

The BROKEN SNARE

Transformed by the Power of God

PRINCE MUSAU

THE BROKEN CHAINS

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ONE

Formative Years

I was born to a fairly religious family. At the time of my birth, my parents were members of the African Inland Church. This setting would greatly influence the course my life would take. During my formative years, my mother got saved and was filled with the Holy Spirit. This brought a new direction in our lives. At that time, Pentecostal churches were very rare and the only nearest Pentecostal church was around 9 kilometers away. My mother's salvation came at a time when my dad had left his job at Marshalls EA Ltd, sold his cars and property and thereby forcing each one of us to relocate back to the village to start life again.

Back in the village, a young family with 4 kids, mum was so determined that many are the times we would walk the distance to and fro, just to attend church at the Pentecostal church that was nearest to our home. Everything began to change, I would remember mum insisting on the names that we were to be baptized – that they should have a divine meaning.

We were facing so many struggles at this point in life that at times I would feel sorry for my mother, though a boy aged 10 years. My mother began to teach us the spirits that operated in the family lineage and from a young age, I became fully aware that the spirits of drunkenness and sexual immorality had destroyed almost all the households in our family lineage. I would question myself and make a vow that this was not the life I would wish to live.

Nobody in my immediate family had ever been able to understand what happened to my dad's job at the time. I have never gathered enough strength to even bring such kind of discussion to him, but one thing was evident, from his drunken ways at the time, this was taking a toll on him. I would sit down and listen to the many nights that quarrels would erupt between my parents especially when dad came home drunk. From a very early age, this led to development of a great resentment towards my father and at the same time a strong bond developed between me and my mother.

Back to the family lineage, I would comfortably say that if there is a family that has been destroyed and that continues to be troubled by the spirits of alcoholism and sexual immorality, it has to be ours. I watched the life of my grandfather's brother fall from grace – sitting in the boardrooms of international Christian NGO to grass. This man died

such a painful death, that every speaker at the funeral beseeched the mourners present not to lead the kind of life that he led.

At times I pass by that home and shed tears. Those people even now cannot come into terms with what life has become of that family. I watched with a heavy heart seeing alcoholism trouble at least two members of each family in our extended sitting. Some are crippled by alcohol that when people are waking up to go to work in the morning, you will find them drunk as early as 8.00 Am.

Growing up, I had made a personal vow to steer my life away from these snares. I was a bright student – actually in all classes I have attended, I have never been number 2. In the school I sat my final fourth form examination, my name is on the academic honours board because I was the top student in the class that year. As early as at 7 years of age, I knew I was born bright, that the future was great and this is what prompted me to vow to steer away of the spirits that operated through our family lineage.

Preachers would come to preach in church and many of them would prophesy that this young man was destined for greatness. I clearly recall one preacher who prophesied that I would scale the heights of education to levels never attained in our

family. Growing up in a church setting and my closeness to my mother greatly shaped that life I would live in my formative years. When I was in class 4, a branch of redeemed Gospel church was opened just 500 meters from our home. This came as a great relief to us as a family because now we had a church nearer home at last. We would now be able to attend home bible services, choir practices, walking into the house of God to pray and so many other things. This greatly grew my relationship with God.

I remember at 11 years old, I was given the pulpit to preach, and preaching I did. I clearly recall the topic was demons in the lives of men. This was one of the best experiences I had with God, that's why it's a memory that has stuck in my memory to date. This move and love for God continued till I finished class 8 and passed school so well that I got enrolled at Machakos Boys High School. This school was and is still a giant in academics and getting a chance here was almost like a guarantee that you will be admitted to the university.

I was so vibrant in school in the first years such that the school fraternity nicknamed me pastor, describing me as the boy who always preached during his free time. My mother would come for visiting and almost all students knew me, she would ask anyone and they would tell her that they knew

me as their pastor. One day I was given a chance to testify at a Saturday night Christian union fellowship. What happened that night is still fresh in the minds of most of those who were there.

A Detour

Towards the end of form 1, I started doubting myself, I started seeing as if those students who had been brought up in the city were far much better than those of us who had been brought up in the villages. I started admiring their lifestyles from sagging trousers to committing capital offences such as sneaking out of school and getting back drunk. Most of these students would come back to school with loads of shopping. At this time, we were struggling so much financially at home that I couldn't wish to strain my mother psychologically by starting to ask for what was completely not available. Slowly I started back tracking in my salvation, I would be given a cigarette to smoke by the company I had now gotten myself into and the stimulation I got felt so good I kept coming back for more.

This quickly graduated into smoking bhang, I would remember during closing for the December holidays that year and a friend would go smoking bhang that

we would end up sleeping in the bush the whole day. Sustaining this lifestyle needed money and so to leverage this, I would steal maize from our store and sell it at the market center just to get money to buy a roll of bhang. One day I offended the store owner and he reported me to my parents. That day I was canned silly.

January came and we were reported back to school. After using all the money, I had to buy bhang, I resulted to stealing from students to get money to buy more bhang. I was caught on the first day and suspended from school. After my suspension, I came to appear before the Board of Governors and they decided that they no-longer needed a student with a character like mine in the school. As I walked out of the school having been expelled, I would see the defeated faces of my parents. Most of the students I had preached to shed tears when they saw me leaving the school an addict, when several months prior to that I was preaching to them so powerfully.

This marked the start of a life that I hadn't lived before, just because I had allowed satan to use boys my age to influence me and make me deviate from what I had always known as the truth. Truancy set in and the young boy who was known to be so obedient turned and became so rebellious that it shocked my parents. No amount of canning would make me change. I have come to realize that this

was not happening by myself but evil spirits working in me. My expulsion from Machakos Boys is a typical example of falling from grace to grass. I ended up being admitted to a day school where I studied till I cleared school.

Coming from a provincial school to a day school was too demoralizing, I was fast giving up in life and I would manifest my frustrations through anger outbursts, countless violent outbursts with my teachers, not even the students. I was convinced that if I were to go back to that school to study and find the same teachers, all of them would hesitate to take me back. Satan does all manner of tricks on earth to destroy the life of a young person with a great destiny. This is why it is important to intercede for your children and fight their battles spiritually. When you see your child starting an unusual behavior, go on bended knees and fight the kingdoms of this world and the powers that are oppressing that young soul. The child may not even be aware of why he or she is doing the things they do.

I wrote this book from experiences, many are the times I would sit down and ask myself why I was doing the things I was doing. My entire life in school was punctuated by suspensions, one after another and numerous punishments. I am writing this to show young people how satan can destroy your life

if you give him the chance. I sat down and estimated the time that I spent in school minus suspensions and found that it was something less than 2 years or thereabout.

Satan had planted the spirit of truancy and rebellion in me to steal quality time that I should have utilized listening to my teachers. I knew I was born bright, yes, but I have always been convinced that had I spent the four years in school like other students, I would have passed my examination exceedingly better than I did. Examinations came in December 2007, and even as I went into that exam room, I knew that none of my classmates would outshine me. True to this, my name appears on the academic honors board of that school as the best student of the year. I had gotten a grade that would transition me to university or college, yes, but I was utterly disappointed that I had not performed to my level to the best of my ability.

I partly blame this on two things, one being the fact that I spent too much of class time out of school on suspensions, secondly, I was in a school where I was getting minimal challenge academically. An athlete is able to break world records if they have stiff competition. This pushes them to the edge and hence they unleash their full potential. To parents reading this, that is why it is utterly important to take your child to a school of his level or higher

than his abilities so that he can find the challenge requisite for him to maximize and unleash his potential. Disillusioned by the fact that my results limited me on what I could study in college, I opted to repeat form four. God opened a good chance in Makueni Boys High School and I was over the moon.

I was happy that life had given me a second chance, but I had not dealt with the issues that had made me attain the grade that I had attained. The spirit of rebellion and truancy hang around me like a shadow. In fact, it was so bad that if you wanted me to do something, you only needed to tell me to do the opposite. Teachers in this school didn't understand me and I had a very rough time here. By the time we were going for holidays after the first term, I knew my days were numbered. I really doubted that the teachers would tolerate me for the remaining months towards examinations and I desperately wanted to be in school but whatever was happening was beyond my control, but nobody wanted to understand. We resumed school in second term to the same situation.

One day towards the end of May, there was a champions league final match that was being played between Manchester United and Chelsea. The school Deputy Principal announced that we would not be allowed to watch that match because the

mock exams were just around the corner. I was so mad at the man that I was virtually cursing him. I was a Manchester United fan for so long and we had waited for this team to be here and I couldn't fathom the thought that I wouldn't be allowed to watch this game. In retaliation, I and a few other students destroyed the school's DSTV dish to vent out our frustrations. This was the final draw that broke the camel's back. I was expelled from school, and this effectively ended my secondary school education. I was shattered. As I was going home, I knew perfectly well that my parents would not trouble themselves further. I cried bitterly and was asking God why? I couldn't understand why I was doing the things I was doing. Surely put, I didn't even understand myself.

TWO

An Open Door

At last I was now where I always came back to - home. I was dejected and my dreams had been shattered. My life was fast hitting a dead end. I had very few choices left. In this crisis, a military recruitment came and I knew that this was the only option left for me. I was recruited into the Kenya Defense Forces at a very tender age of 18 years. I remember reporting at the recruits training school in Eldoret, and one of the senior officers asked me if I had missed my way to school. I was too tiny they couldn't believe I was 18 years of age. Everyone kept asking for my identity card to confirm my age.

It took me 7 months to complete the training. The first 3 months of this time was the toughest phase I had gone through in life as of then. During the pass out parade, as we were standing at the graduation square, taking oaths and marching in-front of the President, having completed our training, most of us shed tears of joy. Nobody remembered the harsh life we had gone through; every pain had been

atoned. Even our families and friends seated in the pews were making shouts of joy. Re-uniting with them was so emotional. This is a classic example of how it will be when the son of man comes. We will remember our pains no more, he will wipe every tear from our eyes and so much more. (CF Rev 7:13-17)

I was posted to 10 Engineers Battalion in Nanyuki. I connected with friends who re-introduced me to church, Gospel Celebration Centre, under Prophet Paul Mwaniki, and I really enjoyed my time here. CCC had a vibrant youth ministry dubbed Youth for God (Y4G) where I got to interact with youth who were serving God faithfully in their time, mentored by Pastor John and Pastor Solomon. The zeal that the Y4G operated with still amazes me to date. I can attest that this is one of the youth ministries that has been able to churn out so many successes for young men in the recent times. I would remember the missions we would go for almost every weekend to schools and colleges, nobody wanted to be left behind.

We would confirm attendance as early as Monday so as not to miss out. And yes, this was just going out to serve God without any other hidden agendas. I remember one day that we were going to preach at St. Francis Girls High School, our vehicle got into an accident and rolled but we got out with

minor bruises and instead of going back, we pulled the vehicle back up. I remember Pastor Solomon telling us that as long as the engine cranks up we would still go. True to this, we continued with our journey. Basically, I am trying to illustrate that God has not called you to a smooth life. There will be discouragement, there will be found times where your zeal and faith in Him (God) will be greatly tested. I pray that you be founded on a strong faith so that when this happens, you overcome. Victory lies on the other side of temptations.

