Fernando Cebeia’s Testimony

“Snatched supernaturally from the Claws of Witchcraft”

1. Presentation

I am excited about sharing my testimony with you. God has done many miraculous things in my life ever since I was a very young boy and He has continued to show His power and mercy to this day. I have gone through many difficult life’s experiences, and I took many different paths before surrendering myself totally and completely to Christ.

2. Introduction

My name is Jean Didier Fernando Cabeia M. I was born on August 10, 1973 in Kinshasa, the DR Congo. I am an Angolan citizen from province of Cabinda. I was raised in a low income family. My father is a taxi driver and mechanic. My mother is a housewife. And we lived in a small apartment in the populous area of Kinshasa. I’m an associate Pastor of Mountain of prayers foursquare Church in Euless, Texas and a founder of Tent of Prayers International Ministries, Inc. Right now I work with Daystar Television in the department of prayer. I’m married with Ms Mimie Cabeia and together we have 2 children: Josiah 1.6 year-old boy and Angel a month old girl.

3. Witchcraft Influence

As a young boy I had never experienced the existence of God. I knew nothing about Christ the Lord and Savior and how He died on the cross for my sins. However, God had a plan for me and he knew that one day I would serve Him. The enemy also had a malicious plan to destroy my life by pushing me into witchcraft so that I would be killed.

From the age of eight years old my father’s family urged him to allow me to go to a far away village to visit them during the school vacation period. My mother completely refused because she though I was too young and also had an idea about how witchcraft was in my father’s family. After many days of discussion with my father, she accepted and both agreed about three week trip to the village. In 4 days my aunt came to get me.

I arrived at the village and the first thing I observed was that everyone was excited to see me. Everyday people came to visit, bringing gifts and food. I was a very smart and handsome boy. I interacted with the elders of the village and also with the hunters who had trained me how to walk in the jungle and chase animals. At the time I thought I was having good time. After three weeks I was supposed to go back home and start school.
When the village received notice from my mother to let me go back, they became angry. From that point on, trouble had escalated.

4. Mystical Sickness

For some reason the elders of my family did not want for me to return home. They didn’t want anybody to talk about my situation and suddenly everyone became so distant from me. As a young boy I was so confused by what was going on and I couldn’t understand why it was happening. After few days I was enrolled into the closest school so that I would not lose the school year. Also, without my consent, a secret letter has been written and sent to my parents saying that I preferred to stay in the village, which was a total and complete lie.

After six months of school, witchcraft had started its manifestation in my life. Witchcraft is a demonic practice empowered by Satan used to destroy the lives of human beings who are not in Christ and battle to clamp down those who are saved. According to their malicious power, they are able to affect human beings in every area of their lives, such as spiritual, physical, mental, financial etc… It can also cause marriages to be unstable, for children’s futures to be destroyed, for desolation, for hopeless and for poverty. It can cause many to remain single the day and married a spiritual husband or wife at night.

Witches use their magical powers and are able to transmit any kind of incurable and mystical diseases or illnesses. They are always communicating with spirit of death. These spirits have the power to move from city to city, and from country to country within seconds. The witches have daily meetings that focus on the subject of stealing, killing, and destroying. They kill innocent family members, friends, men, women and children without pity. Anything destructive could easily happen to those who are not under the precious blood of Jesus and to those who hesitate in receiving Christ as Savior and Lord.

Witchcraft was transmitting itself into my life as I became seriously sick and was unable to go to school. It was strange that no medicines could stop my high fever. No one, no medicine was able to cure my body. After time had passed, the situation went from bad to worse. Other people of the village put pressure on my family’s elders so that they would decide to take me back home to an intensive care unit in a big hospital. Because of the neighbor’s pressure, the witches put something like an invisible mark on my face so that drivers would not accept me in their cars so I could not escape.

After days, the news reached my mother in the capital about my situation. She was told that if she continued to leave me there, I would be dead within the week. This news tormented her so deeply. Later on in the morning she packed her bags and took the first car that would take her to the village I was in within two days. When she finally arrived from the long trip, she was so fatigued. It was a difficult ride and she was crying all day about my situation in. She found me abandoned on the bed. No one was taking care of me. I had scabies (impetigo) all over my body and especially on my hands. I couldn’t
hold anything because it was so painful. I couldn’t walk by myself until somebody lifts me up to help.

My mother packed my things and was looking for my school uniform, but it was not in the house. Later, I found out through prophesy, that my school uniform and other clothes had disappeared from the house because it had been hung on the cemetery stone where they had planned to bury me. My mother desperately started checking for cars that would bring us back to Kinshasa, but no driver would accept, despite of amount of money she offered. Every driver responded negatively because of the invisible mark that has been on my face. They denied us the trip to go back home.

After many days, somebody reported to my mom that there was a car coming in our direction, and if she would beg them, they may take us home. It was a fact that the car was not supposed to pass through my village, but by mistake it came through. We couldn’t explain it. My courageous mother stopped the car on the road and started begging. Fortunately the boss of the company was in the car. My mother tried to explain about my situation. The boss man turned and looked at me carefully for many minutes. He said to my mother, “I will take you and your son to Kinshasa, no matter what!” My mother grabbed luggage and we got in the car.

5. Hospitalized in Kinshasa

After three difficult and dangerous days, we finally arrived home early in the morning hours. That evening they took me urgently to the general hospital that was approximately two hours from our home. As soon as we got there I was admitted to the high intensive care room where visiting was prohibited.

