

CAROLINE WAMBUGU

IN THE SHADOW'S OF GOD'S WINGS

LIFE IS SPIRITUAL



FROM SAUDI ARABIA TO FOUNDING A
BUSINESS

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A BUSINESS**

**IN THE SHADOWS OF GOD'S WINGS
LIFE IS SPIRITUAL**

BY

Caroline Wambugu



From the mouth of a butterfly series

In the shadows of God's wings

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Books authored By caroline Wambugu

BOOKS ON PERSONAL GROWTH & DEVELOPMENT

*In the shadows of Gods wings
I am known by a different name
Flap a wing journal: Learn to soar
Success is a gift
When the wells run dry
The Empowered youth
Delivered from the powers of darkness; Victory over
the Enemies of your destiny*

FROM THE AUTHOR..

There are some gems in this life that need to be dung up in the process of battle. Do not give up in the midst of warfare no matter how prolonged it is .

I wrote this book years ago during a time in my life when I didn't know what was happening. I experienced so many battles that were scary and I couldn't tell where my life was heading or what would become of me.

It is easier to fight an enemy you can see. I fought enemies that people would think it a movie. Each one of us has their own battles they are fighting; be it spiritually, physically, financially or otherwise a battle that seems intense and is prolonged. A battle you cannot run away from. It follows you wherever you go.

I believe battles are a precursor to something great about to unfold in your life. For, how can you have victory without a battle?.

Anytime an adversity arises it is because of what is about to unfold in your life. After so many years in spiritual warfare I can now see the manifestation of what I was meant to birth. I established 3 companies: Faw publishers, monarch royal foods and monarch royal events and have written 14 books, I am a transformational speaker and a minister of God.

It is in warfare exploits and greatness was being birthed. There are some gems in this life that are dung up in the process of battle.

There is a Chinese saying that states, "A gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials".

Do not give up in the midst of the warfare no matter how prolonged it is and when you cross over to the otherside their are companies waiting to be birthed, books waiting to be unveiled and other great exploits that need to be carried out.

Had I known what these battles were meant to accomplish in my life, I would have cried less, groaned a little and not complained a bit. I have highlighted some of the battles I fought and the Lessons I learned from each battle. Some of the Lessons can be applied in your life.

Caroline Wambugu

Alias: From the mouth of a butterfly

A Business Woman, Author, Speaker and a Minister of God.

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TO SAUDI ARABIA...



The traditional typology of interiors in saudi houses reflects a profound sense of hierachy between men and women. Many saudi homes have one entrance for men and another for women. Also, separate guest areas for men and women.

There is a rigid issue of segragation between the sexes which is echoed in the two entrances to the house, and is followed up in the interior by separating men's and women's quarters.

I was an ordinary little girl who was brought up by a single mother. My childhood was similar to those who grew up without access to mobile phones nor color televisions, pasta, sausages, and weatabix. Most of these were a preserve of the wealthy. We grew up eating githeri (a mixture of corn and beans) and drunk porridge.

When I was eleven years old, I was struck by a strange illness, a wound began developing in my stomach. I would vomit what I ate. I became thinner and couldn't walk, sit, nor eat.

I would be carried like a baby to the hospital.

"Lord, if you are done with her, take her!" my mother said.

"Stop saying that!" my brother replied.

I looked tenderly at her and loved her more. It was hard to see her daughter dying. Several months later, I was healed by the grace of God. It would take years for God to reveal the devil was the culprit. I was a young girl who carried a great destiny, and the devil wanted to terminate it. One year later, at 12yrs of age, I entered into sexual bondage; strange spirits would wear the face of familiar people and sleep with me.

I entered into the bondage of masturbation and pornography, adultery, fornication that lasted for 18 years. There are many people that are facing bondages and limitations; immorality, poverty, incurable sicknesses, infertility, suicides, chronic rejection, madness, and the spirit of a vagabond because of their assignments.

In the words of Dr. Myles Munroe, *"Purpose is not destroyed by circumstances. Whatever you were born to do is still within you. If you take the bird and put it in a cage, it will still fly. So, trapping a bird does not destroy flight. It restricts it."* The enemy put me in a cage to restrict my life but God broke me out.

In 2007, when I encountered my first spiritual warfare. I thought it was a dream. How wrong I was. I was in Mombasa, Kenya, working at a local hotel as a boutique attendant. Every free moment I had I spent on prayers and reading the stories in the old testament.

I always remembered to pray for my brother, who had disappeared and for my mother, who had died in 2005. I thought prayers would save her from the torment of hell. I would come to know once you die, there is no second chance; your destination is either heaven or hell based upon your actions on earth and whether you were born again.

I would visit her grave and speak to her. This was a mistake. I had made her grave to be an altar; place of communing with spirits. An evil spirit would masquerade as her in my dreams. The spirit would use this relationship as a point of contact to lower my guard and heed what she said or eat the food she cooked. The aim of this exchange was to manifest limitations in my life.

I was a partial Christian who never obeyed the Lord's command, I continued to commit fornication and other sexual sins. I was never truly born again, and this enabled these powers to manipulate my life. I was ignorant of what the word says, or I thought I was exempted.

Jesus said to the people who believed in him, "You are truly my disciples if you keep obeying my teachings, and you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free. (John 8:31). I sought to know which truth was this? And being set free from what or whom?

My prayers began shifting things in the spiritual realm. One night I found myself suspended in the air fighting a spirit. The fight was so intense, and I was losing the battle.

"Jesus," I cried.

The spirit disappeared.

When I woke up, I thought it was a dream *and never knew about out of body experiences*. It was not yet the appointed time to understand the spiritual realm.

It would take nine years for God to open my eyes to see the realm of the spirit. I thank the Lord for keeping that a mystery because there was no way I could have survived spiritual warfare. I was living in sin and in bondage.

Who are you? What form of bondage or lies has the devil used to trap your life, your family, children, husband and wife?

The uncommon problems or curses your family faces; poverty, premature death, incurable sickness, madness, chronic rejection, fear, depression, bearing children out of wedlock, is *a divine announcement you have an extraordinary assignment and purpose.*

You have a glorious future, and that is why you were born in this generation. *There is a thin thread proceeding from your life to countless others in this generation* and the unborn generation that cannot be severed.

