

The
Gangster
who found
JESUS

To every person battling darkness silently... This book is proof that God still changes lives.

I did not write this book because my life was perfect. I wrote it because I want the world to know what God can do with a life that seems beyond repair. This is a testimony of the transforming power of God—how He reached into the deepest places of my brokenness, renewed my mind, and completely changed the direction of my life.

For years, I was lost in darkness. I was trapped in confusion, spiritual deception, sin, and a life that was taking me further away from God. I walked paths I never imagined I would walk. I became involved in things that brought destruction, carrying the weight of fear, regret, incarceration, and spiritual blindness.

There were moments when I felt trapped by the person I had become. Moments when the consequences of my choices felt impossible to escape. I looked at my life and wondered if there was any hope left for me. I had gone so far into darkness that I questioned whether I could ever truly be free.

But what I didn't understand then was that God's mercy was greater than my mistakes. His grace was stronger than my bondage. Even when I was running from Him, He was still pursuing me. Even when I was surrounded by darkness, He was preparing a way to bring me into His light.

This book is not a celebration of my past. It is a declaration of God's power. It is proof that Jesus Christ can reach the person who feels too broken, too lost, or too far gone. It is a story of redemption, restoration, and a God who specializes in transforming lives that the world has already given up on.

The Bible says in 2 Corinthians 5:17, “Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old has passed away; behold, the new has come.”

And this... is not my ending. This is the beginning of the life God created me to live.

My purpose is simple: to reach the person who is fighting battles nobody sees. To tell the person trapped in sin, addiction, fear, shame, or spiritual darkness that there is still hope. You are not beyond God’s reach. You are not too far for His grace.

The same God who rescued me, transformed my mind, and gave me a new life is able to do the same for you.

Your past does not have the final word. God does.

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INTRODUCTION

A month before my arrest, I had a horrifying dream in which I was locked up in jail. It felt too real to ignore—too detailed to dismiss. When I woke up, the weight of it lingered over me as if it had already happened.

I rushed to my witch doctor and told him about the dream. Without hesitation, he confidently assured me that I would not go to jail. In fact, I believe he performed a black magic ritual that was supposed to secure my freedom and keep me protected.

I believed him.

But ironically, just a month later, I found myself sitting in a jail cell, staring at cold concrete walls that didn't move, didn't speak, and didn't care.

In the past, my arrests had usually been for simple possession or gun charges—serious, yes, but never enough to keep me for long since I was not a convicted felon. I would often receive a slap on the wrist and be released within a few weeks, convincing

myself that it was because of the black magic rituals performed on my behalf during my incarcerations.

But this time was different.

This wasn't a case I could shrug off or pretend would disappear.

I was looking at real time.

This was one of those rare circumstances that had the power to change the course of a person's life forever.

I was facing serious drug charges that carried the possibility of more than twenty-five years in prison. For the first time, I wasn't worried about spending a few weeks or months behind bars. I was staring at the possibility of losing decades of my life.

Then reality hit even harder. My green card had already expired, and my arrest came at the worst possible moment—during a period when ICE deportations were being aggressively enforced. Suddenly, I wasn't just facing prison.

I was facing two doors, and neither led back to the life I knew.

One led to years behind bars.

The other led to being sent back to Africa—unwillingly, leaving everything behind.

Either way, I was in a devastating situation. My life was on the verge of crumbling. My hopes and dreams were about to be shattered. My freedom, my future, my relationships—everything I had spent years building—was at stake.

Yet as I sat in that jail cell, I had no idea that God was about to expose everything I had trusted in. The very powers I believed would protect me were about to fail me completely, and the power of God was about to be revealed as sovereign. God was about to turn my entire world upside down.

What felt like the darkest season of my life—the very end of the road—was about to become the beginning of a transformation that would change me forever.

But before any of that can make sense, you have to understand who I was before everything fell apart.

Chapter 1

THE LIFE I NEVER SAW COMING

Years ago, I used to think the phrase “God works in mysterious ways” was just a cliché. But after a life-changing encounter with the Lord Jesus Christ, I realized it was far more than words—it became practical and my reality. If someone had told me back then that I would one day write a book dedicated to God, I would have laughed in disbelief. My dreams were entirely different. I envisioned myself as a successful hip-hop artist or a movie star, pursuing a life of fame, influence, and recognition. Ministry was the last thing on my mind. Yet God, in His wisdom and mercy, had a completely different plan for my life.

With my “gangster” image and my corrupted, treacherous, and devilish reputation, no one—not even me—could have ever imagined that God would one day take my life and turn it into a

testimony for His glory. I was the last person anyone would have expected to be standing in the presence of God, proclaiming the Word of Jesus Christ. According to statistics, the way I lived—a reckless and extremely dangerous lifestyle—everybody thought that death or prison would be my final destination. But by the grace of God, I beat the odds.

Sadly, some of my friends are dead and others are in prison. It's a blessing that I'm still here. It is not by my cleverness or craftiness. I'm still existing because God has a plan for me. How blessed am I that He chose me out of all those people He called. *"Many are called, but a few are chosen"* (Matthew 22:14). With faith and humility, I am confident that He will continue to sustain my life until I have fulfilled His intended purpose for my life.

The beautiful thing about God is that He is both sovereign and unexpected in how He chooses to use people to spread His message. One of His greatest instruments is ordinary people. He does not always choose the most educated, the most successful, or those with high social status. More often, He chooses the ones no one would expect—the weak, the overlooked, and even those who are far from Him. Sometimes He even calls those who once spoke against Him, transforming them into messengers of the Gospel, so that no one can claim it was by human wisdom or personal greatness.

God does not look at someone's past the way people do. Unworthiness is not a limitation to Him. In fact, it is often where His power is most clearly revealed. He can take a robber, a murderer, a drug dealer, or a pagan heart and completely transform it if He chooses to. In most instances, when He does, He places that person in circumstances where they have no choice but to turn to Him.

We see this clearly in the life of Paul. Who would have ever imagined that Paul would become one of God's most powerful messengers? He was once a man who persecuted Christians for preaching the name of Jesus. But on his way to Damascus, everything changed. A light from heaven suddenly shone around him, and he was struck blind for three days. In that moment, God confronted him, called him, and completely redirected his life.

At that moment, Paul had nothing left to hold onto. Everything he once depended on—his status, his authority, his strength—was stripped away in an instant. As blindness overtook him, it became clear that the power of Rome, money, or position could not restore his sight. Only God could.

So he surrendered. When Paul surrendered, his sight was restored—and his purpose was completely changed (see Acts 9:1–22). As I look back on my own journey, I see that God led me through a similar transformation.

Just like Paul, my life was interrupted by God in a way I never saw coming. Everything I thought I was—my dreams, my identity, and everything I had chased—came crashing down in a jail cell. It was there, in the darkest season of my life, that God began to transform me and reveal the purpose He had planned for me all along.

My background

Before I share my testimony, I want to provide some background about my life so you can better understand where I came from and connect more personally with my testimony.

I grew up in a deeply religious family. I am the son of Pastor Venance and the grandson of Pastor Noel Mbitswenimana of Light Mission Pentecostal Church. However, my father was not always a pastor. Before answering God's call, he lived much like many worldly people today. By God's grace, he eventually surrendered his life to Christ, received salvation, and began preaching the Gospel. In time, God called him into pastoral ministry. He has now faithfully served Christ for more than nineteen years.

In 2008, my family and I immigrated to the United States as refugees from Mtabila Refugee Camp in Tanzania, East Africa. We initially settled in Athens, Georgia, where we lived for about a month and a half before relocating to Stone Mountain, Georgia. About a year later, we moved from Memorial Drive to the Rockbridge area.

Throughout my childhood in Georgia, I attended several schools, including Jolly Elementary School, Rockbridge Elementary School, and Stone Mountain Middle School.

The Roots of My Rebellion

During all these years, church was a central part of our lives. My life was the very definition of the stereotypical preacher's kid. We went to church every Sunday—sometimes even on Saturdays. We were always the first ones there and the last ones to leave. My father was extremely strict when it came to church attendance. Going to church was never presented as a choice—it was an expectation. As a result, instead of developing a love for church

and Christianity, I grew up resenting them. Deep down, I passionately disliked church and wanted nothing to do with the faith that surrounded me.

There's a common saying that preacher's kids are often the wildest, and honestly, it's kind of true. Despite spending so much time in church, I was extremely rebellious and rough around the edges. Out of all eight of my siblings, I earned the reputation of being known as the "black sheep" and the "problem child." I constantly pushed boundaries, resisted authority, and found myself getting into trouble more often than the others—heading down a path that would eventually lead me far from God.

Being forced to relentlessly go to church as a child ultimately and inevitably turned me rebellious. From age 9 until the age of 12–13, I would sneak out of church through the back door to go play and enjoy the beautiful and enchanting sun. Successfully sneaking out of church and arriving outside felt like a breath of fresh air. It was relieving, relaxing, soothing, delightful, and liberating.

On the contrary, sitting in church felt like I was being held hostage in a cage. Time went by extremely slowly, and the service felt like it took months to end. Not only was the service lengthy, but it was also boring. Whenever it was time for prayer at church, I felt uncomfortable and out of place. Instead of staying, I would often sneak out to avoid those feelings. Sometimes I slipped away by myself, and other times I left with a friend.

As soon as we got outside, the ball was in our court. We would cheerfully take advantage of our freedom and go on exciting adventures. We would go places that we were prohibited from going, such as playing on playgrounds designated for

particular churches, going to other people's churches to get food, or going to stores to steal snacks and treats.

Regarding being raised as a preacher's kid, my father held us to very high standards. Above all, he wanted us to know, love, and faithfully serve God. He did everything he could to ensure that we would not tarnish his reputation or bring shame to his ministry. He understood that if he failed to properly discipline and guide his children, our behavior could undermine his credibility as a pastor.

As a young adolescent, I struggled to understand his perspective. However, as I have grown spiritually and matured in my understanding, his reasoning now makes perfect sense. How can a man stand before a congregation and preach God's Word while his own children live in open contradiction to the message he proclaims? In fact, Scripture teaches:

"If someone does not know how to manage his own household, how can he take care of God's church?" (1 Timothy 3:5)

One of my greatest character flaws growing up was my resistance to authority. I simply did not like being told what to do. I despised rules and often rebelled against them. As a result, I received many whoopings throughout my childhood for deliberate acts of disobedience.

Additionally, around the age of 12, I already had a group and was making music. I was the lead voice, but more than that, I created the beats and wrote the songs for everyone in the group. Even at that young age, I had older people looking up to me. I had a passion for music. The talent was always there. I spent hours on the computer producing music, shaping sounds and

lyrics—but I wasn't using that gift the right way. Instead of honoring God, I was blindly using it to glorify Satan.

During the summer of 2013, my family moved from Stone Mountain, Georgia, to Knoxville, Tennessee. We went from living in a house to living in a Section 8 housing community known as Montgomery Village. My parents had good intentions and wanted the best for us, but they did not fully realize how negatively this environment would affect our family (Especially me). Inevitably, As time passed, I gradually became a product of my environment.

Before long, I found myself smoking marijuana. Looking back, deciding to smoke for the first time was one of the worst decisions I have ever made. What seemed harmless at first slowly began to destroy me. My brother Prima and my childhood friend Franco were involved in it as well. Fortunately for them, they eventually walked away from that lifestyle. Unfortunately, I did not.

The difference between those who left marijuana behind and those who continued down that path is impossible to ignore. The outcomes speak for themselves. Those who quit are in far better positions today than many of us who remained trapped in that lifestyle.

Although my brother is not wealthy, he is in a much better financial position than I am. Likewise, Franco now owns a multimillion-dollar real estate business. Their lives serve as evidence that the choices we make today often determine the opportunities we will have tomorrow. In many ways, our present circumstances are the product of our past decisions.

When we were young, getting high felt exciting and enjoyable. We even introduced marijuana to some of our African female friends. Sadly, they quickly developed a liking for it as well. But after years of excessive and relentless use, the excitement eventually faded. What once seemed thrilling became empty, dull, and unfulfilling. Sin often works that way. It promises pleasure and satisfaction in the beginning, but over time it leaves a person feeling trapped, depleted, and searching for something more.

Chapter 2

THE PATH TO DESTRUCTION

As the months passed, the behavior of my friends and I continued to deteriorate. What began with smoking marijuana eventually escalated into theft. We started stealing clothes from shopping malls. Most of our parents were not wealthy, and instead of accepting our circumstances, we chose to "adapt" in all the wrong ways.

Before long, stealing clothes was no longer enough. We graduated to getting high at school, skipping classes, and stealing money and valuable items from students' lockers. Each new decision pushed us further away from the values our parents had tried to teach us. The things that once would have troubled my conscience gradually became easier to justify.

Around the age of fourteen, a group of my African female friends and I took a bus to the mall with the intention of stealing clothes. This time, however, we got caught. Because I was terrified of calling my father and telling him what had happened, I was taken to juvenile detention while the girls went home with their parents. You would think that such an experience would have been enough to change the direction of my life.

It wasn't.

Rather than allowing that moment to humble me, I returned to the very lifestyle that had brought me there. Before long, we graduated from shoplifting to breaking into parked vehicles, stealing whatever money or valuables we could find. The frightening reality was that I was no longer shocked by my own behavior. Sin had become familiar, and familiarity made it easier to continue.

What makes this story even more fascinating but troubling is that throughout all of this, I was still attending church every Sunday. Out of all my friends, I was the only one who was required to go to church. Their parents were not religious, and many of them did not attend church at all. I deeply resented having to go. Every Sunday felt like an obligation rather than an opportunity to know God.

Eventually, my resentment gave birth to another form of rebellion. I began attending church while high on marijuana. I convinced myself that being intoxicated would make the experience more enjoyable and help me escape the boredom I felt during the services. But the exact opposite happened.

Every service became uncomfortable.

Even though I used eye drops to hide the redness in my eyes, being high in church was one of the most uncomfortable experiences imaginable. I constantly felt as though everyone was staring at me. Every sermon felt directed at me personally. I felt as if God Himself was watching me with disappointment and conviction.

Yet over time, I became accustomed to it. Ironically, while I was living in rebellion, God was still allowing me to serve in His house. I had a natural talent for playing the keyboard and was involved in the church choir. When the choir director discovered my ability, she eventually allowed me to play keyboard for the children's choir.

In 2015, my family finally moved away from Montgomery Village after my parents recognized how dangerous and unhealthy the environment had become. The new Section 8 housing community we moved into was significantly safer and more peaceful. However, although we had changed locations, I carried the same mindset with me. The criminal habits and destructive behaviors I had developed in the previous neighborhood followed me into the new one. My surroundings had changed, but my heart had not.

As time went on, my criminal behavior became more deliberate. Whenever I needed money to buy marijuana, I would often wait until one or two o'clock in the morning, quietly climb out of my bedroom window, and walk through nearby neighborhoods checking vehicle doors. If a car was unlocked, I would steal whatever cash or valuables I could find. What had once seemed unthinkable gradually became routine. I no longer

viewed myself as someone making occasional bad decisions; I was becoming comfortable living a dishonest life.

Around this time, I was fifteen years old. This may sound unbelievable, but before committing many of my crimes, I would actually pray. I would ask God to protect me. I would ask Him to guide me to vehicles that contained valuable items and to keep me from getting caught. Looking back now, it is difficult to comprehend how deceived I had become.

The truth is that I only seemed interested in prayer when I was in trouble or when I wanted God to assist me in doing something sinful. I had created a version of God in my mind that existed to serve my desires rather than transform my heart.

As a result, my behavior only grew worse. Whenever I was suspended from school or found myself in serious trouble that would result in a whipping, I would run away from home for several days because I was afraid of facing my father's discipline.

Fortunately, at sixteen years old, I finally got my first job, and as my work responsibilities increased, I gradually distanced myself from criminal activity. Unfortunately, my inner struggles remained. A few months later, however, I began spending time with the wrong crowd again, and their influence quickly led me back down a destructive path. Before long, I was sneaking out of the house late at night and often would not return until four o'clock in the morning—or sometimes not until the following day.

At that time, I was a well-known local rapper, and my friends and I were often considered the life of the party. Wherever we went, there was excitement, attention, and trouble close behind.

Later, one of my friends—the oldest among us at around nineteen years old, while the rest of us were only fifteen to seventeen—eventually ended up in prison, where he has remained for nearly ten years. Back then, he introduced us to an African American man who is also currently serving a prison sentence. That man welcomed us into his clique and made us feel as though we were part of something bigger.

At the time, I was still only sixteen years old.

However, the man he introduced us to was already at war with much of the city. Wherever he went, conflict followed. His name was constantly being mentioned, threats were exchanged, and violence was never far away. Yet two names stood above the rest—two well-known local rappers with influence and power. They were not just respected; they were loved.

The moment we chose to stand beside a man we barely knew, we unknowingly stepped into a war that had begun long before we arrived. Just like that, we became enemies of men the entire city admired. Overnight, faces began to change. Friendly looks turned cold.

We went from nobodies... to targets.

They had a crew behind them—at least twenty people who were ready to move at their command. Beyond that, they had thousands of people throughout the city who genuinely admired and supported them. If a conflict ever broke out, many of those supporters would have sided with them without hesitation. To me, they seemed untouchable.

The truth is, a part of me deeply wanted to be on their side. Who wouldn't have wanted to be on the side that seemed to be winning?

Ironically, before we ever became their enemies, I admired them myself. About a month before joining the opposing clique, I had already been communicating with both of them. I was a fan of their music and listened to it relentlessly. In fact, one of them had even shared one of my songs about a year before we became enemies, and we had talked about recording a song together someday.

Everything changed when my friend introduced me to the other clique. Because of my loyalty to him, I followed his lead without questioning the consequences. Without fully understanding what I was stepping into, I aligned myself with people who were already at war with some of the city's most influential figures. Looking back, it was one of the worst decisions I ever made.

At the time, however, we thought we had become part of something real. We believed we belonged. But the truth is, we were simply being used—young, reckless, and expendable. There were about twelve of us, moving through the streets as though we were untouchable, completely blind to the danger we had walked into. We were nothing more than crash dummies in a game we didn't even understand.

My father knew I was spending time with the wrong crowd, but he had no idea how serious this group was becoming or how deeply involved I was about to get. Still, he could see the changes in my behavior and the direction my life was heading. His

concern grew as he watched me drift further away from the path he wanted for me.

Hoping that a change of environment would help me make better choices and separate me from negative influences, my father sent me to live in Kentucky with my uncle. But what he didn't realize was that my problems were not just connected to my surroundings—they were already rooted in my heart and my mindset.

A new location did not create a new person. The habits, attitudes, and rebellious mindset I had developed came with me. Instead of changing, I continued down the same destructive path, getting into trouble at school and making choices that pushed me further away from the person I was meant to become. Eventually, my actions led to me being transferred to an alternative school.

Things only got worse. A few days after arriving at the alternative school, administrators conducted a routine search and discovered marijuana in my backpack. I was immediately expelled.

But the trouble did not end there. That very same day, while I was at my cousin's house, several undercover police officers suddenly surrounded the property. They approached me, placed me in custody, and transported me to juvenile detention for an armed robbery I had committed a week earlier. At that moment, the consequences of my choices had finally caught up with me.

Before I continue, I should mention something that happened while I was in Kentucky. During that time, I came up with the idea of creating our own clique. I created the name and presented it to the oldest member of our group—the same friend

who had introduced us to the man the city despised—and he approved of it.

One of the reasons I came up with that idea stemmed from an incident that occurred while I was away. I did not witness it myself, but I later heard what had happened. The same friend who had introduced us to the African American man robbed another teenager. At the time, it seemed like just another reckless decision—another situation that would eventually blow over. But he had no idea who he had crossed.

The teenager he robbed had brothers, and they were not just anybody. They were well-known and feared gang members. It did not take long before retaliation came. Shots were fired directly at my friend's house, sending a clear message that this was far more serious than any of us had imagined. Suddenly, the reality of the world we were becoming involved in came into sharp focus.

When the rest of the clique learned what had happened, my friend and the others reached out to the man we were affiliated with. They expected him to show up, ride with them, and stand beside them during the conflict.

But he never came.

No headlights. No footsteps. No support.

Just silence.

That moment changed everything. The image we had of him began to fall apart.

Once I moved back to Knoxville, Tennessee, we officially adopted the name I had created and quickly built a reputation

around it. I naturally assumed the role of the group's leader and eventually became the face of the clique—not because I was committing more crimes or causing more destruction than anyone else, but because of my influence and the fact that I was the only artist in the group. My music gave our clique recognition throughout the city, and before long, the people around me were willing to go to war for me. They would stand against anyone for my sake, and eventually, they did. At the time, I mistook that kind of loyalty for brotherhood. Now I see that it was leading all of us toward destruction.

From there, our reputation continued to grow, largely because of the situations we found ourselves in. At first, the clique consisted entirely of Africans, and at its core, it was built on loyalty. Over time, however, we welcomed white members and African Americans who genuinely felt like family. In reality, we were a clique, but many people in the city labeled us a gang. At our core, there were about five of us, along with roughly ten close associates—for a total of around fifteen members.

Despite everything that had happened, we still crossed paths with the man we had aligned ourselves with from time to time—until another incident caused us to distance ourselves from him even further.

Before we even went to the high school football game, I reached out to him because I expected him to stand with us if anything happened during our hostile encounter with his rivals—who had now become our rivals. But he never showed up or got involved. The only thing he did was send text messages mocking them and saying things like, "Forget them." But when it mattered most, he was nowhere to be found.

