

STIGMATIZED! 3

The man of God was dressed in black today, even his bracelets were black. There was a slight sheen on his forehead though the large auditorium was fully air-conditioned. Inner heat, perhaps. Or a few drops of olive oil. He was walking, hands in pockets, back and forth on the grand altar.

"There is a mystery I want to expose today in this service Let's go to Revelation 11 I read; 'I was then given a stick that looked like a measuring-rod, and was told; 'Go and measure the temple of God and the altar, and count those who are worshiping in the temple. But do not measure the outer courts, because they have been given to the heathen, who will trample on the Holy City for forty-two months. I will send my two witnesses dressed in sackcloth, and they will proclaim God's message during those one thousand, two hundred and sixty days.' The two witnesses are the two olive trees and the two lamps that stand before the Lord of the earth. If anyone tries to harm them, fire comes out of their mouths and destroys their enemies; and in this way, whoever tries to harm them will be killed. They have authority to shut up the sky, so that there will be no rain during the time they proclaim God's message. They have authority also over the springs of water, to turn them into blood; they have authority also to strike the earth with every kind of plague as often as they wish. When they finish proclaiming their message, the beast that comes up out of the abyss will fight against them. He will defeat them and kill them, and their bodies will lie in the street of the great city, where their Lord was crucified. The symbolic name of that city is Sodom or Egypt. People from all nations, tribes, languages, and races will look at their bodies for three and a half days and will not allow them to be buried. The people of the earth will be happy because of the death of these two. They will celebrate and send presents to each other, because those two prophets brought much suffering upon mankind. After three and a half days, a life-given breath came from God and entered them, and they stood up; and all who saw them were terrified. Then the two prophets heard a loud voice say to them from heaven, 'Come up here!' As their enemies watched, they went up into heaven in a cloud. At that very moment, there was a violent

earthquake; a tenth of the city was destroyed, and seven thousand people were killed. The rest of the people were terrified and praised the greatness of the God of heaven. The second horror is over, but the third horror will soon come!" He sighed heavily.

"Incidentally, the forty-two months are symbolic, especially when you consider the Daniel Rule of time. In Prophet Daniel's rule, one week means seven years hence forty-two months equals 168 weeks multiplied by seven. That is 1176 years. More than eleven centuries. The bodies of the Witnesses that would be left unburied for three and a half days is not literal in time. That implies half of one week; three and a half years. Meaning it just doesn't refer to mere physical death alone but the significance of these two prophets or Witnesses." He stopped walking and began a descent down the broad steps.

"This book; Revelation, is riddled with confusions, especially in the attempt to mimic the essence of the book of Daniel. I am not saying that those verses will not occur, but that the spirit princes have inputted a virus or malware into them to suit their own selfish desires. They have divided the world among themselves. Let's cut through them, perhaps if man becomes enlightened, man would defeat these greedy princes who are contesting adoration with Jehovah God from the portion read, you will easily determine the identities of the witnesses."

"Moses and Elijah!" someone yelled.

"Yes, God will bless you immensely. Remember from the passage read that the witnesses are before the Lord of the earth, again, they were killed in the Great city which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where their Lord was crucified or impaled. The keyword there is 'Lord.' Who is the 'Lord of the earth'? Who was crucified? Jesus of course. Who had a conversation with Moses and Elijah at the Transfiguration? Jesus. So, his kingdom is not of Heaven but of the earth Jesus is the Lord of the Earth, especially the lord of the two witnesses. These were the two prophets God used greatly in the ancient scriptures. They were with him, in fact, they have been with him since then. There was an agreement. These same scriptural giants are about to be

disgraced in the time to come. I won't bother you with the why but the how. How can the Beast be able to defeat these men who had terrorized the sinful world at the time? Very simple. The enemies will use the tool of sin. What type of sin? Sodomy, which brings about captivity. Egypt in that scripture signifies bondage. It is an evil evidence used against the witnesses. True, all flesh is incapable of resisting sin, but let us be governed by logic, especially when you're on a special mission. We shouldn't become complacent, too relaxed. When we are comfortable, that is the time we should be vigilant and be afraid of sin. Why? Because we have a lot to lose. The two witnesses will become homosexuals hence will not live to fully accomplish their divine task. They will be corrupted by the spirit princes via auto-suggestions the angel that called them spoke with irritation; 'Come up here!' You can easily read the anger in the voice. Let us be careful when it comes to the issue of sin. Let us be ruled by divine principles. Nobody wants evil repercussions, and that should strike fear in us, make us to be wary of sinning. That leads us to another question; who is the victor? "

The church chorused; 'The Beast.'

