

THE BUSINESS MEN'S

GHANA EDITION  
2018 - 3

# VOICE



Also in this issue:

**YOU HAVE NO  
EXCUSE FOR  
FAILURE**

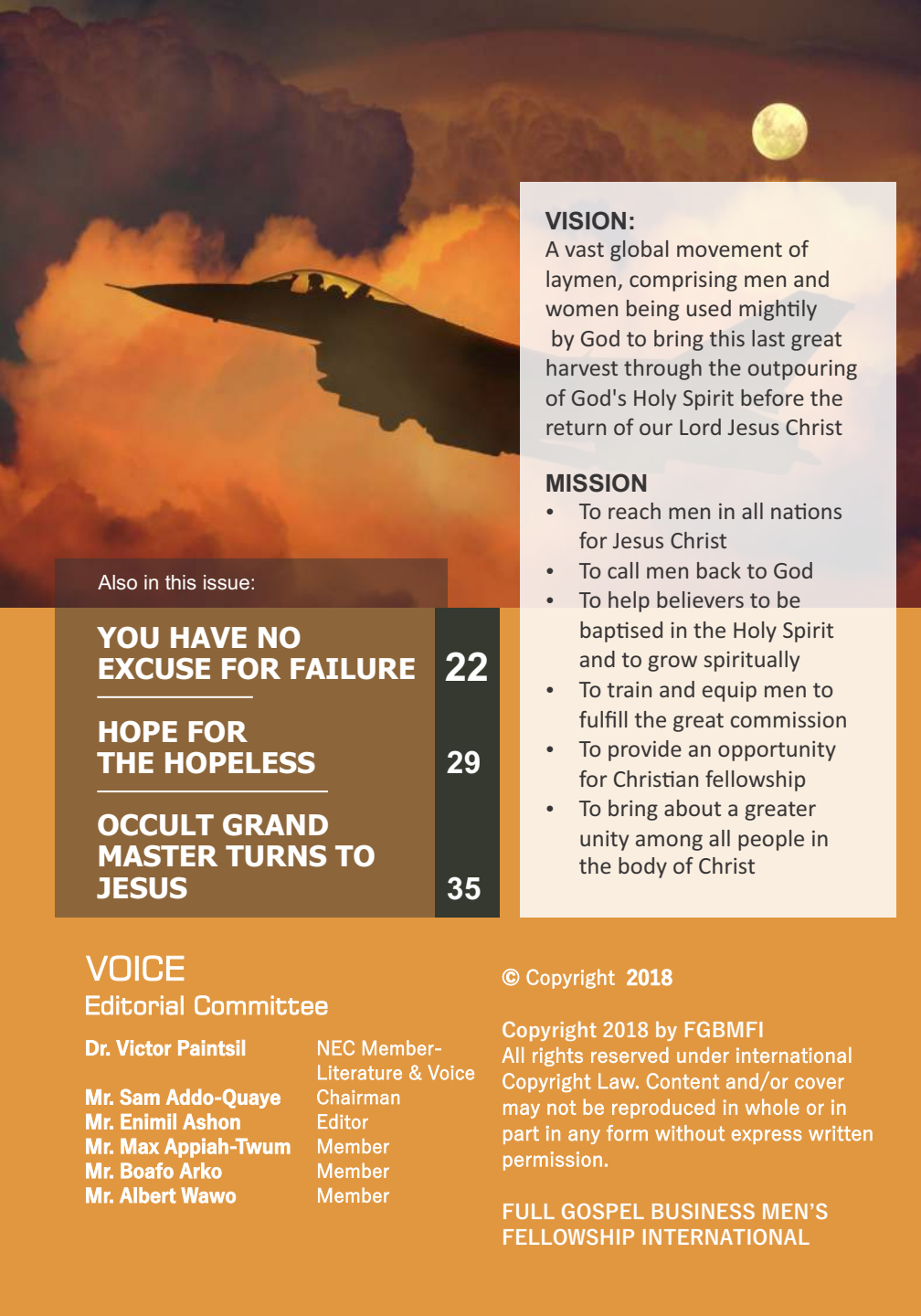
**HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS**

**OCCULT GRAND MASTER  
TURNS TO JESUS**

# I BELIEVE I CAN FLY

WING COMMANDER ATIEMO





Also in this issue:

## **YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE FOR FAILURE**

**22**

## **HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS**

**29**

## **OCCULT GRAND MASTER TURNS TO JESUS**

**35**

### **VISION:**

A vast global movement of laymen, comprising men and women being used mightily by God to bring this last great harvest through the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit before the return of our Lord Jesus Christ

### **MISSION**

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptised in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the great commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring about a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

## **VOICE**

### **Editorial Committee**

**Dr. Victor Paintsil**

NEC Member-  
Literature & Voice  
Chairman  
Editor  
Member  
Member  
Member

**Mr. Sam Addo-Quaye**

**Mr. Enimil Ashon**

**Mr. Max Appiah-Twum**

**Mr. Bofo Arko**

**Mr. Albert Wawo**

© Copyright 2018

Copyright 2018 by FGBMFI

All rights reserved under international Copyright Law. Content and/or cover may not be reproduced in whole or in part in any form without express written permission.

**FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S  
FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL**

# I BELIEVE I CAN FLY

## Wing Commander Atiemo

### Never Again

I had always wanted to become a pilot as early as the age of 10. During a research project in primary school, I studied about astronauts and pilots and thereafter, I begun dreaming about flying sophisticated military aircrafts such as the F14 which was then the US navy's latest machine. I therefore had pictures of such aircrafts decorated on all my walls and I could see myself flying these machines one day and today by the grace of God, this has come to pass: I'm an Air force pilot teaching at the Armed Forces Staff College.

At the age of 8, I found myself growing up in Nairobi-Kenya. My father, the Rev Sam Atiemo had resigned from a lucrative job as a partner of a thriving civil engineering firm to take up the hard life of a missionary in a foreign land. Whilst my father was running around preaching and raising funds to support his ministry, my mother being a nurse had to hold the fort and carry us through financially with her scanty income. For several months when my father was away doing the work of the lord, I had to step in as the first born to run errands to support my mother for the upkeep of the home.

Since their education system is different from what we have in Ghana, I had to be enrolled at Rusinga School, an



international school where I did the GCE Ordinary level, amongst mates whose parents were diplomats and expatriates from multinational companies. The lifestyles of these folks coupled with their prodigal display of opulence was a source of great intimidation for the son of a poor missionary from Ghana who had to struggle on the wings of grace and the efforts of my mother to catch up with the basic necessities of life. Looking at my peers, I always vowed never to become a missionary so that I could also treat myself and family to a decent life in future.

