

EMMA N. J. NWOSU



The author of
"Confronting Witchcraft in the Neighborhood"

A stylized, abstract illustration of a beach scene. The top part shows a blue sky with light blue clouds. Below that is a dark blue mountain range. The middle section is dominated by a vibrant ocean with various shades of blue and teal, featuring white-capped waves. The bottom part shows a sandy beach in shades of yellow and orange, with a small blue puddle on the sand.

**THE
CONFESSION**
Of a
RETIRED POLICEMAN

Testimony of a man rescued from judgment & death.

THE CONFESSION OF A RETIRED POLICE MAN

I thank the Almighty God who has given me the privilege to give this testimony today.

I joined the police force sometime in 1985 with no other intent than to make money. So when I met the decay that has become part of police uniform today I plunged into it; ranging from illegal check points to extortion of money from innocent civilians. Whereas the masses could device ways of resisting armed robbers we were robbers with government license because of our uniform. We picked people indiscriminately and forced them through false charges to gives us money. Those who did not have money with them were placed behind bars until their friends and relations paid large sums of money for their bail. Young women were intimidated to have sex with us in exchange for the bail of their husbands or beloved ones.

I was part of all this and at the end of every day I went home with what I know now as **Cursed money.**

MY DOOM'S DAY

As an inspector I was heading a seven man squad. We were detailed by the DPO of my station to mount a check point in search of a missing Mercedes Benz car snatched from a businessman at gun point. This was a happy development for officers of our class; it was an opportunity to make more money. I doubt if we paid attention to the vehicle in question. We extorted money from motorcyclists, taxi drivers, commercial buses, trailers, etc. those that would not cooperate with us we delayed or cooked up fictitious charges against, they end up loosing more money than those that yielded to us.

It was at one such occasion that my problem started. I stopped a fourteen-seater commercial bus, but the driver instead of giving us money decided to furnish us with his papers. This infuriated the sergeant that was checking him. He handed his papers to me and continued with other vehicles. The driver came to ask why he was being delayed but I ignored him. Then a lanky man stepped out of the bus with what I later discovered to be a small bible in his hand. He walked up to me and introduced himself as a pastor. He asked me to release the vehicle as he was in a haste to meet up with a preaching engagement. I challenged him with, "Are you teaching me my job?"

He gave me a truth I did not want to hear then, "If you know your job you will have no business delaying us here". I became furious and threatened to shoot him down if he did not walk out of my face. He remained calm and dropped the bombshell after.

"If I am a servant of God most high, I tell you the truth that you will never be able to make anything out of this cursed money you make now. The Lord whom I serve shall begin to frustrate you as you frustrate his assignment now".

Cold shivers ran through my body. I noticed something dropped on my head and down my whole body. But my boys came out and pushed the pastor away. We made so much noise about it until other passengers came and begged us to forgive the pastor.

When our ego was placated, we released the vehicle. But that was the beginning of some strange things in my squad. The very officer who pushed at the pastor's chest was run over by a vehicle a week after. He has been on a wheel chair for the past fifteen years. Another one lost his wife during delivery, after paying large sum of money for caesarean operation. He too was implicated in a case he knew nothing about and lost his job. I tell the truth that no member of that squad retired in peace.

After that encounter with the pastor, I began to notice some creeping objects moving inside of my body. Some said it could be a symptom of staphylococcus. There was a chance to it as we slept with different kinds of women. We often used condoms and took

antibiotics after. I started taking treatment but my vision began to fail too. The latter case was enough to make me to lose my job but I managed to conceal it. I discovered I was deeply afraid partly because of what happened to members of my squad and terrifying dreams haunted me. I disclosed this to a good natured colleague in the office. He suggested that I visit a pastor. The mere mention of the word "Pastor" scared me. To fall in t the hand of the God of that pastor scared me. I thought that he would punish me for insulting his servant. How wrong I was. So, I sought help from native doctors, mediums, mystics and any other group that I knew had nothing to do with that pastor and his God. I cast light on this later.

My problems did not mean I turned from my wicked ways. Innocent men languished in police cells. We even forgot some of them there, who managed to secure their bail after three months. Those who wanted to punish their enemies contracted us, we knew how to implicate them and land them in prison if we desired. In spite of all this I was promoted to Chief Superintendent Police (CSP) and made the DPO of a police station. I had to send men out and they brought me returns. When people reported to me the excesses of my men, I knew how to cover them up. When God could bear with me no longer, in 2004, the last blow struck. My legs became swollen that I could no longer walk, my vision worsened and I could no longer go to work. I was retired for health reasons. On the very day I got my letter of retirement my two sons died in a collapsed building, left only with two daughters, and a wife that managed to survive five miscarriages. In marc 2005, I got forty five million Naira (N45 million) as my retirement benefit and other savings I made. By August 2005, I lost the whole money to fraud. It was at this point I wished I could see the pastor who cursed me. In my effort to trace the man who duped me, I sold the house I had in Lagos, and my former colleagues did to me what I had done to others. I lost all the money from the house.

