

THE BUSINESS MEN'S

GHANA EDITION 2019-2

VOICE



Toilet Attendant Turns Professor

Prof. Bernard Kumi-Boateng

Also in this issue:

TO DIE OR GO MAD?

TREADING ON SNAKES

SENTENCED TO DEATH
FOR MURDER

Kakum National Park



Kakum National Park is on coast of southern Ghana, in West Africa. It protects an area of rainforest, home to endangered mammals such as forest elephants, bongo antelopes and primates like the Diana monkey. The park is rich in butterflies and birds, including African grey parrots and hornbills. The Canopy Walkway, suspended 30 meters above the ground, provides treetop views of the forest.

Area: 375 km² | **Parent peak:** Aduadu

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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

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



Toilet Attendant Turns Professor

Prof. Bernard Kumi-Boateng

For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.—Jeremiah 29:11 (NIV):

Toilet Attendant

Today as I reflect on the mercies of God in my Life and ponder on my status as the youngest professor at the University of Mines and Technology (UMaT)-Tarkwa, I have come to a firm conclusion that without Jesus I am nothing! Jesus really saves!

Growing up at House No. BA 144, Bantama in Kumasi I had no hope of succeeding in this world. It was a distressing mental, emotional, and physical challenge as I had no knowledge of the whereabouts of my father. My mother (Maame Ama Owusuaa) of blessed memory had to contend with raising 4 boys and 2 girls single handedly. The 6 of us together with our mum were crowded in a single room at BA 144. The room became so congested that the seniors had to sleep in the open space at the mercy of mosquitoes. Our mother became diabetic and developed complications which rendered her totally blind and she could no longer take care of us. It was at this point that we took life into our own hands and had to fend for ourselves on the streets of Bantama. I ended up becoming an apprentice public

toilet attendant under the tutelage of a certain man by name Thousand (I still don't know his real name) who schooled me thoroughly in the business and I excelled creditably with "professorial" distinction.

Oh Jesus, this man taught me how to handle the rush hours and to be strong as a man and fight for survival. He was kind and trusted me with the business to the extent that I became his direct assistant in all the 4 public toilets at Bantama. I did this work from primary school till I completed JSS.

Dad, Where Are You?

I later joined one Obaa Yaa at Kumasi PZ to sell second hand shoes. She too was very nice and even took me as a son to stay with her. After a period of wandering about with no clear dream coupled with all my siblings dropping out of school, K-Bobo (a cripple friend) was used by God to instruct me to go and look for my dad in Tamale. Without hesitation, I obeyed and set out to search for my father. My efforts were finally rewarded when I met my father for the first time in my life at the age of 15 in 1993. He had no job and was a lotto attendant. Feeding himself was a huge challenge and

therefore sponsoring my education was an issue that was completely not up for discussion.

In Tamale I met Paul Napari of First Baptist Church who introduced me to Pastor Joe Manu, then an assistant Pastor in the same church. Mr. Napari paid a surprise visit to check up on me at home one night after church service and he was greeted with a rude shock when he found out that my bedroom was the open space in the compound house where my father was staying. I had to settle for this because my father himself was sleeping in a small cubicle which was not large enough to accommodate the two of us. Moved by my deplorable situation, Mr. Napari immediately relocated me and gave me a place to sleep in his house.

Pastor Joe Manu invited me to a breakfast meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International at Picorna Hotel-Tamale somewhere in 1994. Listening to the testimony of a fetish priest who had given up on his idols to turn to Jesus at this meeting, I could not but also surrender and give my life to Jesus as this man was now being used mightily by the Lord with signs

and wonders. I began attending the Full Gospel meetings and First Baptist Church in Tamale. Exactly one year after accepting Jesus Christ as my personal Lord and Saviour, the educational door opened for me to start school. God used various people to support me through each level of my education. Notable amongst them were Dadymens, Rev Isaac Wuni, Rev Alex Nuagah, Paul Napari, Pastor Attah Nangtogmah and Pastor Shaibu. I went to Zogbeli block A JSS and completed in 1995 then proceeded to Tamale Secondary School to read Science. At Tamale Secondary School I became the Scripture Union President and also continued fellowshiping with the FGBMFI as that was the place where my door opened!

Rapid Results

I went further to obtain my Bachelor of Science degree in Geomatic Engineering from the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology- Kumasi. Thereafter in a record time of two years I did a double Master of Science degrees from the International Institute for Geo-information Science and Earth Observation (ITC), Enschede-Netherlands and the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology- Ghana. I successfully submitted and defended my PhD thesis at the University of Mines and Technology (UMaT), Tarkwa-Ghana all to the glory of God.

I joined the University of Mines and Technology in May 2007 as a Lecturer in the Department of Geomatic Engineering. Here I met Prof J. S. Y. Kuma (the current Vice Chancellor of UMaT) who immediately retraced my steps and drafted me into the Tamso chapter of the FGBMFI. By then I had absented myself from the Fellowship meetings for a long time and Prof. Kuma told me that as a



young academic, it would be difficult for me to survive without Christ as my solid foundation. For a second time, my contact with the FGBMFI marked the opening of new doors of opportunities that were baffling and miraculous. God made me the youngest professor and Dean at the age of 38 in UMaT. I can only attribute this remarkable rise in less than 10 years of work at UMaT to the trust I have placed in the sovereign arms of the Lord Jesus.

This Is the Doing of the Lord

Had it not been for the Lord, tell me how a hopeless toilet attendant boy from Bantama could become a professor at that age? I have been a visiting Professor to the University of the Gambia, Vice Dean of Students, Vice Dean of International Programme, Head of three different Departments, Senior Hall Tutor, Examinations Officer, and Training Coordinator and has been on over 60 ad-hoc committees in the University within a short period of 10 years to the glory of God.