I was posted back to Nairobi in April 2010. This was a great moment of joy in my life because I strongly yearned to pursue a degree course and at the time there was no University College in Nanyuki. I thanked God for the door he had opened for me. I applied and was admitted to the University of Nairobi in September of that year, to pursue a degree in commerce. My heart was overjoyed, at last God was restoring me to where I wanted to be. Joining school, my belief in God and Christianity began to get compromised. I was fast forgetting all that God had done for me, how He had been opening doors to give me a new lease of life even when men had written me off. Now that I was where I wanted to be, in the university, I was fast forgetting about God. I forgot that it was He who had brought me to this point. This remains the

greatest crime I have committed to myself in my lifetime. Most Christians commit this mistake and when things start going wrong, they start questioning God why all this is happening.

Influence from my peers in college, convinced me that having a girlfriend was cool, and that not having one, meant that one was uncouth and uncultured. I not only got one, but got into a come-we-stay relationship with her. I would wake up on Sunday mornings, leave her in the house and go to church. At this time, I had also drifted back to taking alcohol- even to the point of becoming a full-blown drunkard.

Slippery Route

All the spirits that operated in our family line (*A mentioned in chapter one*) had gotten a strong foothold on me. I remember I would drink all the way to Saturday morning, then avoid alcohol so that I would not be smelling of it the following day in church. All this time, I believed that nobody noticed that I was into drinking in the church I went to in Nairobi.

My studies were getting greatly affected from the second semester because drinking and partying had taken over my life. I had no time for my classes, not because of work constraints but because of this

lifestyle that I had now adopted. In most cases, I would either come to class drunk or just sign the attendance register and go away straight to a club. One lecturer once asked me “Young man, are you sure you are in the University? Are you doing justice to your life?” I was however too blinded by the pleasures of life, I told myself that this man was just being old-school. I had a very strong rebellious spirit and yet none of my friends would dare show me my mistakes. They wouldn't because I was their source of beer, seeing as I was employed at the moment. I can now boldly state that who you become in life is directly proportional to the friends you decide to keep. Relating with sexually immoral friends, makes one just the same. This principle applies to all aspects of life.

Drinking had now worsened my life so much that it strained my relationship with my girlfriend at the time. I would come back home late at night, drunk silly. I had turned out to be so irresponsible that at times I thought that it was God who kept me alive. I took a loan of 800,000 Kenya Shillings and when the money was deposited, instead of doing what I had intended, I ended up hopping from one club to another. This led to me breaking up with my girlfriend and parting ways very bitterly. I came to regret this decision so much later in my life.

As this was happening, I hired out someone's car and drove home, on my way back, I headed straight to town, against a strong advice by a friend who I was with. He was insisting that I shouldn't drive to town in my drunken state. He even tried to hide the keys, but I became violent to a point of where he had no choice but to give me back the keys. Two hours later, I had a terrible accident along Jogoo Road.

At this time, while in church one day, one Pastor by the name of Zipporah came to church and she made this altar call, she said, "there's a young man here who has gone astray from God. God is calling you to repentance so he can restore you. If you hearken not to this, satan desires to destroy your life." Seated in the back row, I was so sure that this was me, but my pride would not let me walk to the front. The altar call was made 3 times, and true to my conviction that it was me, nobody else went. When Christians start going astray, God is gracious enough to rebuke us and call us back to a place of repentance. Most of us however are full of pride at that time that we cannot go that route. I have bitterly regretted ignoring this altar call, because had I headed to it, I would have not undergone the things that I have underwent in life after that time.

After ignoring God's rebuke, things began going on a downward spiral for me, that I couldn't even

understand what was happening to my life. I used to spend almost each and every coin I got in clubs and parties. I used to apply for loans and when the money was credited to my account, I would go full throttle on the bottle leaving me coinless. It was at that point in my life that I now started jumping from one relationship to another, dating a lady for just a few months, lose interest in her and move to the next. My life deteriorated to a point that I was not able to pay my house rent and I had to move back to the government housing in the barracks.

How one can be able to default on a rent of 5500Ksh at the time while receiving a salary of over 50,000Ksh still shocks me to date. I have come to realize that when we give satan a foothold in our lives, he frustrates every aspect of it and many times we find ourselves questioning God about why this or that is happening to us. We begin to blame God for the predicaments that we find ourselves in due to bondages of sin.

Satan will always rejoice, knowing that he has partly succeeded in diluting and reducing your level of belief in God. This was what was happening to me. All this time, I didn't realize that the spirits that operated in my family lineage had become full blown in my life. I had now become a pathetic drunkard, a chain smoker and a sexually immoral person. Sometimes, I would wake up in the middle

of the night to smoke, that's how serious it was. At this point, I would like to state that now that you are born again, it is your duty to intercede and destroy the evil altars and spirits that operate in your family line. Most of your family members would be very willing to give their lives to Christ but they are blinded by these spirits. Destroy these through prayer and the word of God and you will win many of your family members to the Kingdom of God.

The errant behavior continued unabated for so long and put me on a colliding course with everyone that mattered in my life. My bosses at my work place were getting impatient with me. One of them once called my dad and when he came, my boss told him plainly that I was destroying my life. I had gotten myself into so many bar brawls and escapades. My dad had paid so many bar bills which I would incur during my drinking. Most of the time I drank money I didn't have in my pocket. This made me a guest of the state so many times. I think I have been virtually locked up in almost all police stations in Nairobi, not because I was a criminal but because of my many bar brawls. I would be locked in and get bailed out in the morning by my friends in the military.

In the midst of all this, I borrowed money from anybody that could fall into the trap. This money

was not for any other use I would head straight to the club immediately after receiving the money. This money would never be refunded, which destroyed many useful friendships that I would have utilized otherwise. I was fast approaching a point where nobody would trust me or the words that I would utter. Life kept deteriorating, I stopped paying my rent and now my landlord couldn't take it anymore, he kicked me out of his house and threw my belongings outside.

This was the most embarrassing moment of my life. I couldn't even go near the place. It was my sister who salvaged what could be salvaged and took it to her house. This is what happens when you give satan a foothold over your life, he makes sure that shame becomes part and parcel of your life and makes you blame God for all your woes. After being kicked out of the house, I swallowed the bitter pill, folded myself and went to live in the military barracks.

Obscure Light

At the time my life was at an all-time low. On payday I would take two or three days and drink away every last penny that I had received and then was left to survive the remaining 27 days to payday the next month. Many at times I slept hungry because I couldn't afford to buy supper. The military

provides lunch for everyone, many are the days I survived on this. This was a period of torment, I remember one day, my dad asking me why I was living such kind of a life and yet I was employed.

I was not just a military officer but I worked in a department where time and again I got allowances for the tasks that I had been assigned. These allowances would not be exhausted while undertaking the said assignment so I was always left with some money. But as fate would have it, I would end up drinking every last penny and then get back to my state of suffering.

My colleagues wondered what was happening with my life, I was so good and effective at handling my duties to a point of even winning the trust of my bosses, but my life outside the office duty was full of drama, such that once I stepped outside the barracks my bosses would expect to get any kind of report and they wouldn't dispute much. In the midst of all this, I applied, did an aptitude test and was admitted to the Defense Forces Technical College to study Aeronautical Engineering (*Air frame and Engine option*).

My passing the aptitude test amazed even the lecturers there. I had stayed out of school for 8 years but I still managed to beat officers who had come out of school the previous year. This proves the fact

that God had indeed blessed me with good brains, but I was misusing them. That said, I was overjoyed that at least I had been admitted for this course. This was one of my childhood dreams, growing up, I would tell myself that if I didn't make it to be a pilot, I would do my best to be a flight engineer. This was an opportunity that God had presented me to realize my dreams. My parents were overjoyed. This was the best opportunity of my life since dropping out of university.

I got to class, settled well and tried to contain myself for the first month. Beginning the second month, all the drags that were associated with my life started manifesting, I missed classes severally simply because I was drunk. Most Monday mornings, the college had to send some officers to Embakasi Police Station to get me since they knew that I must have gotten myself into dramas and ended up being arrested over the weekend. I received several warnings and the last one was from the College Administrator. They couldn't condone my behavior any longer, I was discontinued from the school. I was shuttered.

My ego had been greatly bruised. This was something I so badly wanted and couldn't believe that it had slipped away from me. At this time, I knew that my military life was fast coming to an end. I had now completely lost interest in the job.

My last day in the military was on 22nd December 2015. That was a chapter I had now closed in my life.

After leaving the Military, I did not transition immediately to the next job opportunity as I had anticipated. It took me 5 months to do that. This was one of the most painful phases of my life. For months I lived in Nairobi without a place to call home. There are so many days I trekked for long distances in town, sometimes even 20kms. Other days I would pop into a church that had overnight prayers not because I desired to pray but at-least to shield myself from the excess cold outside. I was practically coming to the life of a street child.

The best experiences during this time came when a friend I had met offered to accommodate me in the hospital he used to work in. it so happened that this guy was the doctor on duty at night and so as long as he was at work I had a place to sleep during the day. How I was able to weather this period, still baffles me.

During this time, the hunter became the hunted. I was the guest of the state so many times due to bar brawls and un-paid bar bills to a point that almost all police stations in Nairobi knew me by name. the little favor and pity in the hearts of the police officers ensured that these cases were solved outside

of court. My dad also came through for me on several occasions during this time. Most of my family members at this point were in shock and trauma, they couldn't understand what had befallen me. Many are the times my mother could shed tears after getting bad reports about me. Life at this point was fast losing meaning to me.

Prior to this, and while I was still in the military, I involved myself in several youth groups in and around my home area. We had bonded so well with most of them, but as fate would have it, I couldn't resist the urge to borrow money from some group members to satisfy my alcohol cravings and desires. The money I borrowed, I never returned. Some of the friends were kind enough to keep this to themselves until recently that I started paying them back their money. I will never forget a day that I woke up to find myself trending on social media platforms, people were sharing my pictures, phone number and talking about my lifestyle in several Facebook and WhatsApp groups. This was the lowest it could get. My dignity and ego had been completely shattered. For so long, I had told myself that I will never forgive the person who had done this, until someone took me through the importance of forgiveness.

The person that had done that, one Daniel later came to receive every last penny back that I had

borrowed from him, when my beautiful restoration story started. Ironically, he also went on to borrow some money and disappeared after that. After this story was shared, the few friends I still had could not withstand the drama associated with me anymore, so they all left. For the first time since birth I was now becoming suicidal, life was fast losing its meaning to me.

Five months later, I got a job opportunity. I was overjoyed; things were fast starting to get back to normal. I could still dare to dream of going back to the university and complete my degree – my childhood dream. Tragically as fate would have it I was arrested and handed over to the courts due to challenges at my workplace to begin trial. This was one situation I had never at any given time imagined was going to happen to me.