### The Verdict

Today with the benefit of hindsight the verdict speaks for itself. I can confidently say with David that "I have been young and have been old, but I have never seen the

righteous forsaken nor his children beg for bread". We went to the best of schools and were never thrown out of school for inability to pay fees. Today I'm a pilot who teaches at the Armed Forces Staff College, one of my brothers is a commercial pilot in Dubai and our youngest sibling is a pediatrician specialist in the USA. What more could my father have asked for? It pays to serve God and I have no reason to doubt that if I also serve God, my life will turn out with similar outcomes. The Lord has dealt well with us and as you read on, the evidence will be clearly established.

Daily morning devotion during which time we read the Bible in the Akuapem language was an established custom. My mother always reminded me that these religious routines were no guarantee that we would make it to heaven but we had to make individual decisions for ourselves. Upon persistent bothering with the issue of salvation, I decided in 1986 at the age of 14 to give my life to Christ just to get my mother off my back. In spite of that, she was closely monitoring me and kept telling me that "KK, you are now a Christian and sensitivity is the mark of a Christian but you are not sensitive". In the midst of all these religious activities, I easily succumbed to peer pressure. At one time, I came home wearing a faded torn jeans with a long braided hair dangling down to my waist level. My father unable to bear with the situation, sat me down and entreated me almost at the point of tears to at least consider his position and put an end to my new way of life. I was not sure of my salvation and had to rededicate my life to Christ on several occasions.

## Divine Acceleration

Whilst awaiting to go to 6th form in 1991 at the prestigious Greenfields School, my father stepped in at the last minute and said that he wouldn't allow me to go that school since I was easily prone to peer pressure.

I had to grudgingly accept this directive and whilst searching for another school, a new window of opportunity opened up. The University Of Eastern Africa was affiliated with an American institution and by reason of that affiliation, they were taking O'level students straight to University in line with the American system. I submitted my application and had to skip 6th form to gain admission to University to pursue a bachelor of technology-automotive option, similar to mechanical engineering but more technician oriented with less emphasis on designing. This was an act of divine acceleration and intervention and my father's perceived rude intervention had been vindicated.

## I Believe I Can Fly

My father kept asking me if I still wanted to be a pilot, and I always nodded in the affirmative. The old man admitted to me that he could not pay for me to become a pilot but he recommended that I took up a technical course which would give me more options for work. After graduation in 1996, I gained admission to an aviation school in the USA. The only hurdle was sponsorship which my father for obvious reasons could not offer. I tried to do a personal arrangement with a family friend to sponsor me but when my mother had a tip off, she aborted the whole project and

personally bought my ticket and accompanied me to come to Ghana to do my national service in the care of an uncle.

I was posted to the Cocoa Research Institute at Tafo and was stationed at their garage in line with my technical training. I still hadn't given up on my dream to become a pilot because I believed I could fly. It was a comfortable place with a club house and all the elite in society were there and with the absence of the scrutiny of my parents, I succumbed to peer pressure and went wayward from time to time.

In the course of national service I spotted an advert in the newspapers calling for recruitment into the Ghana Armed Forces. I applied and was taken. My boss who felt I was a threat to his position because of my academic background helped me to outwit the system to go to the Armed Forces as a sign of good riddance. I had always counted on my uncle who was an ex-military officer to help me in the process but he declined on grounds that the military was a frustrating place and he wanted to make sure that I took an independent decision so that if I got in today and the tides turned against me tomorrow, I wouldn't turn around to blame him. So God somehow paved the way for me when men did not seem ready to help.

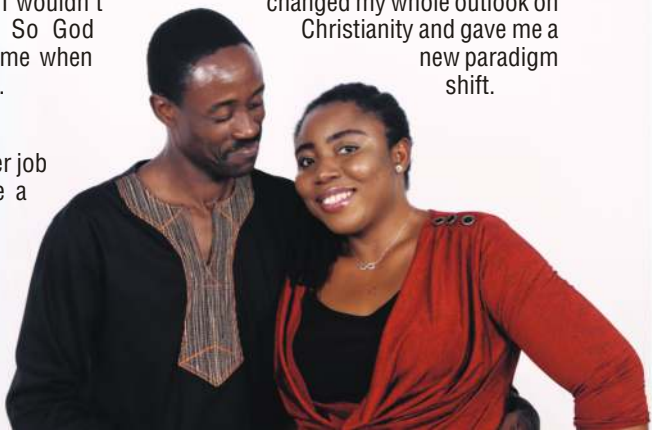
### Signing Away My Life

The military is not like any other job in society. You need to make a vow before you enter, and once you are admitted you become a government property and have no will of your own. To leave the service, you need

special permission from the Armed Forces Council. So a military person is virtually bound. In spite of all these threats, I just wanted to fly and was ready to sign my life away to do anything that could help me achieve my dream.

So I joined the Ghana Air force in 1997, went through training and got commissioned in 1999 and by 2001, I had come out as a full-fledged pilot and was posted to the 4 Strike and Rece Squadron.

I began to receive insight into certain scriptures which were very synonymous with the life of a soldier: "I have been crucified with Christ, IT IS NO LONGER I WHO LIVES but Christ lives in me". This was another version of the military oath I had taken during my commissioning to do whatever and go wherever lawfully ordered to defend my country by land, sea or air even at the peril of my life. In a similar circumstance, I had also signed away my life to Christ as Paul teaches that "we are slaves to Christ" so I had no choice of my own but yield to the demands and pleasure of my master Jesus Christ. As a soldier, I could not entangle myself in the affairs of "idle civilians" as we call them. This changed my whole outlook on Christianity and gave me a new paradigm shift.





## The Ginger Period

Before I entered the military, I was madly in love with a Zimbabwean lady who was at the University Of Eastern Africa in Kenya. Unfortunately, I didn't discuss the military plans with her and unknown to me, she was a living witness to the struggles that her country had to go through for independence in the early 80s. She had seen and heard so much about people who went to military and never came back or came back home with irreparable disabilities. For this reason she had this strong aversion for the military and didn't want to have anything to do with them at all. To add insults to injury, the first 8 weeks of military training is very difficult and it is called the ginger period during which all the recruits are completely cut off from society and pushed very hard to the task. After passing the first drill test, you are reconnected to society. For me this period was extended because I kept failing the drill test and had to attempt it several times. This made me lose contact with her for over three months and she was convinced that her worst fears had been confirmed. It was very disheartening for me when I came home for the Christmas break only to be greeted with a bouncing letter from this lady.