I currently serve on the Ghana National Committee of WAEC and in 2017, I was appointed to serve on the International Final Awards and Examiners' Appointments Committee of WAEC. In that same year, I was selected by Carnegie African Diaspora Fellowship Programme of USA to serve as a Reviewer to evaluate project requests from higher education Institutes in African Countries. I was part of a group of people sponsored by World Bank for the first regional capacity building workshop on benchmarking African Universities.

God has blessed me with a solid and beautiful wife (Mrs Harriet Kumi-Boateng) who is not only a suitable companion but a strong prayer warrior behind the scene orchestrating the happenings on the stage.

We have been blessed with two adorable children (Maame Owusuaa and Kofi Gyimah).

My marriage to Harriet paved the way for me to build a harmonious relationship with my mother-in-law, the late Deaconess Victoria Sakyi of Kronum District who is now enjoying eternity in heaven in the arms of the Lord Jesus. She impacted my life so significantly with the unadulterated word of God and succeeded in convincing me to join the Church of Pentecost. She encouraged me to place my trust in the sovereign arms of the Lord and see how things will turn around for the better and today my life is a reflection of the words of admonition that she spoke unto me. Today I serve the Lord as an Elder of the Church of Pentecost in the Tarkwa Area as an assistant Youth Leader and until January 2019, I was the acting Chaplain of the University of Mines and Technology. I continue to work with the youth all over the country to give them hope and to urge them to trust in the Lord.

That my name is today prefixed with the title Professor is a living miracle and I will always remain indebted to the Lord for what He has done. Of a truth, I fully associate myself with the claim of the Prophet Jeremiah

“...for I know the plans I have for you, declares the lord, plans of good and not plans of evil, to give you hope and to bring you to an expected end”

Having read my testimony, I entreat you to place your trust in the sovereign arms of the lord Jesus and nothing shall be impossible to you.

Have a blessed day.

TO DIE OR GO MAD?

TESTIMONY OF
DR. ALEX ADOM



The thief does not come except to steal, to kill and to destroy but I have come that they may have life and have it more abundantly - John 10:10

Baby Smoker

On the 1st of February, 1979, a young boy was born at Bodada Buem, a small village near Jasikan in the Volta region to Mr. & Mrs. Adom. This was a village that was well noted for idolatry and the entrance, midpoints and exits of the village were openly decorated with notable shrines which people consulted from time to time to unravel mysteries. This baby would neither eat nor sleep giving the parents sleepless nights. They therefore consulted the shrine and

the verdict was that he was a reincarnated child who had come back angry, hungry and dissatisfied because he did not have a peaceful death during his previous lifetime. In order to pacify and sooth his spirit, the oracles prescribed that he should be given some cigarettes and alcohol to calm him down. I was that baby who at that tender age, had his first dose of alcohol and cigarette and this was a seed which was later to mature and bear fruits which will become evident as you read along.

Editor's Note:

Dr. Alex Adom is a lecturer at the School of Business-UCC. He is a member of the UCC chapter of the FGBMFI where he serves as the Business Development Director

Induction Into Ancestral Worship

My grandfather was an ex-military officer who had been conscripted into the British Army to fight in the Second World War. I was never fine and happy with my parents until class 2 when I packed bag and baggage out of my parents' home and relocated to my maternal grandparents' home. When I got there, they sought to find out why I had come and I told them I had come to stay. They thought I was joking but I stayed with them up to class 6.

Whilst serving with the British army, all the military men from my village were receiving divine protection from the gods of my village so my grandfather didn't know any other God apart from his traditional idols. It might interest you to know surprisingly that he was a church elder who also doubled as the Chief Executioner in the Buem traditional area. In the traditional parlance, the Chief Executioner is such a powerful and dreaded office. He had in his possessions all manner of knives which were deployed in making executions for sacrifices on behalf of the chief. They worshipped the knives and the spirit of the knives could at times possess them and use them for all manner of demonic operations. So I grew up developing a keen interest in ancestral worship under the tutelage of my grandfather.

One day my grandfather took me

to his room and told me that there was going to be a big gathering of all the elders and power brokers of the Buem traditional area during which he wanted me to sit in front of him. He therefore opened a trunk and showed me a big golden idol. He told me that I was going to carry the idol in front of him during the gathering so he gave specific instructions to my teachers to release me to come home at 10am.

When God is ahead of you, no matter where you find yourself, He protects you. Unfortunately on that day, my teachers forgot and kept me in school till 1pm. By the time I came home, the ceremony had started and someone else had been assigned the responsibility of carrying the golden idol. I wept inconsolably and cursed my stars but I didn't know that God had a different agenda and purpose for my life. Today the man who held the idol before him is alive back at home and he can't define his bearing in life but God saved me and preserved my life for such a time as this.

Street Life

When I was going to JHS, I had to leave my grandparents to stay with my parents at a village near Kedjebi. From there I passed the BECE and gained admission to the Senior High School. All this while, I still stood staunchly by my traditional religion because even though my father went to church and sometimes preached on Sundays, he would come back

home and treat himself to a good bout of alcoholic beverages. For us, Christianity was more of a comic relief than a way of life. I failed one of my subjects in the SSCE so I had to come to Accra and here I sunk into moral decadence and street life became a better part of me. I was staying in uncompleted structures and became an affairs boy at Abosokai and at the same time shuttled from one construction site to the other to win bread when business was not brisk. I graciously became a factory hand at Letap Pharmaceuticals and it was during this period that I came to the rude awakening that the graduates who got employed with the company were treated differently: they were given a well-furnished office, car and decent accommodation.