In October 2009 my contract ended. I became jobless and had nowhere to go. My brother was living in the streets, and I had no idea which city.

I was never truly happy, there was always a dark cloud hanging over my head when I thought of him. He was my elder brother, and as a child I worshiped the ground he walked on. I could never comprehend why he would want to live in the streets and rummage for food in the dumping sites.

It would take 10 years to understand his behavior after the revelation of what lies in darkness and *the lengths these malevolent spirits subject people to bondage and destroy destinies*. The witches, wizards, demons, and other spiritual beings manipulate the minds of people through spells, incantations, dreams, effigies with the backing of satanic altars of afflictions.

One year later, my savings were depleted. I lived with a relative in Nairobi. It was a humbling time. I never ceased to pray, and I went to a church in the city center of Nairobi.

I was directed by a friend to a local agency that had some jobs in Saudi Arabia. I sent my application, and it was accepted.

Nevertheless, in that same year, stories were revolving around the media of how Kenyan housemaids in Saudi Arabia were being enslaved, raped, maimed, malnourished, others disappearing, jailed, or murdered. I knew it was not going to be my fate; my trust was in God.

A week later, I did a phone interview with my potential employer and was hired on the spot. He was a pilot with Saudi Arabian airlines who wanted someone educated to take care of his sick father. One month later, I flew to Saudi Arabia and was welcomed by my employer and his seventy-year-old father.

His father was a former pilot who had been diagnosed with Parkinson's disease, diabetes, and high blood pressure. We lived in Al Taif, a cold mountainous region while my employer lived in Jeddah with his wife and children.

The entirety of the Ta'if governorate is situated on a raised valley surrounded by the Hejaz mountains(part of the sarat mountains) to the east and west. Al taif has been called the unofficial summer capital of Saudi Arabia and *has always been called the best summer destination in Saudi Arabia* as it enjoys a moderate weather during summer, unlike most of the Arabian peninsula.

The city owes its popularity among tourists to its many mountain resorts and moderate climate, even during the harsh summers of Arabia.

It plays a role in the agricultural output of Saudi Arabia and it is the center of cultivation of grapes, pomegranate, figs, roses and honey.

Local, people call it, "*The city of Roses*."an apt name even though roses are beautiful they harbour thorns. There were many thorny issues I found in Saudi Arabia:

Rigid roles regarding women; For instance, no woman foreigner nor local was allowed to leave the house without wearing the "Black Abayas,"(Black clothing covering the body and a veil covering the face), When going to restaurants the woman would not enter in but would

order food while standing outside. These 2 rules made my life intolerable and wearing the abaya made me feel small, voiceless and invisible.

Most of the time I would accompany the old man I was taking care of and we would visit local shops to buy household stuff and I would humbly walk behind him, demure just following not voicing an opinion but at home he would gladly listen at my opinions and views.

Women were not allowed to drive in Saudi and were to be driven everywhere. I saw elderly and young women driven by teenaged boys who were hardly old enough to have a beard. This didn't make sense to me and I missed the freedom we had in Kenya. You can go anywhere you want and do what you want.

Altaif was far from the multicultural cities like Jeddah meaning there were few people who spoke English. In the household I was in I found myself unable to communicate because I was surrounded by people who didn't understand English. Most of the time I would just speak to the old man for he had excellent English while with their guests and relatives I would use gestures.

Through travel, many people are exposed to other cultures, views, opinions and learn that beneath our skin colour we are all human beings.

Unfortunately, that is not the case with all saudi Arabians because some of them *still believe that black people are inferior*. I encountered such stereotypes and on more than one occasion I stood my ground.

One of the most interesting thing I encountered in most arab houses *was the Arabian architecture and decor influenced by many of the Mediterranean styles, including greek, Spanish, French and Italian*.

The most important element in Arabic decorating is the use of colourful textiles with a rich diversity of patterns and textures. Use of layers of beautiful fabric and textiles including persian rugs, pillows, floor cushions, wall tapestries, hallway runners and curtains. The traditional typology of interiors in saudi houses reflects a profound sense of hierarchy between men and women. Many saudi homes have one entrance for men and another for women. Also, separate guest areas for men and women. There is a rigid issue of segregation between the sexes which is echoed in the two entrances to the house, and is followed up in the interior by separating men's and women's quarters.

The house where I worked in was an apartment. It had one entrance but separate living rooms for men and women. The apartment had two living rooms, two bathroom facilities, a large kitchen, a dining room, two bedrooms and a store.

There was not much to do but the lady of the house never wanted to see me idle. Since her family lived nearby she would ensure that after am done with my chores, *she would trade me to her relatives who had no househelps to do their chores*. Initially, I was silent but later on I explained to my employer what was going on and he put a stop to it.

Except this life was good. It was only the three of us; Me, the old man and his wife. They would go to the mall; I would remain to read my bible, worship, and pray. I had no idea how my worship was affecting the spiritual realm. I would dream I am in a bus that was about to have an accident, and I would lead the people in prayer, and the accident would be averted.

Later, a neighbor gave me some religious books to read, and I became alarmed at the contents. *They denied the sovereignty and identity of Christ as the son of God*. I decided to cast them away and study my Holy Bible. One morning, I was lying on the sofa and I went into a trance. Somebody began choking me, and I was unable to breath. I desperately tried to free myself unsuccessfully.

I woke up.

For some strange reasons, my body was paralyzed and lethargic. I could not rise up nor keep my eyes open. I saw mist coming from beneath the bedroom door and filling the room. Directly opposite the sofa there was a large wall unit.

Part of the wall unit was transformed into a mirror. It glistened with some of the mist. A beautiful woman appeared and walked to the mirror and wrote “*Leave or Die*” then she disappeared. Then a hand was plunged into my chest. It clutched my heart and begun plucking it out. I couldn’t breath. I tried to scream, but no sound was forthcoming.

“Jesus!” I cried in my soul.