I was now a military officer and a pilot in training and many ladies were after me and I was at a loss as to whether they really loved me for who I was or for my enviable position so I couldn't settle down for a relationship.

In the year 2000, I came to Accra and started attending Burma Camp Garison Methodist-Presby Church. The place was

too orthodox and regimental and I decided to check out and look for another place of worship with a lot more liberal environment.

## The Purpose of Life

So here I was, a young officer with a decent accommodation, well-furnished room with all the necessary entertainment gadgets and very few family responsibilities. I was having a lot of fun and cruising comfortably in life with big men pointing their daughters in my way. After a failed attempt at one relationship with a senior officer's daughter who had earlier dated a senior colleague, I came across this nice lady by name Marion in 2002 who had also come out of a failed relationship and was a very serious Christian in the choir and kept inviting me to her church.

At one of the programs, I came across one pastor by name Rev. Abu Bako who had started a series of teachings on the topic "the purpose of life". I got to know him and he confronted me with the issue of the purpose of life and this set me thinking deeper and deeper about the issues of my life and my relationship with God. I finally settled with his church because of the teachings and I came under the realization that I had made a lot of mistakes in my previous relationship. It became obvious that Marion and I had similar scripts in terms of relationships and as birds of the same feather we begun to flock together and I got to know her better and today we are married. We have been blessed with three children.

## Take Up Your Weapons

Sitting through one of the sermon series on one occasion, the preacher was talking about the amour of God and decided to use the imagery of an army officer to demonstrate his point using my good self as an example. He said that “when you are in uniform as a military officer, it becomes very easy for the enemy to pick you out but if you don't carry your weapons with you, you open the door for the enemy to open fire on you with little or no resistance”.

He was inferring that people who tout themselves as Christians but do not take up their weapons to fight the battle of life are prone to succumb to the enemy's artillery power. I associated my life fully with the scenario and at that point it dawned on me that all along I had been walking about claiming to be a Christian but had not picked up my weapons and by so doing had opened myself up to manipulation in the hand of the devil.

As I began to take my Christian life seriously, my performance in military work also began to appreciate in leaps and bounds. I could pray and see tangible results. I was a big misfit when I joined the military because my natural make up is not that of the military type. One needs to wear a serious masculine face but I was the soft, always smiling type but somehow I was able to find motivation to excel in every task assigned to me. I rightfully earned the nick Austin Powers reflecting the life of the international man of mystery in comedy who posed as spy agent.

## The West Gate Terrorist Attack

I never dreamt as an Air Force Pilot to be in Somalia in the face of a real war in 2012 as an Air Operations Officer. God gave me wisdom at places where I wouldn't otherwise have been special, clearly demonstrating that God has a plan and a







intervention, I wasn't there and my life was spared.

One day, I had wanted to sneak out with one of the civilians to go and have tea at a hotel in town, but by reasons that I cannot explain, I declined to go with them as planned. The following day, that hotel came under attack and many lives were lost. Once again God delivered me.

As an Air Operations Officer, it was in my line of duty to check the safety of the airfield. On one occasion, we were expecting some big dignitaries to visit us. Unknown to us, Alshabab had gotten wind of their arrival and had planted a big anti-aircraft gun on the hill overlooking the airfield to attack the helicopter carrying the dignitaries. I finished my inspection, took off and barely five minutes later, they were firing on the positions but by some wand of a miracle, the Russian pilot for very strange reasons which I will attribute to divine intervention decided that the place we had inspected was not safe enough and chose a different landing site and that saved the day. I'm not special in anyway but God does these things routinely in my life.

### **From Setbacks to Comebacks**

On several occasions there were grand designs to set me up for trouble but it always turned to work out for my good and in no time, I had become associated with excellence and my name had attracted some aura of importance in the community.

There was a British gentleman who knew very little about air operations and yet wanted to run the show at our unit and this always resulted in a

misunderstanding amongst us. I took up the issue to God in prayer and came out with a proposal which seated well with all members of the team and restored calm and normalcy to the unit. Our overall boss was highly impressed with my proposal and decided that I should be the one in charge of the unit. In no time, I was at par with this gentleman, handling movement planning whilst he was in charge of logistics planning. Indeed when a man's ways are pleasing to the lord, He makes his enemies live at peace with.

What the enemy had purported as a setback had been turned around into a set up for my comeback.

### **I'm Not Ashamed of the Gospel**

Surprisingly, I had not been walking about the camp trumpeting the name of Jesus enthusiastically, but people could see for themselves that I was of a different breed and stock. When I joined the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in May 2017, I was touched by the love, the environment and the encouragement to share and to talk about Christ and today my colleagues in the Armed Forces Christian Fellowship can attest to the change in my demeanor. The FGBMFI has equipped me to win souls for Christ which is every Christian's ultimate purpose. Today I have taken a bold stance for Christ Jesus because I am not ashamed of the gospel any longer. When I gave out a video testimony in uniform on Facebook, it went viral and many have approached me to commend and to encourage me.

# You Have No Excuse For Failure

Testimony of Mr. Isaac Hagan



## A Product of God's Grace

Who could have fathomed that a boy born into a very poor family where what to eat and wear were a huge challenge, sacked from school on several occasions for non-payment of fees and had to rely on divine providence and the benevolence of individuals would turn out as a Chartered Accountant, responsibly married and working in a multinational company? Indeed I associate myself fully with Job 8:7

“Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase”

As you read the account of my life, you will come to a firm conclusion that I am a product of God's grace.

As the fourth child amongst a family of nine siblings, it was a sorry sight to see my sister drop out of Vocational school due to financial difficulties as my father was out of job. My mother had to single-

handedly “squeeze water out of stone” as it were to cater for us and I always dreaded if I was going to suffer the fate of my sister in my education as I watched my mother routinely selling some of her clothes to support our upkeep. Things were so difficult that at times, all that my mother could offer was bread and sugar solution. Life was just a sad story!

Today, the script of my life has changed: I am by the grace of God a Chartered Accountant, responsibly married to an industrious lady, Mrs Gifty Hagan. By virtue of where the grace of God has placed me today, I have been able to assist most of my siblings to pursue higher education and my life is still a work in progress.