That experience opened my eyes. I realized that his words did not match his actions and that he wasn't truly with us the way we believed he was. Today, I am convinced that if any of us had been hurt that day, he would not have done anything to help us or even retaliate on our behalf. Looking back now, I realize he had no genuine love for us at all. We were loyal to him, but that loyalty was never truly returned.

To be truthful, however, I also played a part in making the situation worse. Instead of staying out of the conflict, I took to social media and publicly mocked our rivals. Deep down, I craved the fame, recognition, and respect they had earned throughout the city. At the time, having well-known public figures as my rivals felt like a badge of honor. I foolishly believed it elevated my status and gave me credibility in the streets. In reality, my actions only made us an even bigger target, escalated the tension, and added more fuel to an already dangerous conflict.

What makes this even more shocking is that I had nothing against these rivals personally. They had never done anything to me. I was simply insulting and opposing them because of the side I had chosen. Looking back now, I realize I was risking my own life over a conflict that was never truly mine. I was allowing loyalty, pride, and the desire to prove myself to lead me into dangerous situations. By the grace of God, nothing ever happened to me.

Later on, in Clarkston, Georgia, I was approached and invited to join another African clique. I was "blessed" into that group as well, which had about eight members. Altogether, I found myself connected to roughly twenty-three individuals.

What stood out most was that they genuinely cared about me—not because of any influence I had, but because of my loyalty and character. Most of us had known one another since we were around nine years old, so it was more than just a group; it felt like a brotherhood. Additionally, because of my musical talent, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, I gained a few hundred supporters across the United States, most of whom were Africans. They supported me wholeheartedly. Wherever I went, they would sing my songs word for word.

However, by 2018, something had begun to change. Life was becoming increasingly heavy, and the pressure seemed to be building from every direction. Reality was catching up with me. I constantly compared my life to the lives of those around me. The more I compared myself to others, the more miserable I became. Feelings of inadequacy, disappointment, and frustration gradually began to dominate my thoughts.

By then, I was old enough to decide for myself whether I wanted to attend church. Little by little, I stopped going altogether. I also no longer remember praying. I convinced myself that God was not listening to me. Every unanswered question became evidence in my mind that He did not care. Ironically, the further I drifted from prayer and church, the worse my life became. At the time, I failed to recognize the connection.

Chapter 3

REJECTING JESUS CHRIST

Toward the end of 2018 and the beginning of 2019, I entered one of the darkest seasons of my life. Outwardly, I tried to appear normal, but inwardly I was falling apart. Misery, anger, depression, and hopelessness consumed my mind. I genuinely believed the entire world was against me—including my own family.

Looking back now, I recognize that I was in the middle of an intense spiritual battle. At the time, however, I had no understanding of spiritual warfare. I could not see how deeply my mind had been influenced. Everything felt real, and every lie I believed seemed like the truth.

As the darkness continued to grow, my thoughts became increasingly disturbing. I began struggling with homicidal and suicidal thoughts. Much of my anger was directed toward my

brother, Prima. We argued over matters that now seem insignificant, but in those moments every disagreement felt enormous. Instead of resolving our conflicts, I allowed resentment, bitterness, and hatred to take root in my heart until I eventually entertained thoughts of taking his life.

Today, those memories deeply grieve me. It is difficult to believe that I once thought that way. Whenever I reflect on that season of my life, I am reminded of just how spiritually blind I had become. Pride, jealousy, anger, and bitterness controlled my emotions. Whenever life failed to go the way I wanted, I lashed out at the people closest to me. I frequently spoke disrespectfully to my parents and blamed others for the pain I was experiencing. Looking back now as a follower of Jesus Christ, those memories still bring tears to my eyes—not only because of the darkness I lived in, but because of the incredible mercy God showed me while I was living in open rebellion against Him.

In my ignorance, nothing seemed fair. Nothing seemed hopeful. I constantly blamed other people for my unhappiness. I saw myself as the victim, convinced that everyone else was responsible for the condition of my life. Eventually, my frustration reached God Himself. Night after night, I lay awake asking questions like, "God, where are You?" "Why are You allowing this to happen to me?" and "If You really love me, why won't You help me?" Many nights, I cried myself to sleep.

One day, desperate for answers, I opened YouTube and searched for evidence about Jesus Christ. I cannot remember the exact words I typed, but it was something similar to, "Is Jesus real?" or "Is Christianity true?" What began as an honest search for answers quickly became something far more dangerous. One video led to another. Before long, I had fallen into an endless

stream of conspiracy theories, historical arguments, anti-Christian content, and videos attacking the Bible. Hour after hour, I absorbed ideas that challenged everything I had been taught growing up.

Eventually, I reached a devastating conclusion: I convinced myself that Christianity was false. I rejected Jesus Christ. My reasoning seemed logical to me at the time: *If Jesus really existed, why would He allow me to suffer like this?*

What I failed to realize was that I wasn't searching for truth—I was searching for an explanation that matched my pain. My suffering had become the lens through which I judged God. Instead of allowing truth to shape my emotions, I allowed my emotions to shape what I believed was true.

As time went on, I completely stopped attending church. Instead, I spent countless hours watching YouTube videos about spirituality, consciousness, and what many people described as a "spiritual awakening." By this point, I was nineteen years old. At first, these teachings seemed harmless—even helpful. They introduced me to concepts such as affirmations, positive thinking, and the power of words. For the first time, I became aware of how negative my thinking had become. Instead of constantly dwelling on fear, failure, and hopelessness, I began trying to replace those thoughts with more positive ones.

Initially, I noticed small improvements in my outlook. Because of that, I assumed I had finally found the answers I had been searching for. Those teachings, however, led me toward occult practices and forms of spirituality that Scripture clearly warns against. What began as a search for healing slowly became an entry point into deeper deception. I thought I was finding

freedom, but I was unknowingly walking further away from the truth.

Around this same period, I began working at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. During my first few days there, I met a supervisor who was friendly, kind, and welcoming. At first, I thought nothing unusual about our interactions.

A few weeks later, however, something changed. I realized I could not stop thinking about her. What began as a simple attraction gradually developed into an unhealthy fixation. I replayed our conversations in my mind and wondered why someone I barely knew had begun occupying so much of my attention.

Whenever I tried to flirt with her, she remained friendly but never showed any romantic interest. Looking back, I can see that my emotions had become far stronger than the reality of the situation. At the time, however, I did not recognize what was happening within me. She would occasionally joke about having supernatural powers. Because I knew very little about witchcraft or the occult, I dismissed her comments as harmless jokes.

Entering The Hidden Dark World

While all of this was happening, my growing interest in spirituality led me deeper into New Age teachings. My curiosity quickly became an obsession. I immersed myself in teachings about crystals, energy, manifestation, meditation, astrology, herbs, spirit guides, and practices associated with sorcery. Every new

discovery made me believe I was becoming more spiritually enlightened. In reality, I was drifting further away from the truth.

Before long, I was openly speaking against Christianity and even making blasphemous statements about Jesus. At my lowest point, I became so deceived that I mocked God, claimed to be God, and encouraged others to believe the same about themselves. Looking back now, I can see how lost I had become. My pride had grown so great that I believed I no longer needed God. At the time, however, I was convinced I had found enlightenment.

As I mentioned earlier, I was a popular local rapper and music producer with a growing fan base. As I became more vocal about my spiritual beliefs and increasingly spoke against Christianity, my audience gradually began to shrink. Eventually, I lost my motivation, procrastinated, and stepped away from making music for a significant period of time. Meanwhile, I continued pursuing my so-called "spiritual awakening." During my research, I discovered videos about spell casting and became fascinated by them. Because of the intense thoughts I was having about my supervisor, I began to wonder if she had somehow cast a spell on me.

One day, I half-jokingly asked her if she had put a love spell on me. To my surprise, she claimed that she had. When I asked her to remove it, she agreed. She turned around, walked over to a corner, and performed what she said was a ritual to break it. Within a few days, my thoughts about her disappeared completely. Whether the ritual had any real effect or not, the experience sparked a deep fascination with spells and the occult, leading me even further down a path of spiritual deception.

I began practicing love spells and, in my mind, I saw what appeared to be results. The first form of sorcery I practiced was Wicca. As my confidence in it grew, I became increasingly convinced that I had discovered a hidden source of spiritual power.

I then began placing my trust in talismans and charms that I believed would protect me and attract favor. I immersed myself even deeper in occult practices, convincing myself that I was gaining secret spiritual knowledge. The further I ventured into darkness, the more convinced I became that I was awakening to a higher level of spiritual understanding.

The more I learned, the more convinced I became that I had discovered truths that others did not understand. I began to see myself as spiritually awakened, believing I had access to hidden knowledge and power. In reality, my pride was growing, and I was becoming increasingly deceived.

Whenever I learned something new, I would eagerly share it with my friends. They listened with genuine interest, and many agreed with my conclusions. Their agreement only strengthened my confidence that I was on the right path. Instead of leading people toward Christ, I was unknowingly leading them further into deception.

Today, that realization deeply grieves me.

One of the hardest parts of writing this book has been remembering that I wasn't the only person affected by my choices. My influence extended beyond my own life. I encouraged others to believe things that I now know were false, and for that I carry sincere remorse.

Yet even then, God had not abandoned me.

Although I had rejected Jesus Christ, embraced occult practices, and devoted myself to spiritual deception, God continued pursuing me with remarkable patience. I could not see His hand at the time, but He was already arranging circumstances that would expose the emptiness of everything I had chosen to trust.

I believed I was becoming spiritually stronger. In reality, I was walking toward one of the most painful seasons of my life. I had no idea that everything I had placed my faith in was about to fail me. Before long, that reality would become undeniable.

Looking back, one of the most dangerous aspects of that season was that I immersed myself in the spiritual realm without the guidance of credible authorities or trustworthy mentors. As I continued on my so-called "spiritual awakening" journey, I lit incense and candles before going to crossroads to present offerings—including gin—to the Haitian spirits known as the Lwa.

At the time, I did not fully understand what I was engaging in. Through my involvement in sorcery and witchcraft, I unknowingly opened doors to spiritual darkness. Looking back now, I believe those practices gave demonic influences access to my life and left me spiritually vulnerable to attack.

Soon afterward, I found myself overwhelmed by confusion, depression, and chaos. My relationships suffered, especially with those closest to me. I became emotionally fragile and overly sensitive. Even harmless jokes felt like personal attacks. As a

result, I withdrew from others, isolated myself, and struggled to understand the source of my unhappiness.

Then, toward the end of that summer, tragedy struck. My best friend was killed. The grief, anger, and bitterness that followed consumed me. Driven by those emotions, I began casting curses, destruction spells, and separation spells against anyone I suspected of being connected to his death.

Not long afterward, my search for spiritual knowledge led me to Hinduism. To this day, I do not even remember where I found the books, but they centered around a deity known as Krishna. Convinced that I had discovered the ultimate truth, I recited the chants I had learned, offered prayers to that deity, and burned incense along with imitation Hindu prayer money that I had ordered online, believing I was faithfully following the prescribed rituals.

During that season of my life, I had many enemies. I vividly remember putting a spell on one of them, and in my mind, it appeared to work by the very next day. I wrote the man's name on a piece of paper along with what I wanted to happen to him, then placed it inside a liquor bottle filled with foul ingredients. I cannot remember everything I used, but I do remember adding dog feces, cockroaches, and other substances that had been recommended by YouTube videos promoting witchcraft.

As I said, the desires in my heart were evil and wicked. After preparing it, I went and buried his name beside a tree. The very next day, I heard that he had been shot—shot in the stomach. By that point, I had become so consumed with darkness that hearing that news filled me with satisfaction. But even that wasn't enough. If I'm being honest, what I truly wanted to see was

death—his death. I wanted to see blood spilled, a complete bloodbath. That was my real goal.

But thank God it didn't happen, because I now understand that I would have had to pay a far heavier price for it.

Although I often carried a gun for protection, I still felt vulnerable. My heart had become consumed by anger, vengeance, and hatred. I was constantly looking for ways to protect myself, retaliate against my enemies, and gain an advantage over those I considered threats. Deep down, what I truly craved was power.

It wasn't long before I found myself involved in a dangerous situation with my own cousins. A friend who was close to me at the time had a strong influence on the way I viewed the situation. He encouraged a mindset of retaliation, and because I was acting out of ignorance and a desire to defend my reputation, I allowed myself to be pulled into something I should have walked away from.

The situation began when we received a phone call informing us that my cousins were at an event speaking negatively about us. Instead of ignoring it or choosing peace, we decided to confront them. We drove to the location, and what began as a verbal confrontation quickly escalated into a shootout.

Looking back now, I understand that although my friend influenced me, I was still responsible for my own decisions. I allowed ignorance, misplaced loyalty, and the desire to defend my reputation to control my actions. I was willing to risk my own life and the lives of my family members over a conflict that could have been resolved differently.

Here's the section polished while preserving your voice, chronology, and testimony.

Then, in 2021, another devastating tragedy struck. My childhood friend, Venuste ("Fufu"), was killed in Georgia. His death changed everything. A few days after the tragedy, the friendships I had once valued began to fall apart. Many of my so-called friends believed the false rumors and accusations that were spread about me, and our relationships gradually deteriorated.

Before Venuste's death, one of my friends and I had already begun drifting apart because of difficulties in our relationship. As soon as he learned that Venuste had been killed, he began slandering my name and accusing me of being responsible for his death.

Looking back now, I am grateful that the truth prevailed. The accusations against me were false, and God faithfully vindicated me. For a long time, however, I hated my former friend because of what he had done. But after I encountered the transforming power of God's steadfast love and forgiveness, I eventually forgave him and grew to love him. Today, I sincerely pray that he has forgiven me as well.

When I said that things were never the same after Venuste's death, I meant it literally. I was not exaggerating. Within a few months, I found myself completely isolated and without friends. The only people I felt I had left were Jimmy and my girlfriend at the time, whom I now believe was under significant demonic influence. Although those friendships had ended, I still inherited the same enemies because we had once shared the same conflicts before everything fell apart.

Amid all the chaos and confusion, one thing remained constant: my relentless search for truth. I spent countless hours studying spirituality, always searching for answers that could explain the mysteries of life and the spiritual experiences I believed I was having.

One day, while browsing YouTube as part of my daily routine, I came across a video featuring a man who identified himself as a priest teaching about a Nigerian religion known as Ifa. He spoke with confidence and intelligence. His presentations were polished, and his sophisticated language made him appear highly knowledgeable. The more I listened, the more drawn I became to his teachings.

Curious and intrigued, I began researching the religion extensively. I spent hours reading articles, watching videos, and gathering information. The deeper I went, the more convinced I became that I had finally discovered the truth I had been searching for. Eventually, I made a conscious decision to embrace those beliefs. I subscribed to the teachings, visited the priest's website, and enrolled in his programs and classes. At the time, I genuinely believed I had found spiritual enlightenment.

A few months later, however, life took another dangerous turn. One day, I unexpectedly crossed paths with some of my enemies. What began as a chance encounter quickly escalated into a violent confrontation. Shots were fired between us. By the grace of God, no one was injured. Because Knoxville is a relatively small city, crossing paths with rivals was almost unavoidable. After the incident, I became convinced that retaliation was coming. Fear for my life and the safety of my loved ones consumed me.

So I contacted the witch doctor and scheduled a consultation through his website. When we spoke, I explained the terrifying situation I was facing. I asked him to consult the spirits to determine whether I should go to war. He told me the spirits said no. Acknowledging the seriousness of my situation, he recommended that I make an *ebo* (sacrifice) so the spirits could intervene and turn the situation in my favor. I told him I did not have the money at the time, but he agreed to arrange the sacrifice for me and asked that I repay him when I was able.

This particular priest lived in the United States. To this day, I do not know whether he paid the priest above him to perform the required sacrifice on my behalf, but a couple of days later he sent me a video of a priest in Nigeria carrying out a sacrifice specifically dedicated to my situation.

Before we ended our call, the *babalawo* instructed me to perform a ritual every morning and every night. I cannot remember whether he specifically told me to use a silver cup or a glass cup, but I followed his instructions. Every night before going to bed, I placed a cup of water beneath my bed. Then, before sunrise each morning, I woke up, held the cup in my hands, recited incantations over the water, and drank it.

After a week of consistently performing the ritual, I began to feel the tension around me gradually fade. A sense of peace replaced the fear that had once consumed me. Despite having enemies and knowing that Knoxville was small enough for our paths to cross again, I found myself moving through the city without fear.

Chapter 4

STRUCK BY A BULLET

However, not long afterward, I experienced an unexpected tragedy. I traveled to Atlanta, Georgia, to record music and then to Clarkston to film a music video. During the shoot, an old friend of mine stood in front of the camera holding a handgun while I recorded him from only a few feet away. Just moments before everything changed, another friend looked at him and said, "Be careful with that gun." Looking back now, it almost felt as though God was speaking a warning through him. At nearly the same moment, an unsettling thought suddenly crossed my mind: *What if this man accidentally shoots me?* I could not explain why that thought appeared out of nowhere, but it stayed with me.

Only a few seconds later, I heard a deafening **Pow!** The gun discharged, and the bullet struck my finger. The impact severely damaged my pinky, leaving it permanently injured.

By the grace of God, I witnessed a miracle that day. The gun had been pointed directly at my face from close range, yet when

the trigger was pulled, the bullet did not strike my head. Instead, it hit my finger. Had the bullet traveled only a few inches differently, I would not be here to tell this story. Humanly speaking, what happened is difficult to explain. Looking back, I am convinced that God intervened and spared my life. There is no other way I can make sense of it. Although God had spared my life, I still refused to surrender to Him. Instead, I continued walking down the path of darkness.

What makes this even more remarkable is that about a week before I traveled to Georgia—the same trip during which I was shot—my grandmother came to my house and warned me not to go. The incredible part is that she had no idea I had already made plans to travel there to reshoot my music video. She knew nothing about my plans, yet she spoke with complete conviction. Looking back now, I realize God was warning me before tragedy struck. She was not speaking out of fear or mere concern; she was being led by God. My grandmother was a true woman of God, and through her, the Lord was trying to get my attention.

But I refused to listen. As a result, I suffered a permanent injury.

At the time, I believed my friend had shot me intentionally because he immediately ran away. Looking back now, however, I genuinely believe it was an accident caused by carelessness and that he fled out of fear. Some of my friends asked if they should kill him in retaliation, but I told them to wait. I thank God I never gave them permission. Had I done so, I would have carried responsibility for his death. What makes the situation even more sobering is that some of those same friends eventually became friends with him again. For years, I resented them for that. But

after I surrendered my life to Jesus Christ, I eventually forgave them all.

A couple of days later, I posted a picture on Facebook of my circle, with everyone in the photo holding firearms. Not long afterward, the priest I was studying under sent me the exact image I had posted and asked what I was trying to accomplish. Then came the lecture. His words were firm, and, to be honest, much of what he said made sense. However, despite being a witch doctor, he never offered me any spiritual medicine or remedy to help heal my injury. He never asked how I was doing, offered no words of encouragement, and, as far as I can remember, never even contributed to my GoFundMe campaign. Yet he had the audacity to lecture me.

To make matters worse, the group I had been placed with in his class began indirectly mocking my situation. At first, I refused to believe it because I considered them my teammates and classmates. Later, however, I realized it was true. I thank God that I was eventually able to separate myself from that environment.

Soon afterward, I went to the hospital to have my hand evaluated. X-rays were taken, and after reviewing the results, the surgeon entered the room. The atmosphere changed the moment he began explaining the severity of my injury. He told me there was no surgery that could restore what had been damaged. Then he said something that completely shattered me: the only remaining option was to amputate my finger.

The words hit me harder than I expected. I broke down immediately. Pain, humiliation, fear, and uncertainty overwhelmed me all at once. As I sat there sobbing uncontrollably, the surgeon watched with what appeared to be a completely expressionless

face. He showed no visible emotion, offered no words of comfort, and made no attempt to encourage me. In that moment, his demeanor felt cold and unfeeling. To him, it may have been another day at work. To me, it felt like my world was collapsing.

Despite all the faith I had placed in witchcraft and the occult, I lost hope the moment I heard the surgeon's diagnosis. But everything changed when my father walked into the room. After I told him what the surgeon had said, he immediately rejected the diagnosis. Without hesitation, he boldly declared that we were servants of the Lord Jesus Christ and that my hand would not be amputated. He spoke with such unwavering conviction and confidence that even I began to believe what he was saying. In that moment, while the surgeon spoke from a medical perspective, my father spoke from faith in the power of God.

The surgeon warned that refusing amputation could allow an infection to spread throughout my body and eventually cost me my life. In that moment, I had to decide whose voice I would believe. I chose to believe my father's words because they gave me hope.

Healed by “Witchcraft”

I cannot remember the exact sequence in which all these events took place, but I do remember creating a GoFundMe campaign and sharing news of my injury on social media. The support I received was overwhelming. That same day, after I shared my horrifying situation online, a Nigerian witch doctor

reached out to me. I do not remember every detail of how our conversation unfolded, but I do remember him telling me that the spirits said I would not need to have my finger amputated. He assured me that my finger would heal and offered to send me spiritual remedies that he claimed would speed up the healing process.

We agreed on a price, and he shipped the items. About a week and a half later, the package arrived. Inside were several spiritual remedies, along with sets of consecrated beads that practitioners believed carried supernatural powers of protection and good fortune.

As we had agreed, I contacted him after receiving the package and asked for instructions. He explained how to use the items and prescribed a ritual for me to follow. I obeyed his instructions and began the ritual. I wore one set of beads around my neck and waist, and I gave the other set to the woman I was dating at the time. Later in this book, I will explain why I now believe she was under significant demonic influence and why I describe that relationship the way I do.

