

GOD CAME DOWN IN LIBREVILLE, GABON ON SUNDAY 25TH MAY 2008 !



TESTIMONY OF THE HEALING OF KOUELY RODRIGUE

My name is KOUELY NZIENGUI Rodrigue. I was born in Moabi in Nyanga, on 16/04/1974. I am exactly 34 years old. I am the eldest in a family of 13 children. On 29th November 2007, while we were returning from a vigil with a friend, our vehicle crashed into another vehicle that was driven by a citizen of Benin. The two vehicles pulled off the road for some explanations and amicable arrangements because, fortunately, no injuries were sustained. The gentleman acknowledged his fault and handed to me his insurance documents, promising to bear all the repair expenses. We reached an agreement and then separated. The gentleman did not leave his car; instead we were the ones who went towards him. Just as we were going back towards our vehicle he started driving off. It was then that the unexpected happened: his car suddenly caught fire. Panic-stricken and unable to see ahead of him, he crashed upon me, hit me violently and projected me against my friend who fell backwards clumsily. A new accident occurred which led to my friend sustaining light wounds and I sustained three fractures on the leg, a trauma on my skull and left ribs, a crushed bone of my right leg and other serious wounds. I was later on informed that I went into a coma on the spot. I was taken to the General Hospital in Port-Gentil where the doctors considered it risky to operate on me, considering my disturbing condition. In their opinion, the best solution was an amputation or euthanasia (a procedure that hastens or provokes death in order to deliver an incurable patient from extreme suffering) if my parents agreed. I was thus kept in hospital without any serious medical care outside the proposed alternatives. I remained in hospital from 29th November to 4th December 2007. It was on the last day that my father decided to transfer me to Libreville.



On the way to the airport in Port-Gentil, the ambulance that was carrying me for the evacuation broke down for a long time. Curiously enough, when I was being transferred from the ambulance, the oxygen cans were forgotten. The oxygen that was available in the plane lasted only for ten minutes. According to the doctors, I miraculously survived for almost 20 minutes without oxygen until we reached Libreville. As soon as we got to CHL Libreville my father was notified that I was at the point of death and could not be admitted there. The reaction was the same at the military hospital, but on my father's insistence and his use of more persuasive means, I was admitted there. I was in this establishment from 04/12/07 to 05/04/08. There, Doctor MIKELA, convinced that there was still hope for me, decided to operate on me, even against the opinion of his colleagues. Unfortunately I have forgotten the date of the operation. After the operation, I came out of the coma on 04/01/08, but this was accompanied by a crisis of insanity due to the shock I had had on my head. This state of insanity complicated my doctor's professional life. He was reproached for carrying out an operation that led to a crisis of insanity. During this crisis of insanity, I fractured the operated leg twice. I manifested all the attitudes of a real madman: I rubbed my excrement on the walls of my hospital room, drove away the nurses, refused to take my medications, hid myself sometimes under the bed while they sought for me everywhere, etc. It was decided that I should be transferred to the psychiatric hospital at Melen on 4th March. The report on the events during the period of insanity was given by the medical personnel, the janitors and the other patients. In the night of 2nd to 3rd March, I had a vision in which I saw a man dressed in pure white, magnificent in brightness and all his

limbs were in gold. This was in a garden where there was no day and no night and there were flowers everywhere of a beauty that I had never seen before. I remember that the man told me, "You have been here since you had the accident." Stangely enough, he was suspended in the air and it was not possible for me to speak to him. All the people whom the man cited appeared progressively as he mentioned them. Afterwards, he told me, "Now, you can return." It was after this vision that in the morning of 3rd March I woke up in my bed in the hospital. My hands and feet were tied. My younger brother who had accompanied me and who had been taking care of me right from Port-Gentil was seated there. I asked him, "Why am I fastened to the bed?" He was the first to recount to me the episodes of my life of insanity. I told my brother that I was not to be tied up like a dangerous madman, whereas I was very normal. This was what made everyone realise that I had miraculously regained my mental faculties. My doctor immediately placed me on rehabilitation.

On 6th March 2008, my mother informed me over the phone that our divorce had been declared. I wish to emphasize that I suffered a bit from amnesia when I came out of the coma and sometimes I was unable to recognise people. On 5th April 2008, I finally left the hospital and went to my father's house where I was well-handled. A problem arose on 12th April when my father told me that it was thanks to BWITI and the sacrifices he had offered that I was alive. I was displeased about this declaration and openly manifested my indignation. On 14th April 2008, papa asked me to acknowledge Bwiti's work or to go away from his house. I chose to go away. As I left the family home I met pastor ABELAR who received me in his church where I have been up till this day.