Immediately, I was released. I woke up gasping for breathe. I had intense pain on the right side of my chest. I couldn’t move. After the pain subsided, I rose up and prayed.

The following morning, I went to the same sofa prayed for divine protection, and then I slept. The glorious presence of the Lord filled the room. I was enveloped in a cocoon of warmth, peace, and love. All my fears were washed away; there was no pain and sorrow. I thank the Lord for his mercy endures forever. *I was deep in sin but he preserved my life so I can testify and bring glory to his name.*

Mark 10:46-51 says, Blind bartimaeus sat by the road begging. He was there day by day, year by year and nothing was changed. He begged for money and food from those who passed by. His life was a joke. When he heard Jesus walking by he cried out. and cried out again and Jesus turned and called him to come to him.

There are situations in life that will not change until you cry out and you cry out some more. You need to arise and say enough is enough, this situation has to change.

It is your cry/prayer that will catch the attention of Jesus. Romans 10:13 says, *Everyone who calls on the lord* will be saved/ will receive help. Call upon his name and you will see what will happen.

While in that household the enmity between this woman and me continued to grow and one day I finally learned the reason why; She was the second wife, this elderly man had divorced his first wife(the mother of the son who had employed me to look after his father). They had suspected this woman was mistreating their father by mispparoprating his medication and his money. So I was sent their against her wishes and in her mind she believed I was their to spy on her.

No wonder the first moment we met I felt repelled by her attitude and for the few months I was there I never liked her a bit. First impression matters, if she would have accepted me intially maybe things would have turned out differently.

On more than one occassion I would tell her, "*You will not treat me like this*".

Somebody's view of you should never become your reality and It is okay to stand your ground and say enough is enough. I was there for 6 months and I finally decided to leave. My boss was unhappy but I knew I could not thrive there anymore.

“Hello, how are you doing?” A strange voice boomed over my mobile phone.

The voice was that of a male, familiar but I was unable to know who it was. Furthermore, the call ID came with a strange country code I had never seen before.

“Who is this?” I inquired.

“It’s Kim, your college classmate”, He replied.

I was filled with joy that he had called. We had last seen each other 3 years ago in college where we were both studying for a certificate in hotel management.

“I got your number from our former classmate, Eunice. she told me you were in Saudi Arabia.”

“Yes I am”, I had been in constant communication with Eunice and she had informed me Kim wanted to get in touch and I told her to give him my number.

“What are you doing in Saudi? Are you crazy!”, His voice bellowed over my handset.

“No, am not but I had no choice but to come,” I answered.

“I am in Afghanistan and am earning a very good income.. How much do you earn per month?”.

“A hundred and fifty dollars”.

“What?! I am earning 100 times more! You need to resign.”

“I can’t. I have got to finish my contract, besides, how am I going to pay for my exit visa and ticket out of here?”.

“Don”t worry about that. Talk to your employer, if he refuses to incur the cost then I will. You need to come to Afghanistan, you can apply for these jobs in Kenya but if the recruitment has ended there I will send you enough money to travel to Dubai and apply from there.”.

I was excited and I promptly spoke to my employer who was not excited I was resigning but he had no choice but to let me go. He was kind enough to pay for my travel expenses.

When I reached Kenya I went to the Agency Kim had sent me to and 2 weeks later I got a job with dyncorp in Afghanistan.

TO AFGHANISTAN WITH LOVE...



The talibans would attack mostly at night knowing if they would launch their rockets or missiles especially in our tents there would be many casualties. Our reflexes were conditioned to react to any warnings from the missile and radar military personnel manning the airwaves.

After passing my interview I waited for the deployment letter for 2 months. I was finally deployed to Afghanistan in March of 2011. It was a dream come true and unknowingly to me this job would make me realize my dream of buying properties, building a house and doing an accounting course.

After taking a flight from Jomo Kenyatta international Airport I landed in Dubai and was taken to Dubai grand hotel. This was the epitome of modern luxury. A world class 4 star hotel offering warm arabic hospitality, suites offering views with both a contemporary design and Arabic charm. It had exquisite pool, jacuzzi and a fully equipped fitness center and immense cultural experiences. For the next 3 weeks I and other support staff were accomodated there in preparation for deployment to Afghanistan.

This hotel and the surrounding cities became a second home for us; we would finish our training and in the evenings we would go and do shopping in the city center, visit kenyans who were residing their, sometimes enjoy time in the pool, jacuzzi or just have a steam bath.

We were not in Dubai Grand Hotel just for fun but *we were there for an intense pre-deployment course to equip us with knowledge and skills needed to work and live in war zone.*

It was very important to prepare us: civilians, in the same way the uniformed forces were prepared to really understand what we were getting ourselves in to; we were going to live and work in a war zone.

We had several courses we had to do: *What to do in the event of a roadside bomb or convoy attack, what to do when there was an airstrike or a missile launch, what to do when we recognize a suspicious terrorist/threat in our work environment.*

The training included physical conditioning and nutrition, being familiarized with the five threat levels of terrorist attack and what to do in each level, the use of body armour, bunkers and learn combat first aid.

The trainings were strict and when each group arrived at the deployment center they were given a colour code for instance we had green team, red team, yellow team and so forth. Training was conducted for each team separately by civilians with military background.

Roll call would be called every morning and evening and failure to comply would result in immediate termination of employment.

Most of the people never made it because we were also doing medical screening to gauge our fitness to work in a warzone. Those who didn't make it because of health abnormalities were sent back to their country of origin.

Thank God my medical was okay and I was still progressing on with my training. Those who passed their medicals and their training would be sent to Kandahar, in Afghanistan *to await being deployed to their Forward Operating Bases in Afghanistan.*

When my training ended I and other support staffs we were deployed to Kandahar, in Afghanistan. I was excited at the same time apprehensive because you never know when a rocket missile would be launched at your plane.

We went to Dubai international Airport and boarded a civilian airplane headed to kandahar. The plane was small with a seating capacity of like 200 passengers. These are multicultural passengers or contractors heading to Afghanistan to support the combat effort of NATO forces against the Taliban.

It was a 2 hour flight and It was the worst flight ever. There was alot of turbulence and we held on to our dear seats praying for safe arrival.