After using the remedies consistently for about a week, I began to see dramatic results. The condition of my finger improved significantly, and the infection and foul odor that had lingered for weeks started to disappear. At the time, this convinced me that the remedies sent by the Nigerian witch doctor were more effective than the treatment I had received from the American hospital. Before using his remedies, I had seen little to no improvement. But within a week of following his instructions, I noticed a remarkable change.

What I witnessed caused me to place even more trust in the Nigerian tradition. My confidence in the American priest began to fade. In my mind, he had spent more time lecturing me than helping me. He never suggested any spiritual remedy for my condition, nor did he offer the kind of guidance I was seeking. As a result, I distanced myself from him and devoted myself fully to the Nigerian priest. From that point forward, he became my primary spiritual mentor, and I never spoke to the American priest again.

About a week after wearing the beads and using the witch doctor's remedies, something inside me grew darker. I didn't just drift into chaos—I willingly embraced it. Even before then, I had been belligerent and constantly entangled in drama, but after using the remedies and wearing the beads, I felt untouchable—invincible in a way that distorted my sense of reality. I genuinely believed the spiritual forces behind witchcraft were protecting me and that nothing and no one could harm me.

That belief consumed me. I began going on relentless online rampages, targeting anyone I perceived as opposition. In my mind, there was no middle ground—if you weren't with me, you were against me. I became blinded, not just by anger, but by something far deeper and darker. Chaos was no longer something I merely created; it became something I craved. I thrived in it.

The attention only fueled me. Every reaction, every argument, and every ounce of conflict fed the growing darkness within me. People began to distance themselves. Some remained silent, not because they agreed with me, but because they were afraid—afraid of my words, afraid of what I claimed to practice, and afraid of me. I leaned into that fear. I openly made it known that I practiced witchcraft. I even posted videos of babalawos

(witch doctors) performing rituals—slaughtering chickens and goats, with blood flowing over their altars as they carried out their ceremonies—and I let people believe whatever they wanted to believe about me.

My words became venomous—calculated, cruel, and completely without restraint. I crossed lines without hesitation, attacking people at their core and speaking against their families, their children, and their loved ones. Nothing was off limits. The threats I made and the words I spoke could have gotten me killed. I didn't care about the consequences. In fact, part of me wanted to provoke someone into retaliating, just to prove to myself that I was truly untouchable.

Chapter 5

BEHIND THE WITCHCRAFT: THE UGLY TRUTH ABOUT WITCH DOCTORS

However, after working with this Nigerian witch doctor for a few months, I began to grow suspicious. Whenever I owed him money, he would become distant. Yet on the days I promised to send payment, he would immediately reach out and greet me. That pattern left me disappointed and bitter. I eventually had to admit a painful truth: our relationship seemed to revolve more around money than genuine care. Even so, I felt trapped. I still owed him money, and I feared that if I cut ties with him, he might try to curse me. As a result, I remained in what felt like a spiritual and mental prison.

Before continuing, I should explain why I later refer to the woman I was dating as a "parasite." I do not use that word out of hatred. As a follower of Christ, I strive to love all people

regardless of race or background. I use it as a metaphor because, from my perspective, she continually drained my emotional energy while contributing very little in return. She seemed drawn to negativity and conflict, and being around her robbed me of my peace. She was manipulative, vindictive, dishonest, controlling, and skilled at using guilt to get her way. To be fair, one positive thing I can say is that after she started working, she gave me nearly half of each paycheck. Looking back, that was probably one of the reasons I remained in the relationship for so long.

Eventually, I became fed up and asked the witch doctor to consult the spirits about whether she was truly the right woman for me. I also asked him to perform a sacrifice so that, if she was not the one, our relationship would end peacefully. A short time later, he told me that the spirits had spoken and confirmed she was not the woman for me and that I should leave her.

When I received that message, I was overwhelmed with joy. Excited and impatient, I immediately texted her to tell her what the witch doctor had said. That was a fatal mistake. As soon as she received my message, she contacted the witch doctor herself and began disrespecting him while making malicious accusations against me. She then turned her anger toward me and launched into a furious verbal attack.

After I explained the situation to the witch doctor, he advised me to remain patient, stay with her for a few more days, and wait to see what happened. A couple of days later, he contacted me again and claimed that the spirits had changed their minds. This time, he said she was the woman for me, that I should not leave her, and that we would one day have beautiful children together.

When I shared the news with her, she was overjoyed. For the next several weeks, she behaved like an angel. She was filled with happiness, while I was consumed with sorrow, anxiety, bitterness, and confusion. I kept telling myself, *He healed my hand, and almost everything he predicts seems to come to pass. Maybe I should simply endure and see how everything turns out.*

What I failed to recognize was that the witchcraft itself had begun changing me. After my hand healed and I started wearing the consecrated beads, my mindset slowly shifted. I began to feel untouchable, as though nothing could harm me. At times, I even felt bulletproof. Fueled by pride, I constantly took to social media, attacking anyone I believed was against me. My mentality became simple: *If you're not with me, you're against me.*

Looking back, I can see how foolish I had become. Day after day, I posted videos antagonizing people and speaking death over them and their families. I didn't just attack those I considered enemies—I also mocked and ridiculed people I had once called friends. My words became hateful, ruthless, and completely without restraint. I refused to take responsibility for my actions because, in my mind, I was simply getting revenge on those who had wronged me. In reality, I was destroying my own reputation. People began avoiding me because they feared becoming my next public target. Ironically, the attention only fueled my pride. The more views my videos received, the more determined I became to continue playing the villain.

As time passed, I sank back into depression and bitterness. I felt trapped on every side. My relationship left me emotionally exhausted, while my dependence on the Nigerian witch doctor left me feeling spiritually imprisoned. Instead of helping me move forward, both relationships pulled me deeper into misery.

Eventually, things took another dark turn. My girlfriend at the time became involved in a heated argument with a Congolese woman, and afterward I became convinced that we were under some kind of spiritual attack. Whatever was happening seemed to affect me the most. I became convinced I was going to die and that powerful people were after me. I could barely sleep at night because of the overwhelming fear that consumed me. It felt as though I had been exposed to a dark spiritual realm and had suddenly become hyperaware of everything around me.

My father and brothers can testify to how severely I was struggling. I was losing my grip on reality. At times, I became so fearful that I even viewed those closest to me as enemies and reacted irrationally. Ironically, despite still practicing witchcraft, I picked up a Bible for the first time in six years, hoping it might somehow rescue me from what I was experiencing.

After enduring constant conflict and arguments, I finally ended the relationship. I believe her behavior toward me became increasingly worse because of the spiritual darkness surrounding our relationship. Looking back, however, I now see that the breakup was actually a blessing. It brought an end to a relationship that I believe would have continued leading us both further into destruction.

A few days later, I contacted another witch doctor in Atlanta, Georgia. I explained everything that had happened and told him I had become disillusioned with my current spiritual mentor. I was angry because he had repeatedly assured me that this woman was meant for me, yet our relationship had become unbearable. The Atlanta priest connected me with his chief priest in Nigeria. After performing a ritual on my behalf, I began feeling a sense of peace and normalcy return within a few days. Because of that

experience, I placed my trust in him and eventually became one of his devoted followers.

Chapter 6

WHEN THE CYCLE FINALLY BEGAN TO BE BROKEN

Fast forward a few months later, I bought a quarter pound of marijuana to sell. About three weeks in, I ran out of capital to reinvest due to living expenses, my drug habit, and poor financial habits.

A few weeks later, I received approximately \$600–\$700 from my tax refund. Driven by impatience and a desire to become wealthy quickly, I made the reckless decision to invest the money in crack cocaine and methamphetamine. I told the spiritualist about my plans, and he suggested that I perform a money ritual to maximize my profits. Naive and blinded by deception, I sent him the money he requested for the ritual.

Weeks later, I received the package and performed the money ritual once again. Even though it had already failed twice, I was willing to give it another chance. I go into greater detail about the third witch doctor's money ritual and its failures in my book *The Gospel of Jacques*.

Looking back, I can see how foolish and deceived I was. I did not realize that the enemy had blinded my mind. Because I had received my tax refund, I convinced myself that the ritual was working and used it as an excuse to remain devoted to the occult. In many ways, I was like the person described in Proverbs: "As a dog returns to its vomit, so fools repeat their folly" (Proverbs 26:11). Instead of learning from my mistakes, I kept returning to the very thing that was deceiving and destroying me.

Nevertheless, I performed the money rituals and soon began to notice a slight improvement in my financial situation. For a brief moment, it seemed as though they were working. My illegal business began attracting more customers and gaining momentum. However, only a few weeks later, I was arrested once again. It became increasingly evident that the powers of witchcraft did not possess the authority to prevent me from being in the wrong place at the wrong time, nor could they shield me from the consequences of my actions. Nevertheless, I was still blinded by Satan and failed to recognize it at the time.

As far as getting incarcerated, could part of the blame have been my lack of discernment and caution? Possibly. However, at the time, I struggled to accept that explanation. After all, I had never sold to an undercover officer, nor had anyone reported me to the police. From my perspective, there were no obvious warning signs that would have led me to expect another arrest.

Despite all the rituals, promises, and supposed spiritual protection, I still found myself in handcuffs. Once again, the very powers I trusted to guide and protect me had failed to deliver when it mattered most. Now that I analyze those events with a renewed and sober mind, I often ask myself: What kind of religion—and what kind of mentor—would approve of their followers engaging in activities that destroy both their physical and mental health?

Although these witch doctors appeared to help me in certain situations, they ultimately harmed me far more than they ever helped me. The more my relationship with God has grown, the more clearly I have learned to distinguish between the blessings that come from Him and the so-called blessings offered through witchcraft.

Without a doubt, I can confidently say that the blessings and power that come from the living God are everlasting and true. They bring genuine peace, stability, and lasting transformation. In contrast, the power and blessings associated with witchcraft are temporary and ultimately empty. I can say this with confidence because I have experienced both.

One pattern I began to notice in my repeated incarcerations was that whenever I engaged in wrongdoing, I eventually paid for it through arrest and jail time. It became increasingly clear that the spiritual powers I had placed my trust in were not protecting me from the consequences of my actions. Even so, I remained in denial.

Before my fifth incarceration, an associate and I robbed a man and took his firearm. About a week later, I was arrested for

an entirely different offense. Looking back, I now recognize that my actions were catching up with me.

On another occasion, I had a conflict with a man, and we unexpectedly crossed paths. He placed a gun against my back inside a store and forced me to walk to the register to empty my pockets. I complied at first. However, once we reached the register, I made the reckless decision to run for cover because my pride would not allow me to be seen as someone who had been robbed. As I took cover and prepared to respond violently toward the man, who was now hiding inside the store, the store owners stepped in front of the door, begging me not to open fire. By the grace of God, I did not shoot. Even though I believed I was acting in self-defense, innocent people could have been harmed, and I could have easily spent the rest of my life in prison.

After that incident, I told the witch doctor what had happened and asked him to make the man suffer. He performed a ritual and claimed to cast an evil spirit upon him. I do not know whether anything ever happened to that man, but I was arrested again just one week later. In hindsight, my attempt at revenge only deepened the cycle of destruction in which I was already trapped.

On another occasion, a woman I knew stole a car and gave me a ride shortly afterward. During the drive, she confessed what she had done. I searched the vehicle, found an iPhone and approximately \$200, and split the money with her. About a week later, I was arrested again for an unrelated offense. Looking back, I can clearly see a pattern: my choices consistently led me back into consequences, regardless of the rituals, beliefs, or supposed spiritual protection I relied upon.

While in custody, I followed my usual routine. I would have a friend send me money, which I would then forward to a witch doctor in Nigeria so he could perform rituals in hopes of getting me released from jail. About three weeks later, I was released.

This time, however, something was different. Because my father had faithfully supported me financially throughout my incarceration and had consistently stood by my side, I promised him during one of our conversations that I would begin attending church after my release.

After I was released, although I had no genuine desire to attend church and wanted nothing to do with it, I went solely for my father's sake. At the time, I felt trapped in something I did not want, and I deeply resented it. I even told the witch doctor that I felt stuck and did not want to rebel against my father or create conflict with him.

Ironically, the best advice the witch doctor ever gave me was to continue attending church. He told me that, eventually, I would gain freedom and clarity of choice. Looking back, I now see the power and sovereignty of God. He even used my enemy—a witch doctor—to unknowingly point me toward His purpose for my life. These spiritualists claim to be “fathers of mystery,” yet that claim is clearly false.

The spiritualist never expected me to become a servant of Jesus Christ. In fact, if he had known what God would ultimately do in my life, I am convinced he would never have encouraged

me to continue attending church for my father's sake. Why would he risk losing a customer? Yet, without realizing it, his advice became part of the path God used to lead me toward transformation.

Interestingly, I had already begun attending church on and off before my seventh arrest. Whenever I attended consistently on Sundays, I stayed out of trouble. But whenever I stopped going, I found myself falling back into the same cycle of crime, trouble, and incarceration. That pattern continued until my eighth arrest.

After my seventh release, I attended church reluctantly for my father's sake for nearly a year. Because I was skilled at playing the keyboard and the church did not have another keyboard player, I was placed in the choir. I also felt compassion for our small African church. We did not have many members, and I believed my presence and the gift God had given me could help serve the congregation.

Another reason I continued attending was that I unexpectedly developed feelings for a young woman with whom I eventually built a meaningful relationship. However, during that same period, I continually experienced conflict with many of the women in the congregation. It is not easy for me to admit this, but I want to be completely honest. To cope with the emotional distress and endure what I was experiencing, I secretly attended church while intoxicated. As tensions and internal conflicts continued to build, I began relying on marijuana and cigarettes as an escape.

What began as an attempt to numb the pain gradually became open rebellion. I stopped caring about hiding my habits. I began smoking openly in their presence—outside the church, of

course—no longer concerned about appearances or consequences. It pains me to admit that while I was faithfully attending church services, I was still secretly practicing witchcraft. I even carried a talisman into the church because I believed it would provide protection and bring me good luck. Despite all of this, I remained out of jail for one year and five months.

That was the longest period I had remained free during a three-year span in which I had been incarcerated approximately every six months. However, about two months after I stopped attending church, I found myself back in jail once again. That arrest marked the beginning of the greatest transformation of my life.

So how did I end up in jail again, and what ultimately led to my transformation? As usual, it began with my involvement in distributing illegal drugs. Once again, my downfall came just as I began to gain momentum in life. My brother had sold my car for a relatively low price because it had numerous mechanical problems. After the sale, he gave me the money. Since my father had helped pay off the vehicle while I was incarcerated, I believed it was only right to repay him. I gave him \$1,000 and kept approximately \$1,200 for myself.

A few weeks later, reality hit me hard. I looked at my finances and realized I had only \$200 left to my name. Panic immediately set in. I felt embarrassed, frustrated, and ashamed. I could not understand how I had allowed the money to disappear so quickly. Once again, I found myself facing the consequences of poor decisions and a lack of financial discipline.

Fearing that I would waste the remaining \$200—as I had done so many times before and likely would have done again—I

decided to invest it in drugs instead. I purchased a small quantity of “hard” (crack cocaine) and “ice cream” (methamphetamine), hoping to flip it for a profit.

Before moving forward, I informed my witch doctor of my plan. He advised me to perform a ritual for success and protection. Concerned about the risks involved, I specifically asked whether the ritual would protect me from law enforcement. Without hesitation, he assured me that it would. As events later proved, that assurance was nothing more than a lie.

In the midst of everything, I unexpectedly crossed paths with someone I had known in the past. We recognized each other, exchanged greetings, and had a brief conversation. During our conversation, he mentioned that he had various drugs for sale, including heroin, which I did not have at the time. When he told me the price, it was too good to pass up, so I decided to buy it.

After that transaction, we began doing business together. However, there was one serious concern: he was a known murderer with a reputation for shooting people. He was also a respected figure, or “big homie,” within a Crip gang. Although I had been involved in violence and had fired at people in the past—a reality I deeply regret—I had never taken someone’s life. He, however, had. Associating with someone like him carried significant risks because there was always the possibility that someone might be looking for him. I shared these concerns with the spiritualist, but he assured me that I would be fine.

As our friendship grew stronger, he repeatedly invited me to officially join his gang. Each time, I politely declined. After several refusals, he eventually stopped asking.

At first, it was difficult to make sales because people in that area did not know me. Eventually, I reconnected with an elderly woman who had once allowed me to sell drugs from her residence. By this time, however, she had become homeless—another tragic consequence of drug addiction. During that season of my life, I was so consumed with making money that I failed to consider the destruction I was contributing to by selling drugs.

Through her connections, my small operation began to grow. In return, I paid her with drugs, which was both wrong and exploitative. She was worth far more than what I gave her. As I remained consistent in my hustle, I began seeing tangible results within just a couple of weeks. I went from making approximately \$300–\$400 a week at my restaurant job to earning around \$1,700–\$2,000 a week from selling drugs. On the surface, it felt like my life had completely changed. Compared to what I had been earning before, it seemed significant and even empowering, especially for someone who had grown up with so little.

At the time, I did not fully understand what that “increase” really meant beyond money. Looking back now, I can see how easily I confused fast money with genuine progress. Because of the income I was making, I began showing up to work less frequently until I eventually quit altogether. I convinced myself that I did not want to miss sales opportunities, especially since I was earning far more on the streets than I ever had at my job. In reality, I was slowly trading stability, honesty, and structure for something temporary and destructive without recognizing the long-term consequences.

Convinced the rituals had worked, I offered extravagant praise to the voodoo deities. But what I did not know was that

Satan had already set a trap and dug a pit for me. He patiently waited for me to fall into it. Only a few weeks later, the trap finally sprang shut. I was arrested once again. I describe the details of that arrest more fully in my book, *The Gospel of Jacques*.

Chapter 7

THE BEGINNING OF MY TRANSFORMATION

What makes this part of my journey so unsettling is that about a month before my arrest, I had a vivid dream that I was in jail. The moment I woke up, I was overwhelmed with emotion. I was crying, yet at the same time I felt relieved. In my confusion, I began praising the deities I worshiped through witchcraft because I believed the dream had simply been a warning and nothing more. Still shaken, I immediately contacted the spiritualist and told him everything I had seen. He listened carefully, performed a ritual, and confidently assured me that I would not go to jail. For a moment, I felt a sense of peace return. However, that assurance would later prove to be nothing more than a false promise.

Scripture warns us not to put our trust in man during times of trouble. As Proverbs 25:19 says, "Trusting a treacherous person in a time of trouble is like a bad tooth or a foot that slips." Looking back, I can clearly see the consequences of placing my trust in a man instead of God. Out of ignorance, I followed someone who led me away from the truth. One example was when I was building my clothing brand. The spiritualist assured me that my business would prosper if I appeased the deities through rituals and sacrifices. I now understand that those promises were never from God. Rather than leading me to life, they led me deeper into spiritual bondage.

The Prophetess's Warning

Long before my arrest, a prophetess from Africa repeatedly delivered a message from God specifically for me. She said that God was calling me to serve Him and warned that if I refused to obey, my situation would become far worse than it had been before. At the time, I ignored her warning completely. Yet everything eventually unfolded exactly as she had prophesied. My arrest soon followed, and the consequences proved far more severe than I ever imagined.

What makes her messages even more remarkable is that every time I was released from custody, my father would come into my room and tell me that the same woman from Africa had another message from God for me. Her message never changed. She consistently said that God was calling me to return to church and serve Him. At first, I dismissed everything she said. I remember thinking to myself, *This woman is out of her mind*. However, after hearing the exact same message for the third time, I could no longer ignore the pattern. She repeatedly warned me to turn away

from the world, return to God, and abandon the path I was on. She also warned that if I continued resisting God's call, I would find myself back in jail.

A few months later, I returned to the streets and was eventually incarcerated once again. After I was arrested and later released for the fourth time, she delivered the exact same warning. This time, however, I responded with anger and resentment. I even had the audacity to say to my father, "That woman needs to stop praying for me. She's probably the reason I keep getting incarcerated." Looking back now, I can hardly believe those words came out of my mouth. I was blaming one of God's servants instead of taking responsibility for the sinful choices that continually placed me back behind bars.

Not long afterward, the prophetess asked my father to hand me the phone so she could speak with me directly. I had no desire to talk to her and was already irritated before the conversation even began. Nevertheless, my father handed me the phone before quietly leaving the room. Before she said anything, she first asked whether my father was still nearby. After I assured her that he had already left, she began sharing another prophetic message that was specifically for me. She revealed that I had started smoking marijuana again and warned that if I did not return to church and begin serving God, I would face serious consequences.

Her words stunned me.

"How does she know I've started smoking marijuana again?" I wondered.

It certainly wasn't because my father had told her. He had absolutely no idea that I had returned to that lifestyle. A few

months later, everything happened exactly as she had warned. After I stopped attending church and fully returned to my old way of life, I was arrested once again. This time, the legal consequences were far more serious than anything I had previously faced. I found myself in the wrong place at the wrong time and was charged with numerous drug offenses connected to narcotics that did not belong to me. Although I was involved in selling drugs during that season of my life, I was not the owner of the drugs law enforcement discovered inside the vehicle that day.

MY DARKEST DAYS IN JAIL

The moment I was arrested and brought before the magistrate, everything inside me began to collapse. As he read the charges against me, reality hit with full force. The amount of drugs listed was more than enough to result in a lengthy prison sentence. In that moment, I realized just how far I had fallen and how quickly life could spiral beyond my control.

The cold steel bed frame pressed into my back through a thin, worn-out mattress that offered no comfort at all. Every time I shifted my body, I could feel the unforgiving metal beneath me, leaving me restless, sore, and painfully aware of where I was—and of everything I had lost. The cell was small, lifeless, and brutally cold. The white concrete walls seemed to close in around me. The air carried a stale smell that never left, and the silence was so heavy that even the smallest sounds echoed throughout the block.

