. The occult preachers will hold the handkerchief in one hand while preaching to make everyone believe in the hearsay. The

preacher will keep on wiping his face now and then to evoke those spirits. In other churches these miracle white handkerchiefs are sold to members who are going for interviews, business presentations and those who are looking for love.

THE MIRACLE WATER

Most churches use water as an element of healing. It is true that natural water is important to our bodies. We need water to stay healthy. Occult churches use water as well because certain spirits dwell in the water. These spirits are therefore referred to as water spirits or marine spirits. Occult churches that use water for healing or prophecy are actually using the powers of the marine spirits to administer miracles, healing, prophecies and even attraction of huge crowds and followers to their churches. Our Almighty God can heal without any water, God just needs people to have faith in Him. Some people when they start to make use of the so-called 'Miracle water' will start to see strange visions and dreams. In most cases, their visions will revolve around the underworld. In most cases, people who use marine water claim to be underwater and find themselves married to what we call spiritual husbands and spiritual wives. This entire paranormal experience comes because of the marine spirits they are initiated into through this miracle water.

THE HOLY OIL

We need to understand that the Bible talks about the use of holy oil that was specially prepared by the priest. This kind of oil is obtained from the olive tree. In the olden days, priests used olives to prepare the real anointing oil. Today occult churches use their own oils made from animal fat and some trees, including the olive tree. The reason why occult churches have different oils for different problems is the ingredients used in the oil. Occult churches use oils for authority; these oils are specially made out of some animals' fat such as lions, cheetahs, eagles, snakes and other animals with a strong personality. These animal fats are then turned into a liquid oil and then mixed with a pleasant fragrance and colouring to make the oil smell pleasant and to look appealing. Some prophets even

package these oils in fancy bottles. Healing oils are at times made from the oil of a python since a snake has the gift of self-healing; this oil is then also mixed with some colouring and fragrance. Most of these holy oils are not holy at all. The more people use such oils, the more their lives will be in danger since the spirits behind the oils will torment the person's soul.

BRINGING YOUR CLOTHES/PHOTO/DOCUMENTS TO THE PROPHET

I have seen most people bringing clothes, photos, documents and other personal items to a prophet or a spiritualist. People forget that real prayer does not have a distance barrier; a prayer can travel anywhere and at any time. Photos and those clothes are used by the occult prophet to control the person on the photo or the owner of the clothes. Special charms are used together with items like holy oil and water to control the innocent soul. This act of witchcraft is used to bring back lost lovers, influence a court case, win a tender bid and for other reasons. The consequence of this practice is that the victim will end up being bound by serious evil spirits until the person gets real deliverance through a true church of God.

THE PREACHING OF MATERIALISM

In occult churches the devil teaches the followers to come to the churches to gain more material things. The enemy wants God's people to put their love and trust in temporary items (money, houses or cars) rather than craving for the love of God. One pastor once came to me and asked me to give him something he could use to make his church members rich so that his church could be full. This is the reality of our times, as people are moving out of what they call 'dead churches', jumping to churches believed to be doing miracles. Today we also see the men of God who used to be true, faithful and innocent in their calling, becoming lovers of money and they are even willing to do anything to perform miracles and prophecies in their church services. The truth of the matter is the devil is spreading a materialistic gospel and this gospel is not the gospel of salvation. I have seen people giving away their properties with the intention to receive more from God, and some remain poor, disillusioned and disappointed. A true church of God will teach you how to love your

God. We are to love our God not because of what He has done, but because He is God. Do not be caught in the lies of the deceiver and search for material things in the church, rather be thirsty to know more of God. Most of the billboards, trackers and posters we see around our communities emphasise what the church or the pastor can do for your physical needs. You might be looking for a job or a child; do not fall into the trap of the deceiver. The enemy knows your needs as well, and if you are not matured and careful, the enemy will trick you. Desperation can lead a person straight into the camp of Satan.

HEALERS IN THE CHURCH

Most of our churches are full of healers. We see and hear how people travel across the world just to meet these healers. Some healers do not even know the Bible, yet they claim to heal using God's power. I have met people who are called spiritual healers or faith healers. Others operate in their shrines while many are in the church of God. It is lamentable to see many people going to a church service not to give their lives to Christ, but to see the healer performing some spiritual acts in order for them to receive healing. In some cases we see healers by the way they dress. Some special clothes worn by healers have certain demonic forces that assist in administering healing of the sick.