Aborted Occultism

Spurred on by this observation, I decided to quit the job and go back to SHS to rewrite the entire exams. In that secondary school I met a friend who promised to initiate me into the secret of passing the exams with ease. He said he was going to introduce me to a certain society where I would be endowed with supernatural powers that could make me invincible and enable me to see all exam questions far ahead of the exam. He took me to the dormitory one night when all our friends were at prep and asked me to lie on the bed. Before he could dish out any

further instructions, the priests descended on the dormitory and raided the place and I was spotted and accosted but the guy had mysteriously vanished from the scene. I had to lie and put up a defence upon interrogation that I was not feeling well and therefore decided to come over to the dormitory to sleep. I was warned and left to go scot free. I managed to pass the SSCE without the guy's assistance.

To Die or Go Mad?

There was something that was curiously a bother to me: my father's junior brother, a graduate of the University of Ghana in the 1970s who was an ordained minister of the gospel became mentally challenged and to date, he is yet to recover. My grandfather was constantly warning me not to meddle myself in Christianity using the sad case of my uncle as a classic case study. He was always quick to remind me that if I became a Christian, I was likely to suffer the fate that had befallen him. I believed him as the evidence was clearly staring at me in the face.

In my village, anyone who tried to go the University either died or became mad. Mindful of this situation, my parents cautiously encouraged me to go the Teacher Training College even though I had passed very well. I gained admission to Jasikan Training College, and whilst there, I applied to the University of Cape Coast

and got a positive response. My best friend arranged for the most powerful of all the juumen in our village to bath and fortify me with all manner of concoctions before I could be released to go to UCC. Knowing the circumstances surrounding my admission, I decided to add religion to my studies even though I wasn't required to do so. I became so excited with African Traditional Religion and delved deeper and deeper because I wanted to challenge Christianity. I also joined the Profane Association of West Africa (PAWA), a deeply occultic choral group whose specialty was singing profane songs. I became a drunkard and had to skip lectures most of the time.

Healed From Liver Cancer

By the time I got to final year, the waywardness was beginning to tell on me and I started falling sick. I was finally handed a death sentence when I was diagnosed with a cancer of the liver. This was an incurable terminal illness and the drugs that were being administered on me were just palliative and not curative. I had an imminent and inevitable appointment with death but I couldn't do anything about it. A lady friend of mine by name Lydia Boateng who happened to be my course mate invited me for a prayer meeting held on campus by a colleague student and I honoured the invitation.

During ministration the man of God who didn't know me mentioned my name surprisingly. He went further to describe my village and said that the people in my village had ganged up to terminate my life that week. At that point I became scared and had no option but to step forward because I knew what was in store for me. I finally surrendered and gave my life to Christ Jesus as my Lord and personal savior. They laid hands on me and prayed for me. I was asked to do three days fasting and afterwards, I recovered and was able to go for lectures and go about my schedules normally. God had healed me. Then I got to know that there is a power that is above all powers and this drove me to show a lot of interest in the things of God. Today, that lady who invited me to the prayer meeting is my wife and we are happily married with four lovely kids.

Unfortunately, I graduated, left UCC and didn't have the opportunity to go through discipleship to become thoroughly grounded in the things of God. I found myself in South Africa (SA) by God's grace on a scholarship to pursue my first Master's degree after which I got another scholarship to do my PHD. In SA, it was the norm for the young men to gather in drinking spots and restaurants to make merry and to indulge in drinking, womanizing, smoking and what have you. Even though by then I had married and given birth to a child back home, it

got to a point that I started drifting away from the things of God because the environment was so polluted but I thank God that in the midst of all the chaos I still hanged on to Him.

In Search Of Greener Pastures

Whilst working with the Eastern Cape Department of Education, I decided to take an MBA which normally does not attract any scholarship and I went on my knees seeking the face of God for a breakthrough. Graciously around the same time, I got an appointment with the South African Local Government as a Strategic and Integrated Development Planner. I therefore wrote to the department of education for my appointment to be terminated but surprisingly, they kept paying my salary until I completed the MBA. The salary stopped hitting my account immediately after I had completed the MBA. This was indeed the finger of God at work.

After acquiring all the certificates and securing a good job, I realized that my commitment to the things of God was dwindling and I prayed to God to bring me back to Ghana so that I would have a closer walk with Him. I told my colleagues of my plans to relocate to Ghana and they all advised against it. Without doubt, the job was an attractive one that came along with lots of opportunities and I was comfortable and solidly well positioned. Almost every week we

slept in the best of hotels holding seminars and workshops and as strategic planners we met with all the people of influence and power in SA.

The Saga of The Returnee

Back home, my parents vehemently opposed the idea and cited the election petition of 2012 as an index case to buttress the uncertainty and insecurity in the Ghanaian political terrain but I was not the least perturbed and was just focused on coming back home to have a deeper and closer walk with the lord. The truth of the matter is that in this world, you can pursue all your dreams and desires but if Christ is not in the center of your choices you will run into crisis and misery, die and end up in hell.

I came to Ghana for holidays and tendered in my resignation. My employers followed up to Ghana to convince me to rescind my decision but I cited grounds of insecurity for my actions. They promised to give me 24hour body guards but I declined. Life was very tough back home as I had to start from ground zero. My first appointment was with a private University and my first salary was a cheque of a meagre amount of 800.00 which couldn't even buy me fuel. It was an insult compared to what I was earning in SA but I was adamant and wanted to stay on to serve my God. The land I had bought on which I was developing a project became a subject of

litigation and land guards took over the place. The land owners took me to a jujuman and half of my body was almost rotten and for one month I couldn't even wear a singlet. The scars from those wounds are still present on my body today. Then it dawned on me that I had to hold on firmly to God and not give up. I started praying and fasting and patronizing any Christian programme that came my way just to make sure that I was fully grounded and saturated with the word of God.