There were no distractions.

No parties.

No music.

No drugs.

No friends.

No street life.

No way to escape my own thoughts.

The walls of that cell stripped away every distraction I had used to avoid facing myself. For the first time in a long time, I was forced to sit alone with my decisions. As I stared at the ceiling, memories replayed in my mind like scenes from a movie.

I thought about the choices that had brought me there.

I thought about the warnings I had ignored.

I thought about the opportunities I had wasted.

I thought about the pain I had caused others—and the pain I had caused myself.

The truth was impossible to avoid.

One night, as I lay staring at the ceiling and listening to the distant sounds of the jail block, movement outside my cell broke the silence. A correctional officer called my cellmate's name over the intercom.

"Pack your stuff."

Those words affected me more deeply than I expected. I turned and watched as my cellmate immediately began gathering his belongings. There was a change in his demeanor that I recognized instantly. Freedom was close. He was going home. I sat there quietly, watching his every movement as something inside me tightened. It was not anger, nor was it bitterness toward the system. It was something much deeper.

It was jealousy.

Because I wanted what he had. I wanted to walk out too. I wanted the door to open for me. I wanted fresh air that did not smell like confinement. I wanted my life back. Instead, I remained on that thin mattress, watching him prepare to leave the place where I was still trapped.

The cell door opened, and when it closed behind him, the sound echoed through the unit like a final statement.

Then he was gone.

The silence that followed was not merely quiet—it was crushing. The loneliness grew heavier with every passing moment, and the silence somehow seemed louder than before. I remember staring at the ceiling for what felt like hours. In the outside world, time slips through your fingers before you even notice it. But in jail, time moves differently. Every second announces its presence. Every minute drags across your mind. Every hour feels as though it refuses to end.

The days are long.

The nights are even longer.

The future feels painfully distant.

It is almost as though time itself stands still.

In my situation, one second felt like a minute, a minute felt like an hour, and an hour felt like ten hours.

No television.

No conversation.

No distractions.

Just me... alone with my thoughts.

And horror.

The kind of horror that sits like a weight on your chest, quickens your heartbeat, and fills your mind with worst-case scenarios until sleep becomes impossible. It wrapped itself around my heart and whispered questions I desperately wanted to avoid about where my life was headed.

At the beginning of my incarceration, while I was still in classification, I sent a message through a friend asking him to contact my witchcraft priest. He did so immediately. A few days later, the priest responded and assured my friend that he would perform a divination concerning my situation. The first warning I failed to recognize was that he demanded money before performing the ritual. Even while I was sitting in jail, he expected payment. Looking back, I cannot help but ask myself how

someone claiming to be a spiritual guide could show so little compassion toward someone in such desperate circumstances.

The second warning was his complete lack of urgency. Although he knew how serious my situation was, he made no effort to perform the ritual until my friend first sent him the money. Only then did he proceed. After completing the ritual, he confidently told my friend that the spirits had declared I would have victory. Shortly afterward, I appeared in court for my preliminary hearing.

But I was not released.

A few days later, while I was still processing everything that had happened, I met another inmate who practiced the Nigerian occult tradition. We quickly developed a friendship and spent many hours discussing occult practices while living in the same dorm. At times, we even influenced other inmates with these beliefs and openly spoke against Christianity, the Bible, and Jesus Christ. Looking back now, it grieves me to think that I was actively leading people farther away from the very Savior who would later rescue me. At the time, however, I genuinely believed I was sharing spiritual truth.

One day, our conversation took an unexpected turn. When I told him that my priest had demanded money before performing a ritual on my behalf while I was incarcerated, he became visibly upset. He insisted that a genuine spiritual guide should never charge someone sitting in jail, especially during such a desperate season of life. His reaction caught me completely off guard. For the first time, someone from within the very spiritual system I trusted began exposing its inconsistencies. Looking back now, I can clearly see the irony. The very inmate who encouraged me to

question my priest unknowingly became part of the process God used to begin pulling me out of darkness.

Ironically, he also taught me how to build an altar inside my jail cell.

About a week later, I was transferred to another dorm, but I carried with me the "esoteric" knowledge I had learned from him. Following his instructions, I drew a picture of a Nigerian deity named Eshu. According to practitioners, Eshu rewards or punishes people according to their actions and serves as the "god of the crossroads," opening and closing doors of opportunity. They believe his preferred offerings include liquor, tobacco, sweets, palm oil, and various other items. Because I had no access to many of those things while incarcerated, I offered him sweets every week and substituted coffee in place of tobacco. Every morning, I would wake up, bow before the drawing I had made, and recite "sacred" orikis—traditional chants and prayers used to honor and greet the deity. Whenever something favorable happened, I praised him. Whenever something went wrong, I cried out to him and pleaded for mercy, believing he possessed the power to influence the outcome of my life.

Looking back now, I can clearly see how deeply deceived I had become. I had placed my faith, trust, and devotion in a powerless spiritual system instead of the living God. I sincerely believed I was drawing closer to spiritual truth, when in reality I was moving farther away from it. The more I devoted myself to those practices, the deeper I sank into deception. What I failed to understand then—but know with certainty today—is that true guidance, protection, wisdom, and deliverance come from God alone. Every false hope I placed in witchcraft ultimately left me empty, while the God I had rejected was patiently preparing to

reveal Himself to me in a way that would transform my life forever.

A few weeks later, I found myself back in court, my wrists bound by stainless-steel handcuffs. The cold metal pressed against my skin as I stood before the judge. The courtroom felt unnaturally still, as though even the air was waiting for what would happen next. I turned and looked at my parents sitting behind me. I tried to remain composed, but I couldn't. Tears filled my eyes, and I quietly wiped them away, hoping no one would notice.

Then the sentence came.

Two years.

For a brief moment, everything inside me went silent. The words did not fully register until I returned to my cell, where the reality of what had just happened finally settled over me. Those two years, however, were not even the full picture. They were completely separate from my pending drug charges. This sentence resulted from violating my probation while I was already out on bond in another case. The two-year probation sentence I had previously received had now become two years in custody. On top of that, I still faced significant prison time for the pending drug charges that had yet to be resolved.

I sat there in silence, staring straight ahead. This was no longer just one bad decision. It was a lifetime of poor choices piling on top of one another until their combined weight finally came crashing down. What made everything even more overwhelming was that, out of the seven times I had previously been arrested, the longest I had ever spent in jail was only

twenty-one days. Every other time, I had managed to get out. I always convinced myself that things would somehow work out, no matter how serious the situation appeared.

But this time was different. Two years felt unimaginable, and with my pending drug charges still hanging over my head, those two years could easily become much longer. To someone who had never spent more than three weeks behind bars, it felt like a lifetime. The thought of losing years of my life was crushing. Fear settled deep within my chest as I tried to comprehend what lay ahead.

As I reflected on the seriousness of my situation, I was overwhelmed with sorrow. Everything I had trusted in through witchcraft had utterly failed me. The rituals had failed. The sacrifices had failed. The charms had failed. The priest had failed. Even after the judge announced my sentence, my attorney encouraged me not to lose hope and assured me that she would file an appeal. Yet because my trust still rested in witchcraft instead of God, I remained completely hopeless. Everything I had devoted myself to for years had proven powerless when I needed it most.

At the time, I was not thankful that I had been denied release. Looking back now, however, I thank God that it happened. That season of incarceration forced me to examine whether the spiritual practices I had trusted for so many years were actually reliable. For the first time in my life, I began seriously questioning both the tradition itself and the priest I had placed so much confidence in. Being sober gave me the clarity to think critically. I slowly began recognizing the contradictions, empty promises, and false hope that had kept me spiritually blind for years. Although I did not realize it then, God had already begun dismantling the

deception that held me captive. The foundation of everything I believed was beginning to crack, and before long, I would come face to face with the truth that would change my life forever.

Chapter 8

FROM WITCHCRAFT TO CHRIST

How I Broke Free And Finally Surrendered My Life To Jesus Christ

After receiving that devastating outcome, I sank into a period of deep depression that lasted for several weeks. Day after day, I cried in silence, doing my best to conceal my pain from those around me. The weight of disappointment, confusion, and hopelessness became almost unbearable as I wrestled with the reality of my situation.

As I carefully reflected on the priest's promises and inconsistencies, I came to the conclusion that his powers were ineffective. As a result, I lost faith in him and made a conscious decision never to rely on him again for spiritual matters. The Bible warns us not to trust a treacherous man in times of trouble, yet I had placed my trust in a person while my freedom and life were at stake. After this, I chose not to depend on that priest any longer. In fact, I even reached out to someone from a different spiritual system known as Hoodoo, a tradition based in New Orleans, Louisiana. I asked my friend to contact a practitioner I had once studied online during a previous spiritual search.

He made the contact, but there was no urgency on their part. They eventually responded, saying they would arrange a consultation at a later time. A week passed, but they never reached out. When my friend informed me, I became frustrated and resentful. I felt trapped, with no spiritual help to rely on. My freedom, future, and dreams felt shattered, and I was left in emotional turmoil.

As I carefully reflected on my situation, I was overwhelmed with fear and anguish. It felt as though I had no way out, and I began to believe prison might be my final destination. I struggled to eat and function properly for weeks.

I imagined different ways my life could end if I could not escape my situation. In my mind, if I received a significant sentence, I would rather die trying to escape than spend the rest of my life behind bars. I entertained dark and reckless thoughts, believing I would rather die in a battle than accept such a sentence. At the time, I saw fighting to the death as preferable to spending the rest of my life behind prison walls.

However, taking my own life was never part of the plan. I viewed suicide as a cowardly way to die and could not see myself going down that path. At the time, my mind was consumed by fear, anger, and hopelessness, and I was willing to consider almost anything except surrendering to despair in that way.

I genuinely believed there was no way out of my situation and that no one could rescue me. The witchcraft I once relied on had proven useless, leaving me with nothing and no one to turn to. It seemed impossible to escape. Scripture says, "All things are possible to the one who believes," but at that time I neither understood nor believed that truth. I viewed my situation only from a worldly perspective and felt completely trapped, facing a lengthy prison sentence along with serious pending felony charges.

One day, while working in the kitchen, I unexpectedly came across a small brown New Testament Bible containing Psalms and Proverbs. At the time, I thought it was merely a coincidence, but looking back, I believe the Holy Spirit led me to it. This is especially meaningful because I had spent years rejecting Christianity and resisting anything related to Jesus. The fact that I was willing to pick up and read that Bible was, I now believe, the beginning of God reaching out to me.

When I opened the Gideon Bible, I do not remember my exact thoughts, but they were something like, *Let me read this boring and useless book just to pass the time.* Deep down, however, I was desperate for help. Although I would never have admitted it, I hoped the Bible might somehow rescue me from the situation I was in. At the time, I still believed the Bible and religion were nothing more than tools used to control people.

Little did I know that this small Bible marked the end of my involvement in witchcraft and the beginning of a miraculous and liberating life with Jesus Christ. As I flipped through its pages, I noticed different topics tailored to specific life situations. I skimmed through them, chose one, and read the passage it directed me to. At first, I did not feel any immediate change.

Then my eyes landed on a topic that captured my attention: "Doubting God." The title resonated deeply with my condition at the time, so I decided to carefully read the passage connected to it. As I read those verses, they felt like a breath of fresh air. They sparked curiosity, hunger, and a desire for wisdom and understanding.

When I got off work, I finally opened the other Bible that had been collecting dust. I had owned it for years but had never read it until that day. Although I had lost faith in the witchcraft priest, I had not yet fully let go of the spiritual system I was involved in. Because of that, I still began each day focused on those beliefs and practices.

A day or two later, while reading the Gideon Bible, I came across a verse that said, "You cannot serve two masters; you will love one and hate the other." As I reflected on that Scripture, it began to deeply impact me. I realized I was facing a life-changing decision. I had to choose which master I would serve—the god of witchcraft or the living God of Abraham.

When I got off work, I sat on my bed and carefully reflected on my decision. After analyzing both paths, I concluded that I would serve the God of Abraham. However, it was not yet a fully committed decision. I told myself, *I have followed these occult practices for six years and have seen no real change. Let me dedicate my life to Jesus*

and see if anything changes. I decided to follow Jesus Christ and see whether my life would truly change, completely unaware of the transformation that was about to begin.

The moment I chose to become a servant of Christ, I now believe God began to work in my life. At the time, I did not fully recognize it, but looking back, I can clearly see the change that had already begun. Day by day, I started withdrawing from my former practices, including the habit of waking up each morning to worship that deity. Gradually, my life began to shift in a new direction.

The Pevitol Moment

Let me share the final event that ultimately led me to permanently distance myself from the Nigerian priest. By that point, I had already lost faith in him internally, but I wanted one final answer to confirm my decision. Every time I asked whether I would be released on my upcoming court date, he refused to give a direct yes or no. Instead, he responded with vague and indirect statements. Over time, I grew weary of his evasive answers.

Eventually, I decided to test him one last time. I told my friend to contact him again regarding my upcoming court date. Before doing so, I had already made up my mind: if he

once again failed to give me a clear answer, I would completely cut ties with him. Just as before, he responded with another indirect answer.

That was the confirmation I needed.

In that moment, I finally walked away.

His response convinced me that neither he nor the so-called deities he served possessed the authority or power to determine my future or secure my release. Everything I had trusted for the previous six years had failed me when I needed it most.

Although I had made the decision to follow Jesus Christ, I would be lying if I said it came without fear. Deep down, I wondered whether the Vodou deities would retaliate against me for abandoning them. For years I had been taught that turning away from them would bring severe punishment.

But something inside me had changed.

I was no longer thinking through the lens of fear. I began to think logically.

I remember asking myself, *If these spirits supposedly have the power to punish me for leaving them, why didn't they have the power to keep me out of jail? If they truly possessed such power, why couldn't they deliver me when my freedom was on the line?*

The more I thought about it, the less sense it made.

I had become so disappointed, angry, and disillusioned with the priest and the spirits he claimed to serve that I simply didn't care anymore. Whatever fear remained was overshadowed by the realization that everything they had promised me had failed.

That was the moment I chose to dedicate my life to the God of Abraham.

My commitment, however, was still imperfect. I prayed something like this: "God, if You abandon me, refuse to help me, or fail to reveal Yourself, then I have nothing left to live for. But if You truly are who the Bible says You are, and if You continue to reveal Yourself in my life, I will follow You."

Looking back now, I realize that God had already begun answering that prayer before I even finished praying it.

Several months later, as my relationship with Christ continued to grow, I finally removed the altar I had built for the deity Eshu. I threw away the images I had once bowed before, abandoning the practices that had held me captive for years. Every step of obedience felt like another chain being broken. Looking back now, I can clearly see that God had been winning the battle for my heart long before I fully understood what He was doing.

Fast forward five to six months into my incarceration, and I can testify that God had already begun a dramatic transformation in my life. I was no longer the same person I

had been before. Although I still had character flaws that God was patiently helping me overcome, my heart, mindset, and conduct had been profoundly changed. This transformation was not merely my own observation; it was confirmed by those who watched my life. I began to live by a simple conviction:

Never do to others what you would not want done to yourself.

Chapter 9

LESSONS, TESTS AND REWARDS

In the days that followed, I unexpectedly began to experience repeated tests of endurance and humiliation. However, each time I endured and passed these tests, I almost immediately witnessed unexpected miracles.

The first test came after I unintentionally defied an offender in jail. Apparently, this inmate had made illegal liquor and hidden it in the showers. The authorities eventually discovered it and punished everyone because no one was willing to admit responsibility. Although many inmates knew who was responsible, no one dared to confront him or hold him accountable. When I discovered who it was and realized that no one else would speak up, I decided to confront him myself.

It was a bold but unwise decision. Fortunately, he was asleep when I first attempted to approach him. Scripture warns against rebuking a foolish or wicked person because doing so can lead to harm (Proverbs 9:7). At the time, I acted without wisdom.

The following night, he called me into the large bathroom where inmates commonly settled disputes or fought. He deliberately turned off the lights, as though preparing for an ambush. I would be lying if I said I felt no fear. Out of anxiety, I immediately turned the lights back on. He insisted that I turn them off again. He was significantly larger than I was.

Once I turned the lights off again, he asked whether I had something to say. Although I was afraid, I found the courage to confront him about his actions. I told him he should have confessed instead of allowing everyone else to suffer the consequences. He simply replied, "Keep my name out your mouth."

Looking back, the situation reminds me of Proverbs 28:1: "The wicked flee when no one pursues, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

The most humiliating part of the encounter came afterward. When I reached out to shake his hand as a sign that the conversation was over, he rejected the gesture and walked away. Although I was relieved that the situation did not become physical, my pride was wounded.

Because of his passive-aggressive hostility, I foolishly decided to challenge his image indirectly. The following day I deliberately walked past him, rapping provocative lyrics aimed at his refusal to take responsibility.

Through that behavior I wanted to prove that he did not intimidate me. Looking back, however, I recognize that my actions were rooted in pride and a desire for revenge rather than wisdom. This all took place before my walk with Christ had fully matured.

Remarkably, about a week later, the offender was unexpectedly placed in solitary confinement for thirty days because of a separate offense. At the time, I wondered whether this was delayed judgment for his earlier actions. Although I cannot know that with certainty, the event reminded me that God is a just Judge. His justice is not always immediate, but it is never absent. As Proverbs 11:21 declares, "Be sure of this: The wicked will not go unpunished."

Around that same time, I experienced another hardship that God later turned into an unexpected blessing. Because of the liquor incident, the officers confiscated nearly everyone's tablets. By God's providence, mine was one of the few that remained.

However, while I was at work, my cellmate secretly marked my tablet so it would appear to belong to him since his own had been confiscated. When I returned from work, I assumed mine had also been taken. This individual professed to know God, yet he had deceived me without remorse. His actions deeply troubled me because they did not reflect the character of Christ.

Later the tablets were returned. I immediately told him the tablet belonged to me, but he insisted it was his. He even pointed to the mark he had placed on it as supposed proof of ownership. Out of frustration, I went into the bathroom and poured out my heart to God. I admitted that I wanted to fight him, but I sensed the Holy Spirit urging me to surrender the situation instead.

After praying, I returned and calmly said, "Brother, I know that tablet is mine. But you know what? You can keep it."

He responded, "Why are you trying to argue over a tablet?"

His response amazed me because he knew exactly why I was upset.

A few hours later I went to work still carrying resentment in my heart. When I returned, I found his side of the room completely empty. After asking around, I learned that he had been removed because of a conflict with one of the officers.

Immediately I began praising God. I believed He had intervened in a way I never expected. That experience strengthened my faith tremendously.

Love Your Enemies

Experiencing these continual events drew me closer to God. I became more intentional about obeying Him and diligently seeking His wisdom. One of the commands I struggled with most was Jesus' instruction to love not only my neighbors but also my enemies. I resisted that teaching because I could not understand how I could love people who had hurt me.

Nevertheless, in obedience, I asked God to give me the strength to do exactly that. Soon afterward, I felt led to pray for my neighbors, my enemies, and those who had persecuted me. I faithfully obeyed, unaware that God was about to test my obedience.

Not long afterward, my new cellmate turned out to be a former rival.

I was immediately startled.

We recognized each other instantly. Wanting to demonstrate genuine kindness, I extended my hand and greeted him warmly. Over time we developed mutual respect and eventually built a friendship.

Weeks later, I began sharing the Gospel with him. He listened respectfully, and I eventually gave him both a Gideon New Testament and a King James Bible.

Later he admitted that he had tried reading the Bible but found it "too boring."

I smiled because I understood exactly what he meant. Not long before, I had felt the same way.

Looking back, that experience reminds me of Proverbs 16:7:

"When a man's ways please the Lord, He makes even his enemies to be at peace with him."

I truly witnessed that promise become reality.

I shared those Bibles because I genuinely cared about him. He was facing the possibility of spending up to twenty-five years in prison, and more than anything, I wanted him to experience the same hope I had found in Jesus Christ.

Never Boast About Tomorrow

Another lesson God taught me during my incarceration concerned the danger of boasting about tomorrow.

The young man I had befriended became convinced that he would receive probation. His attorney had discussed that possibility with him, and he gradually began speaking as though his release were already guaranteed.

I repeatedly encouraged him to seek the Lord and to remain humble regarding the outcome of his case. Unfortunately, he chose not to follow that advice. Instead, he confidently assured everyone that he would soon be released because he had no serious criminal history.

His confidence reminded me of the warning found in James 4:13–15, where believers are instructed not to boast about tomorrow but instead to say, "If the Lord wills."

Eventually his trial arrived.

When he returned, the look on his face told the story before he ever spoke a word.

He had been found guilty.

Although he ultimately received the same sentence previously offered in a plea agreement, the disappointment was overwhelming.

Watching him reminded me how dangerous it is to speak confidently about uncertain outcomes without humbly submitting our plans to God.

His experience became another lesson that God used to shape my own heart.

Wealth Gained Hastily Will Dwindle

Another lesson came through a conversation with a fellow inmate.

During our discussion he mentioned that a former rival of mine, who had once appeared extremely wealthy through drug dealing, had reportedly fallen into poverty.

Years earlier I had often seen him on social media posing with enormous amounts of cash. Yet after spending years in custody, everything he had accumulated was reportedly gone.

Although I could not independently verify every detail, I had witnessed similar situations many times. Numerous inmates who had once possessed large amounts of money eventually depended on family members to send them even small amounts for basic necessities.

That experience brought Proverbs 13:11 to mind:

"Wealth gained hastily will dwindle, but whoever gathers little by little will increase it."