The trial process itself took around 6 months and all this time, I kept wondering to myself why I was finding myself in such situations. All my life I had thought that courts and ultimately prisons were for hardcore criminals, robbers, rapists, murderers, pedophiles and drug dealers. I kept wondering why God had deserted me by allowing such things to happen to me. I would sit down and console myself that I would get vindicated on the day the judge would deliver his judgement and that gave me the hope and will to live.

Ironically, on the day of judgement, I woke up feeling that I was paying for my acts of disobedience towards God. That day while in the holding cell awaiting to be called in for the judgement, the message that was preached by Pastor Zipporah many years back replayed in my mind. I shed tears, knowing clearly how I had found myself here. I have shared to my friends severally and told them that had I listened and headed to that altar call, I wouldn't have undergone the nasty things that I have been through in my life. But my mind and ears at that time had been completely darkened to perceive anything.

I was called into the court room and for the next 45 minutes the judge delivered his judgement, illustrating all the reasons why I should spend the rest of my life behind bars. At the end of the judgement the sentence was meted out. I was too shocked, I almost fainted, I shouted at the judge asking him what criminal offence I had committed to warrant the sentence he had pronounced on me.

My pleas were unheard, the officers hand cuffed me and practically pushed me out of the court room. I couldn't understand how I had now fallen from being an officer to being a prisoner. The hunter had literally become the hunted. I didn't know where to start with life, and how I was going to integrate myself to the prison environment. It was utterly

incomprehensible. As I was leaving the court premises, I prayed to God a simple prayer and said “Lord give me the grace to withstand and get through this painful phase life had gifted me” I uttered those words with so much faith that I actually believed God had heard that cry.

THREE

Sudden Gloom

Prison life started on 31st May 2017. This is one day that I can accurately account for everything that transpired. I kept thinking that it was just a bad dream that I was having. Reaching the prison facility, I was in for a rude shock. I had been totally deprived of my basic rights as a human being. The officers that received me were so rough on me that I found myself being beaten senseless for asking a question or just a minor occurrence. A body search was conducted with all clothes off. I first protested the order to remove my clothes saying that I was still a Kenyan, despite the predicaments that had befallen me.

The result of this protest was a serious and thorough beating in which an officer had to intervene to rescue me from being killed. I owe my life today to God and the actions of that officer because had he not intervened I would have become a classic

example of convicts who die in the hands of brutal officers in our rehabilitation and correctional facilities.

After the search, the officer receiving us asked me about my professional background and it is at this point that I introduced myself as a former Military Officer. On hearing this, the officers who had brutalized me came apologizing, but no amount of apology would have erased the beating I had received or at least even reduced the pain I was feeling at that point.

After being admitted, I was taken to the inmates' wards. Here, I encountered some other shocks that I had never comprehended in my life. For the first time in my life I had come to a world ruled by criminals, a world where hardcore criminals seemed to thrive better than anyone who was honest. This was a world where one had no rights, everything was resolved the mafia style. One couldn't question the rulers of where they slept, this action alone was suicidal. Very few would ever think of doing this and those who did, lived to regret this decision.

On this first night after the headcount, I was shown where to sleep and that was in the toilet. I couldn't believe my eyes as the guy who was responsible for that pointed to the toilet as my sleeping point. I call this a sleeping point as there are no bedrooms in

prison. Worst of all, there are no beds and in most cases mattresses are a privilege given to the who is who's in prison. In fact, a new inmate would be lucky to get a blanket on their first day. As the other convicts in the room gathered themselves to sleep, I coiled myself at the back of the toilet. I could not sleep in such an environment. This was the most unhygienic place I found myself in. I just sat there and cried the whole night.

What had befallen my life? Coming from a military background where I called the shots and where I was so ruthless with criminals that passed through my hands to the situation I had now found myself in. it was exceedingly painful. I was in denial; I didn't want to believe that the happenings were real. This pain compounded with the fact that I had broken relationships with almost all my family members was too much to bear.

The other painful bit about my imprisonment is that it was discussed all over the social media and among those who knew me. All sorts of negative things were being floated to explain what had befallen me. For days, my story was trending on Facebook and WhatsApp groups. Some people went too low as to tag my photos on Facebook to specify to the world the Musau they were speaking about. The most painful bit about all this is that most of those that were doing this were friends I counted so close –

people I used to hang out with and go for parties and drinking sprees far off at my expense.

Some of the people that were bashing me on social media were actually people I had accommodated in my house for months. The worst bit is that they were spreading lies and not the actual information on what transpired and what had put me behind bars. This was the second time in my life that I was experiencing that kind of betrayal from people I called true friends.

This reminded me of an incident that happened some time ago as I was travelling from my rural home to the city. I was involved in a road accident around the city stadium roundabout. I was rescued by police on stand by and rushed to the defense forces memorial hospital. But as traitors would have it, the following day my Facebook was full of messages of condolences.

This was the most brutal treatment my parents had received about me. Here they were learning that I was presumably dead without even knowing which mortuary I had been taken to and with no one to ask these questions. When they later traced me, they explained to me all that had transpired and I was left in shock. I couldn't comprehend how a friend would spread such a rumour. I kept wondering how they were going to benefit from all that. What

exactly was he going to gain from my death are some of the questions that ran through my mind leaving me even the more traumatized.

Moving forward to the situation I was in, I bitterly learnt the pain that came with hanging around the wrong people, people who celebrated my downfall and pain. There was very little I could do in my situation.

My first days in the prison were a game changer. I was brutally being introduced to a world where human beings had no basic rights. I would look at my fellow convicts and each of them had a story about their criminal life out there before the long arm of the law caught up with them. Some of them were content with the predicament they had found themselves in. Others would bluntly tell me that they were well aware that they were paying for their actions. I would sit down and ask myself what crimes or actions I was paying for. Nevertheless, I came to understand that in prison, people survived through deceit and cunning.

Someone would offend you and run to the office to report and most of the times, the offended party ended up being punished. This was a system that had been well mastered by the convicts who had stayed in prison for a long duration and they used this to oppress and molest new convicts.

The other shocking thing is that in prison, drugs were also a very luxurious trade that even roped in very senior prison officers. This trade is so lucrative in prison, one wonders why drugs are prohibited to Kenyans who are free. Drug trade in prison has enriched a clique of convicts to a point that they call shots in the prison facilities they are held in. These prisoners are un-touchable and every issue pertaining them is handled with great caution. Crossing their paths in the wrong way could easily lead to someone's death since all they needed to do was to bribe someone to do it. It is too shameful to see how corruption makes some prison officers slaves to some of these convicts. They get to appoint of taking orders from the prisoners and doing everything they are ordered to do. This illicit money and power from the drug trade leads to the other most destructive bit of the prisoners who have stayed in prison for long – homosexuality. These people solicit for sexual favors from new and younger convicts in exchange for money. This came as a shock to me, it could not sink in my mind.

It had never crossed my mind how a man would approach another man to ask for sexual favors. The boldness with these characters is too shocking. I found myself being approached by these guys on several occasions during my first days in prison. I thanked God for my military training as it came in

handy in two ways. Firstly, I was too hardened to be wearied out by my current situation. Secondly I had been trained and coached to fight and therefore anyone that came to me suggesting such kind of nonsense would receive a silly beating from me that they went to spread word to their fellow partners in crime.

This greatly helped me in so many ways. For one, people got to know that I was not the kind of person that entertained such silly and useless talk and secondly, they wouldn't discuss these things around me. I knew for once that I had won one battle in prison already. It is here that I learnt first-hand why being content pays. Most of the young and new convicts would mess their lives so deeply just because of not being content and refusing to get satisfied with what the prison facilities and their families was willing to support them with. Some of these boys literally got married to the seasoned drug peddlers simply because of not being contented. I watched as young men got into homosexual relationships in exchange for some money and other freebies. The most painful bit about all this is that most of these prison drug peddlers were HIV Positive and prisons don't provide protection because they believe that no inmates have homosexual relations while serving their sentences. This then automatically meant that most of these

young guys got infected. Homosexuality is so rampant in Kenyan prisons that even prison officers don't know how to deal with it, they have just resigned to fate. The situation gets worse that weddings are conducted right inside the prisons. When someone gets married to a certain drug peddler, everyone gets to know that so and so is the wife of this and that person.

Of all the things in life, I have loathed nothing more than homosexuality. This behavior irks my nerves so much, I may not even have the energy to respond to a greeting from someone I know is out rightly gay. You can therefore imagine the trauma I went through for the time I spent in prison, living with these people and being able to do nothing about it. One day, I mustered the courage I needed, took a Bible and opened Leviticus 20:13 which reads in part "You shall not have sexual relations with a fellow man..." and preached about it.

I brutally attacked the subject of homosexuality so much so that it was cut short by hardcore criminals baying for my blood. I had to be shielded by a few guys that believed and conformed to what I was teaching, otherwise I would have been killed that day. Nobody ever attempted to do that again. Actually I was warned by prison officers to go low-key on that matter if I really loved my life.

I was deployed to the industry department as my first work engagement during the first days of my prison life in Kitui. This was something that hit me hard too. For the entire of my life, I had never imagined that I would be subjected to forced labour. Here I was with no background in carpentry being forced to do it and being expected to grasp the basics within a short time. The worst was when I had to be punished mostly because what I was working on didn't quite meet the required standards, yet I didn't have any experience in carpentry at any point in my life. The harshness the officers in the industry department had made life hellish for me. I knew I had to act fast. I devised a plan where I made an application to the officer in charge so that I could be transferred to Machakos GK Prison. After a brief interview he agreed and approved my transfer. At least I was able to smile after a long period of time.

Mixed Fortunes

Being transferred to Machakos, I expected better treatment and a better environment but I was in for a mixed shock. For one, the officers here were more humane and accommodating. At last after introducing myself, I got favor from most of the officers, in as much as there were some sadists in there that tried to mistreat me because they felt I

was getting too much preferential treatment from the administration. All in all, God always brought a solution in every situation I found myself in around the prison. I was first deployed to work in an office here and it was a great honour. I was the first prisoner allowed to use a computer to work. I would type my fellow convicts court proceedings and appeals for processing. This elicited so much jealousy from my fellow prisoners that they all put in so much effort to see me removed from that position.

The shocking bit in this Prison is that moral decadence here was at an all-time high, I had thought I had seen it all in Kitui but that was not the case. Here, homosexuality was at an all-time high. Drugs changed hands so easily that I thought most prisoners forgot that they were in prison. Most of the hardcore criminals who had spent years in jail greatly oppressed and manipulated the new prisoners. I would watch painfully and helplessly as new prisoners were being drugged and sodomized. Most of the people who were doing this were so connected with the powers that ruled there, such that reporting them would have been a waste of time. Attempting to do this would place one in their bad books, complicating one's life in prison even further. One day, I felt that this was too much and I went against the grain to forward this matter to the

highest level I could. This put me in a collision course with almost everyone in the facility. I knew that I was sitting on a ticking time bomb, and that it was only a matter of time before a plan was hatched to get me out of Machakos.