In occult churches we see how the healer uses his body posture and hand movements to administer healing to the sick. Most of the healing body postures and strange hand movements are basically what they teach within the occult movement. The reason you will see the healer acting strangely during healing and deliverance is because the healer allows healing spirits from the occult to freely flow through his body. This is when the demonic spirit enters the ethical body and uses that body as a channel to conduct healing, deliverance and prophecy. The demonic spirit will start to guide the one who is possessed by it regarding what to do. During that time, the healers will perform certain demonic symbols with their hands. In most cases the healer's one hand will be up and the other will move according to the instruction of the entity within the healer. Other entities prefer certain sounds. Some of these occult healers enjoy producing certain strange sounds. As soon as these sounds are made, the

whole place or room will be spiritually charged and people will start falling and behaving and sounding like wild animals. During this whole process, everyone who is being prayed for will be under the spiritual control of various demons, and all these demons will be taking instructions from the strong man (entity) that has possessed the healer.

Whichever instruction the healer communicates to the sick, the demons will obey. In some churches you will even hear deep spiritual conversations between the healer and other demons possessing the sick. Jesus reminded his disciples that being a Christian has nothing to do with demonic doctrines and teachings, but is about salvation. This means that even if the prophet or spiritual leader can cast out demons, it does not confirm that it is a church of God. Jesus Christ is the healer, and through His Word he is still healing today.

SPIRITUAL MANIPULATION

Spiritual manipulation implies being controlled spiritually by a church or church leaders. When I was part of the occult movement, I remember we were being told to give our followers spiritual magnets which were used to track and also control our church followers. These spiritual magnets came in various shapes or forms, but their sole purpose was spiritual manipulation. Many pastors in occult groups used the following: church calendars with their photos, church T-shirts with their photos, church wristbands and gadgets. All these items appeared innocent when one looked at them from a physical perspective. False prophets deceive their followers with wristbands by claiming that they are spiritual monitor devices. I have personally seen what these stickers with the picture of their church leaders do. Most believers are told that the pastor's face will cast away demons and protect them from all harm.

There is nowhere in the Bible where we are told that demons are afraid of a mortal being. Nobody's face can intimidate demons. The water, oil and other liquids used in the name of the church are equally meant to influence the one using them to exalt and fear their spiritual leader more than God, and to be controlled by the leader.

Have you ever wondered why occult followers love their spiritual leader more than they love themselves? It is because of spiritual

manipulations caused by this miracle and spiritual items sold or given by the church.

THE THIRD EYE IN OCCULTISM

When I operated as a false prophet, I could search the entire village or community looking for a prayerful church and person in the area. After identifying stumbling blocks in the spirit, we would search for names of those stumbling blocks. If the stumbling blocks or people were identified, we would make sure that we collected soil from where they were located.

These names were sent to the occult group in order for a spell to be prepared and used against the stumbling blocks. This spell was prepared and cast by 12 occult members. In our occult group we had different ranks assigned to different individuals. We also used code names by which you would be known. I was given the name Khatha-Khatha. We all knew that only twelve major occult members were responsible and able to cast a spell. The 12 major members possessed a complete occult cycle. In the spiritual, magical and occult world the number 12 is more than just a mathematical number. It is a spiritual symbol to complete the full cycle. Our watch contains 12 numbers for a full cycle. Our calendar has 12 months and a full day has 12 hours and a night, 12 hours. The twelve major occult members would cast a spell. One of the greatest spells that we used to cast on a praying church or praying Christian was to be able to close their spiritual eyes. In the occult world the spiritual eye is called a third eye. This third eye is strongly believed to be between the two eyes on the human forehead. It is one eye that grows whenever you hear a person (prophet) saying, "I see when my eyes are closed and I see when my eyes are open." He is then talking about this eye.

Most of these pleasing logos and symbols have this eye that sees far and near. In a modern world we use more advanced terminology to describe a person whose third eye is open, as the enlightened. As a praying church or Christians, God gives us spiritual eyes. In my spiritual dialogues and seminars, I always teach children about God on how to open and use their spiritual eyes to be able to see the schemes and manipulation of the devil and also to see into the supernatural.