Looking back, I realized that wealth built through sinful and dishonest means is often temporary. What appears impressive for a season can disappear almost overnight. God used those conversations to remind me that lasting provision comes through integrity, patience, and obedience—not through crime or the pursuit of quick riches.

Chapter 10

ENDLESS MIRACLES

The testimonies recorded in this book are only a glimpse of what God did during my time in jail. If I were to recount every miracle, every answered prayer, and every act of divine protection, it would require another book altogether. The testimonies that follow represent only a small portion of the many blessings I experienced, but they are the ones that remain most vivid in my memory.

One particular blessing occurred shortly before I was moved to another housing unit. The instructor informed me that as soon as I received my workbook, I would be transferred to the rehabilitation dorm. As expected, I received the workbook, but for reasons I could not understand at the time, the transfer did not happen that day. Instead, I remained in my current dorm for one more night. Looking back, I believe that delay was no accident. God was already arranging events behind the scenes, even though I could not yet see His hand at work. The following

day, while working in the jail kitchen, I became involved in a heated altercation that had the potential to change the course of my incarceration.

Had that confrontation escalated into a physical fight, I likely would have lost the privilege of entering the jail's rehabilitation program. Approximately 90 to 95 percent of the inmates who successfully completed the program were eventually released, making it one of the greatest opportunities an inmate could receive. A fight would almost certainly have disqualified me from participating. In addition, I likely would have been placed in solitary confinement for disciplinary reasons, delaying both my release and the progress God was making in my life. Looking back, I do not credit myself for the fact that the situation never became physical. At that stage of my life, I was not known for walking away from confrontation. If anything, I usually welcomed it. I believe it was entirely the grace and power of God that restrained the situation. What easily could have become another violent incident ended as nothing more than a heated exchange, and I remain deeply grateful that God protected me from making a decision that could have significantly altered my future.

During the argument, an officer eventually stepped in and asked whether there was a problem. I assured him everything was under control, and he escorted me back to my housing unit. What made the situation even more remarkable was that this officer was relatively new. Among the inmates, he had a reputation for being extremely strict. People said he would write inmates up for even the smallest violations and had no hesitation in sending people to segregation or placing them under restrictions. Yet by the grace of God, neither of us received a disciplinary write-up, was placed in segregation, or suffered any punishment. Under

normal circumstances, even a verbal altercation could have resulted in serious consequences, but that day mercy prevailed.

Several events surrounding that confrontation convinced me that God's hand was upon the situation. During the argument, the inmate repeatedly challenged me to meet him in the bathroom to fight. I ignored him at first because the bathroom was extremely small, and he was much larger than I was—probably around six feet five inches tall. In my mind, I reasoned that if we were going to fight, it would be better to wait until we returned to the dorm bathroom, where there was more space and I would at least have a better chance to defend myself. I fully expected the fight to happen once we got back to the dorm. It seemed unavoidable.

It was at that moment that I quietly prayed and asked God to deliver me from the situation. My prayer was not simply because I feared getting hurt. I prayed because I knew that if we fought, we would almost certainly be caught and disciplined. The dorm had an anonymous tip line, and incidents rarely went unnoticed. If a fight broke out, inmates would immediately gather around, security cameras would eventually capture what had happened, or someone would report it afterward. In all the time I had been incarcerated, I had never seen anyone get into a fight in that bathroom and escape the consequences. Every altercation I witnessed ended with both participants being punished.

On top of that, the odds were already against me physically. The man towered over me by nearly eight inches. In my eyes, he looked like Goliath. Even so, I was still willing to fight if it came to that. Losing the fight itself did not concern me nearly as much as losing everything God had placed before me. I stood to lose my opportunity to enter the rehabilitation program, my chance at

an earlier release, and the spiritual progress I had been making during my incarceration. In reality, I would have lost on multiple levels. Those thoughts raced through my mind as I prayed, and I believe that prayer became the turning point. Rather than allowing my emotions to control me, God intervened and preserved both my future and my freedom.

The events leading up to that confrontation had actually begun several days earlier in the dorm. At that point, I was still young in my walk with Christ and continued wrestling with many fleshly tendencies, including being argumentative and easily provoked. Because of that, there had already been ongoing tension between me, this inmate, and a few others. However, as I continued growing spiritually, I made a conscious decision not to respond to his insults or engage in unnecessary conflict. For nearly two days, he mocked me, made derogatory comments, and repeatedly tried to provoke me, but I consistently chose to walk away in silence. My refusal to react seemed to frustrate him because he was accustomed to getting a response from me. Then, while we were working in the kitchen, he lifted a trash bag as though he intended to throw it at me. Instinctively, I responded, "I wish you would." He immediately replied, "What are you going to do about it?" and within seconds, the situation escalated into the heated confrontation that almost changed everything.

Nonetheless, while I was still discussing the altercation with several inmates in the dorm, an officer suddenly approached me and instructed me to pack my belongings because I was being transferred to the rehabilitation program dorm. I was completely caught off guard. Just a short time earlier, I had been told that I would not be moved until Monday, yet it was only Saturday. According to the original schedule, I still had two more days before my transfer. Looking back now, I believe this was another

unmistakable act of divine intervention. Not only did I get transferred on the very same day the confrontation occurred, but everything happened with unusual urgency, almost as though God was removing me before the situation had another opportunity to escalate.

As I gathered my belongings and walked toward the officer's desk, I noticed the rest of the kitchen workers returning from their shift. They were standing together in the sally port, waiting for the officers to escort them back into the housing unit. Looking back, I realize how significant that timing truly was. Had my transfer taken place only a few minutes later, I almost certainly would have crossed paths with the inmate again. Given how heated our argument had become, there is a strong possibility that the confrontation would have continued and eventually turned physical. Instead, God removed me from the situation at precisely the right moment. What appeared to be an ordinary transfer was, in reality, His divine protection.

The wonders did not end there. In fact, the very next day, after I had settled into my new dorm, I witnessed another example of God's grace. As I stood in line to receive my mental health medication, the nurse looked at me and asked, "Are you actually going to take it this time?" She carefully watched me swallow the medication and then instructed me to open my mouth to confirm that I had taken it. Confused by her unusual request, I asked why she was questioning me. She explained that officers had reportedly found one of my pills inside my previous cell.

Her words immediately caught me off guard. I asked how they knew the pill belonged to me, and she replied that the officers believed it was mine. I then asked whether I had received

a disciplinary write-up, but she said she did not know. The truth is that there had been occasions when I pretended to take my medication so I could save it for later or even sell it to other inmates. Earlier in my incarceration, I had genuinely struggled with depression and needed the medication. However, as my relationship with Jesus Christ deepened, the depression gradually lifted, and I no longer felt dependent on it the way I once had.

The moment I heard that officers had reportedly discovered one of my pills, fear immediately filled my heart. I knew exactly what kind of consequences that could bring. I fell to my knees, cried out to God, and asked Him to deliver me from the situation. Once again, I placed the matter entirely in His hands because there was nothing I could do to change what had already happened. By the following day, God answered that prayer in a way I never expected.

An officer from my previous dorm unexpectedly entered my new housing unit. He was not looking for me, but seeing him there gave me the opportunity to ask about the situation. I told him I had heard they found one of my pills in my former cell, and he confirmed that they had. When I asked how they knew it belonged to me, he explained that I was the only inmate assigned to that dorm who had been prescribed that particular medication. Concerned, I asked the question that had been weighing heavily on my mind: "Did you write me up for it?" His response immediately lifted the burden I had been carrying.

"No," he replied. "You're lucky I didn't write you up."

The relief I felt in that moment is difficult to describe. What could have resulted in disciplinary action, loss of privileges, or additional time in jail instead ended with unexpected mercy. To

me, it was another reminder that God was watching over me, even when my own poor decisions deserved consequences. His grace did not excuse my actions, but it protected me from the outcome I feared. That experience humbled me and reminded me that God's mercy is often greater than we realize.

During the following days, God continued working in my life in remarkable ways. One particular incident stands out vividly because it once again demonstrated His protection and sovereignty. One afternoon, the officers instructed everyone in the dorm to leave our cells and wait in the recreation yard while they conducted a surprise search of every room. As I stood outside watching the search unfold, I noticed that something inside my cell had caught the officers' attention. Almost immediately, they stopped searching the remaining cells and ordered everyone back into the building. That alone told me the situation was serious. Fear gripped my heart because I had no idea what they had found, but their reaction made me believe I was about to face severe disciplinary action.

To make matters worse, the officer handling the situation was a corporal who had a reputation for being one of the strictest officers in the facility. He and I had already experienced some tension in the past. On an earlier occasion, I felt he had been unnecessarily aggressive and disrespectful toward the inmates. He rarely smiled, almost always appeared angry, and seemed completely uninterested in treating anyone with kindness. I remember greeting him one morning with a simple, "Good morning," only for him to ignore me entirely. As I walked away, I made a few indirect comments within earshot, saying things like, "Why come to work if you're unhappy?" and, "If you're miserable, don't take it out on everybody else." Although I never addressed him directly, I am certain he heard every word. From

that day forward, I sensed there was some tension between us. Because of that history, I feared that whatever had been discovered in my cell would give him the perfect opportunity to discipline me.

A few moments later, the corporal approached me holding a plastic cup filled with liquid. At first glance, it looked exactly like homemade alcohol. In jail, inmates often ferment fruit and other ingredients to produce illegal liquor, so I immediately understood why the officers were suspicious. Holding the cup in front of me, he asked, "Do you know what this is, and who it belongs to?" The moment I saw it, I knew exactly what he was referring to. Without hesitation, I admitted that it belonged to me because I did not want my cellmate to suffer the consequences for something that was mine. However, the truth was much different from what the cup appeared to be. I had been saving the contents only to make juice. I never intended to produce alcohol. Even so, I could hardly blame the officers for believing otherwise because, to them, it looked identical to the homemade liquor inmates commonly brewed inside the jail. I nervously asked whether I was in trouble, but the corporal gave me no clear answer. He simply placed the cup on his desk and instructed me to return to my cell.

As soon as I reached the bathroom, I began praying. Deep down, however, I had already convinced myself that I was going to be written up. The evidence seemed undeniable, and I feared I would lose my place in the rehabilitation program. After praying, I returned to class, but anxiety consumed my thoughts. I had only about a month and a half remaining before completing the program, and I worried that everything God had been doing in my life was about to be interrupted by one poor misunderstanding. Moments later, one of the inmate workers deliberately approached me and said, "You're going to the hole.

'They're writing you up.' His words only intensified my fear. I spent the rest of the day expecting officers to call my name, handcuff me, and escort me to solitary confinement.

Little did I know that God was about to use the very same corporal with whom I had experienced tension to demonstrate His mercy. The entire day passed, yet no one came to remove me from the dorm. A brother in Christ who had become a close friend encouraged me, saying, "If they were going to punish you, they would have already done it." His words gave me a small measure of hope, but I still wrestled with uncertainty until the following morning. As I sat in my cell, the corporal suddenly approached holding the same cup. Looking directly at me, he said, "You see this cup? Dump it in the trash, and don't do it again." I immediately poured out the contents, threw them away, and expected him to confiscate the cup. Instead, he handed it back to me and allowed me to keep it.

The relief I felt in that moment was overwhelming. What I had expected to end in punishment instead ended with mercy. As I reflected on the entire situation, I realized God had not only protected me from disciplinary action but had also softened my own heart. The very officer I believed disliked me became the instrument God used to demonstrate grace. From that day forward, my attitude toward him changed completely. I willingly forgave any resentment I had been holding, and I came to respect him in a way I never had before. Looking back, I see that God was teaching me another valuable lesson: He is fully sovereign over every situation and can even use the people we least expect to accomplish His purposes.

MIRACULOUS DREAMS

One night, I experienced two of the most extraordinary dreams of my life. I believe the first dream was prophetic because part of it later came to pass during my incarceration. In the dream, I found myself standing in a place that felt both familiar and deeply unsettling—something like an arcade combined with a boxing arena. The atmosphere was charged with an overwhelming sense of anticipation, as though an important and irreversible event was about to take place. At the center of the arena stood a boxing ring, but instead of a canvas floor, there was a massive circular hole that descended into complete darkness. It appeared to stretch endlessly into the earth. I could not see the bottom, only the faint impression of something far below waiting to receive whoever entered it.

Standing over the arena was a judge—not just any judge, but the very same judge who was presiding over my real-life criminal case at the time. His presence carried an authority that felt far greater than that of an earthly courtroom. It was as though he represented something much deeper. His voice echoed throughout the arena as he declared, "If your heart is light as a feather, you will be released today." Those words hung in the air with tremendous weight. One by one, people stepped into the ring and faced the test before them. There were no opponents to fight and no contest to win. The only instruction was to jump into the darkness below. Each person hesitated before finally leaping into the hole. After disappearing into the darkness, silence followed. None of them ever returned. As I watched person after person vanish, I realized that this was not a test of physical strength or courage. It was a judgment of the heart. Their hearts

were heavy, and whatever waited beneath that darkness never released them.

As I continued watching, a fellow inmate whom I knew stepped beside me and quietly said, "Go. You're next." Fear immediately filled my heart. I stared into the darkness and replied under my breath, "Man... nah." Everything about that pit felt final, and I wanted nothing to do with it. Yet he continued encouraging me, calmly insisting that it was my turn. Eventually, I gave in. Slowly, I walked toward the ring. Every step felt heavier than the last as I approached the edge. Taking one final breath, I jumped.

The moment I entered the darkness, everything changed. Every light in the arena instantly shut off. The bright arcade around me disappeared, and the entire place was consumed by complete darkness. Then, almost immediately, everyone began walking away as though everything was over. It felt as if I had been abandoned. Suddenly, cutting through the darkness, I heard the judge shout with urgency, "Hey! Everybody, come back! He's about to jump!" His voice echoed throughout the arena with unmistakable authority. The people who had started leaving immediately returned and gathered around once again. Then, as though time itself had been reset, I found myself standing once more at the edge of the pit. This time, I surrendered completely. I stepped forward and jumped.

As I plunged into the darkness, I expected to continue falling. Instead, everything suddenly exploded with light. Every light in the arena burst back to life with breathtaking brilliance. The entire place radiated with overwhelming glory, brighter than anything I had ever seen. Rather than continuing downward, I felt myself being lifted upward. My fall reversed, and I began

ascending through the dazzling light as though an unseen force was carrying me. It no longer felt like falling—it felt like flying. Joy erupted all around me as voices shouted in celebration. The judge had declared that whoever possessed a heart as light as a feather would be released. In that moment, I knew exactly what the dream meant. Deep within my spirit, I believed God was assuring me that I would one day be released from jail. In time, that promise was fulfilled exactly as I believed He had revealed it.

The second dream seemed to flow naturally from the first. This time, I found myself moving at incredible speed, yet it felt completely effortless, as though I were gliding instead of traveling. Surrounding me was the most breathtaking landscape I had ever seen. An endless forest stretched in every direction, but it was unlike anything on earth. The trees shimmered with a radiant golden brilliance, almost as though they had been formed entirely from light. Every branch sparkled with extraordinary beauty, and the entire forest seemed alive with the glory of God.

All around me, brilliant lights floated gracefully through the air. They shimmered with elegance and moved in perfect harmony, creating an atmosphere unlike anything I had ever experienced. The entire scene radiated peace, beauty, and overwhelming joy. Even the lightning was different. Instead of producing fear, each flash illuminated the landscape with breathtaking brilliance, revealing even greater beauty with every passing moment. Everything about the dream felt holy, pure, and beyond human description. Words simply cannot capture what I saw or how I felt. I remember thinking that no language on earth could adequately describe such beauty. It was unlike anything I had ever witnessed before. More than anything else, I remember not wanting the dream to end. It felt like a place where time no longer mattered—a place where nothing was missing, nothing

was broken, and perfect peace filled every moment. Even today, I still remember that dream with awe, and I remain grateful that God allowed me to experience something so extraordinary.

Chapter 11

SPIRITUAL WARFARE

Aside from the miracles, the enemy had been working hard, but God was working harder. Satan had always been after me, but ever since I gave my life to the Lord Jesus Christ, his attacks became more relentless than ever. As I grew spiritually, I became increasingly familiar with the schemes of the devil. Sometimes he caught me off guard, but most of the time I was able to recognize his tactics quickly.

In the detention facility where I was incarcerated, those attacks often came through people. At times, Satan used the corporal, the sergeant, correctional officers, or even fellow inmates to discourage, oppose, or provoke me. One such attack came unexpectedly around 10:00 one morning.

They woke us around 7:00 a.m. for breakfast, as usual. After eating, I returned to my cell and lay back down to rest. A few hours later, I was abruptly awakened when the corporal shouted my name and cell number over the intercom, ordering me to pack

my belongings. His command immediately filled me with fear. I went to the door and asked whether I was in trouble, but he refused to answer and simply repeated the order.

I returned to my cell and began packing. As I gathered my belongings, I trembled with fear and uncertainty because I had no idea what was happening. I knew I was not being released that day, so I struggled to understand why I had suddenly been told to move.

Before leaving the pod, a brother in Christ and I knelt together in the bathroom and prayed. He encouraged me, assuring me that everything would be alright.

As I left, the sergeant informed me that I was being transferred back to Pod A, the same dorm where I had been housed months earlier before entering the rehabilitation program.

The bad news soon became clear—I had been removed from the rehabilitation program.

The very outcome I had dreaded and fought so hard to avoid had now become reality. It was heartbreaking because I was only one step away from finishing the class. There were seven required steps to receive the certificate, and I had already completed six.

The situation became even more painful because the instructor had shown me my certificate the previous day. She had given me additional assignments and instructed me to complete them before the next class. The judge had personally encouraged me to finish the three-month program.

By that point, I had already remained in the class nearly three weeks beyond the required ninety days.

Unfortunately, the instructor had been absent for weeks because of holidays and surgery. On several occasions she promised she would be present—even during holiday weeks—but repeatedly failed to show up. The inconsistency was frustrating for everyone participating in the program.

I was devastated.

As I silently wrote this chapter of my testimony, tears filled my eyes. I tried my best not to let my roommates hear me crying.

About a week and a half before her return, the spiritual battle intensified. Everyone in the class was afraid to challenge the instructor because they believed she held the key to their freedom. Most inmates who successfully completed the program were eventually released, making the certificate incredibly valuable.

As I drew closer to completing the program, I felt the enemy increasing his attacks against me.

There was one Black mentor in the class who served as an inmate leader and appeared to have significant influence with the instructors. Whenever he disagreed with one of my presentations, the instructors would often require me to present it again.

Initially, I hoped he would support me because we shared a similar background, but that expectation proved to be misplaced. Instead, he joined several others in opposing me. Out of the ten people in the classroom, five consistently worked against me while the remaining four remained silent. I often felt completely outnumbered.

They frequently criticized my presentations, spoke negatively about me outside the classroom, and attempted to influence the instructor against me. Eventually, the instructor herself also began opposing me. I became caught in the middle of misunderstandings and uncertainty, no longer knowing whether I would receive the certificate I had worked so hard to earn.

Although I struggled with fear and disappointment, I continued placing my confidence in God. Scripture reminds us, "If God is for us, who can be against us?"

As I continued walking with Jesus throughout my incarceration, I realized that I was engaged in spiritual warfare almost every day. Yet despite the constant opposition, God continued sustaining me. My victories were never the result of my own strength or righteousness, but entirely because of His grace and power. As Jesus said, "I can do nothing of Myself" (John 5:30).

The encouraging part was that as I matured spiritually, I became increasingly able to recognize the enemy's tactics before they overwhelmed me.

GOD DEFENDS THE INNOCENT

When I say I experienced spiritual warfare daily, I am not exaggerating.

One morning around 1:30 a.m., an officer woke us to report for kitchen duty. I informed him that I could not work because I

had court later that morning, but he insisted that I go anyway. I prepared myself and headed toward the kitchen.

When we arrived, I informed another officer about my court appearance. He immediately gave me permission to return to my housing unit. As I passed the supervising officer, I was told I could either continue working or return to my cell and rest. I chose to return to my bunk.

The next thing I knew, I was suddenly awakened and ordered to report to D-Board, the jail's disciplinary court.

Still half asleep, I asked the corporal why I was being sent there.

He replied that I had lied about having court and that I had refused to work.

I was stunned.

Although my heart became heavy, I refused to let the accusation discourage me. I knew I was innocent. As I walked through the hallway toward D-Board, I quietly prayed, asking God to fight the battle on my behalf.

When I arrived, I was asked whether I wished to plead guilty or contest the charge.

Without hesitation, I chose to contest it.

I knew the truth was on my side, and I trusted God to vindicate me.

By God's mercy, the D-Board officer agreed to investigate the matter while I waited.

After reviewing the situation, she determined that I was innocent.

The accusation was dismissed.

I thanked her and returned to my housing unit.

The same hallway I had walked through in sorrow only moments earlier, I now walked through praising God. I had been falsely accused, but the Lord had defended me. Praise the Lord.

Chapter 12

DIVINE LESSONS

Different People, Different Hearts

Although I had been removed from the class and transferred back to the kitchen dorm, I now know with certainty that it was all part of God's plan. During that season, He taught me lessons I never would have learned had I remained where I was. Looking back, I can clearly see that every unexpected setback was divinely orchestrated for my spiritual growth. At the time, I viewed those changes as disappointments, but God was using them to shape my character and reveal truths that would remain with me long after I left jail.