I didn't know or even see it coming, but one morning towards the end of 2017, my name was called out in the list of those who had been transferred to Kamiti Maximum Security Prison. I was at a loss and I shed tears as I boarded the truck. I asked God bitter questions on why He was letting wickedness prevail, why He was allowing me to go through all this. Getting to Kamiti, I got the real taste of what it meant to be a slave.

The first day, I went to the vegetable farm and spent the whole day there doing manual irrigation and tilling the land. By the time we were getting back to the prison premises, I was so tired I barely had the energy to walk, let alone carry the load I was required to carry on my way back. I was re-assigned to the main shamba and here we would go to the shamba more than 600 inmates. We were not allowed to carry water even though we were doing hard labour. The prison officers reasoned that carrying water would re-energize us and maybe enable some of us to escape. Stopping just a little bit in the middle of working attracted such a thorough beating for anybody that was caught. This made

others with similar intentions fear to even try. I looked at how we were being treated at Kamiti and more so during working hours and concluded that it was worse than what the Israelites were going through in the hands of Egyptians before God rescued them out rightly.

At this point, I was in my 14th month in prison. A lot had happened during this time; I had sent an appeal concerning my sentence to the High Court but the courts had been silent for 14 months. There were people who had sent in their appeals long after I had sent mine and gotten their cases determined, some had even been acquitted while other people's sentence had either been commuted or affirmed. Here, I didn't know where to start, 14 months later. I had gone through such a painful period that one day while in Machakos I texted my parents and told them that once I was out, I could burn and kill every one including my close family members. I would sit down and form opinions in my mind that had a certain family member done this or that, then I would not have been in prison at that particular time.

A day after sending this message, my mum, sisters, brother-in-law and aunt visited me. It felt like the whole clan had come. For the first time, I could see the pain registered on their faces. During the visiting period, as we sat down, most of them were literally

crying. Apparently, the pain of me being in prison was draining them a lot. I remember my mum telling me that she had never imagined that her child would ever be locked up inside a police cell, let alone a prison.

After first visit, mum organized for some two pastors that I held close to my life to come and visit me in prison; Prophetess Ruth and Pastor Rebecca. I can recall almost every word we shared in that sitting. I remember Prophetess Ruth telling me that I should not give up because God had a great destiny ahead of me and that I was the Joseph of my generation. Pastor Rebecca said that she trusted God still opens doors. I told them that God had shut the only door that there was in my life at that point which was the appeals way. To this Pastor Rebecca replied and told me that God was not limited by our thinking. At the end of our meeting, we said a prayer and Pastor Rebecca gave me the most precious gift I have ever received in my life – an NIV Bible.

Anytime I found myself in need of reading, the Bible was often the only book I could read. I found myself reading the Bible so often by myself. I still have the Bible to date. After they left, I reached out to a certain pastor who was shocked and touched by my predicaments and planned for another meeting the following week on a Thursday. But

before we could get there, a certain city pastor fed her with all manner of stories that she ended up not showing up. I was left stranded and seriously hurt by this incidence.

Gradually, I began losing the simple and mere belief that God exists. I also started losing hope in my life. It was during this time that I came across a document that talked about the doctrine of predestination. Reading this, I started thinking that maybe I was one of the people that were predestined for hell and destruction. What a perverse teaching. I became suicidal to a point that every time as I went to sleep, I would pray to God to just take my life because I had been through too much, all I needed was to now exit the world. I would wake up the following day and start cursing God for not taking my life.

When I saw that this was not working, I devised a plan to start storing up medicine, and once I have stored up a large enough quantity, take one serious overdose that I was sure I wouldn't survive. I did this one day, stored up a large enough amount of drugs and took them, then laid down and waited to die. Unfortunately, I would still wake up the following day fine. I couldn't believe that my body could withstand that many medicines. Having exhausted any possible means to take my life, I gave up on God. I used to have access to phones in

prison and one day I posted on my Facebook page that maybe God is the biggest fallacy that Europeans ever brought to us to colonize our minds and chase away our gods.

This post drew a lot of backlash from the self-proclaimed holier than thou's. My inbox was full of messages of rebuke and cursing but I thank God for one Pastor Jeff of Uzima Centre. I am convinced that this is a true Man of God. He came to my inbox and told me that he would walk with me up to the point my faith in God would be restored and up to salvation and the journey thereafter. He told me that I was free to share with him anything and every frustration I was facing and that he would hold me in prayer and believe God for open doors.

This is one act that touched my heart a lot, that a complete stranger was opening up himself for me and more importantly offering to hold my hand in prayer until I was restored back to Christ. This is a man who stayed true to his words. At no given time did he refuse to respond to my Facebook messages despite me telling him that I was in prison. He kept telling me that soon God would put to an end whatever I was going through and that I will live to testify of the faithfulness of the Lord. These three servants of God, Prophetess Ruth, Pastor Jeff and Pastor Rebecca played and continue to play a very

crucial role in my journey and the man I have become today.

I came to start talking to my Pastor and Spiritual Father Jeff at a time when my appeal had been lying in state in the courts registry for more than a year. I couldn't understand what could be the problem with my appeal. There was one word that this Man of God told me, He said that God was going to vindicate me.

Despite the fact that I had not yet met him up to this time, I felt in my heart that I had all the reasons to believe what he had said. Within three months of speaking these words and being in Kamiti prison, one Monday morning, I heard my name being called out. On getting to the office, I was told that I had been recalled to Machakos for my appeal hearing that was slotted for Thursday that same week at Kitui High Court. I was overjoyed, I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Immediately, I remembered the words that my pastor had told me and I instantly knew that this prophecy had been set in motion. I was set to leave Kamiti on Wednesday of that week and I knew it was for good. I was never going back.

The following day, while in the prison farm, I was so full of energy that almost everyone, from the prison officers to my fellow inmates knew that

something good was about to happen to me. At this point, there was no amount of insults or negative energy that could wear me out. I actually didn't realize how time flew. During the other days, I was usually tired by 10.00am, but on this day, I was more than willing to go beyond the normal working hours.

The following morning, I was transported to Kitui in the most unorthodox ways. They decided to perform the last humiliation on me. I was handcuffed and put in a Matatu to CBD from where we were to get another Matatu to Kitui. All through the journey, I could see the sharp eyes and faces that fellow passengers put across. Getting to town and having to walk all the way to Machakos Country bus station in handcuffs was a very humiliating experience for me. This was a town I used to roam freely sometimes when armed but I was returning to it one and a half years later in handcuffs, dejected and completely beaten by life. A handful recognized me and even came to ask me what had happened, only to be cut off by the officers who had escorted me. This was one of the most torturous moments in my life. I even shed tears simply because of the humiliation I had received.

Getting to the bus station and boarding a Kitui bound Matatu, one of the passengers made a very annoying comment about being ferried in the same

vehicle with a convict. I almost confronted him but I let go of this when I realized akin to signing my death warrant. We embarked on one of the longest journeys of my life, but thankfully, after 3 long hours we were in Kitui. On getting there, I prayed that God will never let me go through what I had been through that day again. Thursday – the court day came and after all the drama, I was called into the court room at around 10:00am.

Would my fate change?

The presiding judge asked me what I was seeking in court and my answer was “my lady, I am seeking freedom and justice” the next question was “through which channel? My answer surprised the judge because I told her “I don’t know anything concerning the law but my God is not limited to the legal practice so just find the appropriate means to serve me justice” She looked at me keenly for a few seconds then asked for my trial file. After a brief look at it, she told me “if you were a Military Officer, I now understand where such confidence is coming from.” The next question was, “where is your appeal.” This question irritated me so much since for the last one and a half years I had always known that my appeal was in the courts registry. I answered “my lady, unless someone is trying to play poker with my life or to sabotage this process, then

my appeal should be before you.” “I submitted this during the time limits given and as such I don’t understand how it can be missing from my file.” I was in one of the situations where one realizes that education is very important. Most convicts would never express themselves and thereby they ended up having their cases drag on for too long.

The presiding judge was kind enough to order that my file be placed outside for a while as that matter was being sorted from the court registry. At least I was now seeing some light. After waiting for a few minutes I was called back and informed that I was supposed to make an application to the courts to grant me permission to appeal out of time. I asked the judge to order that a calendar be brought into the court premises so that we could manually count the days from the date I was convicted to the date my appeal was received in the registry. This request triggered a mixture of laughter and uproar from the court clerks and the state counsel who were arguing that this was an abuse of court process and a waste of time.

When I was given the chance to speak, I asked the judges to have the state counsel and court clerks to declare their roles in what had transpired and their interests in the case. After push and pull for some time, God’s will prevailed and the judge ordered for a calendar so that we could manually count the

days. It was found that the appeal was actually within the stipulated time and that it had been erroneously marked as a late appeal. This was a slap on the faces of the state counsel and court prosecutor, but it was a win for me and other convicts who had suffered the same fate.

When given another chance to address the court, I did not mince my words on the negligence or sabotage on the court registry. I instead requested the court to have the state counsel withdraw his earlier sentiments and offer an apology.

At first he protested, but when the judge made the order, he ate the humble pie and withdrew his sentiments. The hearing of the case was then set on a later date- 2 months later. My actions inside the court greatly offended the state counsel that as I was being escorted back to the holding cells, he physically came to me to issue some threats. I remember telling him that he trusted in his brains and legal professionalism but I put my trust in God. I had not yet gotten saved at this point but I felt that this was a challenge I could take and we both agreed to square it out in the court when the appeal hearing day came.

The officers who had escorted us to court that day thought that I had just blown my chances of freedom. Most of them couldn't understand how

whilst serving a lengthy prison sentence I could have the guts to take on the state counsel leader, the perceived 'saviour' or 'crucifier' of all applicants. I was actually being coerced to go apologize and chuck out some little bribe to massage that man's ego if I ever wanted to stand a chance of seeing my appeal go through. I told these people that I was betting on God to fight for me.

From court, my wishes were granted that I be transferred to Machakos as I waited my appeal. I was actually given a favor to be operating from Machakos GK Prison and that order written down. Of the three prisons I had been to, Machakos seemed to have the most favorable conditions save for the homosexuality and rampant illicit trade. Another reason I greatly preferred Machakos was that here, I had met some very gentle souls in some of the officers who were critical in the stay there. One of them happened to be the deputy officer in charge, a man with a golden heart and who I strongly believed feared God. The other one was a guy who worked in the most crucial office to prisoners. Despite being my age mate, she had a great sense of maturity and gentleness enough to be able to treat prisoners as human beings. These two gentle souls, SP and PC have a special place in my heart.

From the first day of my appearance in court, my hearing was adjourned for so many times due to the absence of the presiding judge to the extent of me wanting to give up on the whole process. It had now taken another 6 months and still there was no hope of seeing the judge. At times she was away on duty and other times she was sick and unable to attend to her judicial duties. I was so desperate that I found myself praying soulful prayers for her, that it was either God heals her or takes away her life so that another judge could be posted to her duty stations for stalled cases to be concluded. I have since repented of this.