My pains were unending. Every night, my mind replayed to me the cries and tears of those I oppressed with my office. That was worse than the pains from my sickness. In my search fro healing I met a medium, which I had to pay with my Lexus car. I saw relief for one week and the sickness returned with greater force. I sold my fourteen-seater bus to raise money, but my sickness swallowed all that. I was losing eighty percent of my pension to the sickness every month. I sold all that could be sold. There is not even a rubber carpet in the house I live now.

Truly the bible is right when it says-

"There is no peace", says the Lord, "for the wicked". (Isaiah48:22)

Be sure of this: the wicked will not go unpunished, but those who are righteous will go free. (Prov 11:21)

On the outside I put up an appearance of a very successful man but I was already living in Hell here on earth. Almost on daily bases people try to connect me or my wife to one spiritual man or the other. Some kind people even tried to help us foot bills financially. They were trying to show mercy to a man who never showed mercy to others; a man who closed his heart to the cry of other people and had no regard for his fellow man, intimidating his wife to bed. I was reaping what I sow. But thank God for Jesus Christ; only He could have helped me.

On the fifth of July 2008, a young man with a small bible walked into my one bedroom apartment. I would have mistaken him for the pastor that cursed me if not for the age difference. He talked to me about God's love and asked me if I know the cause of my problems. I told him as much as I could remember then. He led me to the Lord Jesus Christ and made me understand that God does not delight in the death of a sinner. After praying for me, he said he would return to keep a prayer vigil in my house. That was the one dose therapy. After that vigil I was healed. For the past one month I have not had a bad dream. I can feel the evidence of the divine healing. Thanks be to the God of our Lord Jesus Christ who had mercy on me. Even though I have lost all my wealth, I am happy to stand on my feet again. I have this peace that only Christ can give which **Cursed Money** deprived me. I spend my time reading the bible, singing praises to my God and believing him for restoration. For he promised-

I will repay you for the years the locusts have eaten- the great locust and the young locust, the other locust swarm- my great army that I sent among you. Joel 2:25

I don't know how He will do this, and don't even want to know, but I know nothing is impossible with God.(Luke 1:37)

Oh! The peace! Oh, the joy of God's deliverance. He healed me for no cost. What will I pay him with but to dedicate a shattered life to Him? Perhaps through this testimony I have privilege to serve my God. I plead with you my reader, if you have not surrendered your life to Christ do it now. There is no real living outside Christ Jesus.

IN SEARCH OF REMEDY

Go up to Gilead and get balm, O virgin daughter of Egypt. But you multiply remedies in vain; there is no healing for you (Jer 46:11)

The above scripture describes what my state was. As I stated earlier, even though I knew from the onset that something spiritual happened to me, the signs came as simple medical problems. I discovered that what looked like signs of staphylococcus was only there to drain my money. I saw many people at the mercy of Trado-medical doctors, we all drank all manners of herbs and concoctions. My reader should not be deceived by many modern day Trado-medicine practitioners saying that they have gone scientific. A native doctor remains a native doctor. As you approach them they still lure you into rituals and sacrifices. I know of a man who lost his vision by using their eye drops.

One day I took one of them unawares as he was preparing what he had deceived me to believe to be roots and herbs. He was mixing Ampiclox capsules and Tetracycline into the bowl. Since what I wanted was cure at any cost I carried on with him. Yet there was no cure.

Most sicknesses have their roots in spiritual matters. When I discovered this I decided to seek spiritual help, but like I said earlier I did not want to see a pastor. It was a terrible adventure. One of their agents deceived us to one at Aguleri in Annambra State when we were looking for a missing Jeep, claiming that the priests at the shrine could tell us where to find it. Those thieves there left what we came for and began to talk about our personal lives and problems. They said that enemies were after me. It was later I realized that perhaps our colleague had given them advance information about us. They talked about my wives miscarriages and my sickness. I was deceived to part with the money in my pocket and compelled to make a vow that if my wife delivered in safely that I will make further sacrifices to spirits of the shrine. This I was made to say sitting on a kitchen mortar with an egg in hand. We all shared a bottle of local gin they brought from the shrine. They also told me to thank the woman- our colleague- who took me there with the sum of two thousand Naira.

For spiritual protection they cut my body, my chest and behind my waste and applied some herbs. They also dropped some blood from my thumbs on the altar. This is what some so called civilized people do in the secret and come out in the open acting like Europeans. Funny enough, when you come trying to reach us with the gospel we snub you because the devil that has bought our soul will not let us hear.

My wife actually took in and carried the pregnancy to term, but almost died at the point of delivery. I was called from a new station I was then. I took a night bus from Lagos, a bus preacher confronted me after his message. He said that I had entered into a covenant that was about to cost my wife her life. I recounted to him my reason for traveling then and begged him to pray for me. He told me that the baby was already dead but my wife will survive. It happened as he said. From my village I bought everything mentioned in the vow at the shrine and went. I paid them, telling them to release me from the vow as I was no longer interested. In spite of this great intervention from the Lord I never considered giving my life to Christ. My heart was deadened and my eyes closed.