Take The Key

From 2013-2015, life had come to a standstill for me and nothing seemed to be moving on well. One day whilst I was fasting and praying, I fell into a trance where I saw myself coming from Jasikan to my village. When I got to the cemetery, I saw a hand sprouting from one of the graves holding an

old rotten key. Then I heard a voice say: “take the key”. I took the key from the sprouting hand and in the vision I saw myself in my father's bedroom. My grandfather was a very wealthy person who kept a safe in his bedroom. I was instructed to open the safe and in it I saw four aloe Vera plants tied with a rubber band in a bag of sachet water appearing as though they were dead. I received further directions to go and plant and water the aloe vera and when I did, they sprouted and grew rapidly into matured plants.

Until then, I had written numerous applications to several places in search of a job but I didn't get a single response. I continued praying, fasting and fellowshiping and barely a week after this dream, I received a call from the department of Development Studies –University of Cape Coast (UCC). In that same week, I received another call this time from the Department of Management studies-UCC to come for an interview. As if that was not enough, I got another call from UNICEF for yet another interview. With all these options stirring at me, I decided to join UCC.

No Weapon

I thought my woes were over but I started my job at UCC with a scandal which had serious implications on my integrity. The very first examination I conducted with



my head of department got compromised and the questions were leaked. An investigation was set up to unravel the culprits and my testimony was crucial to uncovering the faces behind this shameful act. Dreading what was in store for them, the perpetrators went to the extent of consulting the powers of darkness to kill me in a road traffic accident so that I wouldn't be able to testify against them. The accident indeed happened as orchestrated but God delivered me. I was driving to Takoradi when I came across a tipper truck abandoned in the middle of the road. In an attempt to swerve the abandoned truck, I moved to the opposite lane only to be greeted with an onrushing articulator truck. It ran into my car and I found myself somersaulting several times. My car which was Takoradi bound found itself heading towards Cape Coast. It had been shattered beyond recognition but I was spared. I'm able to say this because later on, the people behind the accident came confessing and apologizing to me for what they had taken me through.

They thought they were out there to take my life but God revealed Himself to me in the course of the accident. I heard a clear instruction to go and join the University Interdenominational Church (UIC) to manifest His power. I battled with the idea but I finally yielded and went to UIC where I met men and women worshipping God. One of the people I met at UIC introduced me

to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. At my very first meeting at the FGBMFI, the main speaker called me and in a word of prophecy cautioned me to be very careful with my life because God was going to use me and take me round the world. Right after the meeting, I had an appointment with the United States Embassy and straightaway I was given a 5 year visa. Since then, I have been globetrotting on business trips and seminars spanning across several continents in the world. Admittedly, I'm tired of travelling around the world and will want a break. The bare truth is that our God is a God of all creation and if you don't take a stance, the opportunities in life will overtake you. Don't allow anything to take you away from the things of God for there is nothing that is more valuable than knowing Jesus and making Him known.

Before I joined FGBMFI, I was suffering from persistent chronic headaches and I had to subsist on pain killers at all times but now the healing power of Jesus has touched me and the headache is no more. I don't have to rely on pain killers any longer. In this fellowship you will meet men and women who have the heart for God and they will show you how to serve God better. If you haven't accepted Jesus as your lord and personal savior, I invite you to do so now and your life will never be the same again.

TREADING ON SNAKES

Testimony of

Mr. Joachim Kobina Sekyi Achenie

As I look forward to my 70th birthday on July 12th, 2020, I can't overemphasize how gracious God has been to me through the changing scenes of a life that began at Breman Brakwa where I was born to Opanyin Kweku Prah and Maame Adwoa Yeboah all of whom were staunch Catholics who have been called home to be with the lord. I had an eventful early life which was characterized by three main periods:

The Period Of Snakes

The Period of Goats and

The Period of general problems

Multiple Encounters With Snakes

In class 4, I was bitten by a snake and in class 6 whilst looking for an avocado pear fruit in the afternoon, a huge snake coiled around my leg up to the knee level and miraculously disentangled itself without harming me.

My third encounter with snakes was on a Good Friday when most Christians go to church to commemorate the death of Jesus on the cross. I was by then in middle school Form 1 and quite strangely, I served notice at home that I was going to church but mischievously sneaked out with two of my brothers



and a couple of friends to go hunting for grass cutters and rats. Armed with three dogs, we set off and unleashed the dogs to go ahead of us with the hope that a retreating grass cutter escaping the threat of the dogs would run in our direction and we would in turn capture it. This was an old hunting tactic that had paid off on many occasions.

Not too far away from where I was standing, I could see the grass shaking violently and as an experienced hunter, I knew that our game plan had worked and stretched out my hand and held the cutlass high in readiness to strike the approaching game. Contrary to my expectation, the sight that greeted me was shocking: I saw the head of a huge python making its way towards my direction. I was so startled that I froze like a statue from head to toe with the cutlass raised up in my hand and stuck in the air whilst my eyes were fixed on this monster of a creature. I stood in that position till the snake passed me by, then the cutlass fell from my hand and I started running towards home calling on my brothers.

The farm was not too far from our house and they came to find me panting, speechless, shaking and pointing to the farm. When my parents were told of the episode, they were very angry with me for not going to church. In her anger, my mother retorted that “you are lucky Jesus loves you”. I took that statement for granted because at the Breman Brakwa Roman Catholic Primary School where I started my education, I was very good in class, came out top of the class and had to be promoted from class 1 to 3. Incidentally, I was enrolled in class 1 at the age of 8 and rightfully earned the

derogatory nick name “Class one Papa”. I had erroneously presumed that it was by my own might that I had accomplished all these feats but little did I know that there was an unseen hand ordering my footsteps every step along the way.

Mysterious Serial Goat Deaths

I sat for the Common Entrance examination and gained admission to St Augustines College-Cape Coast in 1965. For six consecutive terms, anytime I went home for holidays, a goat or sheep from my mother's pen would be knocked down by a vehicle. On one occasion when I returned home from school and greeted my mother, she angrily responded that I had come home again and one of her goats was going to die. She barely finished speaking when a bus knocked down her favourite goat.