All those days she was absent, I used to go for mentions of my appeal at the deputy registrar's court. The last time I went to this court, I was so incensed that I lectured this magistrate so much that she was startled. She actually adjourned the court for a few minutes to go and consult with the judge on the next possible date she would be in court, so that she could allocate me that date. When she came back, she gave me a date and assured me that on that day I would find the presiding judge and actually told me that she prayed that I never went back to her court again.

At this point, I would like to go back to a statement I had made earlier, that while at Machakos, most prisoners devised ways to have me kicked out of the

facility due to the privileges I seemed to be getting from the officers. Getting back to Machakos, one thing led to another and all those that had engineered my transfer were transferred to other prisons in distant places. Some couldn't believe it. The transfer was kept so secretive that they came to know about it at the last minute when everything had already been signed. This meant that they couldn't bribe away or maneuver their way to have their names deleted. These were people that had shouts of joy as I was being transferred to Kamiti.

People who had clapped as I held my head low, dejected and in tears not because I had offended them in any way but because I worked in an office they thought was too strategic, rebuked and exposed them for their evil sexual relations. I didn't have to rejoice in their predicament but I strongly felt that God had vindicated me. I couldn't help but sit down and think what a strange world we live in. months ago, they had celebrated my transfer from Machakos and now they found themselves in the same situation, defeated and helpless. This taught me that God does fight and avenge for the helpless as recorded in Romans 12:19, the battle is mine, I shall repay.

Time moved so fast and I soon found myself in the court for the hearing of my case. This time round I found the judge was present and when I was called

in to present my case, I did it so meticulously and courageously that it shocked the judge. Her first question was whether I had a legal background and my answer to her was that I did not need to be in a legal position to defend a truth. I tore into the prosecution's case bit by bit, disapproving the evidence used to convict me with such composure as was not common of me back then. When the state counsel was called to challenge my submission, all he could do was to ask the court (court language uses the word pray in place of ask, I am deliberately avoiding to use that word since I believe that it is supposed to be used in matters relating to God) to give him time to study my submission so that he can be able to respond.

He supported this by saying that I had raised serious issues of the law that could not be overlooked. I vehemently opposed this application by submitting that this file had been lying in state at the registry for so long, meaning that the state counsel had all the time to study it but deep down I knew I was fighting a losing battle. The judge ruled in his favor and gave a further hearing to enable the state counsel make his submissions. On the material day for this hearing, I came very much prepared to face this man as the sole stumbling block to my freedom. This was literally a date with my accuser. Getting into court, I was given the state counsel's

submissions and stepped down for an hour so that I can be able to read them. These submissions irritated me the most. I tried to look for anything substantial and sensible that the state counsel had written to warrant my response to no success.

Getting back to court, I said “my lady, with all due respect, if these submissions were read out to the most illiterate person on earth in a language they could understand, then they could tell you that whatever the state counsel has written here is utter nonsense.” This statement shocked everyone in the court room including my own parents. The state counsel was on his feet in protest that I was insulting him in court. The judge ordered me to withdraw my statement and apologize to the state counsel so that the case would proceed. I protested this and asked the judge if it was right for someone to apologize for stating a truth.

I bluntly told the court that the best I could do was withdrawing my statement but I would never render my apology, even if that meant the end of my case. My courage carried the day and after this, we continued with the case. I made my responses and a date was set. A date I had waited for two painful years – a date with destiny – one where judgment on my appeal was going to be made. I went back to Machakos prison with so much hope knowing that the moment this judgment was going

to be read I was going to walk free. For once in over 2 years, I was going to see light in the sentence. I was starting to believe in God again. During the months I stayed waiting for the judgment date, I was being given so many advices that I was spoilt for choice. There are those that would tell me that I had been bewitched and that I needed to go and see a witch doctor. I found myself enquiring more and more trying to get the names of the most prominent witches of Kamba land and where they lived. Others would tell me that there was a ritual I needed to go and perform to cleanse myself I didn't want to come back to prison ever again. I was even given names of ritualists who performed such and taken through what it all entailed.

I would sit down and weigh all the options being fronted to me and although there seemed to be some level of truth in it, I would ask myself one question. Now that I had been brought up in a Christian family and I had never seen my parents bring a witch in the family, where was I going to start? Just how? One day as I slept the word of God came to me so strongly in a dream. I saw myself in a prayer center, having been there for days praying after God had saved me. This dream kept repeating itself and I knew that this was the best choice for me if I really loved my life. I was however non-committal. I chose to let things happen by

themselves. I kept telling myself that if it was the will of God for me to go to the prayer center, whose name and location I didn't even know, then He would make it happen somehow.

The judgment date was the most frustrating and tiring experience of my life. This date was adjourned on 4 occasions and every time I went to the court I was told that my judgment was not ready, which really broke my heart. This was the most torturous period of my prison life. An appeal has several possible outcomes. The first one and which everyone prays for the judge to find that the trial magistrate erred in law while convicting and thus the conviction and sentence is set aside thereby having the convict set free. The second most favorable option is for the judge to agree that the conviction was in law but the sentence was harsh and therefore order for it to be reduced. The third possible outcome is for the judge to rule that the conviction and sentence were anchored on the law and thus dismiss the appeal without interference with the orders of the lower court. The most feared and dreaded appeal outcome is where a judge rules that the trial magistrate was too lenient while sentencing and thus increase the sentence and aggravate the offense. Most of the judges who choose to go this way, usually increase the sentence to either a life sentence or more punitively sentences

In my case, I had been charged with 8 counts, acquitted with 4 and convicted on 4 counts. So then, if the judge decided to follow the option 4 above, then my life would practically end in prison. This sums up the torture that I would go through when I went to court and hear that my judgment was not ready. On the third date of going for judgment, I told the presiding judge “my lady, with all due respect and utmost humility, I have observed the trend in your judgments and concluded that when you keep postponing one’s judgment, the most likely option is that you are aggravating the offence leading to a heavier sentence. Instead of torturing me like this, if you want to jail me for life, then jail me now, because at least I will have a peace of mind, when this finally comes to an end.” This statement shocked everyone in the court. The judge couldn’t believe what I had told her, she actually called one of the prison officers and asked whether drugs are sold in prison. According to her, I had to be high on drugs to say such things. I responded to her by saying that this was no drugs but the pain I had for paying for sins I didn’t commit. After a brief silence, she gave me till Thursday, to come for her judgement.

As I was walking out of the court room, everyone was sure in their minds that I had just sealed my fate. Nobody could believe the direction this had

taken. I looked at the facial expression on my mother's face and told her that they shouldn't bother coming to Kitui again on that Thursday. I told her that I would call her to tell them the outcome of the appeal as soon as the judgement had been read. I was not doing this because I didn't want them to be in court, I just didn't want them to endure the pain again or see them shed tears in case the appeal didn't go my way – which at that point seemed to be the most likely option.

On Thursday 20th June 2019, I woke up as early as 4 am and took a shower, sat down on my mattress and waited for the unlock count at 7 am when the doors are opened. As others were busy thinking that I had sealed my fate, I had this strong faith that I had actually opened my doors to freedom. A fellow convict, who was a Muslim was one of the few who was held the same view as mine. As we were dressing up to go to the court, this young man told me that he had a strong belief that the appeal would go my way.

Shortest “long Wait!”

Getting to the court, the holding cells were filled with anxiety because several people were awaiting their judgments that day. On the first instance, the two were sentenced to life in prison. My heart shrunk. The second judgment was adjourned to a

later date. I was the third person to be called to the dock. As I stood on the dock, the judge for 45 minutes gave reasons why my sentence was within the law and why it was not unlawful for someone to serve such a sentence for the offence I had been charged with. As she was reading this, I just smiled. I couldn't believe how low she could go as to avenge for what had happened two days earlier. My mind was fast racing to the life I had lived and what life had now come to offer me. I couldn't believe this. I had now already agreed that my fate had been sealed and my sentence enhanced until she started a sentence with the word however.

I knew that this word alone had negated all that she had read for 45 minutes. I shouted and jumped for joy. The judge calmed me down to allow her to finish reading the judgement, telling me that I didn't even know what she was going to order at the end. I calmly told her that I knew that what she would order would conform to that word "however" which she had just used. I knew that the orders to be issued by the court would be based on what she would say from that moment onwards. The court burst into laughter. For the next few minutes, the judge gave reasons why she thought that the circumstances in my case could not sustain a safe conviction. At the end of it all, she read the icing on

the cake, the orders by the court. I was free at last - I just couldn't believe it.

As I walked out into the holding cells, I literally jumped up and shouted. Everyone in the holding cells knew instantly that the judgement had gone my way and they were so excited. At least it gave them hope as they continued to pursue their cases. As I sat in the holding cells, I could not help but marvel at the faithfulness of the Lord. He had made it come to pass. This was a prophecy that had been twice given by three of his servants, Pastor Rebecca and Prophetess Ruth when they visited me in prison, and Pastor Jeff during our interactions on Facebook. Although he didn't actually get up that I was in prison, he used to tell me that this court case I was facing would come to an end and that God would give me victory. At the holding cells, I made a few calls to my parents, sisters and brothers informing them that at long last God had done it.

This experience had brought me to one conclusion, that in whatever one was facing in life, your success and secret weapon is the people you hold close to your life. If you surround yourself with people who can help you in prayer and who accurately hear God, then victory will be guaranteed.

I left prison with mixed feelings. I had made some very good friends while in prison, some of whom

were officers of very high integrity while others were prisoners. It really felt sad to go, somehow I had learnt very important lessons of life. My mindset about anyone wearing prisoners uniform had completely changed. Before my conviction, I used to think that all people wearing that uniform are hardcore criminals. This is also the thought in the minds of many people out there. I came to realize that indeed there are lots of people who are wasting in prison for crimes they didn't commit. Actually this consists the biggest number of prisoners currently. We have a very unfair criminal justice which is handled by criminals who are easily bribed to change the course of actual justice.

It was a shocking revelation to me that there are people who have spent over 20 years in prison for crimes they did not commit simply because of corruption in the criminal justice system and the fact that they couldn't afford to hire the services of qualified lawyers. Most people who have committed actual offences are never caught because as they plan the execution, they always plan with several exit routes. That said, my time in prison was over and the prison doors were opened to usher me back to freedom for the first time in over 2 years.

CHAPTER FOUR

Free? Not yet

As I walked out of the prison doors, my heart and mind were at crossroads on which course my life would take. I had heard lots of advice from so many people that I should go to a witch doctor or a ritualist for cleansing. I so badly wanted to do this. I had actually planned that it would be my next step after leaving prison gates. However, I had also dreamt clearly, about what God wanted me to do. As is normal with many human beings, we pray so hard to God then we almost forget whether he exists as soon as he has led us the victory. This is the most dangerous thing a man can do. I was no exception to this. In fact, after leaving prison, I walked straight into a club and drunk the whole night with a group of prison officers. I had now forgotten what the Lord had done to me, had forgotten the pain I had gone through and now I was drinking myself silly, just a few meters away from my place of captivity.