And even if our gospel is veiled, it is veiled to those who are perishing. The God of this age has blinded the minds of the unbelievers, so that they can not see the light of the glory of Christ who is the image of God. – 2cor4:3-4

Now as a believer I wonder why all the time I could not give my life to Christ. There was this anger that consumed me each time I saw pastors and those who preached the gospel. No wonder the bible says,

This is the verdict: light has come into the world, but men loved darkness because their deeds were evil. Everyone who does evil hates the light for fear that his deeds will be exposed. But whoever lives by the truth comes into the light, so that it may be seen plainly that what he has done has been done through god. – John3:19-21.

Plainly speaking, my deeds were evil, so pastors and those carrying the bible reminded me of my evil deeds. My prayer now is that the God who encountered me will also encounter those currently involved in such evil deeds.

In my search for deliverance I bathed in rivers, slept in cemeteries and endured many satanic rituals. My body is full of lacerations from razor blades and other crude cutting equipment. Some of these contaminated me that I developed boils at several places. Under a dehydrated state an herbalist told me to go without water for three days, drinking only his herbal concoctions. I would have died on the second day if my wife did not force water on me. At a time I began to see images of sprits and masquerades on the walls, but this should not surprise anybody because of the kind of horrible places I went. Today I can announce with confidence,

Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven by which we must be saved. Acts 4-:12

Jesus Christ does not only heal but gives peace and hope. My case is a witness.

MY ADVICE

I plead with as many that I would have wronged to please forgive me. My pastor told me that some people after reading the tracts edition of this testimony called him claiming I was owing them. I am not sure if these people are genuine, but in all please forgive me. I was under the influence of Satan. The bible called it the days of ignorance. (Acts 17:).

I plead with my former colleagues in the military to avoid **Cursed Money**. When people are forced to give money, they are not happy and in their hearts place curses on it. Administrative heads, university lecturers and in fact, anybody in any place of leadership should heed my warning. It is true that it is difficult in today's society in Nigeria but consider the pain I went through.

The bible says-

Food gained by fraud tastes sweet to a man, but he ends up with a mouth full of gravel. (Prov.20:17)

That was what happened to me. I chewed gravel for years until Christ had mercy on me.

Doctors and lawyers know what I am talking about. Some of them encouraged us to falsify records to set guilty men free and put innocent people in trouble.

Finally, if you have not given your life to Christ do well to surrender to him now. Do not be as foolish as I was. God loves every sinner. He knows that without his help you can not overcome sin. Becoming a child of God is the easiest thing on earth. God made it very easy by sending pastors and all kinds of preachers all over the place. In case you are also going through the consequences of curses there is still hope for you. You can call the numbers at the end of this book, and the people that prayed for me will pray for you too, and the God who healed me will heal you also.

I warn you again, avoid **CURSED MONEY**.

Comment from the pastor. It is not by mistake or out of fear that the identity of the testifier is concealed. It is only mere curiosity that makes us want to know him. This may not be necessary as they turn attention from the original reasons for this writing.

It also came to our notice that some policemen tried to intimidate those sharing this tracts. This is lamentable. Some senior police officers, DPOs, Area Commanders have not only received them but joined in distributing them. So we can say that those doing this are not acting for the police force. This testimony is not in any way an attack on the police force.

Let me use this medium to commend those DPOs who release those illegally detained in their police cells every Monday morning, and some Area commanders and other senior police officers who have responded to this call for doing right.

Finally, I ask for intercession for those unjustly oppressed anywhere; that God should move to their rescue.

CONTACTS.....

The Pastor at the DOOR OF HOPE

DOOR OF CHRISTIAN CENTRE

08035724526, 08072956777, 08036640243, 08064160402,
08062882765

E-MAIL- praynetunit@yahoo.com

APPEAL-----

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ABOUT THE BOOK

Many men who considered themselves very powerful have been humbled to see that their so-called great power is nothing before our all-powerful God.

In this book, you will read about a man whose strength was his god and who believed he could do and undo, coming face to face with the consequence of years of sin. And then you will see the wonders of grace.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Emma is a non-denominational preacher whose ministry has received God's approval through diverse miracles, signs and wonders. His books have been used by God to bring salvation, deliverance and revival to many lives.

He is the founding president of Prayer Network for Universal Revival (PNUR), a ministry working for revival in today's Church. He and Joy, his wife live in Port Harcourt- Nigeria. They are blessed with four children; Jachinma, Kasey, Nouvelle, and Possible.

He has authored among others- How To Be Delivered And Remain Delivered, The Right Ways To Fast And Pray, Prayer That God Must Answer, Overcoming The Enemy Called Stagnancy.

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