For me, it was a joyous occasion because it was an opportunity to feast on the meat. My mother's reaction coming on the heels of the 6th animal dying under circumstances which were very similar with the previous ones set me pondering over what I could no longer treat as a mere coincidence.

I expressed my fears to my mum and after confiding in a friend he directed me to a fetish priest at Akroso near Akim Oda. After throwing some cowries on the floor, he asked me to submit some old clothes of mine for further investigations. I promised to come back the following week with the requested items but I never showed up again because I was really frightened with what he was doing. The killings however stopped after this encounter.

Even though I considered myself very religious and was a regular church attendant, I was seriously indulging in drinking akpeteshie (local gin), smoking cigarette, chasing girls and stealing farm products with reckless abandon.

Finding My Feet

After completion of my A'levels in 1972, I applied to join the Ghana Armed Forces together with a close friend of mine. Unfortunately, my friend was selected and I was left out. I was very upset with the turnout of events but unfortunately this friend of mine was killed in one of the numerous coups in Ghana. At that point, I realized that God had His hands firmly established in my life and God started catching my attention.

I gained admission to the University of Cape Coast (UCC) to read science in 1973 and was posted to a school at Saltpond where I taught for three years after my graduation in 1976. In one of the mock examinations, I set questions from three different text books and surprisingly all the questions appeared in the GCE exams in the same order that I had presented them. At that time I thought all these achievements were solely credited to my abilities but today with the benefit of hindsight and a better understanding of the grace of God, I know that God has been leading me all the way and I regret my ingratitude to Him at that time.

From Saltpond I went to Nigeria for six years and returned to Ghana in 1986 to teach at Swedru Secondary School after which I had the chance to travel to Zambia to teach.

Mercy Ofori Boakye, a lady I dated during

my national service later became my wife and we have been married since 1981 with four beautiful daughters.

I Was Blind

On a visit to a Deeper Life Church in 1995 in Botswana one Sunday at the invitation of my sister-in-law who was a chorister in that church, I was confronted with an incident that really baffled me. As the choir sang that famous hymn "Amazing Grace", the ambience in the church changed and the presence of God was so powerful and tangible that people could not control themselves but fell and rolled under the anointing. I was however very uncomfortable because I had a strong aversion for some of these spiritual gimmicks. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the secretary to the Attorney General also falling and rolling. I said to myself that "how can such a dignified person disgrace herself like that?" As they sang the line which says that "I once was BLIND..." I blacked out and in order not to "disgrace myself", I reached for my chair and sat down. In the next five minutes that followed, my whole life in Ghana, Nigeria and Zambia was played to me like in a movie where I saw myself as a blind man being led around by somebody. From that day in 1995, I abandoned my skepticism and doubts about speaking in tongues, falling under the anointing and other spiritual events that I foolishly considered as gimmickry.

Upon my return to Ghana in 1996, I noticed that I never slept well in the afternoon because each time I slept blindness engulfed me. On three occasions, a colleague tutor of mine at Swedru Secondary School by name Mr.

E.K.T Osam invited me to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International meetings but I always turned down the invitations. Upon receipt of the third card, my wife encouraged me to honour the invitation just to see what goes on there and most importantly to avoid another card.

Lord Here I Stand

Mindful of the experience I had had in Botswana, I closed my eyes during the praise and worship sessions. As the main speaker shared his testimony, I could identify myself with most of the issues he was raising and during ministration when an invitation was made for people to come forward and accept Jesus, I stepped forward as if I had been pushed by an unseen hand to receive Christ Jesus as my lord and personal saviour. That decision marked the end of my afternoon sleep crisis.

My teaching improved, I ran extra classes for free for weak non science students and during the Speech Day I won the Most Hard Working Teacher's award at Swesco. That same year, I was nominated for the National Best Teacher Award. I was the second best in the 2nd Cycle Schools category and my award was a 6 weeks educational tour to the USA on a 5 year visa.

Declared Unfit To Work

I needed to raise an amount of \$6000 to sponsor my daughter who was reading French at the University to go abroad in France for a year as part of her academic program. Tried as I did to raise the money, I could only come by \$600. Under the circumstance therefore, I resigned my job

in Ghana left for the USA to work in order to raise the needed amount. Graciously, a relative of mine bought a ticket for me and I went to USA for a second time in February, 2004. The easiest job I could secure was Home Care. I therefore enrolled at a Home Care school for 10 days after which I submitted myself for a medical examination. I received a rude shock when the result of the medical exams indicated that my blood pressure was 210/110! This was a severe case of hypertension and for that reason I was declared unfit to work. I prayed for God's intervention and by divine providence I met a Ghanaian Medical Officer who was of immense help to me. He put me on medication and gave me a complimentary card to procure medicines. When I went to do the medical exams for a second time, I was declared fit and received the nod to go ahead and work. I got my first employment in April 2004 and as soon as I was able to raise the \$6000, I lost the job. I took some time off to recuperate and sent the money to my daughter to pursue her dream.

Having seen the completion of my first three girls through University, I came back to Ghana in April 2010 with a slightly used Toyota Camry. On a test drive to Winneba to secure her driver's license in June 2010, my wife was driving the car when we heard a big bang on the rear of the car. We had been hit by an SUV. My wife sustained some injuries and was admitted at the Winneba hospital. The case went to court and the driver of the SUV was declared guilty.

We were to go to a civil court for him to repair the damaged car. My wife refused to testify after the pleading of the young

driver that he was newly married, not yet settled and pushing him to court would force him to commit suicide.

We paid for the repair of the car. It was a fortune. I sold the car and bought an older car which served me well.