After my drinking spree, I went to a house of a woman friend to sleep and woke up the following day. This somehow failed the plans of going to see the witch doctor or ritualist, because I had failed almost all the instructions I had been told to follow before going to see the witch doctor. Therefore, from that day henceforth, the issue of going for cleansing from a witch doctor was a gone case. In the morning, I went to see the Huduma center in Kitui, applied for a replacement of my national identity card, then to Safaricom shop where I needed to sort out some issues with my simcard. After I was done, I bought a few things for myself and then boarded a matatu (*public service van*) to my home place. On our way, my mind raced through all that I had gone through, what had befallen my life over the last few years and where I was going to start again in life.

Back in prison, I had met and befriended a certain police officer who had hatched to me a plan to go defraud several businesspersons in his hometown. This man was so best on us doing this that all that mattered to him was if it could be done, not the consequences that would result if the deal were busted. This man never came to think that I had been in prison for two and a half years and that what he wanted us to do would take me back to prison for another 7 years on the minimum. The

funniest and selfish bit is that this man never wanted to play the lead role. I was to hatch and execute the whole plan as he played behind the scene. This meant that when I was busted, I would bear the burden alone. He would not appear anywhere; he badly needed us to execute the fraud. To get to my home place, I had to connect two buses and the town I was to do this was the town of operation of this officer.

As fate would have it, this was the first man I ran to when I alighted the bus. This person was so nice, he helped me to do some shopping, went and had a tasty roasted beef lunch with him and even escorted me to the stage. Still in prison, a certain pastor had approached me to the point of him coming personally to see me in prison, so that I can help her eliminate her husband. This greatly shocked me to bits. This pastor wanted me to use my military skills and incorporate any other trick I could have to get her husband dead. In addition, the urgency with which she wanted this done was shocking too. She was also very ready to pay whatever amount of money was needed as long as the job was done well. In a manner, that nobody would think of her as the perpetrator. I was shocked at what world had come to.

The most annoying fact about these two people is that they all wanted me to be the main actor.

Nobody wanted to play any role that could jeopardize his or her freedom. To them I was leading a looser life. A life that was not important. A life that would matter less whatever I ended up being in prison again or not these were the two female characters I interacted with immediately I came out of prison. What these people did not understand is that I was very smart in fact too smart for them.

I had made a vow that I would never step inside a prison again. I was not going to let anyone ruin my life again for his or her own selfish gains. I headed home from where I would come meet with this officer as he tried briefing me and making his efforts towards us achieving this case. We would go on drinking spree during which he would give me ideas on how this money would change his life forever. Whenever I brought up the topic of what would happen when the deal backfired, he would try so much to dodge that question. This convinced my heart that I was sitting in a ticking bomb and that if I dared I would live to regret this for the rest of my life.

Going into prison, I was not a criminal and one of the things I prayed to God about is that he should not let me be indoctrinated to criminal life. I thanked God that he had been faithful in this until when I got out of prison. I was now cautious that I

should not start practicing or teaching myself crime. I perfectly knew that God would never offer me another chance if I messed up with this one.

Meanwhile, the story of the execution mission that the Nairobi pastor wanted turned out just how I wanted it to be. This matter landed into the hands of the police and the hands the target. I actually called the target and informed him of what had been happening behind his back. I shared with him the conversations that had been taking place. A man who I have talked about in the earlier chapters posted nasty things about me on his social media pages. A man who had stopped a certain pastor from coming to pray for me while in prison.

A man who deeply hated me though I had served him diligently for so long before my life went on a self-destruction road. After all, that he had done, I strongly believed that no human being should plan or occasion the death of a fellow human being. I am a firm believer of the word of God that says that there is no atonement for a person who sheds innocent blood except by his blood too. When this landed into the hands of the police, I was greatly relieved that this had come to a logical conclusion. That it would not bother me anymore. I have never wanted to know how this case went on but I am glad that I got my name out of it. I was at last relieved that this woman would not bother me

again with calls pleading with me to shed innocent blood. God had brought this one chapter to the exact conclusion I wanted.

The other worry left now was how to do away with an officer who wanted me to be involved in bank fraud. I continued playing a long as if I badly needed this deal and continued with its planning. However, within my mind, all I wanted was to bring this person to a rude disappointment so that we could part ways forever.

The more I tried getting an exit route the more options this person continued to give. I even went to the extent of telling him that the only person who could do this for us at the banks end had been involved in an accident and died. I thought I had finally worn this but this person shocked me when he confronted me with the idea of looking for another alternative.

I knew I needed to decisively end this finally. We planned a day on which we would go and do this. We went and I was the one to go into the bank and talk to the one who could help us withdraw the money, strike the deal and get out to meet this officer at a certain location. He wanted to play a behind the scene role and watch us the fool who had fallen into his hands bring him riches. I went to the bank, stayed in for a while, and came out. He

must have thought that I had struck the deal seeing by his reactions. All he did not know is that all that time I was inside the bank; I was opening my own bank account. Therefore, when we met I tricked him that this money would only be withdrawn after 24 hours and that we had to leave. He suggested we go to the town he operated from because apparently he could not trust me with the money now.

The word money is in quotes because it only existed in his mind. So we went to his town of operation and here he was kind enough to give me Ksh 3500 to buy clothes to change into as I had not carried any. I flatly declined the offer to go spend the night at his place because I wanted to go away and end this. When it became apparent to him that I was not boarding, he reluctantly accepted my decision on where I would spend the night. We left at an agreement that we would meet at around 6 am for us to go and collect our “loot”.

That morning I woke up at around 4 am, dressed up, and left for Nairobi. By the time this man was waking up, I had already arrived in Nairobi. I had ended this in a very painful manner. I knew he would never confront me with any other deal like this to me. The worst mistake is that I fell into his tricks again, this time he came up with the idea that he now wanted us to partner and do legitimate

business. This was the greatest injustice I ever did to myself. I have never come to understand how my brains failed me at this point. I agreed and went on to meet him. He ushered me into a room where I thought was meant for us to sit down and discuss matters business. What I did not know is that I had led myself into a death trap.

As soon as we entered the room, this person drew a dagger and attempted to stab me. I felt shocked and shaken to the core. I felt cheated. This was a man who I had never thought would make an attempt on my life. Cornered I asked him what he wanted. He stated that on that day that I failed to meet up with him, he went ahead and went to where we were supposed to withdraw the money and wasted the whole day trying to find out the truth.

Now he had the truth and he was demanding that he be paid his expenses. I did not have the kind of money he was asking for. I made calls to whomever I could and no help was forthcoming. I called my pastor at that point we were yet to meet but we were communicating over the phone, I told him what was happening and that I was staring at my death. The response I got from him made me stronger. I remember pastor telling me that my life is in the hands of my maker not my tormentor and that nobody had the power to dictate when it will end even in the situation I was in.

This person tormented me for hours, left me locked up in the room as he went on with his business. For close to seven hours, I was practically in detention. At around 6 pm, he came and asked me to give him my phone if I was unable to raise the money then go and look for money. I would be able to get my phone back if I was able to raise the money. I thanked God that he had shown me a way out. As I left the premises I left without a single coin, I did not know where I was going to but I was sure I was not going to be coming back for the phone. I knew that I would just go and buy a new phone and move on with life. I called a friend actually a worker of this person to see if I would go and sleep at their place.

This friend declined for whatever reason I never knew. Stranded at the stage, I was thinking how my life was now turning out. I was fast losing hope in life. Death wishes started crossing my mind. I started thinking of best ways to end my life; life had totally lost its meaning. I somehow managed to haul myself to Machakos. Getting to Machakos I was completely stranded. Whoever I thought I would spend at was offline. As fate would have it, I did not have a phone myself and could not remember the house so well. I made several attempts knocking on people's doors until I walked away for fear of being mistaken for a thief.

This night remains fresh in my mind. After a serious struggle, I got some money; just enough take me to Nairobi, but inadequate to pay for any hotel room to spend the night. I did not want to make the gamble with this little money in any manner because this was my only means to Nairobi in the morning. I curled myself in the corner of a building in town and braved the night as I waited for the vehicles plying the Nairobi route.

I hopped into the first bus to Nairobi. Getting to Nairobi at dawn, I was relieved at last; I had come through this ordeal alive. That day I got a considerable amount of money. I bought a small phone, went, and picked a few things from the house, because I wanted to travel to Eldoret to visit a friend. In the evening, I joined a famed Kamba musician who was a friend for drinks at a certain bar in the city. What shocked me in this meeting is that although I did not buy any drink or meal, I found myself less a considerable amount of money close to 16000 Ksh. Something else that didn't add up was that I had known this musician for so long but he had never dropped me off at my place after a drinking spree but this day he was overly good offering to drop me at the airport to catch a flight to Eldoret. I started thinking that he had something to do with the money I had lost. Think of this, the previous night I was sleeping in the cold helpless but

now after getting money all I could do was head to a club. In addition, here I was planning to hop on a plane and fly to Eldoret not for anything important but just to go and drink and do other wrong things.

Life was fast losing its meaning, I was really becoming suicidal, and I was tired of the rat race. Getting money, spending it all, and going back to square zero. It was also at the point that an idea of going outside the country presented itself. I got a chance of going to work in the Maldives. I was also toying around with the idea of going to live in any East African country just to see if the things that tormented my life would let me free at least while in another country.

While in Eldoret, I applied for a temporary east African visa. I would have readily crossed over to Uganda at that time had I had my ID card. That was the only thing that brought me back to Kitui where I had applied for it. As I was travelling back to Kitui, my mother called me and asked me to consider going home for a while because she needed us to talk and that no one in the family was bitter about me. This really got me thinking!

I thought of all the sacrifices my family had made for me. All the love they had shown me while in prison and the promise I had made to them that I would never go back to prison again. But here I was

wasting away, negating everything we had ever talked and agreed upon. I made a decision to head home straight after picking up my ID and see what mum had in store for me. Contrary to what I had always thought, that everyone was bitter with me, I received a very warm welcome. The following evening after my arrival, one of my aunts called me and spoke to me very candidly about my situation, giving me the best way out – prayers and salvation. I was now very much ready and willing to give Christ a chance in my life and I frankly told her that.

She contacted a certain pastor, whom she told my mother we must see, but the pastor gave us an appointment for the following week. I felt that this was too far. I needed to find a solution to my issues too fast. Home to me was like a prison to me because most of the things I used to do were not known to my parents. I had smoked cigarettes for over 10 years but I believe my parents never knew this. Every time I needed to smoke while in the homestead, I would have to hide myself, because I dreaded what would happen if my dad knew I smoked. My parents knew that I used to drink alcohol, but smoking to them was taking the joke too far. This made me feel like a prisoner in our own home.