One of the greatest lessons God taught me during that time concerned the condition of the human heart. Through a series of

encounters with four different inmates, He revealed the varying levels of compassion, generosity, humility, and character that exist within people. I do not share these experiences to judge or condemn anyone. Rather, I simply want to testify about what I witnessed during that season of my life. Watching different individuals respond to similar situations caused me to reflect deeply on the human heart and reminded me that our actions often reveal what words cannot.

The first person God used to teach me this lesson was my childhood friend Bosco, who unexpectedly ended up in the same kitchen dorm as me. On several occasions, I asked if I could use his video-call account to contact my family, and each time he gladly agreed without hesitation or attaching any conditions. Eventually, he voluntarily gave me his login information and told me I could use his account whenever I needed it. Within three days, his account balance dropped from approximately \$95 to about \$80 because I had used around \$15 worth of video calls. Out of respect, I always informed him before and after using his account so he would know exactly what had been used.

Bosco was under no obligation to help me. In fact, I had not seen him in nearly three years. What made his generosity even more remarkable was his past. From childhood into adulthood, he had developed a reputation for repeatedly burglarizing homes and vehicles. Sadly, that had been the lifestyle he had known for many years. Yet despite his criminal past, he still demonstrated genuine respect, compassion, and generosity toward me. That experience reminded me that people cannot always be defined solely by the worst decisions they have made. Although none of us are righteous apart from Christ, I deeply respected the kindness he showed me during a season when he could have easily refused to help.

What surprised me even more was his knowledge of Scripture. During one of our conversations, I mentioned the Bible, and he immediately made it clear that he was very familiar with it. He confidently told me that he had read the entire Bible from beginning to end—not once, but twice. I could not help but laugh because I found his claim difficult to believe. I remember thinking to myself, *There is no way a street guy like you has read the entire Bible twice.* Curious to find out whether he was telling the truth, I decided to test him. I randomly selected a book of the Bible that I knew well and asked him to explain its main themes and teachings.

To my surprise, he answered confidently and accurately. Not only did he understand the book, but he explained it with remarkable depth and clarity. His knowledge immediately convinced me that he truly had spent considerable time studying God's Word. Impressed, I asked him where he had found the time to read the entire Bible twice. His answer was simple: he reminded me that he had spent most of his life in jail. That response stayed with me because it reminded me that even in the darkest places, people still have opportunities to seek God and learn His Word.

Although Bosco was far from living a life fully surrendered to Christ—as none of us live perfectly—I learned an important lesson through him. God often works in ways we never expect. He delights in using unlikely people to accomplish His purposes. Throughout Scripture, He repeatedly chooses the overlooked, the broken, and those the world often dismisses to reveal His wisdom and accomplish His will. Bosco's kindness and unexpected knowledge of Scripture challenged my assumptions and reminded me never to judge someone's spiritual journey solely by their past or outward appearance.

Eventually, that season came to an end when I was unexpectedly transferred to another facility. Looking back now, I know God orchestrated that move because He still had more lessons to teach me. What made the transfer so remarkable was how it happened. While working the night shift in the kitchen, I simply asked the officers if they could move me to the morning shift. Instead of changing my work schedule, they transferred me to an entirely different facility—Knox County Jail. As a result, my time with Bosco came to an end. Although I did not understand it at the time, God was preparing to teach me another important lesson through a different childhood friend whose character would reveal an entirely different aspect of the human heart.

The Second Friend

When I arrived at Knox County Jail, God continued teaching me about the condition of the human heart. This time, He used another childhood friend—someone I had known for years—but unlike Bosco, his response to my circumstances revealed an entirely different lesson. At that time, I had a very limited support system. I did not have the financial means to regularly place money on my inmate account, so I had to stretch every dollar I received in order to make it last until the following week. Eventually, I ran out of money.

During that period, I found myself without funds on three separate occasions while this childhood friend was still housed there. Each time I needed to contact my family, I had no choice but to ask for help. Although he assisted me twice, it was never easy for me to ask. Having not spent time with him in nearly two or three years, I already felt uncomfortable putting him in that position. The first time I asked if I could use his video-call

account, he reluctantly agreed but immediately told me, "You only have two minutes." Although I appreciated his willingness to help, I quietly shook my head in disappointment. Even so, I sincerely thanked him afterward because I understood that he was under no obligation to help me.

Later, as I happened to walk past the kiosk while he was using his account, I noticed that his balance was approximately \$410. The number immediately caught my attention. I returned to my table and began reflecting on the contrast between him and Bosco. Bosco had only about \$90 on his account, yet he generously trusted me with his login information and never placed conditions on his kindness. He gave freely despite having relatively little. This friend, however, had more than four times that amount. Yet even with significantly greater resources, his generosity was limited. Every favor seemed to come with hesitation, conditions, or reluctance. That realization deeply challenged me because it reminded me that generosity is not measured by how much a person possesses but by the condition of the heart.

The second time I ran out of money, I asked him again if I could make a video call. His immediate response was, "Why are you asking me?" The question genuinely surprised me. The way he spoke made it seem as though he resented being asked. I challenged his response, asking why he had reacted that way. Eventually, he agreed to let me use his account, but by then I was already discouraged. Nevertheless, I accepted his help because I needed to call my family and ask them to place money on my account.

About a week later, I found myself without funds once again. Although I knew money would soon be deposited into my

account, I saw the situation as another opportunity to observe his willingness to help. As I walked past his cell after receiving my daily medication, I asked whether I could use his account for another video call. He replied, "Not right now. I'm asleep." Since he worked first shift, his response sounded reasonable, so I simply suggested that we could do it later that afternoon. He said nothing.

Over the next three days, the same pattern continued. Whenever I passed by, he remained under his blanket and avoided interacting with me. At first, I gave him the benefit of the doubt because I did not want to unfairly judge his motives. Eventually, however, it became difficult to ignore the pattern. It seemed as though he was intentionally avoiding me rather than simply telling me he did not want to help. By that point, I already had money on my account, yet I noticed him talking and interacting with other inmates throughout the day. From my perspective, his behavior suggested that avoiding an uncomfortable conversation was easier than honestly saying no.

Then something unexpected happened. The following day, as I walked past his cell after work, he called my name. I immediately turned around and walked back, genuinely believing he was finally going to offer me the video call. For a brief moment, I felt hopeful. Instead, he looked at me and asked, "Can you give me your sleeping pill in exchange for a video call?" His request caught me completely off guard. In that moment, I realized how conditional some relationships can become. Even among people we once considered close friends, kindness is sometimes offered only when something is received in return.

Startled by his request, I replied, "I already took it," even though the pill was actually still in my mouth. That night, I lay

awake thinking about everything that had happened. Part of me wanted to refuse his request altogether. My flesh wanted to respond the same way I felt I had been treated. But the Holy Spirit convicted my heart. I remembered that Scripture teaches us not to repay evil for evil but to overcome evil with good. As I prayed and reflected on the situation, I became convinced that my responsibility was not to mirror his behavior but to honor Christ through my own. So I decided that I would give him the sleeping pill—not because he deserved it, but because I wanted to obey God. The next day, I walked toward his cell intending to give it to him without expecting anything in return. Little did I know, God was preparing to teach me yet another lesson.

The Hidden Blessing of Knox County Jail

At first, being transferred to Knox County Jail (KCJ) seemed like nothing more than another unexpected change in my journey through incarceration. Looking back now, however, I recognize that it was one of God's hidden blessings. What initially appeared to be another setback became another demonstration of His providence and care. You may be wondering, *How could jail possibly be a blessing?* The truth is that God has a remarkable way of bringing purpose out of pain. Sometimes what appears to be punishment is actually His protection. He may allow seasons of confinement to humble us, reshape our character, shield us from dangers we cannot yet see, and redirect our lives toward His perfect will. If God could use a jail cell to transform my heart, protect me, and reveal Himself to me, then He can certainly use whatever difficult circumstances you may be facing today. No

situation is beyond His ability to redeem. He is able to bring purpose out of suffering, hope out of despair, and victory out of what appears to be defeat.

One reason my transfer to KCJ became such a blessing was because of the facility itself. Roger D. Wilson Detention Facility housed well over one thousand inmates, whereas Knox County Jail housed only about two hundred. Simply being selected from such a large population to transfer there was an unexpected blessing in itself. The blessing became even greater when I learned that the kitchen dorm housed only about sixteen inmates. Out of more than a thousand inmates at Roger D. Wilson, I had been chosen to work in one of the smallest and most desirable housing units in the county jail system. Looking back, I do not believe that happened by chance. I believe God ordered my steps long before I ever understood what He was doing.

What made KCJ so special? For one, nearly every kitchen worker at Roger D. Wilson hoped to be transferred there. In fact, many inmates who had previously worked at KCJ frequently talked about wanting to return. If someone had surveyed the kitchen workers at Roger D. Wilson, I believe the overwhelming majority would have chosen KCJ without hesitation. The reasons quickly became obvious. For regular inmates, one of the biggest differences was the food. At KCJ, meals were served hot, the portions were generous, and the food was well seasoned. By comparison, the meals at Roger D. Wilson were often served cold, the portions were noticeably smaller, and very little seasoning was used because of dietary restrictions designed to address health concerns such as high blood pressure. As a result, many meals left inmates hungry. Unless you had commissary food available, it was difficult to feel satisfied after eating.

Another significant advantage was recreation time. At KCJ, inmates generally received about eight hours of recreation each day, allowing them considerably more time outside their cells. At Roger D. Wilson, recreation depended almost entirely on staffing levels and the daily schedule. Some days you might receive only an hour, while on other days you might receive none at all. The inconsistency made a tremendous difference in daily life. Another blessing was the way many of the correctional officers treated the inmates. In my personal experience, the officers, corporals, and sergeants at KCJ were generally more respectful, courteous, and responsive. They often greeted inmates, asked how we were doing, wished us a good night, and responded promptly to reasonable requests. If someone needed clean clothing or another uniform, they usually provided it within a reasonable amount of time.

My experience at Roger D. Wilson was often very different. Many officers there appeared impatient, dismissive, or unapproachable. Simple requests for clean clothes or other necessities could take days to be fulfilled. Even after writing your name down and assuring you they would return with what you needed, the request was sometimes forgotten, forcing inmates to ask repeatedly before receiving assistance. From my perspective, there was a noticeable difference in the overall atmosphere and professionalism between the two facilities.

Working in the kitchen at KCJ also offered several unique advantages. Because the kitchen was much smaller and employed fewer workers, the environment was less stressful and far more manageable. Many inmates appreciated having a radio in the kitchen, although I personally viewed it as a distraction from my walk with God. One of the greatest benefits, however, was the food. Kitchen workers had access to generous portions

throughout the day and were often able to eat many of the same meals prepared for the correctional officers, including hamburgers, chicken wings, steak, chips, juice, and a variety of other foods. At Roger D. Wilson, kitchen workers generally ate only the standard inmate meals during designated meal times. The difference was significant. The work schedule was also much better. Most kitchen shifts at KCJ lasted around six hours, while shifts at Roger D. Wilson often ranged from eight to ten hours with far less consistency.

Perhaps one of the most memorable blessings was the view. From our housing unit, we could look across the Tennessee River toward the area near Calhoun's Restaurant and watch people driving, boating, exercising, and simply enjoying everyday life. For a brief moment, it provided a glimpse of the world beyond the jail walls. For inmates expecting to be released soon, that view offered hope and served as a reminder that freedom was drawing near. For others, however, it carried a very different meaning. Because KCJ housed many inmates facing serious charges—including murder, conspiracy, and other violent offenses—some knew they would likely spend years or even decades behind bars. They could see families walking along the river, boats passing by, and people living ordinary lives, yet they could only observe it all through reinforced glass. Freedom was visible, but it remained just out of reach.

Looking back now, I realize that God was not only changing my location—He was changing my perspective. Every blessing I experienced at Knox County Jail reminded me that even in the darkest seasons of life, God's goodness can still be found by those who are willing to look for it. Although I was still incarcerated, the Lord continually gave me reasons to thank Him. Instead of focusing on everything I lacked, He taught me to

recognize and appreciate the blessings that surrounded me each day. That shift in perspective became one of the greatest lessons I learned during my time behind bars.

Chapter 13

INTENSE WARFARE

Aside from the many privileges and answered prayers I experienced at Knox County Jail, I constantly found myself engaged in spiritual warfare. To be truthful, some of the battles I faced were the result of my own poor decisions because I failed to apply biblical wisdom in certain situations. Looking back now, I can see that God was not only delivering me from external attacks but also exposing areas of my own character that still needed to change. One incident, in particular, began with what seemed like an ordinary conversation but eventually turned into one of the most intense debates I experienced while incarcerated.

The discussion started when another inmate and I began talking about the rapper Kodak Black collaborating on a song with 6ix9ine, who was widely known in street culture as a "snitch." At first, it was simply a conversation about music, but it gradually shifted into a discussion about loyalty, integrity, and

personal convictions. Curious about his perspective, I asked him, "If someone offered you one million dollars, would you record a song with someone considered a rat?" Without hesitation, he replied, "Yes." His answer caught me off guard. On the outside, he projected the image of someone who valued loyalty above everything else. Yet his response revealed that his principles could be compromised when enough money was involved.

Looking back, I realize that I, too, was approaching the conversation from the wrong perspective. Scripture warns us not to become consumed with arguments that only produce strife. Nevertheless, God still used that conversation to teach me something valuable. It opened my eyes to the hearts of the people around me while also exposing areas within my own heart that still needed to mature. Before long, what began as a discussion between the two of us attracted the attention of other inmates, who gathered around to listen and offer their own opinions.

Wanting to understand where his convictions truly ended, I asked another question. "If someone offered you one million dollars, would you sacrifice your own mother?" Without much thought, he replied, "She better tread lightly." His answer genuinely shocked me. This was someone who constantly portrayed himself as a hardened gangster who valued loyalty and respect above everything else, yet when confronted with a hypothetical situation involving money, he appeared willing to compromise even those closest to him. Still hoping his previous answer had simply been careless, I asked another question. "What about your son?" Again, he gave essentially the same response. A few moments later, he turned the question back on me, and my answer came immediately. "No."

Eventually, the conversation shifted into an even broader discussion about moral compromise. I asked the group whether they would be willing to participate in a deeply immoral act if someone offered them one million dollars. To my surprise, nearly ninety percent of them answered yes without hesitation. Many of them even laughed about it. What they viewed as entertainment deeply troubled me. Their willingness to joke about serious moral issues revealed values that stood in complete opposition to the convictions God had been developing in my own heart. Disappointed and grieved by what I had heard, I eventually removed myself from the conversation.

About a week later, another debate erupted with that same inmate. This time, it began during lunch while one of my coworkers was talking nonstop across the table. Hoping to redirect the conversation toward something more meaningful, I asked him a simple question: "What is better than talking about God?" Instead of answering thoughtfully, he looked directly at me and confidently replied, "Women." He was referring to the female body. His response genuinely surprised me, so I calmly answered, "I would rather talk about God all day." He laughed and responded, "Talking about a man all day? I don't know... that sounds kind of homo." I simply shook my head.

As more inmates joined the discussion, the atmosphere quickly became tense. What had started as a conversation between two people soon turned into a debate involving nearly the entire kitchen shift. Looking back, I now realize that I ignored the wisdom God had already provided in His Word. Scripture says, "Do not correct a scoffer, lest he hate you" (Proverbs 9:8). It also says, "He who corrects a scoffer gets shame for himself, and he who rebukes a wicked man harms himself" (Proverbs 9:7). Those verses perfectly described what happened. Although my

intentions were sincere, I was trying to correct people whose hearts were not open to receiving correction. Instead of producing repentance, the conversation only produced arguments, mockery, and hostility.

Another proverb also came to mind: "Do not speak in the hearing of a fool, for he will despise the wisdom of your words" (Proverbs 23:9). Yet that was exactly what I was doing. As I passionately shared the gospel with one inmate, several others joined together to mock Christianity and challenge everything I said. Before long, I found myself surrounded by five to seven inmates. Our dorm housed only eight or nine men, and nearly everyone had become involved. Only one inmate initially stood beside me while another remained silent and refused to participate. As the discussion intensified, however, even the inmate who had been defending me gradually began siding with the others. I was stunned. Although my situation was nowhere near comparable to Christ's suffering, I gained a small glimpse of the loneliness that accompanies betrayal. Watching someone who had been standing beside you suddenly turn away is never easy.

Despite everything happening around me, God gave me remarkable peace. Instead of becoming angry or losing control, I remained calm throughout the entire discussion. Looking back, I know that composure did not come from me—it came from the Holy Spirit. The conversation became so intense that several correctional officers gathered near the doorway simply to listen as I defended the Christian faith. During the debate, I asked the inmate when he had last read the Bible. He replied, "About six months ago." I responded, "No wonder you continue experiencing consequences instead of peace." At the time, he was facing approximately ten years in federal prison.

Eventually, the debate ended. Over the following days, however, whenever he had the opportunity, he continued mocking God and speaking disrespectfully about Scripture. Realizing the conversations were accomplishing nothing, I decided to distance myself from him and speak only when it was necessary for work. That experience taught me an important lesson: not every argument is worth engaging in. There are times to speak boldly for the truth, and there are times to remain silent and entrust people to God. Spiritual maturity requires not only knowing what to say but also discerning when our words will be received and when they will simply become fuel for another argument.

God's Justice

For two consecutive days, I prayed a simple but sincere prayer: "Lord, show Your justice to this individual. Stretch out Your mighty hand and hold him accountable." It was not a prayer motivated by hatred or revenge. Rather, I had grown grieved by his continual mockery of God and his open contempt for Scripture. He repeatedly ridiculed the Christian faith, spoke disrespectfully about the Bible, and boldly declared that he did not fear God. The more I listened, the more I realized that this was no longer just a disagreement between two inmates—it had become an issue of reverence for the Lord.

A few days later, I received unexpected news early that morning. My cellmate informed me that the very inmate who had been mocking God had been written up and removed from the kitchen for abusing his privileges. Later that day, another inmate who had been directly affected by his actions confirmed the report. The timing immediately caught my attention because only the day before I had warned him that if he continued dishonoring

God, there would eventually be consequences. Instead of taking the warning seriously, he laughed. He even claimed that God was "laughing" along with him.

Looking back, I believe he underestimated the holiness of God. Like many people, he feared earthly consequences—violence, prison, and financial loss—far more than he feared the One who created him. As I reflected on everything that had happened, I believed God had answered my prayer. Whether others interpret those events the same way or not, they served as a powerful reminder to me that God hears the prayers of His children and should never be treated with contempt. As Proverbs 15:29 declares, "The Lord is far from the wicked, but He hears the prayer of the righteous." Once again, I found myself praising God for His faithfulness.

The Radio Fight & Answered Prayers

I almost forgot to mention one of the most significant events that occurred during my time at Knox County Jail. Earlier in this book, I explained that having a radio playing in the kitchen had gradually become a stumbling block in my walk with Christ. What initially seemed like a small distraction eventually became the doorway to one of the biggest mistakes I made during my incarceration.

As I examined my heart, I realized that the constant music was negatively affecting my spiritual life. Since I knew I could not eliminate it completely, I decided to ask each of my coworkers individually if they would be willing to turn the radio off for just one hour each day so I could work in silence and keep my mind focused on God. After explaining my reasons, every one of them

agreed—except one. Ironically, it was the very same inmate with whom I had previously debated.

From that point forward, another coworker would occasionally unplug the radio and jokingly announce, "Africa said no radio for one hour." Moments later, the inmate who opposed my request would immediately plug it back in. This continued day after day. What started as a harmless joke gradually became a source of frustration. Instead of responding with patience, I allowed pride and anger to take control of my heart. Eventually, I convinced myself that I was going to fight him as soon as we returned to the dorm.

He appeared just as eager for a confrontation. In front of everyone, he openly challenged me. At one point, he walked over to the large walk-in cooler, swung the heavy door open, and said, "Forget waiting until we get back to the dorm. Let's fight right here." I knew I could have accepted his challenge. The day before, I had watched him fight another inmate in the kitchen. Although he escaped without getting into trouble, I believed I could defeat him. Still, I refused. Part of my decision was practical. The cooler floor was extremely slippery, and I knew it would put me at a disadvantage. I also considered what might happen if one of us became seriously injured. Security cameras would almost certainly capture both of us walking into the cooler together, making it obvious that we had planned the fight.

As unbelievable as it sounds now, after work I actually prayed before confronting him. I said, "Lord, I really don't want to fight this man. If You do not want me to fight him, let him agree to give me one hour each day without the radio playing. But if he refuses and a fight becomes unavoidable, then grant me victory. Let me prevail." Looking back, I can hardly believe that was my

prayer. Instead of asking God for humility, self-control, or forgiveness, I was asking Him to bless a fight that my own pride had created. Yet even in my spiritual immaturity, God remained incredibly patient with me.

Before confronting him, I packed all of my belongings because I assumed I would end up in disciplinary segregation after the fight. I even called my girlfriend and warned her. I asked her to tell my father that if he did not hear from me for a month, it would probably be because I had been placed in solitary confinement. She pleaded with me not to go through with it. She begged me to reconsider, but my mind was already made up.

When I finally approached the inmate, I calmly asked him one last time if he would allow me one hour each day without the radio. To my surprise, he agreed immediately. God had answered my prayer exactly as I had asked. The conflict should have ended right there. Unfortunately, it did not. Although he had given me exactly what I wanted, his disrespectful attitude reignited my anger. Instead of recognizing that God had already provided a way out, I allowed my flesh to take control. I responded aggressively, insulted him, and within seconds we were shouting insults back and forth across the dorm.

Looking back now, I realize that God had already opened the door for peace. I was simply too angry to walk through it.