In occultism people use the third eye or physics, while in the church of God we use faith, and the two are not the same. The reason why it is important to know and find a prayerful person or church is because when a church prays in a community, it becomes a representative of heaven in the village or area. It might not be a big or mega-church in following, but can be influential in the spiritual realm. Most churches are more concerned about filling their churches inside with a huge congregation, rather than becoming influential in the spiritual world. The devil is not afraid of the huge number but is afraid of a consistent, prayerful church and a religious person.

Many people have told me that my experience in the ministry sounds like a perfect fictional movie and I always tell them that I survived through the grace of God. It was through prayer that people's spiritual eyes were opened. Occult leaders know that it is important to give these prayerful churches or prayerful Christians a curse that would cause what we call spiritual blindness. Spiritual blindness is a weapon which the kingdom of darkness is using in most churches. Being spiritually blind comprises a condition where a prayerful church or prayerful Christian fails to see what God has done for him or them, and to see all the answered prayers in the form of breakthroughs, real miracles and healing, failing to see which direction to take in life, failing to see who is the right life partner for you.

The most important reason for this spiritual blindness curse is to make Christians not see signs of occult practices in a church service or during a tent revival. This spiritual blindness curse works mysteriously because when done perfectly, one would do all sorts of miracles, healing, signs and wonders using occultism and no one will be able to know or see the real demonic spirit operating in that church or crusade. The reason why most occult followers in a church set-up will never be able to hear or see the spiritual danger right in front of their eyes is because of the power of these demonic spells. Some do not even hear the Word of God anymore, they only hear the voice of the one who has cast spiritual blindness upon them. One of the reasons the spiritual blindness works is the powerful ingredients used to perform this spell.

In the Secret Society they use the eyes of owls and bats. These eyes are burnt until they become ashes and are then mixed with soil. This soil is

called special, because of how it is mixed. After burning and grinding the black ashes, a paper with a name or the prayerful person or church would be added there. Once the spiritual blindness powder is ready, then the 12 senior occult members will all release their own powers as they mention the names of the praying church or Christians targeted. This kind of spell is done during the day and it is because these birds usually sleep during the day, which means their eyes will be closed during the day hence their mixture makes the targeted people and churches fall into a spiritual sleep.

Spiritual blindness has made a lot of churches dead in prayer. After the spell is cast, they take the black ashes and blow them to all corners of the world. The main reason why the cursed powder is blown to all four directions is that the universe has four corners/gates. These gates are transporters of spiritual forces into this world. Those who are spiritually enlightened will understand why we have four elements on earth and in our body. These four elements are fire, water, air and earth (soil). People who practise witchcraft or spiritual manipulation know that the mentioned four elements are able to transport a curse to travel anywhere in this world. Most of our occult prophets will emphasise and preach about the four elements. This is done through the selling of occult water which symbolises the water element. At times the burning of candles takes place which represents the element of fire, at times through declaration, a command is spoken which represents the element of air, and some churches or prophets can ask people to bring the soil from their houses, which represents the element of the earth. Once you meet or see yourself among churches using the above four elements, you must remember that these elements are used by occult groups.

CHAPTER 13

The Process of Restoration After a Storm

THE ARREST

THE YEAR 2012 was the year that changed the entire Prophet Khatha-Khatha operation completely. The empire of Prophet Khatha-Khatha that I had built single-handedly faded away like a wildfire consuming a field. I was detained and implicated in a mutilation scandal that took place in our community. As my detention news spread in the community and the Body of Christ, the news became the daily talk and gossip of those who knew me and those who did not know me. On the day that I was detained, everything seemed to be going according to plan like all the other days. My clients arrived as early as 04:00 a.m. to book the queue, while others travelled from other provinces and neighbouring countries to receive their miracles. The operation attracted local musicians, dignitaries, politicians, traditional leaders and church founders on a daily basis. My personal assistants reported to me the number of clients who had come for the first time and follow-up consultations. I wore my special red regalia (especially designed) for spiritual purposes. I went into the altar room where no one was allowed to enter because that was where all powers from different countries were lodged. I had about eight altars. Each morning I had to kneel down to each god as I asked for their special powers to prophesy and heal all the clients who had travelled to my office for spiritual assistance. This was my occult prayer session since I was talking with the gods. Money collected from the previous day had to be put in that room next to these altars before it could be used, because I was taught that all money carried luck of the client and it was the 'luck' within the money that would make the giver always give or always come for consultation, even if they had a small problem like a headache. Most of my assistants would try to steal some of the money, thinking that no one would be able to realise that. Whenever one of the assistants stole any money from these altars, the

same spirits would reveal who had stolen their money, and if the culprit refused to confess before the end of the day, something bad would happen to him until he confessed of the dishonest act he had committed.