My mother must have sensed the urgency in my issue because she began making contacts here and

there to get me a pastor who could help me out. She gave me several options; I needed a person who would decisively handle my issues spiritually. I was glad when pastor Jackson directed mum to a prayer center in Mbooni. When my mum called to ask what my views were on going to the prayer center, I joyfully agreed. A meeting was set up for the following day, Saturday 29th July 2019. This remains to be one of the best days of my life. It is actually inserted in my heart and mind as my second birthday. The dream I had while in prison about going to a prayer center and having an encounter with God was now about to get fulfilled. I had run away from this for over a month but I had now come back to it whole heartedly and fully decided to never look back.

CHAPTER FIVE

An Encounter with the Lord!

Saturday 29th July 2019, the day started of very well. After breakfast, I was the first to prepare and get into the car. I was feeling like my mum was wasting a lot of time. Every business had to stop so that we could handle this one first. As I was seated in the car waiting for my mum, I couldn't help but think about everything that I had gone through in my life. I told God that if he would break all the chains and bondages that satan has ensnared me with, there would never be a turning back, I was not doing this out of coercion. I had made a conscious decision from deep down my heart.

At the prayer center, we met a very humble man, the pastor in charge of the place. As he narrated to us the story of his life, I couldn't help but get amazed at the lengths people go through in this journey of salvation. That man had used his own

resources to build a prayer center of that stature complete with all facilities and provide all the services for free. I was greatly amazed. To add to that, he had also built another prayer center in Makindu, one of the same standards. Actually for this one, he had bought the land with his own money, not to do business, but to serve God. As he was telling us all this, I calmly asked him “what has God ever repaid you in return?” he told me that, he has never lacked, he has never borrowed and he has never struggled to pay his bills.

I asked him if there was any business he was doing, but to my shock, there was none. His children excelled so well in academics and transitioned into campus life graciously. Actually, all of his children had gone to the university. Doing some simple calculation in my mind, I found that the man spent a considerable amount of money in a month, from running the prayer center to personal expenditure. It also amazed me that this man was extremely generous. Being a pastor, he accommodated and educated several other children, who lived in his compound. This man catered for all their expenditure. The best thing about all this, is that he never charged to offer services at the prayer center. Thinking about all this, I felt that this was the God I needed.

As we were talking, the urge to smoke came to me so forcefully such that I had to excuse myself to go to the toilet and smoke. The toilets were strategically located in the direction of the wind so the smell of the cigarettes would not be blown back to the office where the pastor and my mother were seated. I took one cigarette and put it in my mouth but as I was about to light it up, I asked myself, “why can’t I give God a chance to break all these addictions, why am I believing and deciding to get saved but still smoking?” at this thought, I threw the cigarettes and the lighter into the toilet and went back to the office.

I knew something had to be done very fast and this I asked my mum to excuse us since I needed to speak to the pastor in private. I needed to open up to him fully about everything and I knew that the presence of my mother would hinder this. With my mother gone, I explained every bit of my life to the pastor in detail. I even told him that I had just thrown cigarettes in the toilet a few minutes ago and that I desperately needed prayers to break these chains. The pastor calmly told me that all I needed was salvation and not prayers. I asked him if this would end all these addictions and he confidently told me yes, that I should not struggle to stop anything, that I was only required to surrender all to God because He was able to destroy and break all

these chains. I knelt down and he led me through a repentance prayer and afterwards prayed for me shortly and told me that it was now done. I believed it. After this prayer, I strongly felt that I had done the right thing. I felt great peace in my heart. As mum was preparing to leave for home, I calmly told her that I was going to remain. I wanted to have time with God and I knew that this was the best place to be. I asked her to attend church that Sunday and bring me a change of clothes and other personal effects as she came. She agreed and left.

A New Beginning

This was the start of this beautiful love story with my maker. I knew I had so many things I needed to sort out with God and this was the best place for me to do so. I had attempted salvation several times and I knew that if I had to succeed I needed to cultivate it. For several days, I would just go to the hall, kneel down to just praise and worship God.

My prayer during this time was, “God I have tried by my own means and failed, I know by my power I cannot succeed in this. Thus am surrendering all to you Abba father. Just take over work through me; uprooting and destroying every evil altar, for the glory and honor of Your name.”

This one prayer has greatly helped me in life. Saying those words may seem easy but living what they mean is an uphill task. Many people who pray the prayer of surrender never really do play this part in it all and thus fail to get these desired results. That Sunday in church, while everyone was in deep prayers a woman in church said to me loudly. Musau God is saying that let every step and decision you make be ordered by God. Desire and totally give yourself up to the Holy Spirit to lead you always.

I would find myself lying at the hall; praying and telling God if he did not deliver me, I would easily find myself back to the bondages that had bound me. Once I got out of the prayer center, I was helpless without Him and I badly needed Him now more than ever. I embarked on a season of prayer and fasting. The first week of my fasting, I presented all my immediate needs that I wanted God to address. First was to completely kill and destroy the addiction to smoking. Every day that passed without smoking was a miracle to me and I was utterly grateful to my maker for making the achievement that fast. I was also praying that He would break my addiction to alcohol. I knew I could not access it in the prayer centre, but I was conscious that if I did not address this here, I would find myself being pulled back to it.

The third addiction I prayed that God would deal with so decisively was sexual immorality. I was helplessly addicted to women. I would do everything humanly possible to win a woman. I was also helplessly addicted to watching pornography to a point I found myself wanting to try out what I had watched. This addiction had destroyed me to bits. I could not sustain a relationship with a woman. I found myself getting bored within two months of the relationship and thus walking away and hopping to the next one. I had got a child in one of the relationships and bitterly disagreed with the mother. I needed God to act on this; I needed divine intervention. I was not growing younger and told God that I needed and desired to settle down at some point in life.

At this point, I would have to state that most people fail to attain that which they desire from God because they are not sincere with Him. Try to imagine how your own parent would feel when you go up to them and admit that you have done such a mistake and that you promise not to repeat it again. Any parent would be happy having such confession from their child and would want to offer guidance to the child not to repeat the mistake. Such is our God. All He desires is for you to surrender completely to Him. There is no surrender without confession. God is greatly pleased by any man who

is totally surrendered to His power. I greatly encourage anyone who is fighting any addiction or bondage to give his or her life to Christ and totally surrender to His power. The beautiful transformation process will amaze you.

One of my professors in school once narrated to us a story about addiction. She and other scholars had been tasked by the government to carry out a study on the impact of drug and substance abuse in Kenya. During one of the research tours, they visited a rehabilitation center in Mombasa. The situation there was so dire that it moved her to tears, that night she could not sleep. Most of the people in the rehabilitation center were graduates. Others were university students who had dropped out of school after becoming full-blown addicts. These good brains were wasting away, due to drugs.

During their interaction, one of the young men asked her if they could petition the government to facilitate a blood transfusion for him. They thought if the blood in their systems was drained away and replaced with fresh blood; it would give them a new phase of life. Such was the desperate situation in the rehabilitation center. This is the case in almost all rehabilitation centers in the country.

I once did a post on drugs and alcohol addiction related to the experience that this professor had

shared in class and one comment greatly troubled me. A young woman narrated her story in the comment section about her experience. They were at the university, 20 years old, full of life when they first took their first drug. It felt so cool and within time, they were getting addicted to it. They had to find a way to be getting money to buy the same. When they were taking their first swipe at it, they said to themselves that this was just a step in life and that they would outgrow it. As they finished school and transitioned to their careers of the ten that got their first dose at the same time, she was the only one left alive to tell the story. This moved me to tears. I hold the view that although counseling and rehabilitation are very helpful, only Jesus can heal and deliver completely. Most of the people at the rehabilitation center narrated how they kept on relapsing time after time. The only remedy and sure way to help any addict is to lead them to salvation and disciple them in the ways of the Lord. Today I am a living proof that God breaks all chains. Those that we used to drink together and take drugs with cannot believe today that I am living a sober life.

Back in the military, there was a certain time that one of my seniors, got a report that his daughter, who was a university student had become a stripper. We were in libol at that time. I could feel

the pain that that man was going through by the look on his face. He sought a leave and came to Nairobi unannounced, then followed the directions he had been given to the club. He had camouflaged himself so that his daughter could not easily recognize him. He entered and sat down and carefully watched as the drama continued to unfold. The more it continued to get darker the more the girls became daring, shedding clothes bit by bit.

At around midnight, his daughter arrived, swinging on the dancing pole, her legs widespread and completely naked. Every man was baying to touch her naked body. This old man could not believe what he was seeing. This was a daughter he was paying rent for, lied in school and here she was, dancing naked in a club. He stood and walked to where the woman was doing all this. She screamed and fainted when she saw her father. This was a very chaotic and emotional scene. That man today is dead and I totally believe that this was the cause because he died of stress related complications.

The sexual perversion today is shocking. Young men and women no longer respect their bodies. We have been treated to news of young girls having sex with animals. If one today walks into a strip club, they will be shaken to see what happens there. Today strip clubs and brothels have sprouted in almost every estate in town. So many websites offer sex

services. Many massage pallor's are nothing but sex dens. A few years ago, there are things that were unheard of, gay-sim was discussed in low tones, very few people would even dare to be public about that. This is why when one writer, Binyaranga publicly declared that he was gay, the whole country was shocked. Fast forward, today, many celebrities are openly declaring they are either gays or lesbians. Today there are parties known as sex parties, where a group of young men and women meet, get high on hard stuff and have group sex. Satan has taken away the little self-respect and dignity in humankind.

Social media has played a very big role in the situation that we are in presently. Youth who are having multiple sex partners and attending lavish drinking parties upload these pictures on social media and are madly praised for that. This in turn, woe so many youth into that lifestyle falling into a trap of destruction just trying to fit into certain status quo in the society.

I would like to boldly state that those that are already there are hurting a lot. They are not behaving thus by themselves. Even common sense tells us that no human being can completely undress and display their nudity publicly before a crowd. These girls are always high on hard drugs. Even the prostitutes on the streets nobody would parade

themselves on the streets for sex when they are sober. This also explains why university students have to get high on drugs and alcohol first when they want to engage in-group sex. Not just university students but any youth who engages in such.

Another evil and common narrative today is that single parenthood is cool. Whenever a girl posts photos of her belly protruding, the internet goes on overdrive with congratulatory messages. We have so many photos of men and women who are single with their children online. These photos have served to enhance the narrative that it is much cooler to have a child and live all by yourself. What social media doesn't tell you is that behind these smiling faces we see on the internet are wounded souls and hearts. The smiling faces are serving to hide the reality and to ease the pain of rejection. Do not be lied to or allow your thinking to be corrupted. God values family life so dearly, this is evident all through the Bible. You cannot be at war with God's order. God ordained and sanctified marriage as the place where children are to be born and raised.

Due to the sexual immorality, there has been a narrative that there are no faithful men in this world. That all the men in this generation are sexually immoral. The same applies to women. It baffles me when I read posts like all men are dogs,

all men are the same, wife materials became extinct and so on and so forth. The angel at the tomb asked Mary why they were looking for the risen Christ from among the dead. I also want to state that you cannot look for people who are faithful and morally upright from among those that are still in the kingdom of Satan.