The Radio Fight & God's Mercy

As I walked away, I should have been grateful. God had answered my prayer exactly as I had requested. The inmate had agreed to give me one hour each day without the radio, and the conflict should have ended right there. Instead, I allowed his

hostile attitude to provoke me. Although he had given me what I wanted, the disrespect in his voice stirred up my flesh. I immediately fired back with insults, saying, "That's all you had to say." Within moments, we were both exchanging insults in front of everyone in the dorm.

Eventually, I grew tired of arguing. I walked into my cell, removed my shirt, and challenged him to come inside so we could settle the matter with a fight. In the heat of the moment, I insulted him, his mother, and essentially his entire family. Rather than entering my cell, he insisted that I come into his. As I walked past his doorway, he picked up his tablet as though he intended to strike me with it. Keep in mind, he was nearly five inches taller than I was and weighed considerably more than me. The moment I saw him holding the tablet, I believed he was about to use it as a weapon. Acting out of fear and anger rather than wisdom, I rushed into his cell, struck him several times, and within seconds he was on the ground.

Looking back, I still do not know whether I prevailed because of my own ability or because God chose to show me mercy despite my disobedience. Every time he attempted to continue the confrontation, I somehow gained the upper hand. In total, we became involved in four separate altercations because he repeatedly tried to restart the fight, seemingly unwilling to accept the outcome. Eventually, after several minutes, both of us calmed down. To my surprise, we sat down and talked like two reasonable men. He assured me that he had not reported me to the officers. Relieved, I thanked him, shook his hand, embraced him, sincerely apologized for my behavior, and told him that I loved him. From that day forward, we remained on good terms.

Although I had prevailed physically, I later realized that I had suffered a spiritual defeat. The real battle had never been against him. It had been against my own pride, anger, and lack of self-control. Satan would have been pleased regardless of who won that fight because either outcome would have damaged my testimony. Instead of demonstrating the character of Christ, I had allowed my emotions to dictate my actions. It was one of the clearest reminders that victory in the flesh can still be defeat in the spirit.

Immediately afterward, I called my girlfriend and told her everything that had happened. I explained that I expected to be placed in disciplinary segregation at any moment. She was heartbroken and pleaded with me, reminding me how much my father had cried and prayed for me throughout my incarceration. Hearing those words pierced my heart. The realization that my own actions had caused so much pain to my parents filled me with deep regret. I knew I had disappointed not only them but also the Lord.

The following morning, I saw the inmate sitting at a table watching television. His eye was badly swollen. Quietly, I asked him how he planned to explain the injury if the officers questioned him. He confidently told me he already had a believable explanation. When I saw him again the next morning, the swelling had become even worse. Fear immediately gripped my heart. I became convinced that the officers would eventually discover what had happened and charge me with assault. Realizing the seriousness of what I had done, I cried out to God for mercy and devoted myself to prayer and fasting.

By God's grace, my prayers were answered. When the officers questioned him, he never identified me as the person who had

injured him. After reviewing the surveillance footage, they accepted the explanation he provided because it appeared consistent with what they observed on the cameras. To this day, I remain deeply grateful for God's mercy. Even so, I spent the next two days living in constant fear. Every thirty minutes, officers walked through the dorm to conduct routine security checks. Each time I heard the heavy sound of their boots approaching or the jingling of their keys, my heart began to race. I became convinced they were coming to arrest me. Every time they walked past my cell without stopping, I breathed a sigh of relief.

Looking back now, I believe God showed me tremendous mercy. I knew that an assault charge could have extended my incarceration, damaged my credibility before the court, and possibly even affected my immigration status. Yet despite my foolishness, the Lord protected me from consequences far greater than I deserved. His mercy did not excuse my sin, but it reminded me that He is compassionate even toward His children when they stumble. That experience humbled me and reinforced a lesson I have never forgotten: God's grace should never be mistaken for approval. His mercy is meant to lead us to repentance, not to give us confidence in our own strength.

About a week later, I appeared in court. Although I was not released that day, my attorney brought encouraging news. The hold from the other county had finally been removed. As I reflected on everything that had happened, I remembered the words of the homeless man who had encouraged me months earlier with unwavering confidence. His words had proven true. God had used him to strengthen my faith long before I ever saw the answer. Once again, I found myself praising the Lord for His faithfulness and thanking Him for remaining patient with me even when I repeatedly failed Him.

Supervisor, Spiritual Warfare & God's Direction

Not long after my court appearance, I experienced another situation that, at first, seemed like a setback but eventually became another lesson in trusting God's sovereignty. Looking back, I believe Satan was once again trying to discourage me, this time through circumstances beyond my control. While working in the kitchen one day, I made a mistake. The kitchen manager approached me about it, and I immediately admitted what I had done. I sincerely apologized, assured her it would not happen again, and she kindly told me that she forgave me. Believing the matter had been resolved, I returned to work and thought nothing more of it.

Several hours later, while talking with my cellmate, he casually mentioned that our shift supervisor had written up an inmate that day. At first, I paid little attention to what he said. However, after explaining my conversation with the manager, we both began to wonder whether I was the inmate who had received the disciplinary report. I found that difficult to believe because the manager had appeared so understanding that I assumed everything had truly been forgiven. My cellmate, however, warned me that she had a reputation for smiling at inmates while quietly writing them up afterward without ever telling them.

Curious to know the truth, I asked one of the correctional officers if he could check the system to see whether I had received a write-up. A few minutes later, he returned with the answer. I had, in fact, been written up. The moment I heard those words, anger immediately filled my heart. I remember thinking, *How could she do that? How could she tell me everything was fine and then*

secretly write me up afterward? In my frustration, I even found myself saying, "Who has bewitched this woman?" Looking back now, I realize my emotions were beginning to cloud my spiritual judgment. Instead of responding with wisdom, I allowed my feelings to shape my perspective.

Then something unexpected happened. As I sat there processing everything, it felt as though the Holy Spirit gently redirected my thoughts. Almost immediately, my perspective began to change. I remembered a prayer I had been praying consistently for weeks. I had repeatedly asked God to help me finish writing my book before my release. Suddenly, a completely different possibility entered my mind. What if being removed from the kitchen was not punishment at all? What if it was actually God's answer to my prayer?

Working in the kitchen required long hours every day. By the time I returned to my cell, I was usually exhausted and had very little energy left to write. Many people assume inmates have unlimited free time, but that simply was not my experience. Between work assignments, daily responsibilities, and physical exhaustion, finding uninterrupted time to work on my manuscript was surprisingly difficult. The more I reflected on the situation, the more my anger began to disappear. I realized that even if I lost my kitchen position, God might actually be creating the very opportunity I had been asking Him for.

I also recognized something else. Despite everything that had happened—including the recent fight—I had not been disciplined for violence. Instead, if I was going to lose my kitchen job, it would be because of a relatively minor work mistake rather than because of the altercation. To me, that was another act of God's mercy. Gradually, peace replaced my frustration. Instead of

viewing the situation as rejection, I began seeing it as possible divine redirection.

The following day, I tried several times to speak privately with the kitchen manager, hoping to better understand what had happened. Each time I approached her, however, she politely explained that she was busy. As the day went on, frustration slowly crept back into my heart. Inwardly, I began criticizing her and allowing resentment to grow. Looking back, I recognize that those thoughts did not reflect the character of Christ. Although I believed I had been treated unfairly, I was still responding in the flesh instead of extending the same grace that God had continually shown me.

After work, I spent time alone in prayer. I thanked God for everything He had already done in my life and surrendered the entire situation into His hands. More than anything else, I wanted His will—not my own—to be accomplished. Whether He intended for me to remain in the kitchen or remove me from it, I wanted Him to receive the glory.

My prayer went something like this:

"Lord, I don't want to be transferred simply because one facility is easier than another. But if You are moving me because You have a plan to release me, then let Your will be done. If You are moving me because I need more time to finish writing this book before my release, then I accept that as well. But if my work here is not finished and You do not intend for me to leave yet, then please don't allow me to be transferred. Above all else, let Your perfect will be done. In Jesus' name, amen."

Not long afterward, officers instructed me to pack my belongings. Surprisingly, I did not feel discouraged. Instead, an overwhelming sense of peace came over me because I genuinely believed God had answered my prayer. Although I had no idea what lay ahead, I trusted that He was directing my steps. Looking back now, I realize God was teaching me one of the greatest lessons of my Christian walk: not every closed door is the work of the enemy. Sometimes God closes one door because He is preparing to open another. What appears to be a setback can actually be His divine guidance, leading us exactly where He wants us to be. Even though I was still spiritually immature and continued struggling in many areas, God remained faithful. He continued correcting me, answering my prayers, and patiently leading me through the lifelong process of sanctification. His patience during that season remains one of the clearest demonstrations of His grace that I have ever experienced.

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entire situation into His hands. More than anything else, I wanted His will—not my own—to be accomplished. Whether He intended for me to remain in the kitchen or remove me from it, I wanted Him to receive the glory.

My prayer went something like this:

"Lord, I don't want to be transferred from this facility because it's much easier to serve my time here than at the other facility I was just in. But if You are moving me because You have a plan to release me, then let Your will be done. If You are moving me because I need more time to finish writing this book before my release, then I accept that as well. But if my work here is not finished and You do not intend for me to leave yet, then please don't allow me to be transferred. Above all else, let Your perfect will be done. In Jesus' name, amen."

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that season remains one of the clearest demonstrations of His grace that I have ever experienced.

Victory in Warfare

Looking back, I have come to believe that it was already part of God's plan for me to be transferred back to the detention facility where I had originally been housed. During my time there, I witnessed some of the greatest miracles and answered prayers of my incarceration. What initially appeared to be a series of random transfers gradually revealed themselves to be part of God's sovereign direction. With each move, He was shaping my character, strengthening my faith, and teaching me to trust His guidance even when I could not understand His purposes.

Not long after returning, I once again found myself under intense spiritual attack. Only a few days had passed before frustration began building inside me. For four consecutive days, I had not been able to shower because I had never received a clean change of clothes. Despite repeatedly asking several correctional officers for assistance, my requests went unanswered. Each time, they assured me they would return with clean clothing, yet the days continued to pass without anything changing. To make matters worse, I also had not received my prescribed medication during those same four days. That experience caused me to reflect on how serious such an oversight could have been. Had I been someone who depended on medication for a severe medical or mental health condition, the consequences could have been devastating. I thanked God that He had sustained me physically and mentally despite the delay.

Through that experience, I also discovered something unexpected about myself. I realized that I did not depend on medication in order to function or sleep. My peace, strength, and stability came from the Lord. The Holy Spirit had become my Comforter, my Counselor, and my source of peace. The experience also reminded me that detention facilities, like every human institution, are imperfect. Mistakes happen. Delays occur. While some people might dismiss these situations as insignificant, those who have experienced incarceration understand that even small oversights can have a significant impact on daily life. Despite these frustrations, God continued reminding me of His goodness by blessing me with a respectful and considerate cellmate who treated me with kindness despite the language barrier between us. His generosity encouraged me and reminded me that God often places the right people beside us exactly when we need them most.

During that season, the Lord also taught me another valuable lesson—contentment. When I first entered jail years earlier, I often panicked whenever my inmate account became low. I worried constantly about money, commissary, and making it through each week. By this point, however, God had changed my heart. Whether I had money or not, I had learned to be grateful. Whether I experienced comfort or discomfort, I had learned to trust Him. Like the Apostle Paul, I was beginning to understand what it meant to be content in every circumstance.

One morning around 4:30 a.m., however, frustration overwhelmed me once again. After four days without clean clothes or a shower, I became angry. Even though I knew the officers had probably forgotten my request rather than intentionally ignoring me, I allowed resentment to grow in my heart. Eventually, I decided that I would confront whichever

officer came to unlock our doors for breakfast. I carefully rehearsed exactly what I intended to say, convincing myself that I could express my frustration respectfully without getting into trouble. Looking back now, I recognize that my plan was both calculated and foolish—calculated because I had carefully prepared every word, and foolish because my anger, rather than the Holy Spirit, was directing my actions.

As breakfast approached, I suddenly felt nervous. An unusual sense of fear and hesitation came over me. Looking back, I now believe the Holy Spirit was warning me not to follow through with my plan. Instead of listening, however, I ignored that conviction. I even prayed, asking God to give me courage to confront the officers while also protecting me from any disciplinary consequences. When breakfast finally arrived, something unexpected happened. Instead of opening the cell doors as usual, the officers distributed breakfast trays through the food slots. My opportunity to confront them disappeared. Looking back now, I see that as another act of God's mercy. He had provided me with yet another opportunity to calm down before acting in anger.

Unfortunately, I still refused to listen. When an officer eventually came near my cell, I began speaking through the opening in the door. At first, I remained calm, but within moments my prepared speech turned into an emotional rant fueled by frustration. At the time, I believed I was simply standing up for myself. Looking back now, I realize I was allowing anger to control me instead of responding with the gentleness and patience that Christ calls His followers to display.

One of the greatest changes God produced during my incarceration became evident shortly afterward. Years earlier,

being locked inside my cell while everyone else enjoyed recreation had been one of the hardest parts of jail for me. I often felt lonely, bitter, and emotionally defeated as I watched other inmates freely interact while I remained confined. By this point, however, something had changed. As long as I had my Bible, my notebooks, my dictionary, Christian books, and something to write with, I had everything I needed. For the first time in my life, I experienced a peace that was not dependent upon my surroundings. God had transformed my heart. The things that once controlled my emotions no longer had the same power over me. Although I still had much to learn and continued growing in my walk with Christ, I could clearly see that He was changing me from the inside out.

Looking back now, I understand that the greatest miracle God performed during my incarceration was not simply answering my prayers or opening impossible doors. The greatest miracle was transforming my heart. He replaced anger with peace, fear with faith, bitterness with gratitude, and hopelessness with purpose. Long before He changed my circumstances, He was changing me. That inward transformation became the foundation for every other miracle that followed, and it remains one of the greatest testimonies of God's grace in my life.

Praise the Lord.

Chapter 14

MORE WONDERS & ANSWERED PRAYERS

Although the officer placed me on lockdown after my outburst, I remained surprisingly at peace. Since I had already been confined to my cell for several days, the punishment did not affect me nearly as much as I had expected. By the end of the day, I actually felt as though God had turned the situation around for my good. A few hours later, the same officer returned with the clean uniform I had been waiting for. Looking back, I sometimes wonder whether my confrontation caused my request to be addressed sooner. Whether that was the case or not, I chose to thank God for His provision rather than dwell on the mistake I had made.

Later that afternoon, God blessed me in another unexpected way. When the officer returned with my lunch, he handed me one meal for myself and another for my cellmate. Then, to my

surprise, he placed a third lunch sack on the food flap and waited for me to take it before moving on to the next cell. For a moment, I simply stared at it. I was confused and wondered whether he had made a mistake. After thinking about it for a few seconds, I accepted the extra meal, believing it to be an unexpected blessing from God. I thanked the Lord for His provision and gladly shared the food with my cellmate.

Even though the morning-shift officer had told me I would not be allowed out of my cell to shower, the afternoon-shift officer later opened my door and allowed me to shower and change into my clean uniform. I never found out whether the first officer had simply forgotten to relay the punishment to the next shift or whether I had been shown mercy because I apologized after my outburst. Either way, I saw the hand of God in the situation. Praise the Lord.

The blessings did not stop there. As I continued thanking God for what He had already done, more unexpected favor followed. The very next day, another officer unexpectedly handed me an extra lunch sack. There was no confusion about whose meal it belonged to; he intentionally gave it to me. To many people, an extra sack lunch might seem insignificant, but to me it was another reminder that God cares about every detail of our lives, including our daily needs. In the middle of incarceration, He continued providing for me in ways I never expected.

Not long afterward, God encouraged me through another unexpected source. My first cellmate after returning to the facility told me that he did not believe ICE would deport me because I was a lawful permanent resident. Although his English was limited, his words brought comfort to my anxious heart. Looking back, I believe God used him to encourage me during a season

filled with uncertainty. Later, he was transferred to another county, and I received a new cellmate—an African man from Sudan. Before meeting him, I had prayed specifically about the type of person I hoped God would place in my cell. Once again, I felt that God answered my prayer. During one of our conversations, he also reassured me that, as a lawful permanent resident, deportation was unlikely. Hearing the same encouragement from two different people strengthened my faith.

As I continued praying about my legal situation, circumstances also began changing. My attorney informed me that she planned to contact ICE to determine whether an immigration hold would be placed on me because of my charges. She explained that if ICE confirmed there would be no hold, the District Attorney might consider a more favorable resolution, such as probation or split confinement, which could eventually lead to my release. When I shared this information with my Sudanese cellmate, he initially found it difficult to believe. However, after we discussed my immigration status in greater detail, he helped me think through the situation more logically. He reminded me that ICE, the judge, the District Attorney, and my attorneys already knew I was a lawful permanent resident. My Social Security records also confirmed my legal status. He reasoned that if ICE truly intended to deport me, they likely would have taken action much earlier. His reasoning helped calm many of my fears. More importantly, it reminded me to trust God instead of allowing anxiety to control my thoughts.

Later that night, however, I encountered another unexpected challenge. As I lay on my bunk trying to fall asleep, my new cellmate began snoring louder than anyone I had ever shared a cell with. His snoring echoed throughout the cell so loudly that I could not sleep. By the time the officer came for the nightly head

count, I was already sitting at my desk writing this book. The officer even looked through the window longer than usual to make sure my cellmate was okay because he was sleeping so deeply. I gently tapped his shoulder, but he did not respond. When I shook him a little harder, he finally woke up. I smiled and explained that his snoring had kept me awake. He laughed, apologized, and we both found humor in the situation. Jokingly, I told him I was jealous because he could fall asleep within seconds while I often struggled to fall asleep for hours.

Before lying back down, I jokingly told him that I hoped I could fall asleep before he did so I would not have to listen to the snoring all night. Then I quietly prayed, "Lord, somehow keep him from snoring tonight." Part of me doubted such a simple prayer could actually be answered. Nevertheless, I believed it was better to bring even the smallest concern before God than to keep it to myself.

The moment I finished praying and said, "In Jesus' name, amen," my cellmate fell asleep again. This time, there was no snoring. I watched him carefully for several minutes. He was clearly sleeping soundly, yet the loud snoring that had filled the room only moments earlier had completely disappeared. From that night forward, his snoring became almost unnoticeable. To me, this was another reminder that God cares about every detail of our lives—even the things that seem too small or insignificant to mention. Praise the Lord.

God Speaks Through Unexpected People

The following day, the Lord continued to encourage me in unexpected ways. As I sat at my desk writing this book, I unintentionally overheard two inmates having a conversation only a few feet away. I was focused on my writing and had no intention of listening, but their voices were loud enough that I could not help but hear parts of what they were saying. Although I did not catch every detail of their discussion, one phrase repeatedly stood out to me: "sell your soul." One of the inmates mentioned it several times. Ordinarily, I avoid inserting myself into conversations that do not concern me, but something about this discussion captured my attention. Since I happened to be there at that exact moment, I felt prompted to listen more carefully.

Curious, I politely asked if they would explain what they were talking about. One of the inmates told me they were discussing how some people in the entertainment industry "sell their soul" in exchange for fame, wealth, and worldly success. I appreciated that he was willing to speak openly about spiritual matters, and the conversation naturally gave me an opportunity to share the gospel. I explained how Satan tempted Jesus in the wilderness by offering Him the kingdoms of the world if He would worship him. Yet Jesus rejected every temptation by standing firmly on the Word of God and rebuking the devil each time. The inmates agreed that Jesus never compromised and remained faithful to His Father despite every temptation placed before Him. That conversation reminded me that God often opens doors to speak about Christ in the most unexpected places—even inside a jail.

Only a few minutes later, something else caught my attention. A jailhouse trustee asked a blind inmate where he was going. Without hesitation, the blind man replied, "To hell, if I don't change my ways." His response immediately caused me to pause

and reflect. Throughout my incarceration, moments like these seemed to happen repeatedly. Ordinary conversations often carried unexpected spiritual significance, and I found myself continually reminded that God can speak through people in ways we least expect.

As my relationship with Christ continued to grow, nearly every day brought either a new lesson or another answered prayer. After my cellmate was transferred to another housing unit, I prayed a simple prayer: "Lord, please don't let me receive another cellmate today." That entire day passed without anyone being assigned to my cell. The next morning, I prayed the same prayer again, and once again no one moved into my cell. On the third day, my faith grew even bolder. I prayed, "Lord, if it is Your will, don't let me receive another cellmate for the rest of my time here." Humanly speaking, the request seemed almost impossible, especially in a detention facility housing well over a thousand inmates where empty cells rarely remained vacant for long. Yet God answered that prayer as well. For the remainder of my stay in that pod, I never received another cellmate. Praise the Lord.

That answered prayer strengthened my faith in a profound way. It reminded me of Jesus' words: "All things are possible for one who believes" (Mark 9:23). It also brought to mind His promise: "Whatever you ask in prayer, believing, you will receive" (Matthew 21:22). From that experience, I learned to pray with greater confidence—not because God is obligated to answer every request exactly as I ask, but because nothing is impossible for Him. It also taught me to trust that when my prayers align with His will, He is able to answer them in ways far beyond anything I could imagine.

Not long afterward, another unexpected lesson followed. One day, I was asked whether I wanted to return to work in the kitchen, and I agreed. Looking back, I believe the enemy used that decision to lead me into another setback. Because of previous reports in my file, I was eventually removed from the kitchen assignment and prohibited from working there again. At first, I viewed the situation as another disappointment. Later, however, God used it to teach me a valuable lesson about human nature.