My parents professed to be Christians but I never saw them go to church. However, as a child, I just loved God and always wanted to learn the Bible and go to church. I followed my older brother to

the Church of Pentecost (COP) where I started Sunday school. At age 15, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord & Personal Saviour and I was baptised into the Christian faith. Later that same year, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit as I earnestly yearned for it.

### Life Is Not Fair

At the local public school (Cyto), I was sacked from school on several occasions for non-payment of school fees even though I was one of the most brilliant pupils in class who represented the school during quizzes and rose to become the boys' prefect. My school bag was a 5kg rice bag and I used to wear slippers to school and had to hawk in the scorching sun selling fresh vegetables to supplement my mother's meagre income. To my class 5 teacher, it was a miracle seeing me carrying a brand new leather bag to school for the first time. She was more than happy for me. Could you imagine that she took my bag, hung it on her shoulder and announced to all the teachers and the whole school to join her thank God for my new bag?

At the Junior High School (JHS), I had to sew the unused pages of my older siblings' books together, got them bound with old hard covers and there I had my note book. My favourite food at school was sugarcane and roasted groundnut with maize. With my few coins, I could buy enough to get my stomach full.

God being so good, irrespective of the financial challenges, I completed JHS as the Head Prefect and the overall best

student. Following the footsteps of my sister, my older brother could not proceed to Senior High School (SHS) even though he had passed with flying colours as result of financial constraints. It therefore came as no surprise to me when a friend sought to find out how I was going to proceed to SHS considering the situation at home. I assured her that my God is able to do far more exceedingly and abundantly beyond that which we could think of or do.

It was a welcome news when my District Assembly announced a Scholarship Scheme for brilliant but needy students and I applied and was subsequently invited for an interview. It was a heart-breaking experience as I turned up for the interview without any escort as no one in the family cared about my future. As though that I was not enough, I turned up at the interview only to be greeted with the shocking news that they had already conducted the interview days earlier. How could this be? When was notice given about the change of date? My checks confirmed that I was indeed there at the advertised time but as it is said in the literal translation of one of our local proverbs, "the trees begin to dodge the monkey when it is in trouble"

The world can sometimes be unfair! Although it was one of my saddest moments in life, I learnt one of life's lessons: "the world will not always be fair to you but you must move on and not be discouraged; continue to trust God, pray and work hard; for God is alive and will definitely show up!"

### The Tables Begin To Turn

By divine wisdom, I was able to convince my mother to take a loan to pay my admission fees to SHS and by so doing, I became the first amongst my siblings to attain this feat. Unfortunately, I could not afford to buy a mattress at that time so my cousin who is a carpenter had to improvise and use appropriate technology to fabricate a home-made mattress for me. I guess you are interested to know what a home-made mattress is. He assembled together pieces of old sofa foams and joined them with glue into a single unit to form my mattress and I was ready to go. I was more interested in what I will be sleeping on in the future than what I was currently confronted with so I was unperturbed. In life, it is good to learn from the past, live the present with optimism and look into the future with great faith in God.

By what I will call “divine compensation”, God was gracious to me and I obtained a scholarship from my Political Constituency, proceeds from which was used to pay off my mother's loan. By dint of hard work, I obtained a government scholarship in addition which covered my entire stay in SHS. The school then had to refund all fees I had personally paid prior to the scholarship but they could not refund all, so the school became indebted to me at the time of completion. The tables had turned: I started school as a debtor but completed as a creditor; that was incredible!

Once again, I completed SHS as the overall best student from my school and among the top 3 students in Western

Region. Government of Ghana recognised my performance and awarded me accordingly on the Independence Day Parade.

### God Will Take Care of You

Upon completion of SHS, I had to work as a sales boy and a private part time teacher handling SHS and JHS students. On one occasion, my supervisor who was a white man verbally abused me and referred to me as a useless boy! I was deeply hurt and wept inconsolably but I reassured myself that I was not useless but useful in the hands of my maker.

Although I knew I could not afford tertiary education, I managed to buy admission forms from the University of Cape Coast (UCC) from my meagre savings and duly applied. Like the Psalmist who said that “I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help?” I had no option but cry out to God to make a way where there seemed to be no way.

God indeed heard my cry and miraculously reconnected me to Madam Genevieve Mensah, a former English tutor of mine at SHS. She asked of my SHS WASSCE exams results and my plans for university education. I responded with a gentle smile and informed her that I had obtained 6 As and 2 Bs and was looking forward to read a Bachelor of Commerce (B.Com), Accounting in the University of Cape Coast. I was quick to add that I was looking up to God to provide because my parents could not afford the bill. This lady became my angel as she introduced me





to one Mr Joe Ocloo Nyamadi who happened to be an old student of my alma mater, Fijai SHS. He was touched by God and motivated by my excellent results to help me. He gave me money to buy the University of Ghana application forms as well and assured me of his assistance in my tertiary education.

I gained admission to UCC to study BCom-Accounting and true to his word, Mr Ocloo Nyamadi who had promised to finance my education topped up my savings to enable me pay for my admission fees of Gh 700.00 and sponsored my entire studies in the University. God bless this man! I will not wait for him to die before I eulogize him.

At the university, I remained focused on my education and was committed to God and His work. By God's grace, I won the Dean's award from level 100 to 400. This was a special award given to students who distinguished themselves academically at each level of the academic ladder. I completed UCC with First Class Honours. Glory to God!

While on campus, I served as a leader in the following associations:

- Pentecost Students & Associates (Financial Secretary)
- Leadership Empowerment Consult (Prayer Director)
- UCC Association of Business Students (Finance Committee Member)

Today, by God's grace, I am an ordained Elder of my church (COP) serving and having served in various capacities some of which include:

- Current Financial Secretary
- Current Missions Committee Chairman
- Former Youth Secretary





- Former Financial Secretary of Pensa-UCC
- Former Prayer Director
- Former Welfare Committee Chairman

### In Search of Healing

Growing up as a young boy, it was always a routine nightmarish experience for my parents to look on helpless and hapless as their son experienced recurrent episodes of convulsion which always rendered me unconscious, stiff and partially dead. This is a common condition which according to research affects about 4% of children aged between six months and six years with 3-10% of such children going ahead to develop epilepsy in adult life. The myth associated with this condition has undoubtedly found expression in the phraseology used to describe this disease in our local Fante language: “sor at no do” which literally translated means “the sky has fallen upon him”. Traditionally it is believed that the disease is of demonic origin and the devil uses it as a tool to destroy the lives of children who have a bright future.