As I was busy with consultations, three local policemen came and asked to see Prophet Khatha-Khatha as the name had now become a household brand name. The policemen were ushered to my consultation room and there our eyes met with their eyes and I had a bad feeling about their visit, but since I trusted my gods, I knew that nothing would happen to me since I was under the gods' surveillance on a daily basis. The policemen sat down and introduced themselves. They asked me for my full names and I told them that I was Prophet Khatha-Khatha. One of them said they wanted my real name, the one registered in my ID book, and for the first time it dawned on me that I was a mere human just like other human beings who were in the queue outside. I gave them my names in full and they told me that I was a suspect for a mutilation case and I was requested to go and undress the regalia and put on normal clothes. As I entered my power room and looked at the eight evil altars, my eyes were filled with tears and I asked myself why I had allowed all this to happen to me. As I finished changing my clothes, the police handcuffed me and told me that I was under arrest and I should remain silent.

As I walked out of the house and passed the long queue of my clients, I walked with shame written all over my face, as my hands were handcuffed behind my back in full view of my clients and workers. Fortunately, my wife was at work when this incident happened. I entered the police car and drove away. The news spread very fast that a Christian prophet had been arrested for mutilation. As we arrived at the Soshanguve police station, most of the people wanted to see who this 'prophet' was who had been arrested for mutilation. As they took me to the police cells and I heard the iron gate locking, I knew that my life was now being 'locked away' by circumstances. The case became a national interest and it caught the attention of the local media, and it was talked about in trains, buses, pulpits, corridors, shopping malls, funerals, weddings and any other gathering one could think of. I was then moved from the local police cells to Kgosi Mampuru Prison and would attend court appearances from Kgosi Mampuru now and then. Every time I was transported and sat in the back of the police van, I would pass the Mabopane highway and looked through

the window as the van passed the Hebron off-ramp leading to where I had left my pregnant wife and elder child. I knew that reality had caught up with me; the real person behind the prophetic and occult names and titles was now just a ‘nobody’.

In my heart I knew that I was innocent, but in the public eye I was guilty even before the trial could take place. Most people believed the accusation and distanced themselves from me and I was left with my immediate family for support and strength. This was the most devastating period of my life, and it was during that time that my wife, whom I had neglected due to the prophetic operation, supported me a lot. When I was at the lowest point of my life, she stood by me even when she had all the reason to pack her bags and return to her family.

IN PRISON

While I was at the Kgosi Mampuru correctional services, I befriended a man called Bra Spenzer who was there for some time. He was popular among other prisoners and he was feared because of the kind of case he was facing. Prisoners feared other prisoners based on the weight of their case. Bra Spenzer introduced himself to me and told me about himself and showed me some of his tattoos on his chest and arms and asked me to introduce myself. I told him that I was a pastor and was implicated in a mutilation case in our community. Bra Spenzer asked me a question that I will never forget for the rest of my life. He asked: “What do you want in prison since a pastor should be in church spreading the Gospel of the Lord?” He always kept on telling me that I was in the wrong place and I would not survive in that kind of environment. In prison I spent most of my time thinking and also praying to the Almighty God and asking for His intervention. I remember how I struggled to sleep at night and how I spent the whole night praying and asking God to protect me. I knew that I had to be strong for myself since I did not want to be another victim of circumstances. Most prisoners found it easy to open up to me about their personal lives. In prison I ended up using my pastoral skills to counsel and to pray for others – since they discovered that I was a pastor. In prison I did not use any fake holy oils or water, but I used encouraging words from the Lord to give other prisoners hope and restoration. I taught a few

criminals how to pray each day, confessing God's Word in their lives. Some of the prisoners I met in prison managed to be acquitted from their cases, not because of a prophet's tricks, but because they believed in the Bible we read together in the prison cell each night. On Sundays we had our own services in prison where we preached and encouraged each other with the Word of God.