As I prepared to leave the housing unit, I decided to bless an elderly inmate whom I had often helped during my stay. I filled a brown paper bag with cookies, bananas, and other snacks and asked him if he would share them with some of the other inmates after I left. To my surprise, he immediately refused and insisted on keeping everything for himself. His response caught me completely off guard. In my frustration, I impulsively grabbed the cookies and graham crackers back from his table. Almost immediately, he began pleading with me and promised that he would share them.

Within moments, the Holy Spirit convicted my heart. My anger quickly faded, and I returned everything to him before quietly walking away. As I reflected on the encounter, I realized that if he chose not to keep his word, he would ultimately answer to God—not to me. The incident became another lesson about the condition of the human heart. Although I had freely given those items, his unwillingness to share them with others revealed how easily selfishness can overcome gratitude. That experience reminded me once again that true generosity is measured not by what we possess but by what we are willing to share.

Lessons in Generosity, Court, and Waiting

Despite the disappointment of being transferred from Building 1 to Building 3 and then abruptly moved again the following day to Building 4—a less desirable housing unit—I remained content. By that point in my walk with Christ, I had begun to understand that nothing happened outside of God's sovereign control. If He allowed me to be moved, then He undoubtedly had a purpose for it, even if I could not yet understand what that purpose was. Perhaps He was positioning me for my upcoming court date. Perhaps He was preparing me for another lesson. Whatever His reason, I chose to trust Him.

That season continually reminded me of Hebrews 11:6, which says that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Faith became a daily decision. Although I had already appeared in court numerous times without being released, I continued hoping that God would intervene. At times, doubt still crept into my mind, but every court appearance seemed to bring slightly better news than the one before. Each hearing moved me one step closer to freedom. Another detail strengthened my faith even more. When I was assigned to my new housing unit, I realized I had been placed in the very same cell where I had stayed nearly a year earlier before my previous release—back when I was still deeply involved in witchcraft. Standing in that same cell now as a follower of Jesus Christ reminded me how much God had already changed my heart. The location was the same, but I was not the same man.

When I first arrived in the dorm, I assumed I had no money on my inmate account. Wanting to call my family, I asked another inmate whether I could borrow his phone time. He apologized and explained that he did not have any money on his account

either. Slightly embarrassed, I walked over to the kiosk to check my own balance. I expected to see almost nothing. Instead, I was greeted with an unexpectedly large balance. For several moments, I simply stood there in disbelief. Normally, I would have needed to call home and ask someone to place money on my account. Instead, God had already provided before I even asked. Immediately, I began thanking Him. I was also deeply grateful for my earthly father, who faithfully continued supporting me throughout my incarceration. His love reflected God's faithfulness in countless ways. Looking back, I recognize that those unexpected provisions continually reminded me that although I was confined behind bars, I had not been forgotten. God was still caring for me, still providing for me, and still teaching me to trust Him one day at a time.

As I write this, I also want to be transparent about another part of my journey. Those days were not easy. In fact, they were some of the most emotionally exhausting moments of my incarceration. One evening, I cried so intensely that my pillow became soaked with tears. I felt overwhelmed by what I believed was a deep injustice. After yet another court appearance, I became convinced that my public defender had repeatedly misled me. Resentment and frustration began filling my heart. I questioned many of the decisions that had been made throughout my case and even became angry with myself for not taking action sooner.

Still, despite my frustrations, I chose not to dismiss my attorney. There were several reasons for that decision. First, she had previously helped secure my release on multiple occasions. Second, I feared that replacing her would delay my case even longer, with no guarantee that another attorney would perform any better. In fact, there was a possibility the next attorney could

be worse. Third, I simply could not afford to hire private counsel. Finally, I recognized that many of the challenges I was facing were likely rooted in the legal system itself rather than in one individual alone. Although I struggled emotionally, I remained hopeful because the feedback I received during court continued improving with each appearance, and I believed my release was drawing closer.

During that difficult season, I often thought about Pharaoh pursuing the Israelites through the Red Sea. His pride and rebellion ultimately led to his destruction. I realized that if I allowed my own anger to control me, I could easily make decisions that would only worsen my situation. Rebelling against my attorney out of frustration might have delayed my case even further. Instead of reacting emotionally, I humbled myself before God and chose to wait patiently. Looking back now, I am grateful that He gave me the wisdom to remain calm instead of making a decision I might have later regretted.

One of the hardest aspects of incarceration was not simply being confined—it was the endless waiting. Everything in jail seemed to operate according to the same exhausting pattern: hurry up... then wait. Whether preparing for a housing transfer, going to medical, reporting to work, or attending court, inmates were constantly rushed from one place to another only to spend hours sitting and waiting. It became a repetitive cycle that was mentally draining.

Court days were especially difficult. They affected me physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. Most court mornings began around 2:30 a.m. We were awakened in the middle of the night, transported to crowded holding cells filled with dozens of other inmates, and given a small sack meal before

waiting for hours in freezing temperatures. Because we were never issued jackets, it was nearly impossible to sleep. We often remained there until around 9:00 a.m., when court finally began. Many times, I found myself wondering why we had to wake so early for proceedings that would not begin until several hours later. Those long mornings tested my patience more than almost anything else I experienced during my incarceration.

Eventually, I realized something needed to change—not my circumstances, but my prayers. Previously, I had always prayed the same prayer: "Lord, please let me go home today." After hearing "no" so many times, however, I finally surrendered my own desires to God. This time I prayed differently: "Lord, please give me justice. If it is Your will to release me today, let it be done. But if it is not yet Your will, then please move me to a more suitable and humane living situation."

The moment I surrendered my expectations, I experienced an overwhelming sense of peace. Although I was neither released nor transferred that day, I still believed God had answered my prayer because my next court date was scheduled only three days later. For the first time in a long while, hope began replacing discouragement. Instead of demanding my own timetable, I learned to trust God's timing, believing that whatever happened next would unfold according to His perfect will rather than my own.

My Character Defects

As I reflected on everything God had done throughout my incarceration, I also realized it was important to be honest about the areas of my life that still needed transformation. It would be

easy to write only about the miracles, the answered prayers, and the victories. However, that would not present an accurate picture of my journey. Although I had surrendered my life to Christ, I was still growing spiritually. God had begun a good work in me, but He had not yet finished it. Like every believer, I was in the ongoing process of sanctification.

One struggle I continued to battle was my speech. While talking with other inmates, I occasionally found myself slipping back into profanity. It was never my desire to dishonor God, yet old habits sometimes resurfaced during casual conversations. Whenever it happened, the Holy Spirit convicted me almost immediately. Those moments reminded me that genuine transformation is a process. God was changing my heart, but He was also teaching me to surrender every area of my life—including my words.

My struggle reminded me of the Apostle Paul. In Romans 7, Paul openly described the conflict between his desire to obey God and the weakness of his flesh. One passage, in particular, resonated deeply with me: "For I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate" (Romans 7:15). Reading those words encouraged me because even one of the greatest apostles wrestled with the ongoing battle against sin. His honesty reminded me that spiritual growth is not about achieving instant perfection but about continually surrendering ourselves to Christ day by day.

The Apostle James taught a similar lesson regarding the power of the tongue, writing, "No human being can tame the tongue. It is a restless evil, full of deadly poison" (James 3:8). Those verses humbled me. They reminded me that self-control is not produced by human effort alone but through the

transforming work of the Holy Spirit. Left to ourselves, we will always fall short. It is only through God's grace that we are able to grow into the likeness of Christ.

Another weakness God exposed in my life was forgetfulness. At first, it seemed like a small flaw, but I eventually realized that if left unchecked, it could damage relationships and harm my reputation. God used an ordinary interaction with another inmate to teach me that lesson.

One evening, fish was served for dinner. Since I did not eat fish, I decided to trade my tray. One prisoner offered me a bag of chips, while another inmate, whom everyone called "Double R," offered me a cup of ramen noodles. Hoping to receive a better offer, I declined both. As I continued asking around the dorm, however, I discovered that nearly everyone was offering the exact same exchange. Eventually, I accepted a cup of ramen noodles from another inmate.

Only after completing the trade did I realize what I had done. I had unintentionally rejected Double R's offer only to accept the exact same offer from someone else moments later. As I prepared my noodles, Double R approached me and respectfully pointed out what had happened. He explained that it was unfair for me to reject his offer but then accept the identical offer from another prisoner. The moment he spoke, I immediately understood why he felt hurt. It had not been intentional, but I recognized that my actions had still affected him.

Without making excuses, I sincerely apologized. To my relief, he graciously accepted my apology. Then, with a smile, he jokingly suggested that I include the incident in my book. We both laughed, but the more I reflected on his suggestion, the

more I realized he was right. Even though the misunderstanding seemed minor, God had used it to reveal another area of my character that still needed refinement.

That experience taught me an important lesson: good intentions do not erase the impact our actions can have on others. It also reminded me of James 1:19, which instructs believers to be "quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." Had I slowed down and thought more carefully before making my decision, the misunderstanding could have been avoided entirely.

Looking back, I am grateful that God cared enough to correct me through such an ordinary situation. Some of the greatest lessons we learn do not come through dramatic miracles but through simple, everyday interactions that expose our weaknesses and draw us closer to Christ. Those quiet moments of correction became just as valuable to my spiritual growth as the answered prayers and miracles I experienced throughout my incarceration. Praise the Lord.

Beware of Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

As my time in jail continued, the Lord taught me another important lesson—one that has remained with me long after my release. I learned that not everyone who claimed to follow Christ was truly living according to His Word. Jesus warned His followers, "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravenous wolves" (Matthew 7:15). Although that passage specifically refers to false teachers, it also reminded me of the importance of exercising spiritual discernment. I could not simply accept someone's profession of

faith at face value; I needed to examine whether their life reflected the fruit of genuine repentance.

During my incarceration, I met many inmates who openly professed their love for God. Some quoted Scripture with confidence, spoke passionately about Jesus, and appeared sincere in their conversations. Yet as I spent more time around them, I often witnessed behavior that contradicted the very faith they claimed to possess. Their words sounded spiritual, but their actions frequently told a different story.

One inmate, in particular, stood out to me. He seemed to have a genuine passion for discussing God and appeared eager to speak about spiritual matters whenever the opportunity arose. However, I also watched him regularly smoke K2, a synthetic form of marijuana. Seeing this troubled me. I understood that prison can drive people toward unhealthy coping mechanisms. Many inmates used drugs to escape the loneliness, fear, depression, and hopelessness that surrounded them each day. In many ways, I sympathized with their pain because I knew what it was like to search for peace in all the wrong places.

At the same time, I found myself wrestling with an important question. How could someone effectively engage in spiritual warfare while willingly placing themselves under the influence of substances that cloud the mind and weaken self-control? Scripture repeatedly calls believers to be sober-minded and spiritually alert. Although none of us reaches perfection in this life, I struggled to reconcile those biblical commands with what I was witnessing around me.

That experience also forced me to examine my own heart. It is easy to recognize inconsistency in someone else's life while

overlooking our own shortcomings. The Lord reminded me that my responsibility was not to become self-righteous or judgmental but to remain humble, pray for those who were struggling, and continue allowing Him to expose areas in my own life that still needed transformation. Before correcting others, I first needed to submit myself to God's correction.

Jesus taught that we recognize people by their fruit rather than by their words alone. Over time, I noticed that principle becoming increasingly evident throughout the jail. Some inmates rarely spoke about God, yet consistently demonstrated kindness, humility, honesty, patience, and generosity. Others frequently quoted Scripture but lived with anger, pride, manipulation, or deceit. Those experiences taught me never to place my confidence in outward appearances or eloquent speech alone. Genuine faith eventually reveals itself through a transformed life.

One of the greatest lessons God taught me during that season was to keep my eyes fixed on Christ rather than on people. Human beings, regardless of how sincere they may appear, are capable of disappointing us. Pastors can fail. Church leaders can fail. Friends can fail. Even I have failed many times. But Jesus Christ never fails. He alone is perfectly faithful, perfectly righteous, and completely trustworthy.

Looking back now, I believe God allowed me to witness these situations because He was developing spiritual discernment within me. Discernment is not about becoming suspicious of everyone or assuming the worst about people. Rather, it is the wisdom to evaluate everything according to the truth of God's Word. That lesson has remained with me ever since my release, and it continues to shape the way I approach both ministry and relationships. My confidence is no longer rooted in the character

of imperfect people but in the unchanging character of Jesus Christ.

Praise the Lord.

More Wonders & Answered Prayers

God continued to remind me that He was directing every step of my journey, even when I could not see the bigger picture. One day, I was unexpectedly told to gather my belongings because I was being transferred back to Building 3 to work. I had no idea which dorm I would be assigned to, but I immediately sensed that the move was another act of God's mercy. Although I did not fully understand why it was happening, I trusted that He was leading me exactly where I needed to be.

The entire transfer felt providential. Three inmates were selected to be searched and moved that day, and I happened to be the last one in line. As I stood waiting, the words of Jesus came to mind: "The last will be first, and the first last" (Matthew 19:30). I quietly smiled as I reflected on that verse. Then, while I was still standing there, my attorney unexpectedly arrived with encouraging news. She told me that, based on the progress of my case, she believed I would be released at my next court date, which was only four days away. Immediately, I remembered praying that God would allow her to bring me good news before my next hearing. That prayer had now been answered. Praise the Lord!

A few days later, I stood before the judge once again. This time, I was ordered to be released on probation. Although I had become a convicted felon, my heart overflowed with gratitude

because probation was far better than remaining behind bars. Earlier in my case, my attorney had informed me that I was likely facing ten years of state probation. After much prayer—and after asking my father and many others to pray with me—that sentence was reduced to five years. Once again, I saw the hand of God at work. Before giving my life to Christ, probation always felt like an unbearable burden because I continually violated its conditions. Looking back now, however, I believe probation became another instrument God used to protect me. The very restrictions that once frustrated me eventually became safeguards that helped keep me away from the lifestyle that had nearly destroyed me. The so-called spiritual power I believed I possessed during my years in witchcraft could never keep me out of trouble. Instead, it led me deeper into deception and bondage. But now, with Christ living within me, I believed I could successfully complete those five years by His grace.

As I waited the final two days before my release, God continued blessing me in ways both great and small. One afternoon, I asked another inmate if I could briefly use his phone. Without hesitation, he allowed me to make my call. A few moments later, he unexpectedly returned with a small piece of paper containing his personal phone information and said, "You can use my phone whenever you need it." I had never asked for that, and he barely knew me. To me, it was another reminder that God often provides through the kindness of people we least expect.

Soon afterward, another simple prayer was answered. Normally, inmates had to pay to watch movies on the jail tablets. One day, however, the tablets suddenly began malfunctioning, allowing everyone to watch movies without being charged. Quietly, I prayed, "Lord, if it is Your will, please let the movies

remain free today." The next day they were still free. Out of curiosity, I prayed an even bolder prayer: "Lord, if it is Your will, let them remain free until I leave." To my surprise, that is exactly what happened. The movies remained free throughout the rest of my stay until the day my name was finally called for release. Some people might consider that an insignificant blessing, but I did not. To me, it was another reminder that our Heavenly Father cares even about the smallest details of our lives.

Then came one of the happiest moments of my entire incarceration. Over the intercom, I heard my name followed by the words I had longed to hear for nearly ten months: "Pack your belongings." My heart overflowed with gratitude. At the same time, however, I could not help thinking about my cellmate. I remembered how painful it had been to watch other inmates leave while I remained behind. Now our roles had been reversed. He was facing serious federal charges, and I knew the road ahead for him would likely be difficult. A few days earlier, I had shared the gospel with him and given him a Bible. Although he showed little interest at the time, I understood that I could not force anyone to receive God's Word. All I could do was plant the seed, pray for him, and entrust the rest to the Lord.

After spending nearly ten months behind bars, freedom did not immediately feel real. For almost a week and a half after my release, I found myself adjusting to ordinary life again. The simplest things overwhelmed me—walking outside whenever I wanted, taking a shower without asking permission, eating whatever I chose, spending time with my family, and attending church. The ordinary blessings I had once taken for granted now felt extraordinary. Every moment became another reminder of God's goodness. Praise the Lord!

As I reflect on everything that happened during those months of incarceration, I am convinced that this testimony is ultimately about far more than my own story. It is about the faithfulness of God. He can reach anyone. He can forgive anyone. He can transform anyone who humbly calls upon His name. If you are reading this today and feel trapped by sin, addiction, fear, depression, hopelessness, or the consequences of your own choices, I want you to know that there is still hope. Jesus Christ completely changed my life. He rescued me from darkness, broke the chains that had held me captive for years, and gave me a new purpose. If He could do that for me, He can do the same for you.

When I surrendered my life to Jesus Christ, I promised Him that I would serve Him for the rest of my days. By His grace, that remains my prayer today. May all the glory, honor, and praise belong to the Lord Jesus Christ forever.

Amen.

Chapter 15

CAUTIONARY

As I bring this book to a close, I want to leave you with a heartfelt warning born out of my own experience.

Every time I reflect on the damage that witchcraft and the occult caused in my life, I grieve. Naively placing my trust in those practices led me further away from God and nearly cost me my freedom. Instead of finding the protection, wisdom, and success I had been promised, I found fear, confusion, deception, and ultimately destruction. Yet, by the grace of God, I was given the opportunity to repent, turn away from those practices, and place my trust completely in Jesus Christ.

Because of the chaos, confusion, and devastation that involvement with the occult brought into my life, I believe it is my responsibility to expose the works of darkness, just as Scripture commands: "Take no part in the unfruitful works of

darkness, but instead expose them" (Ephesians 5:11). My desire is not to sensationalize these experiences or to attack individuals but to warn those who are sincerely searching for truth so they will not fall into the same deception from which God graciously delivered me.

Many people who become involved in witchcraft and occult practices are genuinely searching for answers. They long for protection, healing, financial breakthrough, purpose, or power. I understand that search because I once walked that same road. Sadly, many are taken advantage of by individuals who promise supernatural solutions while leading them further away from the truth. Whether those practitioners are themselves deceived or intentionally misleading others, the result is often the same—people remain spiritually bound rather than truly set free.

One of the greatest lies I believed was that spiritual rituals could protect me from the consequences of my choices. I convinced myself that I could continue living a life of crime, selling drugs, breaking the law, and engaging in sinful behavior while somehow escaping accountability. Instead, those choices eventually led me to jail. Looking back, I realize that the rituals never protected me. They could not save me because only God has the power to save.

Many people fail to realize that true freedom from sin and spiritual bondage is found only through Jesus Christ. No ritual, charm, spell, sacrifice, or spiritual practitioner can accomplish what Christ accomplished through His death and resurrection. He alone has the power to forgive sins, break spiritual chains, transform the human heart, and give eternal life.

Throughout the years, I have also watched public figures openly associate themselves with various forms of occult spirituality, only to experience devastating consequences such as imprisonment, addiction, broken lives, or untimely death. While every situation is different and only God fully knows each person's heart, those experiences have often caused me to reflect on an important question: If these spiritual systems truly possess the power they claim, why do they so often fail to provide the protection, peace, and fulfillment they promise?

My purpose in sharing these observations is not to condemn anyone but to encourage every reader to carefully examine where they are placing their trust. From my own experience, I learned that the enemy always promises freedom while leading people into bondage. Jesus Christ, however, does the exact opposite. He calls us to surrender to Him, and in return, He gives us true freedom.

When I placed my trust in witchcraft, I was ultimately put to shame. None of the rituals I practiced prevented my arrest. None of them secured my release from jail. None of them brought me lasting peace. Yet when I cried out to Jesus Christ, He answered me. He forgave me, transformed my life, delivered me from deception, and gave me a purpose far greater than anything I had been chasing before. That is why I have committed the rest of my life to serving Him.

I also want to offer another word of caution to those who are sincerely seeking God. Be discerning. Jesus warned us that false prophets would come in sheep's clothing but inwardly be ravenous wolves (Matthew 7:15). Not everyone who claims to represent Christ truly belongs to Him. For that reason, we must

test every teaching, every prophecy, and every spiritual leader against the Word of God.

I learned this lesson early in life. When my family first moved to Stone Mountain, Georgia, the first church we attended was a Congolese church. Sadly, the pastor did not demonstrate the character that Scripture requires of a servant of God. Years later, after some form of disagreement with my father, he spoke harmful words over his life, saying that something terrible would happen to him and even declaring that he would die. Hearing a man who stood behind the pulpit speak that way was deeply disturbing.

That experience taught me an important lesson: standing behind a pulpit does not automatically mean someone speaks for God. We must evaluate every leader by the fruit of their life, the truth of their teaching, and the character they display. Jesus said, "You will recognize them by their fruits" (Matthew 7:16).

I do not share that story to rejoice over anyone's downfall or to pronounce judgment on another person's life. Judgment belongs to God alone. Rather, I share it because there are people who sincerely desire to know Christ but become discouraged after being hurt by someone claiming to represent Him. If that has happened to you, I encourage you not to reject Jesus because of the failures of imperfect people. Keep your eyes on Christ, not on man. Human beings will disappoint you, but Jesus Christ never will.

As Scripture reminds us, "Be sure of this: The wicked will not go unpunished" (Proverbs 11:21). God sees every act of injustice, every deception, and every hidden motive. In His perfect time, He will judge righteously.

As this book comes to an end, my prayer is that my testimony has pointed you—not to me—but to Jesus Christ. If He could rescue someone like me from gangs, drugs, witchcraft, crime, and spiritual deception, then He can transform your life as well. No one is beyond His grace. No one is too far gone. His mercy is greater than our deepest failures.

Thank you for taking the time to read my story. Although this book concludes here, my journey with Christ is only beginning, and I pray yours is as well. More books are on the way, and I hope you will continue growing with me as we pursue Jesus together.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you always.

Amen.