It was therefore not surprising that my parents in their perplexity and quest to find a solution to this dreaded condition that was threatening the life of their handsome son would go to any extent to seek a remedy for this puzzle.

The hospital was certainly not their first point of call. On the contrary, they usually took me to an old lady who was a traditional healer. She gave me a cut on my left cheek and a herbal concoction was

applied into it. It took some time for the wound to heal. The evidence of this cut is the tribal mark on my cheek. I am not sure whether the herbal concoction healed or exposed me to further childhood medical complications. One thing I believe and know is that the Lord God Almighty healed me of the febrile convulsion and its subsequent possible epilepsy. At least, I know that since the age of 3 years, I have never experienced this condition again.

In another twist of the bizarre circumstances that came our way, myself and three other siblings were taken ill at different times in the same year with symptoms ranging from headaches, fever, abdominal distension etc. My youngest brother died after several days in hospital. Since the hospital had failed us, my mother had to resort to hopping from one spiritualist to the other until we were detained for one and a half years at one of these prayer camps. They propounded all sorts of unconvincing reasons for our predicament and gave us a serial cocktail of awful concoctions to drink. At least my little exposure to the scriptures at Sunday school was enough to tell me that these interventions were all fake. Eventually, we were healed but I attribute it to the healing power of our God solely and not from the work of these charlatans.

### The Sky Cannot Be A Limit

Like many final year students, my headache was how to get employment



after school. I had a blessed assurance that the God who had brought me thus far in life was more than able to see me through this one too.

I was privileged to have done my National Service as a Teaching Assistant at UCC. I taught Accounting in levels 100 and 400. At the tail end of my National Service, I had an opportunity to do an internship with the German Investment and Development Bank (DEG). I worked on short term basis with DEG after my internship. At DEG, I served meritoriously and God crowned my hard work with success. Immediately after my work at DEG, I was employed permanently by the German Development Bank (KfW), the parent company of DEG. Today, if I sit in meetings with colleagues from Ministry of Finance, Bank of Ghana, and top executives of other banks, I look back and give all the glory to Jesus, the author and the finisher of my faith. I'm convinced that even the sky cannot be a limit to what God can do in my life.

### **The Happiest People On Earth.**

At KfW, one of my colleagues, Mr Kofi Atta-Agyapong who was a former President of the Beautiful Gate chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI) introduced me to this fellowship. At FGBMFI, I came into contact with successful business men and Christian professionals who were joyfully serving the lord with their gifts and talents. I learnt a lot from the various educative

seminars, counselling from mature Christians and the warmth of fellowship and love amongst the brethren. I have drawn many lessons and inspiration to impact my life, friends, relatives and church members.

I joined FGBMFI in April 2016 and by the grace of God, I am the current Secretary and Former Director for Voice & Literature of the Floodgate Chapter. FGBMFI is a place to be! I urge you therefore that if you hear the voice of God calling you now, do not hesitate: accept Him as your Lord & Personal Saviour. What He has done and continues to do for me, He is far more than able to do it for you.

Given the plethora of difficult circumstances that came my way, many would have made a genuine excuse out of it to have resigned themselves to a life of failure and non-achievement, but my story is a clear case in point that YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE for failure. God is faithful and He is ever committed to bring you to an expected end. You have to trust in the lord and lean not on your own understanding. Work hard and do your bit and your story will also turn out to be an all-time best seller.

In 1 Corinthians 2:9, the Bible says, "No eye has seen, no ear has heard, and no mind has imagined what God has prepared for those who love him." The word of God is true, sure and Amen! This scripture is demonstrated in my own life.



A portrait of Charles Kwofie, a Black man with short hair and a goatee, wearing glasses, a white shirt, a blue tie, and a dark suit jacket. He is smiling slightly and looking towards the camera.

# HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS

Testimony of Charles Kwofie

## A Rough Road.

I was born a little over 30 years ago at Tarkwa in the Western Region of Ghana, as the first of my parents 4 children who all happen to be boys. My mother who is now a teacher was a petty trader at that time and my dad who is currently an Engineer and preacher was also a footballer and technician. Even though my parents introduced me to church at a tender age and going to church was a must, I did not have any personal relationship with Christ Jesus and was leading my life waywardly.

Things turned out that way as a result of abject poverty and hardship in my family. Managing two square meals a day was a miracle in spite of the fact that my hard working mother sold anything that came her way to make ends meet. I

was therefore compelled to sell assorted items ranging from food stuffs, kerosene, Shea butter, locally manufactured soap, fish etc to augment my mother's income. Unfortunately these efforts were woefully inadequate as our condition kept worsening by the day to the extent that we were often coerced to fast and went to school usually on empty stomach.

Today by the grace of God, I'm married to Mrs. Ruby Kwofie with 3 kids and presently the General Manager of Medeama 92.9 FM-Tarkwa, the Human Resource Manager for the Mospacka Group of Companies and at the same time doubling as the owner and CEO of the Chrest Group-an amalgam of 4 companies. This is certainly the doing of the lord and it is marvelous in my sight.

## The Darkest Day of My Life

One fateful day, I couldn't bear the hardship any longer and protested to my mother when I came from school to be greeted with the usual chorus of "no food". My mother not knowing what to do asked me to go to our next door neighbor to pluck some unripe oranges to be used in cleaning her dirty buckets. That day turned out to be the darkest day of my life as my mother upon taking delivery of the oranges sliced them into pieces for us to eat so we could gather some strength to go and sell in order to make a few coins for her to buy food for us. The so called dirty buckets ended up being our stomachs. My mother had become a laughing stock in the neighborhood, she could not go out with her peers and things were becoming worse by the day.

From that time, I resorted to making friends with people who had a better standard of living thinking that I could get food to eat and become happy even though my mother had warned us never to eat outside our home. For the sake of food, I had to be moving from house to house as if I had no family and no home.

Unfortunately, these friends were a negative influence on my life. They introduced me to stealing, gambling, smoking, going after girls and other shameful acts. These vices became entrenched in me all the way to the tertiary level of education. I developed a dual nature and was living a life of lies and deception as I was able to combine this way of life with active participation in church activities.