We disembarked in Kandahar International Airport. Kandahar or KAF as it is popularly known. KAF is a city in Afghanistan, located in the South of the country on the Arghanad River. It was the largest city after Kabul; the capital of Afghanistan.

The Allied forces took over the city from the Taliban. Kandahar was the spiritual center of the Taliban, the seat of power that NATO forces had wrestled from them.

It was a beehive of activities. There were military personnel manning the grounds and the perimeters. Military convoys and Aircrafts taking off and others landing. The airport itself/kandahar was in shambles; there were dilapidated and destroyed buildings due to enemy missiles.

The security screening was strict, our documents were perused thoroughly and we were released to Dyncorp employees who had come to pick us up.

We entered a bus and we were driven to the area that Dyncorp-a defense contractor was allocated within Kandahar.

Kandahar like most areas in Afghanistan was a dry, dusty plain. It was a very large desert, with high temperatures that scorched our skins plus we were covered with sweat.

After a briefing we were taken to the billeting offices and allocated tents. The scenery was dotted with brown and cream tents and each tent had heavy duty commercial air conditioners.

Kandahar and all the military bases I had the opportunity to live in were always noisy for you would hear the hum of

Countless generators, air conditioners, the hum of convoy vehicles and military flights. But when you get used to the sounds you hardly notice them anymore.

As I write this I have travelled to more than 20 nations in Asia and Europe, met alot of people, visited exotic places and earned money but none of those places can compare to Afghanistan. *I worked there between 2011-2014 and those years were the most exciting, memorable and fantastic years of my entire life.* It was a warzone and missiles would be launched from every corner but we were happy; the working conditions were great, food was excellent, the military treated us with respect and we enjoyed the same privileges they had; we were a team, a close knit family that had to stick together so that at the end of the day or war we would survive. Their were various civillian supports staffs like; laundry personnel, dining facilities personnel, cooks, security, billeting,warehouse, drivers, fuel personnel, interpreters, guides, managers and so forth.

In Kandahar, we were not doing a lot of training but every evening we would gather for briefing and It was upon each one of us to check the deployment list each day to know where one was being deployed to, when and the time of departure. I found myself and part of the team I had trained with *being deployed to FOB Tarin Kowt.*

A Forward Operating Base(FOB) is any secured forward military position, commonly a military base, that it is used to support tactical operations. A FOB may or may not contain an airfield, a hospital and other facilities. A FOB improves reaction time to local areas as opposed to having all troops on the main bases.

The moment you arrive in Kandahar you are briefed on the hot bases or bases prone to air missiles and everyone prayed not to be sent to those bases because the chances of survival were slightly less than bases with less or no missile attacks. TK was a hot base.

When I realized I had been deployed to TK I was apprehensive but there was a conviction in me that I would not die.

This time we went in a military plane with other contractors and military personnel for no civilian airplanes would go beyond kandahar. During the flight, everyone was silent. I guess each one of us was praying for no missile attack.

When we landed in TK it was a relief. *TK was a multinational base located on the outskirts of TarinKowt, the capital of Uruzgan province in southern Afghanistan.*

It was a multicultural base with American, Australian, and other military personnel from the NATO states.

It was even better than KAF. It was divided into multiple areas;

√ Camp Ripley

√ Camp Holland

√ Camp Cole

√ It also had Tarin Kowt airport.

TK like all the other FOB's I came across was divided into sections, had rings of barbed wire around a position with fortified entry control points, an assembly of earthen dams, concrete barriers, gates, watch towers, bunkers and other force protection infrastructures.

I worked as a support staff in Laundry at Camp holland while our accomodations were in Camp Cole. Each one of us had a badge that showed the areas we were allowed access to. Few of us or none of us had ever entered Camp Cole, we simply didn't have the clearance to enter that base; It was a special forces base.

The working conditions were excellent and also food was great. We had military dining facilities(Dfac) in camp Cole and Camp Holland probably in Camp ripley too. Since we worked in Camp Holland we would enjoy our meals at Holland Dfac. They would have 2 main lines serving entrees, main couses; and desserts.

For main courses we had dishes like lasagna, deep fried chicken, barbecued Chicken, Fried and steamed fish, turkey scalloppini, lamb rolls or lamb chops, stir fried chicken, beef, pork or turkey and french fries.

They would also offer steamed rice, vegetable rice, fried rice, spaghetti etc. There would also be a side line with various desserts, salads, juices plus immense fridges lined up along the sides of the Dfac filled with all sorts of drinks found in a supermarket.

Most people would tend to think that because we were working in war zone the food was similar to what prisoners ate but that was not the case. The food was great, fresh and delicious. For all my years in the hospitality industry this food I would rank it one of the best in the world. They would combine American, Italian, Greek and Asian cuisine and it was amazing.

In TK and other FOB's there were mini-marts run by Afghan nationals where you could buy; jewellery, clothes, antiques, shoes, bags and movies.. We also had an american shop where we could buy electronics, toiletries and snacks. There were also coffee shops where you could buy coffee, tea, Iced drinks, cookies and a variety of cakes.

It was the idyllic environment to thrive but in the midst of all this the enemy, the Taliban, never made us forget we were in the middle of a war zone.



The talibans would attack mostly from 12am onwards , and at night knowing if they would launch their rockets or missiles especially in our tents there would be many casualties. This does not mean that during the day they would not launch an attack. There would be weeks we would have a rocket attack like 4 times and other times during the week their would be none.

Our reflexes were conditioned to react to any warnings from the missile and radar military personnel manning the airwaves.

A siren would sound and a female voice would sound out an urgent warning, "Incoming! Incoming! incoming! incoming!.

The warning would echo throughout the camp, in all facilities, tents even in toilet and bathroom facilities. No matter where you were when you heard the sound of that warning you would lie prostrate on the ground *and position your arms protectively over your head and you hold that position for 3 minutes then run to the bunker.* Sometimes you would rise up to run to the bunker then the female voice would blare out again of another incoming missile attack, "Incoming! Incoming! and you will hit the ground again until the threat is over.

