

AN ATHEIST'S PROBLEM SOLVED

During the Sunday Evening Revival Service in our Church (THE APOSTOLIC FAITH, MOLIPA ROAD, IJEBU-ODE) on 28th February, 1982, I could testify that the effectual prayers of righteous people availeth much. For the first time, my senior daughter and sons followed me to attend our Church. This was sequel to the prayers by brothers and sisters of our Church during several visits to my house. What my feeble instructions to my children failed to accomplish was quietly achieved by the prayers of God's people. How powerful is our Almighty God and how merciful in acceding to the requests of His people through our Lord Jesus Christ! Throughout the Revival Service, joy from our Lord Jesus Christ filled my heart. I wished that the Revival Service would last till eternity.

Our Almighty God had always shown His mercies and blessings to me, but Satan ruled over me for about twenty-one years but our Almighty God had always showered His mercies and blessings on me. I was born into a Christian home, forty-eight years ago. My mother, now eighty-six years old, is still a church leader. She brought me up in the Christian way of living. When I entered into the University in 1957 as a freshman, I got involved with some philosophical doctrines which made me declare that there was no God. Our University gang of fifty-one zealots used to disturb the peace everywhere, if anything of a religious nature was going on. We dominated the University scene for three years 1959-61. We would attend all lectures and strategically encompass the whole lecture theatre/hall. What we failed to achieve by cool reasoning and argument, we at times grabbed by throwing up chairs and causing confusion. We constituted a veritable terror group. I now regret the part which I played. May God Almighty forgive me and change the hearts of my gang-fellows who are still alive.

When I got out of the University in 1961, I rushed home to convince my mother of my plan to join the Nigerian Armed Forces as an air pilot. Our University gang of fifty-one had decided that as many of us as possible should go into the Army. I was ready to obey the gang, but my mother tearfully objected. I was miserable for days, torn between love and obedience to my mother and loyalty to my University grant. During the discussion one day, my mother told me that her ambition for me was that I should join a profession which would give me a quiet life. I therefore went into teaching. My mother later told me that she had several days of prayer and fasting before I agreed with her. I laughed that statement off my mind at that time. How foolish I was then. Once again the mighty power of prayer was vindicated.

I married in 1963 and started to rear children, fine children. I advanced rapidly in my profession. I became the principal of a high school in the old Western Region in July 1966. I founded a high school of mine in my village in January 1972. My progress materially was rapid. My mother, who was then seventy-six years old, used to complain bitterly that I was not conducting prayers with my children not to talk of attending any Sunday Church Services. She wept in my presence at times. My wife was doing some praying. But I remained unmoved.

At this time I was feeling that something was wrong somewhere. I was not contented. I was not happy. I drank a lot to force myself to sleep. My several cars and material possessions gave me no permanent joy. I used to travel all over the place to amuse myself. The joy never lasted.

In 1975, the regional government took over my school along with others. I became once again an ordinary principal instead of proprietor/principal. s

In 1977, I started to experience the power of God, our Creator, the Omni-present, Omniscient and the all-pervading. My wife was pregnant. We had problems. A senior old family friend introduced us to a church. He said that if we had faith and truly prayed to God that God was merciful enough to solve our problems for us. Within four weeks, our problems were solved. My wife gave birth to a male child. Since then we had not lost a single day without family prayers.

My testimony must also include the atoning grace of the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the forgiveness of the sins of miserable evil-doers like myself. I once declared that there was no God and behaved as such for twenty-one years. I even corrupted the minds of my children by pseudo-intellectual discussions with friends in our home. Now I know that I was then absolutely foolish and irresponsible. How great is the love of our Lord Jesus Christ who had interceded for my salvation.

In the past five months, our God had saved us from accidents in miraculous ways. Recently, our car was involved in an accident through tyre-burst on Ijebu-Ode/Benin City express way. The people in the village near the scene of accident were just coming out of the Church after the morning prayers. They witnessed the accident, knelt down by the express way, praying and thanking God for saving my family. Not a single one of my children received any scratch. I was the only one who received some bruises. All the people who saw the wrecked car thought that all the people who travelled in it might have died. Praise be to God for His mercies on His children.

Four months later, after the evening prayers in our church, my family was miraculously saved from getting involved in a motor accident. Some six men were pushing a car into the main road. Just at the time we were passing the spot, the car being pushed into the main road voluntarily crashed into the direction of the people pushing it. We would have crashed head-on into the car. This particular episode gave me a prick of conscience. I remembered that my pastor had prayed for us in front of my car after a chat outside the Church. He commended us into God's protection. Just about two minutes later, my children and I were thus miraculously saved.

About a week after this, I was chatting with my wife in my bedroom. Suddenly, my wife ran out abruptly. Being tired, I fell on my bed to sleep away. But soon, my little son ran inside to tell me that "Mummy" was crying. I ran into my wife's bedroom to find out what was happening. I found her lapping her four month-old baby-boy who was still sleeping. What shocked me was that a wooden frame had been torn off from the bedroom window and had fallen on the head of my wife bending her crouching over the little child. The wooden frame gave in after the impact of a strong wind.

My wife told me later that something urged her to go and rescue her baby and that was the reason why she left me abruptly in my bedroom barely four minutes later. Truly, the wooden frame could have smashed the head of my little boy if it had landed on him and not on the mother who had already lapped him backing the direction of the window. Hallelujah. Praise be to God on high. His works are wonderful and incomprehensible.

Further I have to testify that my school, which was formerly one of the worst high schools in students' indiscipline, is of late going through some change for the better. The students are behaving better. They hold their prayers now, regularly. Some calm is slowly descending over the whole school. Surely there is mighty power in the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ derivable from our continuous contact with God through unceasing prayer.

I have chosen my Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. He is the key to triumphant living and constant joy. I am now contented and have no fears. I have forsaken drinking alcohol. I am now a joy to myself and my aged mother. May my heavenly Father grant me the strength to continue treading the path.

A. K. — Nigeria