"Thank you, my friends. Yes, the victor in that scenario is Russia. And the location of the said battle is the USA. Also known as Great Babylon, the Famous Prostitute, and the Great City. Elijah, the most powerful of the two witnesses is the main focus. Jesus himself admitted that Elijah returned as John the Baptist; Matthew 17: 10-13. He didn't rescue him from Herodias. Sodom and Egypt is the final curtain call for these great prophets. Sodomy ... homosexual act between males is a common practice in the Great City, it is fashionable, most VIPs in America are gay or bisexual. This sexual behaviour has gained broad currency in all the spheres of American society. These people are great, and the likes of them will be used to seduce the two witnesses or manipulate them into sleeping with themselves in the time to come. The Great City. It is written that, 'all the nations have drunk her wine; the strong wine of her immoral lust. The kings of the earth practiced sexual immorality with her, and the businessmen of the world grew rich from her unrestrained lust'. Logically, Jehovah is particularly concerned about the

sins we commit that involve other persons or nations or animals. I will not specify the sins one could commit only by himself I do not want to be used as an excuse. Don't even consider stealing because someone is the owner and you will likely spend the money on others. The spirit princes are jostling with Jehovah, their father. They seem to be on His side, yet, incorporate what is their own into the scheme of things. But why? Jealousy, rivalry and greed for worship and adoration. This has given birth to several religions. The only religion acceptable to God is Judaism. It is a covenant religion between Jehovah and His people; the Jews. And in those days which are still to come, Russia will become stronger, by the reason of her winning back the breakaway republics. Based on recorded history, she will take reprisal action against USA. The Great City was responsible for the breakdown of the USSR in the first place. Elephants never forget. Russia bears the scar of the split, and will never forget the agony of the wound. In December 1991 the Soviet Union flag was lowered and replaced by the Russian flag. It was a bitter month for the people, most were on the breadline. They went to bed one night with full bellies and woke up with the insecurities of the next morning and months thereafter. Incidentally, since the world sent gifts to one another, one wonders what the season suggested. The only period people of the world send gifts to themselves is Christmas. Perhaps because during the proclamation of their message, Christmas was stopped. Remember, their Lord was crucified in the Great City. That is the implication since we know that it cannot be a literal crucifixion." I.O.U moved deeper into the congregation, and suddenly stopped. He smiled broadly and signalled one of the ushers. She ran down her aisle and crossed over to him. He whispered into her ear, holding the head of the tiny microphone to prevent reception. The usher left him. He moved toward the altar, and suddenly appeared on it. Skipping three hundred meters.

"Time is of essence. Lady, why do you mourn? The dead is gone for five months now." His speech was directed to the beautiful young woman the usher brought to the altar. She was well-endowed.

"She was so dear to me, pastor." She sniffed, the tale of sorrow is

immediately told by her brimming eyes.

"How dear, my child?" he inquired quietly.

"She made me what I am, sir. She took me in like her child, and trained me even though we are not related. She shouldn't have died now." Her tears ruined her light makeup.

"Where is your father?"

"Didn't grow to know him, sir."

"And your biological mother?"

The young woman sighed. And shook her head slowly.

"I was told that she dropped me by the gates of my benefactor, with a note that contained my name among other things." She said sadly.

"I see please, do not be offended by what your mother did, I'm sure she had her reasons." The man of God wore a rueful expression as he gazed into the rafters.

"So, what do you want at this moment?"

"I wish she were alive once again and watch me grow and see all I promised her. She had no child of her own." With that, the flood dam opened suddenly. I.O.U couldn't control himself, and walked quickly away to the rear of the altar, and repeatedly punched the backdrop. The marble logo of the church caused bruises on his knuckles.

"Where is the body?" He asked turning to face the congregation.

"LKJ Funerals on Ozumba Mbadiwe Way." She sniffed.

"Time factor, and credibility issue mmmhnn. Ok, Tunji, please place a call to AriseTV, let's see how quickly they can arrange a meet at the funeral home, and place their broadcasting equipment here in the church, so that we can see what is happening right there. Let the Tech guys be on standby."

Someone on one of the balconies was seen moving energetically, and giving short commands to others. After a long while, I.O.U was heard talking to someone through his earpiece but also into the microphone.

"..... money that's the easiest part. Madam, what's twelve point five million? Send us your bank details. Please, time is of great essence. We are in the middle of a service. Thank you so much, madam." The choir, on

inspiration, broke forth with the *Halleluyah* song; low tempo, stylized and melodic.

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That same Sunday morning, Chief Maduka Obinze, Senator representing Imo East, was relaxing under the canopy of an African star apple; popularly called Udala in Igbo. The Red Chamber was on recess at this time of the year. The triple-chief decided to visit his constituents instead of whore-mongering like many of his colleagues at the National Assembly. Maduka had always upheld the belief that the best air to be found anywhere is the one in his village. So, in his shorts and singlet, he was having an encounter with the cool morning breeze. On days like this, the usual instruction was that; he's in the next village. In Aboh Mbaize. His family was in Lagos, where his fat wife was being laid on the regular like a bitch in heat by his younger brother. He had reasons for visiting the village anyway; the fresh, untainted maidens of Ahiazu Mbaize. The women loved him; so he thought, due to the monetary blessings he showered on their families. He was very careful, never went in the rain without an umbrella. The scandal of unwanted pregnancies could ruin his moral posture. His political enemies would lap it up. At the moment, the only persons in the mansion were the gate-man, his Police Aide-de-camp, and his cooks. Just five, including the great man.