## Aluta Continua

God being so good, my father managed to secure a job in one of the mining companies in Tarkwa and this brought us some relief. I passed the Basic Education Certificate Exams in 1997 and proceeded to Tarkwa Senior High School (Tarsco) the following year for my secondary education. For the first time, some semblance of normalcy had caught up with us but this was short-lived as the situation at home bounced back to the difficult terrain once again. At this point, I foolishly vowed never to go to church again as I found it inexplicable that my mother in spite of all her Christianity would be subjected to such levels of poverty.

Thankfully I completed Senior Secondary School (SSS) successfully and proceeded to Takoradi Polytechnic. I had to stay at home and work for three years as a pupil teacher in order to raise the needed funds to pay my admission fees and other expenses. The blanket and bed sheets I used were the same materials that had been used in draping my grandfather's dead body when he was laid in state at his funeral. For the first year at T-poly, I had to use somebody's kitchen as my hostel until I was allocated a room on campus in the 2nd year.

All this while, I was still not going to church no matter the entreaties from my friends. Finally I gave in and showed up at a crusade on campus in 2004, where I surrendered and gave my life to Christ. From that time, the Lord began to change my life for the better. I started

attending church regularly without anyone prompting me. I stopped all the bad life I was leading and became genuinely interested in doing the work of God. In no time, I became the Assistant Halls Coordinator and Evangelism Secretary of my church on campus.

I was posted to Tarkwa to do my National Service after graduation. I had asked God to send me to Tarkwa where I wouldn't be saddled with looking for accommodation and He granted it. I also asked God to get me a permanent employment at the place where I would do my National Service but this request was not granted and had to stay at home for some time after my service.

My mother in no time became frustrated with my unemployment situation and started casting insinuations that if I had heeded her advice and gone to the Teacher Training College, I would have been guaranteed a job. To ward off the stress being put on me, I feigned that I had secured a job in town and for two weeks, I always dressed up and went to town only to move from one office to another dropping application forms.

### **You Are Potentially Rich**

During this period, I received an invitation from a friend to attend the dinner meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International-Tarkwa. My younger brother dissuaded me from attending the meeting because he felt the fellowship was the preserve of affluent people but I disregarded his counsel and

retorted to myself that "I was also a potential rich person". I got to the meeting 30 minutes late after a heavy downpour and the food had already been served and to my disgust, I was only given a bottle of mineral which I could easily afford anyway.

But to my surprise and to the glory of God, what I got that night for my soul was more than the physical food I was yearning for. I felt the power and anointing of God so heavily at the meeting. The prayers, professionalism and the orderly manner by which things were being done at the dinner was just admirable. The testimony was equally touching and I came to a firm conclusion that the rumors making rounds that the fellowship was an occult group was completely false, unfounded and without merit. I therefore rededicated my life to God when the altar call was made and also decided to become a member of this group who tout themselves as the Happiest People on Earth. Today by the grace of God, I'm the President of this chapter whose membership encompasses diverse professionals such as professors, doctors, lecturers, artisans just to mention a few.

### **Nothing Shall Be Impossible**

Though I joined the fellowship at a time that I was not working, I got my job breakthrough exactly one month thereafter. The Tarkwa Chapter organized a three-night Seminar on the theme "The God of Possibilities". On the





2nd night of the programme, the speaker made some declarations that changed my situation for the better. He said, "If you are here and your problem is about getting a job, if it means God allowing a company to open a new branch, department or subsidiary just for you to get a job, the Lord will do it".

Wow! I knew that the message was for me and I claimed it by faith and started praying about it. The programme ended on Saturday with a dinner meeting and the following Monday, I got a call to attend a job interview in two days' time from a company which was the 2nd Best Company in Ghana as at 2006/2007 according to Ghana Club 100 ratings.

The company did not have a branch in Tarkwa and was looking for just one person to start an office in Tarkwa. I remembered the speaker's declaration and was convinced that this was a confirmation. Amongst the people being interviewed were individuals with superior academic credentials and working experience but at the end of the day that HND graduate who had virtually no working experience was chosen and I was solely tasked with the mandate of starting the company's office in Tarkwa just as the man of God had said. From a one-man office, I worked hard and later other staff members were recruited. We became a fully established branch which by God's grace was always ranked amongst the best of the 28 branches across the nation and beyond. This feat however, did not come without challenges. At a point, my promotion was delayed unnecessarily and I brought



up the issue at our fellowship and the brethren interceded for me in prayer.

### Triple Jump

It turned out a few months later that the company was undergoing a restructuring exercise and as part of that, all staff were asked to re-apply. Strangely enough, I decided to apply for the position of my boss which was three levels higher than my rank then. My colleagues considered this as a crazy and untenable move but I went ahead with it. My case was even worsened by the fact that the head of the interview panel was my General Manager who had had a cause to disagree with me when the Union of which I was a leading member was resisting the restructuring exercise. Once again my response delayed in coming and my colleagues

entreated me to give up on my unrealistic ambition.

Then, when I received my letter, all my colleagues gathered around me to catch a glimpse of the contents and they were shocked at what they saw: I had been appointed to the position I applied for! They all burst into praise and worship and started singing the song "In His time, in His time, He makes all things beautiful in His time". I enjoyed my new position for two more years and having worked for about 10 years with this company, I decided to resign and to focus on my own business. I also started doing radio as a broadcast journalist on parttime basis.

Immediately after my resignation however, I was approached by another bank to come and manage a new branch they had established. I took up this task till 2017 when I resigned to have a lot more time for my own businesses. In April 2018 I decided to move to a new radio station on part-time basis as a presenter but to my surprise, I was made the General Manager with

additional responsibility of being the Group Human Resource Manager of the other subsidiary companies under the operations of the owner of the FM station. This is unbelievable but it is the reality: multiple streams of income at its best, glory be to God.

### Ordinary People Doing Extraordinary Things

Years after I had started working, I started interceding for my best friend who had been struggling to secure a job after school. On two occasions, I was directed by the Holy Spirit to ask him to relocate to the western region but he declined but finally yielded to this counsel on the third count and relocated to Tarkwa. I spotted an advert on the TV screen one evening and I encouraged him to apply. I personally sent his application by express mail and we took up the matter to God in prayer for divine intervention. He was invited for the interview and before he left I bought a bottle of

champagne in readiness for the celebration of his employment. He was on a bus enroute to Tarkwa after the interview when the Oil Company called him that same day to confirm that he had been offered the job.

My friend started work with this company and rose to become their operations manager until he resigned recently to take up a new appointment in another oil company as their Marketing Manager for the Western Region.