We thought that we had escaped the witches, but even at the hospital the situation got worse. I was in coma for three months. They had me on an intravenous because I often was dehydrated. According to the prophecy, the witches implanted something like a straw in my body that drained the fluids that the doctors put intravenously into me. That’s why everyday I got dehydrated at least ten to twelve bags of intravenous were wasted daily.

The doctors diagnosed me and found some cuts in my mouth and in lungs. Because I was unable to eat any kind food, that caused my health decreasing. After nine months of suffering in the hospital, the day came when the witches scheduled to kill me at once. Later, according to the prophecies the witchcraft malicious forces had put me into their prison, like a cage where I was waiting until the day of execution. During that nightly killing meeting, they planned my body as a nightly precious food. But look at what God has done to rescue me supernaturally from their claws.
6. God’s Powerful Rescuing Hand

Before the day of execution, God put confusion between my mother’s and my father’s family. During their quarrelling my mother’s family decided that if I died they were going to declare divorce. This was a major dispute and it brought them to the point where they hated each other.

The next day after 11:00 p.m. my mother saw a lady coming into the large room of twenty beds where we were. The last visit time for visitors was 10:30 p.m. No matter who you were, you could not access the gates. It was so unbelievable because on that particular day no one knew how that lady passed through tight security. The lady was walking and passing by the beds from the entrance as far as where my bed was. Suddenly she stopped and started coming toward my bed’s side and stood right on the corner where my feet were. The lady looked at my mother very carefully. My mother asked her the first question, “What are you doing here at this time?” She replied with a question to my mother, “Why are you so sad?” Then she said, “Today at midnight your son was supposed to die, but I tell you now he will live and he will ask you for food at midnight.” She then left the hospital and nobody knew the way she got out.

At midnight my mother, (for the first time of her life) experienced God’s miracle. She saw the miraculous transformation in my life. I woke up and asked for food which I had not had since seven months. It was a powerful and visible visitation of God with deliverance and healing.

According to prophecies, the witches took me out of the cage and drove me to the altar waiting for midnight. When they were ready to strike me down, the merciful and powerful God manifested through a big light that nobody could stand. Every witch scattered, God confused them and snatched me supernaturally from their claws. After that happened in the darkness world, I felt well in the hospital, and the first thing I did was to ask my mother for food.

The doctors followed my health until all demonic cuts have been dried up in my mouth and my lungs returned to normal. They made sure that nothing else was wrong with me and I was released. After twelve months of being in the hospital I was able to return home. I was snatched from the claws of witchcraft. I was totally, completely delivered and also healed from the demonic illness. This brought reconciliation and peace to all the family members.

7. My Salvation

As a young boy I was unable to understand what God had done in my life. In my teenage years I did many things that were not pleasing to God. Sometimes I went to church, but I never accepted Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. I was among Christian people, singing in choir, but my life was not in perfect relationship with God. At the age of twenty-two I finished my school and wanted to go to the university where I had dreamed all my life about becoming a medical doctor.
After six months in the university, November 1996, I had a very confused vision in which God showed me that I was in Angola with my mother’s family. When I boarded a large airplane I saw the passengers but there were no pilots. I became fearful because I didn’t know how to fly the plane. I realized myself that I could not pilot the plane, and then I woke up. I couldn’t understand its meaning.

After three months I was in the bus station early in the morning along with a group of students waiting for a bus that was going in the direction of the university. Unfortunately, there was no bus. As young determined students we tried to get on any bus, mini-bus, van, or any other transportation so we could get to the university. I and all the group of students were panicked and we tried to do everything we could to get to the university. I saw a mini-bus and I run after it. I tried to jump on it and I missed it and I fell down and got hurt on my back. My friends lifted me up but I couldn’t stand on my own. They had to take me home. And since that day I never returned to the university.

After three weeks God started reminding and convincing me about the vision of airplane that I had in Nov 1996. Then I decided to leave the Congo and go joining my mother’s family who is in Cabinda in March 1997. According to prophesies, this was where God’s plan took place for me to become a good believer and servant of Him. **This is where I received Jesus-Christ in my life as Lord and Savior.** When I was in Angola I started serving Him fervently with all my strength because I understood that He has done great things in my life during my young age. After that God started showing me a clear vision how He walked with me since my young age and until I committed myself to serve Him. And from there He showed me also about the ministry of prayers.

With Christ, I was fearless to minister in areas which had been affected by years of civil war, the areas of famine and desolation. I felt compassion seeing people dying by the civil war, famine and those caused hopeless children, widows. God also gave me the ministry of prayer and intercession so I may help those who are in the situations that I had gone through. Many have been delivered from witchcraft and many have been healed of all kinds of sickness and disease. I bless the Lord for this ministry and I know many more will experience the deliverance and healing power of Jesus Christ.

For being so obedient to God, He started opening doors for me and in the beginning of the year 2000; I received a full scholarship from CFNI to attend school in January 2001 and I graduated in May 2003, also I’m member of Fellowship of Ministers & Churches/CFNI. And now God blessed me to be an associate Pastor of mountain of prayers foursquare Church in Euless, Texas. (Francophone branch). I’m in charge of weekly prayer which is held on Friday night, called” **Friday at the mountain**” I’m also a founder of “Tent of prayers Int’l ministries”, which is a ministry for helping people who are still facing the situations that I had gone through (witchcraft).

I’m married with Ms Mimie Cabeia and together we have 2 children Josiah and Angel K. Mussieta.

All glory and honor be to my Savior and Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.