My time in prison was short, but it felt as if I were there for a long time as life in prison was very slow and stressful. My short period in prison taught me that there was more to life than being famous and to be seen as powerful by mere mortal human beings. I remember how Bra Spenser used to scare me about the life they lived as prisoners; he made a statement that scared me immensely. He said: "It's always easy to enter through prison doors, but to come out can take years." Those words made me realise my dependence on God, to keep on trusting Him to intervene.

REHABILITATION

The day I was acquitted from the case, my wife, who was pregnant with our second child, was there to support me, together with a guy I referred to as my armour bearer back then. My wife looked so pale and very slim and I gathered that she might be experiencing fatigue, stress and tension due to the public scandal and shame that befell me.

When church members left the church, some followed other miracle performing prophets, while others stopped going to church altogether. When people started distancing themselves from me one-by-one, I realised that all I had was my family. All the friends I had made when I operated as a prophet, disappeared into thin air. A few church members remained with us for a little while but, eventually, most of them left and continued with their lives and I never heard from most of them again. When I had operated as Prophet Khatha-Khatha, I never had time for my family, especially for my wife. I was always busy on the road doing consultations, revivals or house visits, and my family seemed to be fading away from my life bit by bit. I was too obsessed with gaining more secret powers and fame.

The same people in whom I had invested my time trying to impress, were the ones who blocked me from their phones and social media

platforms. Others did not even want to shake hands with me when we met on the streets or in shopping centres. I was an outcast to the people who once regarded me as their hero.

I remember when one old pastor called me and told me that he saw a vision about me where I was being followed by a big black cloud over my head, and he felt that the dark cloud would take years to be removed. He postulated that the cloud would remain with me forever.

I was released from Kgosi Mampuru correctional services but was still locked up in people's minds, especially among the Christian community. I knew that I really needed a new beginning and I was ready to start afresh, but it seemed like no one was ready to give me a second chance in life. After my experience in prison and courts, instead of rejoicing and fixing my shattered life, I fell into a terrible state of depression and insomnia and even had suicidal thoughts. The pain of rejection left me broken and lonely to the core. I remember the other day I asked my wife why she kept on calling me a pastor as I did not have a church anymore, and she said it was because she knew that God had called me and nothing would ever change that.

During that period of depression, I just wanted to be left alone. I never spent quality time with my wife and kids as I wanted to be left alone. I used to spend most of my time in public areas or just park my car in garages and sleep there. I felt useless and shattered. I struggled to be affectionate and closer to my kids due to my state of depression.

The pain of seeing my life breaking into pieces right before my eyes led me to decide on seeking help for rehabilitation. I hit rock bottom and the road I was on seemed to be a hopeless one, but something in me gave me the strength to seek help. I had a strong urge to rebuild my life for the sake of my wife and my kids. I always tell other pastors that we are all human, and there are times when a pastor must not be afraid to reach out to others and seek help. Pastors might be called to lead churches, but they are still human beings with weaknesses that need to be fixed by God.

CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENTS

It was during this deep depression that my biological father called me to come and spend some time at home in Limpopo. I had no source of

income anymore and no church or pastoral duties, and that alone broke me as a man. I felt like a total failure to my family and myself. When I packed my bags and bid farewell to my wife and children that fateful day, I shed tears on my way out. I travelled back home to Limpopo; in my heart I knew that would be part of my healing journey. I had to go back to the place where I had met and experienced the real power of God as a small boy. I had to go back to the simple gospel I had been taught from a tender age. My presence in Gauteng was no longer conducive for my young family and me, as I was there with them physically but emotionally I was elsewhere in a terrible state. I turned into a monster who just wanted to be left alone. Gauteng reminded me of my downfall and blunders and I had to change environments for a little while in order to regain more strength and to regroup.