This was a conditioned reflex for any civilian and military personnel in combat zone. We were trained not to think but react and our reflexes were so good and we were so alert that if for instance you were walking, or in the toilet or a having a meal at Dfac or even sleeping and you heard the siren you would lie prostrate on the ground without thinking.

We were trained to do things quickly for instance not take long showers because if the incoming signal blares out and you are in the shower, that will not exclude you from hitting the ground and going to the bunker even in your towel.

Sometimes when we would be going to and from vacation we would go to KAF and stay there for several days waiting to be taken to Dubai then get a flight to go home or being deployed to our FOB's.

KAF was the main base and it would be crowded with civilians hence there would be bunk beds to accommodate all these people and because there was nothing to do most people would be using their laptops in the tents or sleeping and when the incoming signal would blare out each person knew where to hit the ground so as to avoid people slamming and injuring others as well as themselves.

Each facility was surrounded by bunkers and after the incoming signal we would all gather in the bunkers near us and wait for an all clear signal. A signal would blare out, "Its all clear! Its all clear!" and our assigned team leader would take the count and report to a military personnel whether their were casualties or not.

This was our life, an exciting life and we heard of cases where some civilians were not lucky and some either died or were injured in such rocket attacks but most of us made it.

Another thing hat caused us to be aware we were in war zone is when the NATO forces would go for a mission and report back and you would see some of them crying, others sad and their would be silence because they had lost their colleagues.

Then you would learn so and so was killed in a convoy or an air missile and you would be heartbroken and on other occassions they would come jubilant.

I was in TK for 3 years and when the American government decided to pull back their forces and personnel they begun closing some of the military bases. Many civilians and military personnel left.

Fortunately, I and other laundry personnel we were deployed to other military bases in Afghanistan. It was a sad moment for us being parted from each other and being deployed to other bases.

I landed in Shindand air base., *a FOB located in the western part of Afghanistan in the Shindand district of herat province.*

The base was strategically located because of its close proximity to the border of Iran. Compared to TK life in shindand was not as cosy nor good probably because of our supervisor who practiced racial discrimination, their was a lot of work and their was a warmth simply lacking. I worked there for a whole year then the base was closed and we were sent back to our countries of origin.

After 13 years the memories of Afghanistan are still fresh and given a choice I wouldn't change a thing of the experiences I had. I cherish them and these years 2011-2014 were the best moments of my entire life.

Me at a laundry collection point in shindand



Me at a laundry collection point in shindand with
a soldier.

Why would God allow me to go through a warzone?

Probably, It was because I needed the skills, discipline and the conditioning I got there to help me in the preceeding years that I would have to endure spiritual warfare with controlling and territorial powers.

Unknowingly, I was about to enter into the biggest warfare of my life.

Secondly, probably he was teaching me it is possible to thrive in warfare and accomplish something. For during those years I did exploits; invested in real estate, built and also studied an accounting course.

AWAKENING...



I was broke and living in someone's house. I could hardly afford three meals a day. My meals comprised of boiled corn and beans seasoned with salt.

The sofa was very comfortable for lounging but at night it was my exotic bed. Unfortunately, I had to squeeze my frame and hold on for dear life and any slight mis-turn I would land on the floor.

For the next three years I lived a good life and in 2013 I began feeling restless.

At 28 years of age I had acquired all material things I desired but I felt something was missing. Emptiness...emptiness and more emptiness this is what characterized my life

"I am meant to find something, But I don't know what it is, "I told a friend.

"You are trying to find yourself. "he replied.

Two years later the obsession became worse. I was meant to search for something and to discover something. In late 2014 the Afghan contract ended, I came to Kenya I couldn't rest. I started going to different churches every Sunday to quench this feeling. But I would leave emptier. I shifted to utawala embakasi to live in a friend's house.

On 8th of march 2015 I felt compelled to go to a certain church I had always bypassed. I found the preacher and his wife immersed in a very powerful prayer session.

I never knew this man of God would be instrumental in shaping my life; he would become my destiny connector and my spiritual father.

I felt this is where I belonged and every Wednesday and Friday I would be running to church to hear more preaching of this God I had never known.

One renowned preacher said, *“In the youth there are those foreknown and predestined and when they find Christ they will find what they are looking for. They are looking for the truth and the true church as they had tried all drugs, immorality and it was false.”*

My quest for truth had begun!.

I would be immersed in prayers, fasting and reading the bible for days. I used all my savings on two investments that resulted in monumental losses, supporting my invalid brother and his caretaker in Nyeri, Kenya was a financial and emotional nightmare.

I sought to study and work in Europe but visa denials were the order of the day. All my doors were shut, and rejection became my middle name. I had no one to turn to, my extended family thought I was rich after working abroad for so long and buying properties.

My financial wilderness intensified; those who owned me hundreds of thousands went into hiding. I had no peace.

How were we to survive?

My brother had been released from a mental institute in January 2015. I had gotten him from the streets crippled by drugs, mentally, emotionally and physically damaged. He was a shadow of his former self. The smiling, carefree and good natured brother I knew had disappeared. He was full of bitterness, hatred and frustration.

He would have allergic reactions to the Psychotic medication and would be a regular patient at Nyeri provisional general hospital and many times I feared he would not make it

I realized what was happening to my family was abnormal, and beyond my power. I did what I had never done before. I went on my knees, quoted this scripture “It is written. At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow in heaven, on earth and under the earth”.

I bowed to him to show my submission and surrender.

“God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob I need your help. I am blind bartimeaus sitting by the roadside pleading for your help. I want to see!” I cried.

I don’t know why I shouted I wanted to see.

“I want to see! “I said.

I didn’t know why I was screaming those words or their spiritual significance.

“Go your faith has made you well, Jesus said to bartimaeus.

I felt an inner peace and knew my request was granted. Little did I know I was spiritually blind and had requested for my spiritual eyes to be opened.

The scriptures say, ‘seek me and you shall find me’. I sought him with all my heart, body and soul. I went into prayers, fasting and reading the word. I came to understand his might and power.

The word became alive in my heart and I started believing what it said, could do and accomplish in my life. I was broke and living in someone's house. I could hardly afford three meals a day. My meals comprised of boiled corn and beans seasoned with salt.