Picking Up The Pieces

Meanwhile I had always yearned to fellowship with the FGBMFI. I managed to locate the meeting place of the Swedru chapter and the membership turnout was very poor. I met four men and a lady. Many of the members were not attending meetings. I joined the fellowship and immediately became the Secretary not knowing my left from my right. Upon the admonition of the incumbent President, I became his immediate successor with a firm assurance from him that he was going to support me fully but unfortunately he left the fellowship shortly after the mantle had fallen on me. I accepted the challenge and together with the support of dedicated brethren like Mr. Teddy Klu, Mr. Adjagrah, Rev. Amo Nkrumah and Favour Aflakpue we accepted the challenge and started rebuilding the fellowship depending on the grace and enablement of the Holy Spirit. We relocated our meetings venue to the Humility Lodge which offered us a decent place worthy of our stature.

Floodgate Of Testimonies

My association with the FGBMFI has helped me build a closer walk with Jesus and I can testify of numerous things that the Lord has done in my life.

- On a number of occasions when I fell sick, I called on the Lord and being my healer he healed and restored my

health.

- I had my own doubts and skepticism about the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues but today, I'm fully baptized with the Holy Spirit and is actively at the forefront of helping others to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit.
- Whilst driving at Kasoa one day in the company of my wife, my car ran over a three year old child without crushing him. "Machomen" in the vicinity came and surrounded the car and ensured that nobody touched us. They escorted us to hospital with the child and he was declared absolutely fit and was handed over to the parents.
- On one occasion whilst we were all out of the house, fire from outside crossed my fence gutting my compound, a heap of firewood and a plantain farm but miraculously, the main house was spared.
- At a prayer meeting, I was led to minister to my brother who had been declared hopeless because of a chronic illness. I took him through the six steps to salvation and after prayer, he recovered and is still doing very well today.
- Beyond the confines of the FGBMFI, the lord has used me to revive the men's fellowship in my local Catholic church which collapsed for over a year due to leadership problems.

It has been an exciting experience walking with the lord and ministering on the platform of the FGBMFI. If God can use me to do all these things, I can assure you that He will do greater things with you if only you give Him a chance to rule and reign in your life.



SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR MURDER

Testimony of
Pastor David G'mercie

Broken Home

Like a fast driving drunk driver who had lost control of his steering, I crushed my life into a pit but God took me out, healed, restored and repackaged me into a testimony which I am sharing with you today. My life has been an unfolding reality show and thriller which God has used to impact many lives, especially the youth by turning the mess in their lives into a life transforming message built on the solid foundation of Christ. I encourage you to read the end and your life will never be the same.

A young rebel born out of wedlock into a nominal Christian home in 1963, to a father who was an army officer and a mother who was a teacher. I therefore ended up in the care of my step mother who brought me up. We went to church as a routine social activity but were very much disconnected from the coverage area of Christ Jesus, the reason for the existence of the church. I was arrested and imprisoned because I committed the heinous crime of murder at a youthful age. This unfortunate situation caught up with me because I perceived erroneously that I was not loved by my step mother who I felt sidelined and treated me like a stranger in my own home as a result of which I rebelled and indeed became a rebel for a considerable period of my life. The seed for this perception was sown and fueled by a relative of my father

living with us who succeeded in making me believe that my step mother hated me. At the tender age of 10, I was bubbling and bursting with a deadly hatred which I had no avenue to vent out. I was therefore compelled to search for love and attention outside the home which eluded me with an unyielding persistence.

In this state of helplessness, I found solace and comfort in a fellow army officer's son in the barracks who introduced me to stealing petty items from home. I unfortunately graduated from petty stealing to serious crimes which baffled me.

In Secondary School form 4, I was expelled on account of bullying. I stayed at home for three years and spent the time on my father's farm and soon became conversant with operating the machinery and equipment on the farm with perfection.

The Prodigal Son

I looted huge quantities of rice from the farm and sold them with the intention of using the money to fund a trip to Holland with my old barracks friend who had then been deported back to Ghana from that country. Sadly enough, this friend swindled me and bolted with the money.

Disappointed and afraid of coming home, I found my way to Nigeria in search of greener

pastures. Life in Nigeria was hell. An army officer's son who had wanted to become a doctor or lawyer had condescended to the level of doing menial jobs such as digging trenches and carrying blocks at constructional sites in order to survive.

Frustrated, I came back to Ghana after three years, empty handed and not daring to go home because of what I had done. I re-strategized to go to Europe through the Sahara Desert and hopefully catch a boat to my intended destination.

A Strange Dream

Two nights before this trip, I had a dream which turned out to define the course of my future life: I dreamt that I was playing with some friends at the base of a hill and suddenly I found myself deserting them and climbing the hill with someone who looked like a white person on my right hand side. As we climbed up, my companion vanished and I was left alone but kept climbing until I stepped on a weed which unknown to me was a trap that tripped me over into a deep and dark pit.

By then I was staying with my brother-in-law who had immense insight into spiritual things so I narrated the dream to him and sought for an interpretation.

His interpretation was that "David, you are going to travel but will fall into serious trouble; the person you saw on your right is a white person of substance but if you don't take care, you will fall into serious trouble".

He later warned me not to get involved with any black woman because she was going to get me into serious trouble. I was contemplating not to travel again after hearing this but as fate would have it, I had a problem with my sister that very evening and had to leave the house immediately.

Travel AgencyThe next day I found myself in Ouagadougou. After failing to make any

meaningful impact with experimentation on various jobs, I ventured into tourism and flourished very well in no time. I became a tour guide and later operated my own travel agency. In no time I had made a lot of friends and money started flowing into my hands. With my new found jack pot, I abandoned my vision to go to Europe and settled down to establish a tourist center in Ouagadougou. After a year, I came to Ghana to do some business and met a black lady with whom I fell in love. In no time she became pregnant and I took her along to Ouagadougou, completely oblivious of the dream and the warning that I had had.