When my parents saw me for the first time after my prison experience, both of them welcomed me home with love. They did not see a failure, but they saw a young man who was still chosen and called by God. I felt like their small boy who needed a shoulder to cry on. Their support for my young family and me made me change the way I saw myself. I started to attend local prayers and was prayed for, and my father's church members kept on calling me their pastor, and that gradually brought back the confidence in me. The church gave me and my young family consistent prayers, financial and emotional support. When I was home regrouping from the harsh reality of Gauteng, news spread again that the pastors' child had repented and changed from his old lifestyle of being called Prophet Khatha-Khatha, and was now assisting his father at his local assembly. My wife, who grew up in the same township as me, would usually make fun of me and say ever since we were kids, my life had always been of public interest. It was during that regrouping period that I decided to cut all links and associations that reminded me of my depressing past life. I always tell people that even though my experience in prison had been humiliating and left me in a state of depression and bankruptcy, it was in actual fact this experience that led me back to God, as it was right there in prison where I made a personal decision to repent and to start my life afresh. The future seemed hard, but I always thank the Lord and His Grace for taking me out of a life that was captured by secretive powers from the Kingdom of Darkness. I had to go through a

process of deliverance, rehabilitation and restoration and different developmental phases. The Lord had to break me down and ‘prune’ me first in order to restore me.

LIFE AFTER THE STORM

Restoration is not something that happens overnight or automatically, I had to convince myself daily that I was a changed person and was loved by God even with my dark past. I followed a routine of praying continuously and reading the Word of God daily. I always asked the Holy Spirit to be my guide, healer and counsellor on a daily basis. When I spent time in the presence of the Lord, the Holy Spirit revealed all my past mistakes and blunders, and I promised myself never to fall in such traps again. It was during that time that I decided to re-apply for admission back into the Apostolic Faith Mission of South Africa and serve as one of their pastors full-time. My application took time to be approved as there were still some people who were holding on to my past life and tried to block this new opportunity for restoration in my life. When I went back to the Apostolic Faith Mission (AFM), my pastoral status had lapsed and I was required to find an AFM church wherein I was supposed to serve my probation period before I could be fully reinstated as a full-time AFM pastor. The reason I decided to go back to AFM was that it was the church my father had pastored from my childhood, and it was where I was taught the true gospel, received my theology training, qualification and ordination before I opened my independent ministry and joined the occult operation. It was during that period that I was connected to the Presiding Pastor of AFM Thaba Tshwane, Dr TJ Skhosana, who also happened to be my previous lecturer from the Bible College. The faith and love that this man and his assembly showed my family and I was just out of this world. They helped my family and me to reconnect with the Body of Christ. The AFM (Thaba Tshwane assembly) welcomed me with open arms and never judged me based on my past mistakes. The church was full of military soldiers who gave me the courage to press on and to rise like a soldier of God, who I was. It was right there in that assembly that I started to see the love and grace of the Almighty God. I can never thank the Lord enough for placing me in an environment where I was able to soar like an eagle, to

regain my strength, and to continue with the calling of being a genuine pastor of the true Gospel of Christ Jesus.

This was a new season for my ministry and it was during that time that I was delivered, restored and healed from occult powers and even managed to deal with the rejection I received from most people.

As my life was improving, I started to think of innocent lives I tricked and deceived when I had operated as a false prophet. I approached an old friend of mine who was a pastor and told him that I wanted to confess to the nation on a radio platform, as it was something that he had done when he was released from prison years back. The pastor then connected me to Radio North-West where I was interviewed by one of their popular DJ's. The Sunday Radio Interview which took place on that fateful evening changed my life overnight. Through that one radio platform, I received many supporters and was approached by a lot of organisations, radio stations and churches to share my testimony and to write a book to enlighten the nation. I managed to share my testimony on numerous radio stations and even had the privilege to be invited by the most-watched television station in South Africa, SABC 1, to be one of their panellists on their talk show, Daily Theta. Many listeners and viewers encouraged me to write a book and I took it upon myself to do exactly that.

Another breakthrough was when I was featured on the front page of the biggest selling newspaper in the country, *The Daily Sun*. *The Daily Sun* was covering an event where I was a guest speaker. During that event I was exposing the danger of following false prophets and also confessed about everything I had done during my time as a false prophet, and also apologised publicly to the Body of Christ. The news spread like wildfire, and for me it was part of my healing journey as I wanted to clear my name among all the people I had let down in the ministry. What people used to gossip about was now exposed and became public knowledge, and I no longer had a dark secret that so many people used against me in the ministry.

Whenever we expose the schemes of the Devil, the Devil loses power to shame and to discourage us. The day my story was featured on the front page of *The Daily Sun*, I received many calls from my hometown and from many other people with whom I had crossed paths during my time as a false prophet.