The sofa was very comfortable for lounging but at night it was my exotic bed. Unfortunately, I had to squeeze my frame and hold on for dear life for any slight miss-turn I would land on the floor.

I would wake up in the morning with pains and aches in my body and any attempt to stretch would make my joints pop.

Any electronics I had like Hairdryers, flatiron, commercial steam iron and vacuum cleaner found their way in an on line thrift store. After a good sale I would rush off to the supermarket and snatch a packet of my favorite farmer's choice pork sausages trying not to grimace at the price.

My taste buds would tingle with anticipation, after cooking I would gorge on that tasty delicacy while consoling myself it was a worthy investment, after all who had a guarantee of tomorrow?

There is nothing like adversity to bring you closer to God. Because of this experiences I became a committed Christian. This time I stumbled upon another hidden secret in the bible that unlocked my destiny;

'Now stand up! for I have appeared to you to appoint you as my servant and my witness. you are to tell the world about this experience and about other times I will appear to you. And I will protect you from both your own people and the gentiles. yes, I am going to send you to the gentiles to open their eyes so they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. Then they will receive forgiveness for their sins and be given a place among God's people, who are set apart by faith in me. (Acts26:16-18)

I knew this was my calling. I did not doubt the validity of those words. Since the gentiles represented the nation's I was open for the idea. I had travelled to Saudi Arabia, Dubai and Afghanistan but to travel all over the world to teach people was a bonus.

I continued to read the bible while at the same time waiting for a job I had applied for in an American cruise line.

It was on Sunday 23rd march of 2015 we had a powerful prayer session in our church and the second service was conducted by a guest preacher and his wife. At the conclusion of that service, his wife said she had a message from the lord. She pointed to me and said "You will serve the lord and he will change you."

I wondered how will the lord change my sinful ways? I had tried to stop the immorality but it was impossible.

I was under the control of the spirit of lust and how in the world is the lord going to change that?

BREAKING FREE FROM ADDICTION...



Unless spiritual controls are dealt with then a person will never be totally free from drug addiction, alcohol addiction, behavioural addiction like sex, gambling or pornography plus other addictions. People are struggling to get through treatment, go through treatment and be sober or recover their are those who make it and while others don't.

How then can science be able to treat such stubborn cases? Where can these people get the help they need? or are they going to left out in the cold and perish without ever being free?.

Drug addiction, alcohol addiction and behavioural addictions like sex, gambling have a common underpinning that follow the same addictive process. Someone begin seeking a high to give them pleasure then it turns to pain, addiction then bondage.

I had a behavioural addiction, to be precise sex addiction that drove me to masturbate and watch pornography. This addiction started when I was 12 years old and by God's grace it ended when I was 30 years of age.

For the next 18 years of my life I was under bondage. It started as a harmless activity to derive pleasure but as I continued to do it and as years went by I couldn't function without it.

Initial foray to any addiction is to get pleasure but as people become addicted it becomes difficult to leave because of withdrawal symptoms. There were days I would not do it but I suffered anxiety, tension, confusion and had erratic behaviour.

In my mind I knew I could not stop it. Everybody did it. There was no problem with it. *But the moment you keep indulging whether drugs, alcohol or any form of addiction you begin to reset your mind. Then this harmful addiction becomes a mindset, a program that runs your life.* What you begun in the physical as "harmless activity" takes a life of its own and soon it becomes a doorway. An entrance for spirits.

Previously, I had tried to stop and I couldn't even when I became born again I was unable to control myself. *But I never gave up, nor ceased to pray, read the word and go to church.*

God knows your struggles and weaknesses and in spite of them he is ready to help you deal with them. So running away is not an option nor forsaking your salvation. If God has not delivered you in a certain area that does not mean he does not care nor is he weak or powerless.

There is a process of deliverance. In some cases it takes time, in others it is instant but the most important form of deliverance is when you know the truth. "The truth shall set you free." *Behind every bondage is a lie and behind every deliverance it is the truth.*

For God to fully deliver me *he had to show me the truth.* I had to see it with my eyes because for 18 years I believed a lie, "I need this. I cannot be able to stop it. It is me who is doing it. It is my choice."

One night my spirit woke up and I saw dark mist moving along the floor to where I was sleeping. My spirit struggled to disconnect from my physical body but there was a supernatural force preventing the separation.

I called the name of Jesus and my spirit parted from my flesh. I went to the dark mist and said. 'I command you in the name of Jesus to leave and never come back!'.

The mist left through a space at the bottom of a door.

I returned into my body and slept. Later that night my spirit awakened briefly and this time I saw it swirling on the floor next to my sofa bed.

Then the mist/spirit distracted me with a strange dream of my dead mother cutting some Napier grass. She accused me of something I had not done. She was angry as she left. I came to know that evil spirits impersonate a person familiar to you in your dreams to lower your spiritual guard and *create a point of contact so that they can have a platform to manipulate your destiny.*

The moment she left I woke up and I beheld an amazing sight. The dark mist was taking the form of a man and he climbed into my bed and came where my head was. He placed his hands on either side my head.

“Lord, help me!” I cried.

I physically woke up.

A few days later he came back but I was unaware. He had placed his hands on my head and what awakened me was some Godly spirits that rushed in the room. Amazingly, I didn't look at those spirits but stared at the shadowy figure holding my head.

I said “Be defeated, you evil spirit”.

He left.

I slept. He reappeared and I dreamt I was seated on the lap of a colleague in a bus. We were wrapped in an intimate embrace.

A voice said. "It is him, he has taken another form".

I woke up and prayed.

This spirit began an aggressive campaign that was to last for years. Its main purpose was to enslave my flesh with sexual desires. I never gave in. After realizing I was not giving in, he started showing me dreams of other people having sex, men and women, men and men, women and women. This lustful dreams were meant to drive me mad with sexual desire and cause me to masturbate then seek me to find sexual pleasure with men.