When I left the hospital, I could only walk by using two crutches and this was burdensome. The prayers of the pastor who gave me a home began to make me feel better. I discarded the first crutch and was walking with the help of the second one. Even then I often lost balance and fell down precariously each time I kept the crutches aside. In addition, I found it impossible to bend forward. It was equally irksome for me to climb staircases or to bend my both legs. It was very arduous going to the latrine. It was in this state that I attended the convention by Professor Zacharias Tanee Fomum on Saturday 24th May 2008, on the invitation of Brother Gaston. That afternoon it was a brother in the church (now I know that it was brother Abdon) who supported me and helped me to climb up the steps of the "Charbonnages church." I had started reading books written by Professor Zacharias while in Port-Gentil. I, therefore, did not hesitate when I learnt that he would be the orator at this event. I attended the meeting on Saturday till the end. I waited impatiently for the meeting of the following day. I came the following day, Sunday, with eagerness in order not to miss any part of the meeting. Once more, I stayed till the end.

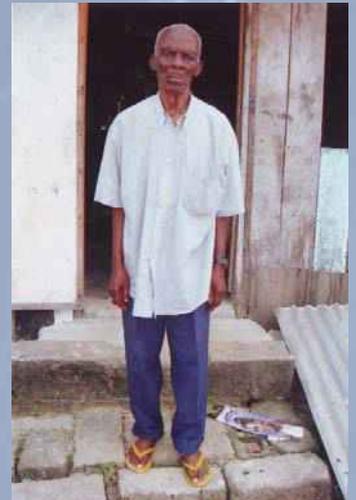
During the prayers for the sick I felt a freshness that was enveloping my legs. All of a sudden, I stood up promptly and, curiously, without any support. I realised that something had just happened to my physical health. I walked towards the stage and climbed up the steps with surprising ease. On the stage, I walked at a steady brisk pace from one side to the other, without my crutch and without any problem. There was an explosion of joy in the hall from those who had seen me in my first state the day before. Furthermore, my prayers were answered when Professor Fomum came and laid his hands on me. I wept for joy. It was with a heart filled with joy and gratitude to the Lord that I went back home that evening. Since that day, I climb staircases without any problem, I walk without crutches and without falling. I can bend forward, to the left and to the right. At the moment I can walk over long distances and do all that I could not do or I found difficult to do about a week ago (before I received ministry). A lot has changed in my health. Each day I personally discover the changes. I have not felt any symptom of sickness or paralysis on my legs since that unforgettable Sunday. The Lord is wonderful. He has had compassion on me, has healed me and has given me a new life. May His name be glorified! Amen!

TESTIMONY OF PAPA NZOGHE BIBANG ROBERT

My name is NZOGHE BIBANG ROBERT. I was born in 1931 in Kango in the Estuary in Gabon. I am a retired driver of heavy engine vehicles.

In 1975, I fell seriously sick on the hips. I was evacuated to France by the Director General of SOCOBA, the company where I worked, due to this illness. In France, I was diagnosed for a slipped disc which necessitated a surgical operation on my vertebral column. I therefore spent almost two years in Paris and could use my already atrophied leg once more. Later on, for at least 5 months, I suffer-

red from serious pulmonary problems that were accompanied by awful pains on my vertebral column. I coughed much and often found it difficult to walk. It was like this all these last months. About two weeks ago, my daughter Sr. Solange ENGONE, came to the house and invited me to attend a great convention which had to hold at a church situated at about 150m from my house. I accepted the invitation; so she came and took me on that Sunday 25/05/08 in the morning. I was bent over and staggered as I walked to cross the road and to climb the staircase, supported by my daughter. I stayed on for the ministry from the beginning till when the sick were prayed for. I was amazed by the things that happened there: the praise, the message, etc. During the prayers, I heard a clear voice speaking to me. I looked all around to see the person who was speaking to me, but no one was paying any attention to me. The voice continued to whisper very gently in my ear, saying: "NZOGHE BIBANG, stand up and let's go!" When the preacher asked those who had received their healing to come up to the stage and some people were already going up to the stage, the voice continued to insist; so I got up and went towards the stage. When I got to the steps, I felt as if someone were lifting me up by both legs, like a child. I thus found myself on the stage without feeling my legs stepping on the staircase. It was on the stage that I realised that I was walking upright, with firm and quick steps. It was then that I announced to the entire assembly that I had just received healing from the pain that had paralysed my back, and healing from the pulmonary problems. Since that day, I stroll around in the neighbourhood, walking like a young man, with hands in the pockets like this: (he stands up and does a good demonstration). Many people who see me these days say I look well, that I release a certain freshness and that I have suddenly become younger (this is what Sr. Solange who invited me and who participated at this interview confirmed). I answer by telling them that it is Jesus who has done it for me.



Today, what has happened to me confirms that I am henceforth on the right path, that of the Lord Jesus. I am eternally grateful to God.