But there was one particular call that also changed my life forever. It was a call from one old pastor who said: “Makhado, no matter how much you can try to clear your name in the eyes of the general public, just remember that the only person who will clear your name is God himself. So please young man, just leave everything in the hands of God and he will fight this battle for you. And whenever people try to criticise or blackmail you based on your past mistakes and blunders, just show them the Cross of Calvary, because that is where all our sins were forgiven.” These words from that particular pastor gave me great hope and courage to face the world without fear, humiliation or shame. His words cleared my guilty conscience because I was now confident that the Lord was on my side irrespective of the attacks, challenges and opposition I had to face.

As I continued to read and watch the strange doctrines and prophecies that were taking place in our country and other neighbouring African countries, I began to be filled with so much grief, because it reminded me of the life of deception I once lived. I decided to speak out and moved around from town to town educating people about the secret and hidden occult powers behind most churches, and explained how most churches practise occultism in the church without the knowledge of the general public and their congregations. The problem with occultism is that church members or followers of these occult churches become initiated just by using the materials sold in the church. For one to convince these followers that they are being deceived and sold a lie, is not an easy task and can only be possible through the power and grace of God. I was fortunate that God forcefully took me out of occultism by isolating me through prison doors. I thank the Lord for using the most devastating experience to destroy the operations of the Devil with which I had become deeply involved. A lot of people walk around carrying evil spirits that are secretly hidden in the so-called holy oils, holy water, holy salts, wristbands and car stickers of their leaders, which they use on a daily basis. My prayer is for this book to reach those people who are captured by these secret evil forces and for them to find complete deliverance and restoration like I did.

CONCLUSION

The Church of God seems to be losing this spiritual battle against the Kingdom of Darkness because of the low level of commitment in faith and prayer. As a child of the Kingdom of God, it does not mean things will happen or change automatically or overnight, but real miracles are birthed in continuous prayer and the presence of God. When you pray once a day while occult and devil worshippers are making sacrifices to idols three times a day, then you must just reconsider your prayer life. I remember how I had sacrificed live chickens and goats for those who came to me for consultations. The more I sacrificed animals, the more changes I saw. After prophesying, I would make sacrifices on behalf of my clients and the same animal sacrifices would still work in their absence. I used to call it distant healing. However, even after experiencing life in the occult world, I realised that the God we serve is more powerful than the man-made idolatry powers.

Children of God need to be committed to the things of God in order to tap into the spiritual realm. It is about time we taught the Body of Christ and the true Gospel. Today reality is showing us that the deceiver is deceiving the Church of God. The Devil is standing right at the centre of the Church of God surrounded by Christians who are giving their tithes, offering and consultation money to false prophets and pastors every Sunday. We should not sponsor the Kingdom of Darkness with our resources.

As a person who has been delivered from these occult powers, I would like to reach out to my fellow pastors and spiritual leaders and appeal to them that we need to serve humanity in truth, not for our own personal and financial gain. It is true that God has given us different gifts and callings; therefore, let us not add other secret powers to boost what God has entrusted us with. Your gift alone is sufficient to sustain your life and ministry. Jesus Christ gave us one command: To feed his sheep. Let us do away with all these occult practices and serve the Lord who has called us. We must stop with this propaganda of secret powers and deception, and just focus on the pure gospel of God.

LET US BE AWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS AND SPIRITUAL LEADERS OPERATING AS THE CHURCH MAFIA. They are all over the world, and their intention is to milk innocent and unsuspecting victims of

their hard-earned money and leave them with spirits and demons that will torment their lives and families.

PRAYER FOR PROTECTION AGAINST EVIL ATTACKS

In the name of Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour:

I stand before your throne of grace and power.

I put on the full armour of God over my life.

I put on the belt of truth, the truth that Jesus overcame Satan on the cross of Calvary and the truth that Satan was removed from heaven and stripped of all his powers and fell down like a bolt of lightning.

I put on the breastplate of righteousness. This is the same breastplate of the High Priest. The breastplate that qualifies me to offer you praises. This breastplate protects all my heart's desires.

I put on the sandals of peace: I walk in peace. Everywhere I go, may the peace of God that surpasses all human understanding, be upon me.

I put on the shield of faith: By faith in Christ, I am protected by day and night. By faith in Christ, I am protected from all evil attacks and all kinds of sicknesses. By faith, no weapon formed against me shall prosper. I send all evil plots against my life back to the sender in Jesus' name.