This addiction had progressed from being a physical problem or bondage to a spiritual problem or bondage. And many people *are having a problem getting over an addiction because it is NOT just a natural problem, with a natural remedy.*

I applaud psychologists, psychiatrist and other specialist that help people overcome and recover from addictions but I believe this is not a physical problem that someone can go through treatment and recover from but *IN ADDITION* to this, their needs to be a spiritual remedy.

By saying this am not advocating for people to do away with physical measures to combat addiction but we should edify this with spiritual measures to which I will explain later.

To understand addiction we need to understand what happens in the human mind. Any time you repeat a habit it becomes a program that is filed in the subconscious mind. Subconscious mind occupies the largest part of our mind;80% while the conscious mind occupies 20% only.

Our conscious mind is a short term memory and so most information is filed in the subconscious mind. Meaning that there are files there or programs that have been stored there; some with names like sex addiction, Drug addiction, anger etc that are running your life.

What a familiar spirits does is they study your life or even your genealogy to see which habits or genetic disposition they can use to cage your life, hence soul.

This addiction, which has been repeated becomes a habit or *a program that opens a door for these spirits to keep using to imprison your life.*

That is why so many people may recover from addiction then they relapse and in most cases it is not because they are weak or helpless but because their addiction has been taken over or was initiated by a controlling spirit.

How then can science be able to treat such a case? Where can these people get the help they need? or are they going to be left out in the cold and perish without ever being free?.

Unless the spiritual controls are dealt with then the person will never be totally free. People are struggling to get through treatment, go through treatment and be sober or recover.

From my own experience of an 18year bondage and that night of encounter I realized that *these controlling spirits operating around a thinking pattern and create a demonic fortification around it that insists a victim continue to think in a certain way.*

For instance-*my thinking pattern* was that I had to do masturbation. I could never leave it. I need it to survive. The *demonic fortification* like any other fortification is to strengthen, *to strengthen my thinking pattern around masturbation*-That is why the spirit focused on placing its hands on my head and giving me strange dreams of me having sex with people or seeing others do it. So when I would wake I would masturbate sometimes even 10-20 times per day and even walking would be a problem.

The moment I learned the truth that it was not me, It was this spirit causing me to do this I was livid and that was the day I was delivered.

**Their are 3 levels to totally cast out such
spiritual influences/controls;**

1).*Casting out the spirit influences causing your addiction.*
Spirits don't just oppress people they can enter situations like addictions and empower them to put you in bondage.

As their are physical doctors like psychologists and psychiatrists their *are also spiritual doctors* like pastors and other men of God who can help you cast out these spirit influences. This deliverance is not complete that is why spirits can be cast out from the same person over and over again.

2)*Deliverance by Transformation*; Remember, addiction is a mindset. Addiction is in the mind or spirits that ensures your mind thinks in a particular pattern and for their to be deliverance their needs to be the rewiring of the mind/rewriting of the evil program. This is where the ministry of the word is taught and addicts are mentored on the word of God. Mindsets are broken through knowledge or information. Spiritual knowledge fortifies a person and this truth will set them free.

3)*Discipline by conformity*; Their is a dimension of deliverance that is not only left to the men of God but the addict has a responsibility to play too. They need to cultivate discipline to pray, fast, study the word of God, attend discipleship classes, word encounter nights and sunday services.

When you keep sowing to the flesh you keep sowing corruption but when you keep sowing to the spirit your reap eternal life. (Galatians 6:8).

HELPLESSNESS...



Helplessness is such a rotten feeling. There's is nothing you can do about it. Being helpless is like being paralyzed. It is a sickness. The cure for helplessness is to believe there is a higher power, God's power that can be depended upon.

One night, something extraordinary happened; my spirit woke up, and I saw a sight that shook me; a leg of a hairy beast with reddish claws was on top of my thigh. I was lying on my left side. I could sense this gigantic beast stretched behind me.

Thinking I was dreaming, I closed my eyes then opened them, but it was still there. I was trembling.

I closed my eyes and said, "You are the most powerful God I know, please help me."

When I opened my eyes, the beast was still there. I closed them again then I heard a still small voice say, "*He considers himself as a god, so you have to be specific which God you mean.*"

I knew then it was Lucifer.

"Lord, help me!" I said.

When I opened my eyes, he was gone.

From then onwards, at dusk, I would be shaking. I would try to stay awake as long as I could, but I would be so exhausted and sleep. Every day at 2am my spirit would pull off from my physical body, and I would see the spirits that dwell in darkness; they could not hide anymore.

The Scriptures say, “He reveals deep and mysterious things and knows what lies hidden in darkness, though he himself is surrounded by light.” (Daniel 2:22).

It was during this time I was tested by spirits of darkness.

The first test - my spirit woke up, and beside my bed was a spirit of a middle-aged woman.

“Wake up, Caroline, we need to pray.” She said

I stared at her. I took my Bible and walked a few meters away.

“You go and worship your god, and I will go worship my God,” I said, pointing my index finger at her.

She disappeared, and I never saw her again.

Second test - A few days later, my spirit disconnected from my body. I was walking in the room; a mysterious door materialized on a wall. It led to a dark room.

I stood debating whether to go in or not. Then I heard people singing a hymn outside the house. Their worship was vibrant. I opened the main door to go join them.

I saw an evil spirit pass by, and I closed the door. I looked back at the mysterious room, and on the door stood a man; both his arms were on either side of the door. He was staring at me.

I was trapped.

With the Bible securely held in my hand, I began dancing to the tune of the music.

As I danced, I would drift asleep then awaken with a jolt when my Bible would begin slipping off. I knew I could not keep this up.

” Be defeated in Jesus name!” I said.

He disappeared, and I woke up

The unseen realm is more real than the physical realm. Their is nothing that scare the enemy than a person who can see into this realm by the help of the holyspirit.

In the beginning I was always scared of what I saw and I was scared to see these forces. It was later I realized that God was training me for my future assignment; How could I deliver people from an enemy I had never seen? How could I deliver people from an enemy I had never fought?

The greatest deception the devil and his agents have perpetrated in our times is that people don't believe they exist nor know of the supernatural realm..