In the course of my business, I met a rich American lady and in no time, I had fallen in love with her. Knowing very well the threat that my resident black lady posed to the sustenance of this new relationship, I succeeded in convincing her to pose as my sister anytime my new found love came to the house. This American lady fell madly in love with me and vacated her hotel to pitch camp with me in my home. Here I was, entrapped in my own home with two women. My Ghanaian woman eventually became very jealous and kept taunting me with the threat of divulging to the American lady that she was my wife and that the little boy was my son and not my nephew as I had made her to believe. This threat restrained me from getting too intimate with the American lady.

I was returning home one day when the American lady came out of the house running towards me expecting that I would meet her with a romantic welcoming hug. Before I could respond to her move, I saw my Ghanaian woman watching us keenly from afar to see what was going to happen. To play it safe, I swerved the lady and instead took her by the hand since a hug would have sent a signal to my on looking girlfriend that I was in love with her. From that day, the American lady also became suspicious that I didn't

really love her so she turned her attention from me and resorted to seeking companionship with my wife who became her trusted confidante.

I Committed Murder

It happened in the course of time that the American lady had to make a trip to Ghana for some business transactions.

I was not supposed to accompany her but my girlfriend persuaded me to go along with her. It was our habit to smoke marijuana and drink alcohol together and most of the important decisions of our lives were taken deep in the night after a good treat of marijuana. My girlfriend called me the night before the journey and after helping ourselves with heavy doses of our usual stuff, she came up with this suggestion:

“David, this American lady has a lot of money, car and other luxurious property. Are you going to allow her to go away with all these things? My advice is that if you get to a solitary place where the two of you are left alone, hither with an object to get her unconscious, take the money and the car and bolt away leaving her to her fate.”

I was uncomfortable with this suggestion because I was still harbouring and nurturing a love relationship with the American lady and for me this trip was a perfect opportunity to further this agenda.

My plan was to escort her to the Ghana border and return to Burkina Faso, but immediately after crossing the border, she handed over the car to me to drive. Not long after going past Wa around 8pm, she asked me to take a detour into a nearby bush so we could spend the night there. This was quite unusual and I persuaded her in vain that we should go back to the city to lodge in a hotel. I had no option but to oblige to this weird suggestion. I branched into the woods and we set up camp

to spend the night. I left her after dinner to go out and smoke as was my custom. In the course of smoking the advice of my girlfriend kept lingering on my mind and the benefits of this wicked suggestion suddenly started appealing to me and it dawned on me that I was letting go of a jack pot if I did not execute this task.

By the time I got back to the camp, I had decided that I was going to carry out my girlfriend's advice. When the white lady was unaware, I hit her with an object and she blacked-out. Immediately after this act, my sanity returned to me and it was as if a veil had been taken off my eyes. I was filled with guilty conscience and I did everything possible to revive her. Thank fully she regained consciousness after about three hours.

I persuaded her to let us go to the hospital in Wa to seek medical attention but she assured me that she was okay. She questioned me on the circumstances surrounding her injury and I came up with a concocted story that I was throwing an object at an approaching wild animal which accidentally went off target and hit her. I doubt if she believed what I told her.

She requested that I drove further into the woods and when we got to a good spot, she brought out her first Aid box and took out a pill, swallowed it and gave me an ointment to apply on her head. She slept in the car while I also stretched out on the bonnet and slept. I woke up at day break with a hangover and vivid memories of the events of the night. I remembered she was in the car and called out her name aloud but she did not respond. I rushed into the car to wake her up but she was lying motionless, cold and unresponsive.

Immediately I realized that something was wrong. I went on and shook her for some time but she didn't respond then I knew she was gone.

At this point, the dye was cast and it was

obvious that I had gotten myself into a big trouble. Where was I going to take refuge and how was I going to cover up this act from the law enforcement authorities? A deep sense of gloom overshadowed me and the future was heavily impregnated with despondency and images of police, jail and death encircled around and within me.

To cover up this heinous crime, I decided to bury the body in the bush. I was so overwhelmed by the weight of my crime that I was prepared to do anything to lighten the burden. I discovered a Barclays ATM card in her wallet which I took and then abandoned the car taking all the money with me to Ouagadougou to flee from the looming trouble.

When I got home, my girlfriend who was waiting expectantly for me to bring the booty gave me a rousing welcome and anxiously inquired about the American lady and the money. I told her that she was dead and she proceeded to unzip

the bag and spread the money all over the floor with excitement written all over her face. Realizing that I was overwhelmed with what I had done, she went out and came back a few minutes later to tell me that she had put her blood in water for me to bath so that her spirit would overcome the guilty spirit that had taken over my being. I was so desperate for a way out of my predicament that I followed her to the bathroom and bathed with the blood stained concoction but that was not enough to assuage or purge me of the emotional torture that I had brought upon myself.

Arrested By Police

Eventually I came back to Accra and showed the ATM card to some friends who suggested that I could use it to gain access to the lady's account. Through some fictitious means, they were able to log into the lady's accounts in London and we discovered that she had

\$18,000.00 in it. We tried to transfer the money out of the accounts. We wrote a letter requesting for \$10,000 to be deposited into her account in Lome (Togo). When the deal was not going through, I left Accra and went to hide in a remote village because I always had this premonition that sooner than later my assailants would catch up with me.

Unknown to me, the letter had gotten to the deceased's parents attention and they had triggered a wide scale investigation involving the American government, Interpol, FBI, the Ghana Police Service and other investigative bodies to unravel the whereabouts of the lady. With the lead provided by the letter, it finally led to my arrest in Kumasi 8 months after the incidence.

Prison Sentence

I was locked up at the Police Headquarters cells for some time and the heat in the cells coupled with persistent insect and rodent bites took a toll on my body and my skin began to deteriorate forcing the investigators transfer me to the James Fort Prison.

By this time, my family had forsaken me due to the bad name that I had brought upon them and this, coupled with my incarceration was a source of great depression and emotional trauma to me.