It has been an exciting experience walking with



the lord and being used by Him to touch the lives of people. I have shared my testimony in many chapters of the fellowship and on all occasions, several souls have surrendered and given their lives to Christ. During the 2018 Easter festivities, I was invited to a Church to speak at their convention. After the programme, a young man approached me and confessed that he was on the verge of committing suicide because of the challenges he was facing but after listening to me, he had repented and given his life to Christ.



Whilst ministering during a revival at a Nursing Training School in the eastern region, the lord moved mightily amongst the students and many who were held in spiritual bondage were set free by the anointing. They couldn't believe that God could use an ordinary layman of my caliber to do such exploits. Glory be to His name.

In November 2017, I received a distress call from my uncle to come to the hospital to attend to my grandmother who had been rushed there in a bad shape. Incidentally I was busily preparing the chapter auditorium for a meeting so I told my uncle that my physical presence was not needed but I could pray from any location and obtain results. I said a prayer for her at the auditorium and when I was done with what I was doing, I rushed to the hospital only to find that my grandmother was revived and comfortably seated in bed. According to the nurses, she told them her grandson Charles had prayed for her and that had accounted

for the swift recovery. She was discharged that same day and is still alive and doing well.

In the last week of May 2018, I received a divine visitation from the Lord and He assured me that He was going to use me mightily to do exploits in His name. I want to assure you that irrespective of the enormity of the challenges confronting you today, our God is still in charge and He will fix it for you if only will surrender, give your life to Him and walk in conformity with His word.

### Editor's Note

*Mr. Charles Kwofie is the President of the Tarkwa Chapter of the FGBMFI. He is currently the General Manager of Medeama 92.9 FM-Tarkwa and also doubles as the owner and CEO of the Chrest Group-an amalgam of 4 different companies. He is married to Ruby and they have been blessed with three kids.*

A portrait of Mr. E.A. Mensah, a middle-aged Black man with a receding hairline, smiling slightly. He is wearing a dark grey button-down shirt over a patterned collared shirt. The background is a solid light green.

# OCCULT GRAND MASTER TURNS TO JESUS

TESTIMONY OF MR. E.A. MENSAH

## Like Father Like Son

I was born as the younger (Kakra) of a twin-birth on November 7th, 1951 to Mr & Mrs Andrew H.K. Mensah, both of blessed memory. My father was very proud of us and went to any extent to defend us in public and this made us very arrogant, boastful and fearless. As twins we were subjected to many rituals which saw several incisions being made on our bodies for the insertion of certain concoctions which opened us up to demonic infestation. Being devoutly religious, my parents did not compromise on regular attendance to church and morning devotion at home. Notwithstanding all these stringent religious activities in the family, my formative years were beset with truancy and notoriety.

Even though my father was a church president, he smoked cigarette and took in high doses of alcoholic beverages and liquors. Unfortunately, the church did not frown on these practices and I therefore grew up accepting these vices as normal and compatible with the Christian life. My plight was further worsened by the fact that I

saw my parents consulting the fetish priest from time to time even though they attended church. It was not surprising therefore that I also got myself entangled with this form of lifestyle and became deeply buried in “spiritism” and occultism in its crescendo.

## Don't Ever Mention The Name of Jesus

My twin brother had a problem which drove him to see an occultist at a suburb in Tarkwa. The occultist told him that he was a twin and that our embryology was of the kind where one single embryo split into two making us identical twins. On the basis of this therefore, there was no way he could help him unless his twin brother accompanied him. I ended up accompanying my twin brother to the occult shrine at 12 midnight which was the prescribed time of visit. He ushered us into his “operation room” and begun invoking some incantations which suddenly threw the room into stark darkness. We heard the voice of a spirit medium which gave a vivid description of my life and all I had done that day. This left us shaken to the marrow and we could not help but accede to every instruction that was



meted out to us. When my brother who introduced me to the place had stopped visiting the man, I had become very interested in what he was doing and was going round recruiting people to go and see him for solutions to their problems. I was therefore “evangelising” about the greatness of that man and winning souls for the occult. One day I approached some people to introduce the man to them and those people retorted that Jesus was more powerful than that man. I therefore went to my master and sort to find out if Jesus was more powerful than him. When I dropped the name of Jesus from my lips he yelled loudly at me to “shut up” and never to mention that name again in his presence.

### **A Prophecy Fulfilled**

I had become hostile towards the things of God. I honestly recount an earlier recalcitrance in my life and hostility towards men of God when I was only 13 years of age. I made the outreach programme of one Nigerian evangelist miserable for one whole week during his open air preaching at Nsuta-Wassa. I disturbed and ridiculed him from the Monday he started his preaching to the last day which was a Saturday. This preacher man had patience on me and on the last day of the crusade, after his programme, he invited me to his guest house, shared his supper with me and instead of cursing me, he rather prayed and blessed me for being the only regular attendant to his outreach ministry during the open air preaching. He also did one wonderful thing to my outermost surprise; he prophesied on me that God will make me an evangelist like him in future and I will also preach openly and direct sinners to JESUS CHRIST for salvation.

Lo and behold this prophecy has come to

pass. I am now an itinerant Evangelist; doing revivals and deliverance in churches and also in second cycle schools where I am a witness to people accepting JESUS CHRIST as their personal saviour.

May God bless this Nigerian Evangelist richly wherever he may be.

### **Clash of the Titans**

At the height of my indulgence in occultism, together with my grandmaster, we projected and manipulated an angel of death to go and kill one man of God who was a leader of the Scripture Union. This form of projection backfired on us: anytime the angel of death went near the man, it was confronted with a bright blue impenetrable flame of fire encircling the man.

The angel was therefore disabled from inflicting any harm on this man. I was deeply baffled and decided to find out the identity of the master whom this man of God was serving so that I could also get closer to Him and become more powerful.

I felt so empty and powerless after this incidence and made up my mind to change masters after four years of advancement in occultism. Precisely on the 15th of March, 1976, whilst reading Mining Engineering at the then KNUST School of Mines-Tarkwa (now University of Mines & Technology-UMaT) I came face to face with the need to give my life to Christ Jesus at a Christian crusade on campus.

### **Under Spiritual Arrest**

I was woken up from sleep by the sound of singing from a Christian group who were holding their morning devotion. Their activity annoyed me so much so that I decided to go and disrupt their meeting. On reaching the meeting premises, I was confronted face to face with an eight (8) year



old girl who was singing a hymn entitled "JUST AS I AM WITHOUT ONE PLEA". The words in the song and the way that small girl sang the song, captivated me to an extent that before I became aware of myself, I was kneeling before this small girl and was shedding profuse tears. I had been arrested by the Holy Spirit and had no option but to submit to God and was led to confess my sins and invite Christ Jesus into my life as my lord and personal saviour.