I put on the helmet of salvation. Jesus died so that I can live and be saved. I am saved from witchcraft and all evil curses. I am saved by Jesus' blood and nothing else.

I take on the sword of the spirit. The sword will fight all principalities and familiar spirits from hell. With this sword, I destroy all the evil altars of the devil In Jesus' name. I disconnect Satan's networks permanently in Jesus' name.

I bind all principalities, powers of the air, marine spirits, wickedness in high places, thrones, kingdoms, dominions, world rulers and strong men over my life, over my family, my church and the world. Evil principalities will never operate against my life in the Name of Jesus. My mind and thoughts will be controlled and protected by the Holy Spirit. I declare Satan powerless over my family and me.

In the mighty name of Jesus, I allow the Holy Spirit to teach me how to fight against the spirit of Jezebel and mother of the sea who is deceiving the church of God. All evil powers from hell, from the grave and from rivers, to you I send the Holy Ghost's fire right now, in Jesus' Name.

I am blessed.

I am protected.

I am favoured.

I am untouchable.

I am chosen.

I am anointed.

Victory is my portion.

In the mighty name of Jesus Christ.

Amen.

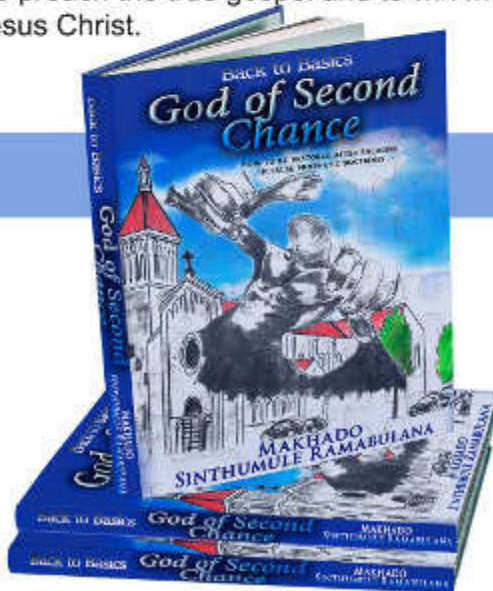
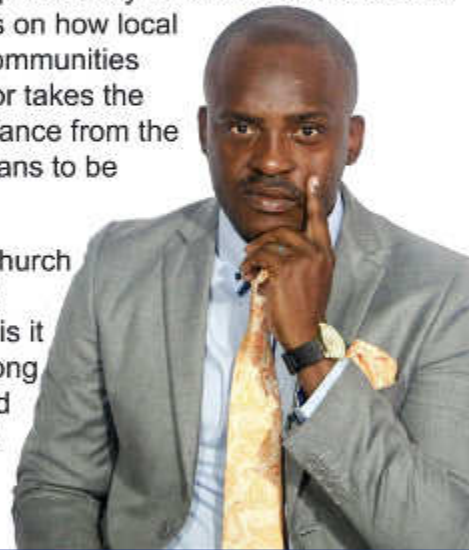
Another Book by the Author

Author: Makhado Sinthumule Ramabulana

GOD OF SECOND CHANCES: How to be restored after engaging in false prophetic doctrines (Back to Basics).

GOD OF SECOND CHANCES is a book that guides the reader on how to use the Word of God and Godly principles without adding any manmade items like miracle water, miracle oils and consultation fees. This book will help the Body of Christ to build a solid and deception-free Christian army. The book focuses on how local church assemblies can transform and impact their communities through pure evangelism and discipleship. The author takes the reader through his process of restoration and deliverance from the false prophetic movement. The book will help Christians to be effective members of the Body of Christ.

The book emphasises that the sole purpose of the Church of God is not in attracting crowds, performing staged miracles and listening to staged testimonies; neither is it to support false prophecies. The aim is to build a strong army of God that will be equipped to go into the world to preach the true gospel and to win more souls for Jesus Christ.





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WE HOPE YOU have been touched by the truth revealed in this book and we believe that it is your prayer that this truth can reach the world.

Apostle Makhado Soulwinning Ministries is an international ministry that spreads the Gospel of Christ through writing and publishing Christian books, Outreach Christian Campaigns, Missionary and local Church Training programs.

If you want to partner with us in spreading the Gospel of Christ to the world. Send us an email: makhados@webmail.co.za

We look forward to hearing from you. Jesus is Lord.