The large doors opened into the terrace, an incredibly pretty female approached, wearing a scant bikini; the buttocks were barely covered and exposed, she walked daintily down the stone staircase. She was holding two cocktails. Purple and blue. Perhaps Mojitos. Maduka sat up quickly with a querulous expression.

"How did you get into my house? I can't remember you." He said, a bit irritated. The female backed him as she placed the drinks on a side-table. She was the pretty lady in the church with I.O.U. Impossible. Her fat ass nearly knocked him off the recliner chair. His eyes were riveted to the thick lobes. She smiled mischievously at him, seeing where his eyes were. Then she

smartly went astride him, with her rear to his face. That move made him to stutter. Stupidly.

"Where are you from, my dear?" He eventually managed.

"Okwu. Ikeduru." Her ass pushed closer to his face, and he squeezed to feel the texture. He ventured with his teeth, and bit gently into a buttock. It elicited a loud fart. A horrible pong, judging by the contortion of his face. But he won't leave the ass, in fact, he spread the buttocks, perhaps for experimental purpose. To assay the quality and skin tone. The crack of the buttocks gaped wide at him. The move caused the release of another fart. Then he suddenly smiled and keeled over to the side. And the lady vanished.

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The RF1 OB van was parked neatly across the street from the funeral home. The logo of AriseTV was emblazoned on its side. The crew and reporter were inside the premises. There was a little drama concerning the exposure of the embalmed body to strangers. The mortuary personnel, slightly inebriate, argued noisily before a large smart TV.

The production truck was being controlled by two men facing several screens and console. One was busy with a bottle of stout. One of the screens had a section of I.O.U's church service going on live. The choir was still active. The man of God came down from the altar.

"Give them the number of the body." He told the pretty lady in the church.

The AriseTV team were to their left.

"8872." The mortuary personnel saw her and there was instant recognition.

"Please, let them see my aunt's body, I'm here with my pastor. He wants to see and pray for the body." The lady said mournfully.

"Ok, ma. Wait, we will bring out the body."

Several minutes later, the dried body was brought out on a gurney. The TV reporter and crew pulled back a little probably due to the smell of the chemicals; formalin, phenol, glycerol, et cetera.

"Right before us is the body of Madam Rita Ireliolu Obiagwu; the Lagos socialite who died about four months ago. The General Overseer of the

Church of the Light of God; CLG, specially requested that the body be brought out for prayers." The female reporter rallied despite the strong odour. She made as if she's listening to someone through her earpiece. She touched it, and nodded rapidly.

"Over to you, sir." She looked at the flat-screen TV. The pastor looked at one of his pastoral assistants; sitting close to his wife at the far end of the great altar.

"Patrick, I want you to touch the head of the body of Madam Obiagwu."

Instantly, a man wearing a blue Cesare Attolini suit, appeared by the body, and placed a hand on the head; wearing a clinical expression. The congregation could see the man through the Ultra-wide LED screen of the church. They stared at one another. Knowingly.

"Thank you, Jehovah for this hour of resurrection, you have seen the tears of your daughter, you also know the life-changing burden this death has placed on the mind of Ms. Agatha Chidiebube. Prove yourself great and glorious in this hour of a resurrection. Do the incredible this minute, Jehovah, for I pray in your most venerated name; Jehovah. Let the dead arise, O, Mighty God!! It is done already. Patrick, run your hand without touching the body, from head to the toes. We must reverse the time frame first. Time is of essence." The great man ran his hand right there in church; imitating what Patrick was doing. Before their very eyes, the church and viewers worldwide, the body gradually became fresh. Naked. But nudity became irrelevant at this time. "Time is on our side." He said when the body was completely fresh as on the day of the demise.

"Arise, Rita Obiagwu!!!!" I.O.U screamed. "Do not listen to your newfound friends in the spirit realm. You have been granted a release from the cold hands of death. Let her go. Now!!!!"

The body sneezed and was awake as if from sleep. The camera zoomed in. The church roared with wonderment. The TV reporter fainted. It was too much for her to bear. Members of the church were seen rolling on the marble floor in tears, glorifying God's Holy name. I.O.U stepped on the altar, knelt and collapsed on it. Agatha went up and knelt beside him and kissed his

shining forehead. Patrick suddenly appeared beside her and gently pulled her away from the great man, leading her down the aisle. The crew in the RF1 OB van couldn't believe their eyes. One dropped a half-empty bottle of Guinness near the console. The other blinked rapidly at the screen.

"I think I should stop drinking from this moment. Was that real?"

"I don't think so, Frank. You must stop drinking though." He said, staring at the five empty small bottles by his friend's feet. The world streamed the service live, and downloaded the video on YouTube. It was the miracle of all miracles. It succeeded in sealing the busy mouths of I.O.U's detractors. It was believable and could be corroborated. The consensus was that only Jehovah God can do this. The reverence for I.O.U increased tremendously. Worldwide.

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