TESTIMONY OF THE HEALING OF AYIH PIERRE

My name is AYIH Pierre. I was born on 21st July 1938 at Aneho in Togo. I arrived in Gabon in 1962 at the age of 24. I am 70 years old today.

One Sunday, precisely on 6th October 2004, I was heading for a meeting of Togolese citizens residing in Gabon, when after leaving my house and hardly having made more than four steps, I felt a violent knock on my right shin-bone. I felt the knock right up to my knee, meanwhile nothing visible had touched me or fallen. I felt a sharp pain on my leg where I felt the knock. So I had to hire a taxi in order to get to the venue of the meeting. When I got to the venue, I could not alight from the car. My fellow citizens had to come and carry me into the hall. At the end of the meeting, a nephew of mine who is a medical doctor took me to his clinic to administer Profinid injections and dropped me at home thereafter. From that moment and for four days, everything seemed to have gone back to order. But from the fifth day, I was beset by violent pains on the leg and I was taken to the hospital. At the hospital, an x-ray was done that revealed, to my greatest surprise, that the bone was fractured. The leg was then placed in plaster of Paris for one month.



In spite of all the medical care at the hospital, the leg did not improve. I still suffered terribly; so I decided to go to Lome. There, at the hospital the specialists did not diagnose anything that justified the pain I was feeling. At that time one of my fellow citizens proposed to take me to a native doctor. Looking at me, the latter was surprised that I had not yet died, and revealed to me that a spell had been cast on me. He gave me plenty of treatment which yielded no fruit. From then on, I went from one native doctor to another with no effective treatment. I wasted more than 600 000 Frs on these. I even went to a church where prayers were said, but they did not yield the best results. On 17th April 2008, I came back to Gabon without receiving the healing that

I had gone to seek. One evening I was at my home when I heard praise not far from the house. My wife informed me that it was from a church. Three days after my return, that is, on Sunday 20th April, I went to attend worship at this unknown church. On leaving Lome, the pastor of the church where I was fellowshiping had recommended that I should attend only a church where baptism is done by immersion. When I learnt that it was baptism by immersion that was practised there, my heart got attached to this church. I learnt later on that the Church was the Christian Missionary Fellowship International Church in Libreville. A mature brother began to counsel me. He often paid me visits and exhorted me very much.

When the Convention with Professor Fomum began, I attended the teaching on Thursday 22nd in the evening and on the 24th throughout the day. Definitely, on Sunday 25th, that is the great day, the day of great hope for me, I was present right from the beginning of the meeting. Towards the end of the meeting, while the sick were being prayed for, I felt intense heat on my sick right leg, spreading from the ankle right to the knee. After the heat I felt total calm: no more pains. I had just gotten healed. When those who had been healed were called forward, I got up promptly and went up to the stage. For the first time in many years I could walk without my walking-stick, which I couldn't dispense with before then, since I supported myself on it as I strained to walk. I climbed up the staircase with much ease and began to walk freely on the stage, while my walking-stick was with one pastor. I give thanks to God for this miracle that He performed on me.

MAMA RACHEL'S TESTIMONY

My name is Rachel LALANDE. I was born in 1942 in the Democratic Republic of Congo, former Zaire, some sixty-six years ago. I left DRC and came to Gabon in February 1974 at the age of 42 years. About two weeks ago two lumps appeared on my hip. This occurred shortly before Professor Fomum's arrival in Libreville. I was feeling awful pains on the hip and on all of the right leg. I had enormous difficulties walking. In fact, I was limping because I had to drag the leg a bit. That famous Sunday, 25/05/08, I went very early, at 7.00 am to the "Centre des Charbonnages" where Professor Fomum had to render a ministry of healing. It was a brother who helped me to climb up the staircase, because climbing was very painful for me.



When the time for praying for the sick arrived, I stood up as I prayed and with my hands on my head, like everybody else. At a certain moment, the pains increased in intensity and I thought that it was due to my standing position. When Professor Fomum asked that each one should place his hand where he was feeling pains, I palpated the two lumps. Curiously enough, they had reduced in size. At the end of the prayer the miracle had occurred.

I did not feel any lump again. Both lumps had disappeared with their chain of pains. I climbed up to the stage to give thanks, as the Word commands us, to the God of compassion, goodness and faithfulness in whom I have believed. Praise the Lord!

These miracles and others, which have not been reported here, were performed at an evangelistic meeting by Christian Missionary Fellowship International in Libreville, Gabon.

Professor Zacharias Tanee Fomum, Pastor Calvin Ekoh, Pastor of the Church in Libreville, the elders of the Church in Libreville and the entire body of the Church in Libreville were those who rendered ministry. They were testifying to the fact that Jesus Christ is alive and manifests His power and His compassion. To Him be the glory, majesty, praise and worship for ever and ever.

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