I told myself that if there was a power more powerful than the one I was following, then of course it made reasonable sense to change masters. To date, I have not regretted my decision to follow Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus Christ has used me mightily to lead many teenagers to Him in my outreaches at the Senior Secondary Schools in Tarkwa and its environs. The Lord has used me to plant some few churches as a result of my open air crusades in the Tarkwa diocese of the Methodist church. At present I am the Caretaker of the Methodist Church at Akyem, a suburb in the Tarkwa Nsuaem Municipality where God is using me tremendously to touch the life of individuals and the community as a whole.

### No Turning Back

It was not an easy road after conversion to JESUS CHRIST. I succumbed to a relapse and went back to my wayward ways but God had mercy on me and I rededicated my life to Christ some few months later at a revival meeting held by the Scripture Union in my school. The speaker at this revival was Evangelist Ababio, a popular Evangelist who hosted the Hour Visitation programme on Ghana Broadcasting Corporation

(GBC) radio on Sundays. From that era, my entire life took a U-turn for Christ. Through the nurturing of the Scripture Union, I gradually gained roots in the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ and championed the great commission to make disciples of all Nations as proscribed in the great commission (which can be found in Mk 16:15-18).

My association with the Manganese chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International has further broaden the frontiers of my evangelistic activities and offered me the opportunity to share my testimony and to build a solid network of sound Christian professionals.

### Angelic Assistance

My son who is reading aeronautic engineering in Ukraine was going through departure formalities at the airport when it was detected that he had excess luggage and was late. Standing confused and not knowing what to do, a black lady from nowhere appeared and offered him assistance. She repacked his luggage, checked him in and ushered him to the aircraft. My daughter who had accompanied him to the airport went back looking for this lady to thank her. She went round the whole airport but could not locate her. All the aviation workers too admitted that they did not know any worker whose description was



marching that of this “strange” lady. God must certainly have sent an angel to help my son at the time of need.

### God Is With Us

In my family life, I have uncountable experiences of the goodness and mercies that God has shown to us. From divine protection against demonic attacks to breakthroughs in marriages and open doors in acquisition of scholarships to study abroad, I can attest that it is an understatement to say that God has been good to me and my household.

On one occasion a little girl who is related to us came and confessed to me that a coven of witches and wizards had dispatched her to come and destroy my family with my wife as their main target. She recounted that anytime she came close to us, she was confronted by a pillar of fire around us which made it impossible for her to accomplish her agenda.

Out of sheer jealousy and hatred, a group of young folks I was working with went to consult a “mallam” at Kambule, a village close to Esiama in the Nzema area to project the spirit of death to take my life. In the act of the projection and manipulations, the Mallam confessed that the spirit of God had appeared to him and warned him to leave me alone else, he together with those who had come to consult him were going to die before their appointed time.

### Dead Woman Raised Back To Life

Whilst working as a senior Mine Geologist at the Ghana Manganese Company (GMC) some years ago, I had a call from the GMC hospital to come and pray for a certain lady who was at the point of death. By the time I reached there, the lady had just passed away and the nurses were preparing the dead body for the morgue. I requested and

was permitted to pray for the dead body. By the grace and power in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I laid my hand on the dead body and commanded the closure of doors of Heaven and hell and called her by name instructing her spirit to come back into her body. At once Heaven responded and the lady came back to life again to the surprise of all the onlookers at the hospital ward including the nurses and orderlies who were supposed to deposit the dead body at the morgue.

By the grace of God, He has used me to start an on-going prayer and deliverance team through which many desperate and spiritually needy people who are being tormented by agents of satan, find solace and breakthroughs as they enter the premises of the prayer grounds.

It is my fervent prayer that any reader of this testimony who has not yet encountered Jesus Christ in his/her life will give Him a chance after reading this testimony in order to experience a wonderful touch and provision of breakthroughs and protection I have enjoyed as a result of encountering and following Jesus Christ as my lord and saviour.

God bless you richly.

### Editor's Note

*Mr E.A Mensah is a member of the manganese chapter of the FGBMFI in Tarkwa. Until his retirement a few years ago, he was the Senior Mine Geologist of the Ghana Manganese Company. He is currently the caretaker of the Methodist Church at Akyem-a suburb in Tarkwa. He is married with four children and is an inspiration to many in the body of Christ.*

# SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

**Men still cry: "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.**

- 1 Acknowledge** to God that you have lived selfishly and that, in not honouring Him as Lord of your life, you have sinned and been separated from Him. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" Rom. 3:23
- 2 Repent** by turning to God, asking for His forgiveness of your sins and for His help to live as He desires, "Except you repent, you shall likewise perish" Luke 13:3. "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" Acts 3:19
- 3 Believe** that Jesus is the son of God and that He died on the Cross and took your sins upon Himself that you may obtain God's Forgiveness. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" John 3:16. "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" Mark 16:16.
- 4 Confess** to God that you now take Jesus to be your Saviour and Lord of your life, "If you confess with your mouth, Jesus is Lord, and shall believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved" Rom 10:9. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" 1 John 1:9.
- 5 Forsake:** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord... For He will abundantly pardon" Isaiah 55:7.
- 6 Receive:** "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them He gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" John 1:11-12

## VISIT OUR CHAPTER

Be part of this great move of God bringing ordinary men who never ever thought of talking about Jesus, but are now declaring with passion the unsearchable love of the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.

What a joy to see men from different backgrounds and disciplines, walking, talking and living in the love of Christ. This, you must look for.

There are Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International chapters all over the nation. We encourage you to join one nearest you. Come and be equipped with the knowledge and truth about Jesus. Be the head and not the tail. Your spiritual upliftment, through your coming closer to God, is our goal.

Be the man God wants to see and be proud of. This is your lifetime joy.

Look for a chapter near you and be part of *The Happiest People on Earth*.

Chapter & Contact:

## Contact Us

### FGBMFI-GHANA

**Address:** P. O. Box AN 10849, Accra North

**Tel:** 0302 790394 **Mobile:** 0541 807346

**E-mail:** fgbmfi.ghanaoffice@gmail.com

**Website:** www.fgbmfi-ghana.org

**Whatsapp:** 0262588304