If Satan himself is the father of liars, do you expect anyone who conforms to him to have any faithfulness? Definitely no. Am of course aware of the fact that there are so many in the church today who are immoral and unfaithful. This should never sway you, ground yourself in the word of God and following His commands and leave the rest to God. In the fullness of time, He will sort out the wheat from chaff. As I was praying and confessing my weaknesses to God, I made a vow to God that I would henceforth lead a chaste life free from sexual immorality until I get married.

I remember telling God that as long as I continued keeping this vow, never cease blessing me. I have never shied away from discussing this and telling anyone, God gave me a second chance so that some young man can live a life of purity to God. Free from sexual immorality until I get married. Many young people tell me it is impossible and my answer to them is always, "but that is the life I am living." I got this clearly, that even in courtship I should not

allow myself to fall into sin. Most young marriages are crumbling after a short while simply because they are grounded on a foundation of sin. One wonders what one sees wrong in their partner a month into a marriage that cannot be withstood to a point of walking away. I also ask myself why this is not the case with the older generation.

My parents have been married for 31 years now. Not once, have I seen my mother run away from the place which I call home even when things were so thick. At that time I was wise enough to know that for those 10 years my parents were really struggling financially. They still held on together and I have come to the conclusion that the glue that has held these marriages of older generation together is the pure foundation on which they were built on. This is a vow; I am willing to keep myself pure faithfully until my wedding day. I have received backlash due to this stand, I have been insulted and called names but am not about to relent, and this is a done deal.

When I was going to the prayer center, I had planned and decided to travel on Maldives on a work tour. I made plans for the visa, got myself a temporal African visa that would enable me to go to any east African country should the Maldives job fail to go through. I wanted to get out of the country and be far away from Kenya. I shared this

with the pastor at the prayer center, to help me pray about it. Throughout the first week of fasting, God was speaking so strongly against this idea; I felt in my spirit that I was being directed to go back to school and finish my degree course. Every time I would pray, this thought would hang around. I shared this with the Pastor who advised me to follow what God is saying. After all, I had surrendered to Him to steer my life to the direction He wanted.

By Thursday of that week, I had decided to go to school instead. I knew that this is the way God wanted my life to go and immediately made contact with the University of Nairobi for a possible re-admission to pursue my degree program. I was also privy of the fact that I also needed to grow and mature spiritually and for this I sought to join a local church where I would be grounded in the word of God and grow. By God's grace, I joined a local church led by the pastor who had dutifully walked with me through my journey all though at that time he did not know me in person. I was greatly amazed by his humility, grace and anointing in his life.

Sometimes new believers fail to join a local church where they can be grounded and disciple in the word of God. This results to spiritual stagnation, which eventually leads to backsliding. I had been to

that point several times and I did not want to make that mistake again. I knew deep down in my heart that if I sat under the teachings of a man of God I would not get lost. I made contact and my heart was glad when my pastor accepted to meet and disciple me in the Lord. This was the first step and the rest of it is what has been unfolding.

God had given me direction on what I would do in life. I had been praying to God that He provides finances and also that He opens the doors of the university. I had gone several times to the University of Nairobi, asking for re-admission but I was being taken in rounds. I was coming to a point of giving up, when a friend floated the idea of an inter-university transfer to Mount Kenya University. I jumped at this idea and applied to the university seeking admission.

One of the requirements for admission was that I produce a transcript signed and stamped by my former university. I deeply knew that this was a great test because the procedures of the University of Nairobi are that one has to wait for 7 days to get a transcript. If I were to wait for that time, the admission deadline would have lapsed before I got the transcript. One day, as we walked to the university, my friend told me that if this was the will of God, we would get a solution.

We entered the University conversing in our local language. Lo, we miraculously met a lady security guard who happened to understand our native language and also knew someone at the university, who could help us. She calmly asked for my student ID card and promised to give us the transcripts in minutes. I reluctantly gave her the ID card. I was asking myself of all the people, a security guard, to get us a transcript at the university? This was not adding up but I put faith in it. She delivered the transcript within a few minutes as promised and I was overjoyed. I repented for underestimating and despising her. In this, God was showing me that He is not limited and that He can use anything and anyone to meet ones needs.

I have come to learn that a lot of people miss out on the blessings and miracles slip away because of despising the carrier of the blessing. We tend to value the carrier by our carnal eyes, forgetting that what we are expecting from God is spiritual and cannot be qualified by our earthly eyes or knowledge.

Now the admission requirement had been settled. The other mountain to climb was raising the school fees and getting a means that could sustain me in Nairobi. Up to this point I still believed in gambling, I would place bets at times win and other times lose. But the situation was like a rat race. Almost all

the money kept rotating in the gambling account. I went deep into prayers, asking God to use these gambling games. I would be angry with God for losing a bet. I had staked a lot of money. I kept asking Him questions like, why is it that when I placed a bet I lost, but when somebody else from our betting group did, they won? This continued until one day in the service, I heard clearly the Holy Spirit order me to stop gambling. I clearly knew that this was the voice of God. I took out my phone and deleted all the betting apps. I knew this phase had come to an end, I prayed that God would open His ways now that He had closed my avenues of making money.

The Bible reveals the will of God concerning the blessing. It is never through gambling and luck, rather it is in trusting and obeying God. The Lord is able to provide all things we need for life and godliness.

For the next few days, I kept asking God how I would survive in the city. How I would be able to pay my rent, school fees and bills. One day as I was sleeping, I heard God asking me why I was doubting Him. I woke up and repented. Pastor Kitaka of the prayer centre, gave me his tablet to watch a few videos he had downloaded. One of the videos was a message by Bishop Oyedepo of Winners Chapel-Nigeria, that shaped my thinking about giving and

divine blessing. I came to understand that one of the ways that God blesses us is through divine ideas. This can be activated by giving and honoring the Lord with our resources. Armed with this teaching, I knew I could face the financial issues without any fear.

During my first service at the prayer center, I have mentioned earlier that God spoke through a certain sister that I should let all my steps be ordered by Him. I knew that this meant that I had to be filled with the Holy Spirit and desire to be led by Him. I prayed for several days concerning this. Every time I entered the prayer hall, I went with a huge expectation to have an encounter with the Holy Spirit. This was taking too long for me or so I thought.

One Saturday during youth prayers at the center, while in deep prayers, the preacher, made an altar call on anyone who wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit. I was the first one to walk to the front. As I knelt there, I felt something so powerful sweep me, I even asked myself if I would be able to withstand this. It was a very sweet and awesome experience, getting filled with the Holy Spirit. After this, I felt so much peace in my heart. Ever since, I have had the Holy Spirit give me many instructions and directions. Walking with the Holy Spirit is the best experience a human being can have.

When one gets saved, Jesus becomes the foundation of their life. The Bible records;

“That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ:” (1 Peter 1:7)

I knew that I wanted to build my life of faith with Gold, so that when temptations come and it is tested by fire, I came out glowing, without being consumed by the situation. I knew where I was coming from and I had a great desire to mature in the Lord. Spiritual growth is not an accident but a journey. There is no better way to do this, than getting rooted in the word of God.

As a new believer, one must get rooted in the word, one must deliberately create time every day to read the word of God. I continually say to my friends, that this is the only manual that we have about a Christian lifestyle. In the word of God we find His word for every situation we find ourselves in and every phase in our lives.

Another most important factor is that in salvation, there are sacrifices one has to make to avoid backsliding to where they came from. I have had to

make these sacrifices. There are so many friends I had to let go. On my birthday this year (2019), which I celebrated at the prayer center, the pastor there told me very clearly that God was saying that there were friends I needed to let go, contacts I had to delete and chats I had to block. I did this almost promptly, till I was left telling God that now I didn't have anyone left to call a friend. I thank one sister in a Kesha who told me that I should allow God to connect me to new friends, she said that if I did this, I would not be disappointed. I have over time realized the reality of this. The people you spend your life with have a great impact on the person you become. Associating with believers has grown me spiritually over a short period of time.

A Bible teaching church greatly grows the faith of a new believer and strongly grounds him in the word of God. I immediately joined two classes in our church which I faithfully attend to date. I can attest that the biblical truths and deep insights being taught have been an eye opener and have been activating the faith in me a great deal. There is no sure way I know of growing spiritually other than this. Another step one has to deliberately take is to sit under the grace of an anointed servant of God.

In the physical world, the position of a father is very crucial in molding a child into what they eventually become in life. The work of a father is to discipline

and train a child. That is why the Bible says, ***“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will never depart from it.”*** (Proverbs 22:6)

When we get born again, there is the place and role of a spiritual father in a believer’s life that can’t be ignored. A spiritual father is responsible for disciplining, training and equipping you. It takes humility for one to submit to a spiritual father, learn and take rebuke without getting offended.

We are living in an era where when your pastor rebukes you for a mistake, instead of taking it gracefully and correcting yourself, most people end up shifting churches. This is a suicidal step because it positions one in a spiritual rat race where one oscillates around the same place for long time. The end result is resentment which in most cases leads to backsliding.

A spiritual father is one you can run to and talk to about anything. I have learnt that to achieve the best results, I don’t go to my pastor with a premeditated mindset. This gives one an opportunity to receive nuggets of wisdom being imparted. I have asked God so many times to take away every aspect of pride in me and help me yield my heart completely so that I can grow spiritually.

As I wind up this book, God has not called us into salvation so that we live a life of sorrow. He has

called us to a place of peace, abundance of grace and restoration. Joel 2:25 says,

“And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you.”

I am a living testimony of God’s beauty of restoration, I have been able to join campus and fed for myself in the city. I have bumped into ideas that I couldn’t even think of, and converted them to sources of income. God has been very faithful. I look around and get amazed that I am able to pay my bills and enjoy me new life in Christ, while a few years ago still in the military I got my house locked up and all my belongings thrown out due to failure to pay rent. Whenever I think of where God has brought me from, I fall in love with Him the more. This beautiful love story with my maker continues to grow more intimate day in day out.

This is my strongest and honest advice to anyone who is struggling in any form of sin and bondage- be it drug addiction, immorality or whatever it may be; No amount of counseling or rehabilitation can sort out your issue permanently. You need a power greater than science, motivation or counseling. That power can only be found in Christ Jesus. The

precious blood shed on Calvary is able to save you, set you free and give you a total.

My life is a living testimony of what God can do to a man if he gives Him the chance. God has left the will to decide the destiny of our lives solely to us. Nobody is going to hell by default. This will be a deliberate choice one makes. No amount of prayer can be offered to God for a dead person to alter the course of destiny he/she chose while alive. If this person lived a sinful life, they are destined for hell. God has given us the opportunity to choose eternal life or eternal condemnation while we are still living.

I pray that everyone reading this book and is not born again will consider their ways, and invite Jesus into their life. Satan desires to destroy your life but God is calling you to everlasting joy, peace and life. The best decision you can make is giving your life to Christ. Be blessed as you make this decision. **Shalom!**