Whilst brooding over my predicament, an old man came up to me one day and enquired about what it was that had brought me to the prison. I did not make a full disclosure but told him only a part of the story. He told me that the Government was going to have me killed for what I had done and went further to ask if I wanted to die. My answer was of course no, and went on to ask him if there was a way he could get me out of the prison. Surprisingly but pleasantly, the old man said yes, there was a way out of the prison. Immediately I started exploring the possible exit routes available and even attempted to scale the

walls but found out that it was an exercise in futility. I asked the old man to show me how I would get out and he replied that there was a man who could help me out. My immediate guesses as to the sort of person he was referring to pointed to probably a lawyer or some powerful politician but I was completely off target. I then asked him one more time: who is this person you are referring to? He looked into my eyes pathetically and mentioned the name JESUS CHRIST. I doubted whether the Jesus I had heard of since infancy was in a position to help me and his answer was in the affirmative. The old man went further to advise me to fast, pray and earnestly repent of my sins and ask God to make a way for me.

This simple message begun to ring bells in my ears and it was good food for thought. By the next morning I had decided that if Jesus was the only one who could save me from this trouble, then I was going to try Him and see.

Even though I didn't know how to fast and pray, I found myself skipping my meals and giving them out to other inmates the next day. In the depth of night when most of the inmates were asleep I would get up and turn to face the wall and pour out my heart to the Lord in prayer. I don't know how it happened but gradually God started opening up my spirit and I began to yearn for the things of the lord with a growing passion. For the first time, I requested for a bible and when it was brought, I began reading it and it made meaning to me. Throughout the entirety of my life, there is nothing that had gotten me to yearn for God until this situation. By the 9th day of the fast, I had become weak and frail in body but my spirit was on fire. One of the prison inmates even confirmed to me that as he heard me praying the night before, he received a message and an assurance in his spirit that my prayers had been heard in heaven and that God was going to intervene in my case. The next morning being a Sunday, a

preacher from Tema who was a member of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International came to preach and I gave my life to Christ as my Lord and personal savior. For the first time, I realized that I was in an unfriendly environment and wanted to escape to another place where I would meet holy people.

I knew I had been born again. The old David no longer existed.

That very night, the Lord revealed Himself to me in a dream and asked me to confess and divulge the whole truth to the Police. Later in the day, the Police came for me and transferred me to the Tamale Prison. Prior to this event, my biological father visited had me in the cells and encouraged me to disclose the truth since it was only the truth that would set me free. There and then, I remembered the dream and told my father that I was ready to tell the truth. He invited the Police and I told them every detail and led them to the spot where I had disposed of the body.

Sentenced To Death

Two months later, precisely on the 1st of February 1990, I was brought before the People's Public Tribunal of the P.N.D.C era, sentenced to death by firing squad and sent to the condemned cells of the Nsawam Prison. Even in the face of imminent death, I had a firm conviction that the God who had promised to release me would honour His word.

My expectation of life in the condemned cells was woefully torn into shreds when I got there. Contrary to my expectation that the inmates there were a people who lived in constant fear of death, it was not so. They had not given up on life, the word of God had given them hope.

The conditions in the cells were horrible: rooms that are meant for a single individual

were occupied by six people and food was very scarce.

Friday nights were the only days that the inmates dreaded most. The executioners usually came unannounced on Friday nights with a list of people who were earmarked for death. As the names were called one after the other, the short interval between one name and another could look like eternity and when your name was not mentioned, you would heave a sigh of relief. I battled with this horrendous suspense for 13 years and 4 months and by the mercies of God I was divinely selected amongst those who were to live and not die. It was here in the condemned cells that I got to know Jesus intimately and drew closer to Him in the company of some well-grounded brethren in the faith.

All put together I was in prison for 19 years and it was the word of God that sustained me in prison, nothing else. I researched into the lives of prisoners whilst at the Prison Hospital and I found out that the root cause underlying the cases of most of the inmates was as a result of broken homes. I advise parents to be very careful with the way they handle their wards at home.

My Release from Prison

My release from prison was a miracle. Even though condemned prisoners were exempted from amnesty, the Prison Service recommended in 2003,

that the President could show mercy to some condemned prisoners who had been incarcerated for a long time and had comforted themselves.

When the amnesty was announced, the criteria was that any condemned prisoner who had spent at least 10 years should have his sentence commuted to life imprisonment and I fell within that category so my sentence was commuted from death to life sentence.

In all, 179 of us came out of the condemned prison. I still held on to God's promise of releasing me from the prison to go home free but the Lord had also revealed to me that I would stay on a little longer to undergo some more training. After spending another 5 years as a prisoner for life, the President again exercised his prerogative of mercy and I was once again recommended by the Prison service and I was released to go scot free after 19 years. It was unbelievable but God will always make a way for you no matter how impossible it may seem in the site of men.

I married after my release from prison and have two sons as my children.

In the year 2014, I shared my testimony for the first time on the FGBMFI radio program on Sunny 88.7 FM, hosted by Mrs. Akua Ofori-Boateng. Thereafter, I shared my testimony with the Movenpick Ambassador Chapter and since then I have had several

speaking appointments on the platform of the Fellowship. Currently I am a registered member of the Airport View Chapter. I have written a book titled "19 Years in Prison-True Life Story".

This book is a must read for every child, parent and all. There is no sin God cannot forgive and there is no issue that God can't take care of. Probably you have gotten to a point where you think there is no hope but let me tell you that if you have Jesus, He is able to do far more exceedingly and abundantly beyond that which you can think of or can do.

Accept Him today as your Lord and personal Saviour. If I was able to meet God in the deepest prison, how much more you, a free person? If the condemned prisoner does not want to take his own life, why should you, a free person contemplate such a move? Turn your problem over to Jesus and He will give you hope no matter where you find yourself.

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*.

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