The battle in the spiritual realm is won through Jesus christ. In 2 corithians 10:4 We use Gods mighty weapons, not merely worldly weapons, to knock down the Devils stronghold. *The name of Jesus Christ, the blood of Jesus Christ is a weapon against the enemy.*

PRAYERS

- √ *In the name of Jesus let every work of darkness raging against my life, family, health and business be destroyed in the name of Jesus.*
- √ *I seek refuge in the name of Jesus.*
- √ *In the name of Jesus I refuse to be kept in captivity by wicked forces.*
- √ *The blood of Jesus begin to speak*
- √ *Let this atmosphere be soaked by the blood of Jesus. Blood of Jesus penetrate my soul, mind, heart, house, business and reclaim any part that has been possessed or demonized by demons.*
- √ *By the blood of Jesus I have been set free from yokes and chains. I am not a slave to any strong man nor a victim but I am a slave to the blood of Jesus.*
- √ *Blood of Jesus mark my life/house so that every evil passes over me.*

A TRYING TIME...



Faith is a fundamental part of life, and leaning on faith in difficult situations can help us overcome even the most trying times in life.

After Wednesday evening service in our church in Embakasi, Utawala, Kenya, we had a new convert who gave a testimony. He had been on his way to commit suicide but was compelled to enter and surrender his life to Christ.

Afterward, on my way home I started trembling, and I thought to call my spiritual parents to come and pick me up. I felt it was not safe to be alone. But how would I explain to them I had a premonition something was about to happen? I approached the main gate; a voice boomed in my heart, "They are coming, Caroline! They are coming!" said the Holy Spirit.

I was trembling so much. I looked around at the inky darkness and realized there was nowhere to run to. In the spiritual realm, dark forces were coming to kill me.

I opened the main door. I had nowhere to go and no one to turn to but God. I had a restless sleep. At midnight, I prayed and slept. In a vision at 2am, the Holy Spirit spoke.

He said, "Caroline, they are coming!"

I replied, "I am going to church."

"There is no time, they are coming, and your faith is going to save you!"

I disobeyed the voice, opened the door, and ran to church. I rounded a block of flats and I saw them. Six demonic warriors marching down the streets. They marched in unison without breaking rank with their right hands positioned at the helm of their swords, which were strapped at the left side of their hips. They looked identical and well-coordinated. They wore medieval clothing. A long reddish tunic that reached their black booted legs, metallic helmets reaching their upper cheeks leaving only the eyes, nose, lower cheeks, and mouth visible. They had sculpted bronze-like facial features and soulless, merciless, hardened, and intelligent eyes. I leaned upon a wall. I was trapped.

I remembered the words of the Holy Spirit.

I lifted my face to heaven and said, “Jesus, please help me!”

A large spear shining with bright white light was thrown from heaven and pierced my belly. It was painless.. I was pinned to the wall. I became invisible, then I disappeared.

At the moment, between invisibility and disappearance, I saw them reach the wall; they looked around in disbelief. They entered into the wall and disappeared.

They never found me. The Lord took me to America.

I was leaning on a wall on a busy street. So many pedestrians passed by. A black man approached me with a worried and a concerned look.

“Lady, are you okay?” He said in an American accent.

I looked at him, unable to talk overwhelmed by the experience.

One year later, what I saw was confirmed when I was reading a vision given to Howard Pittman titled, “placebo.” He says those are one of the highest-ranking demon warriors in the kingdom of Darkness; from these warriors, Satan selects some to be his princes.

The Holyspirit had said my faith would save me. It did. In this situation my faith was in believing that in this battle I needed help; Jesus will help me. Also, it was believing that though I was helpless he was not.

In what you are going through you need to believe that God will get you through it. Because there are some battles that are simply beyond your ability.

In the physical realm, we need money and everyone is busy earning money. We cannot live without money. It causes the world to go around.

Likewise, in the spiritual realm we need a spiritual currency called Faith. The greater the faith you have the greater the treasure you possess. There was a woman who wanted Jesus to deliver her daughter from demon possession in Matthew 15:21-28. Jesus said to her, “Your faith is great. Your request is granted.” And her daughter was healed instantly.

**# Great faith requires you to stand up and rebuke
any contrary winds;**

Winds of sickness, winds of lack, winds of fear, winds of unemployment, rejection and stagnation.

A great tempest arose and the boat was sinking but Jesus was sleeping. They came to wake him up in fear and panic.

Matthew 8:25 The disciples went to him and woke him up, shouting, "Lord, save us! we are drowning!"

V26 Jesus answered, "Why are you afraid? You have so little faith! Then he stood up and rebuked the wind and waves and suddenly all was calm."

You are waiting on God to do something about your situation but he is waiting for you to arise and rebuke the situation. *There is a time to pray and ask for God's help and there is a time to arise and release a declaration of faith.*

**# Great faith requires you to stand up and face
the enemy and rebuke him.**

David stood up and faced the enemy in 1 Samuel 17:45

Faith is believing in your heart and confessing with your mouth. Faith is personal not communal. Faith is inward, faith comes from within, faith comes from your dealings with God—He delivered me yesterday he will deliver me today, He provided yesterday he will provide for me today.

Faith is not dependant on circumstances around you. What you see with your natural eyes is false. What you see with the eyes of faith is the truth.

In Hebrews 11:33-35 We see what faith can do:

- √ *Faith can overthrow kingdoms/forces/evil thrones/wicked situations.*
- √ *Faith shuts the mouth of the enemy and causes them to be powerless.*
- √ *Faith quenches the fire of adversities, trials and neutralizes the devices of the enemy.*
- √ *Faith increases your strength.*
- √ *Faith scatters your enemy.*
- √ *Faith causes that which is dead to live again.*

THE ARMY AT SEA..



When one advances in the kingdom of God, the level of warfare increases; for instance, it is a law for every action there must be a reaction, or for every advancement there must be an opposition; for every blessing there must be a test.

Those who find the strength to persevere and endure in spite of the overwhelming obstacles carry out great exploits.

Nestled in my backpack was my Bible, which I had guarded from Jomo Kenyatta international airport in Nairobi to Guangzhou, China. I met my Chinese chauffer who carried a plaque written, "Sky Sea Golden Era Employees;" he hardly spoke any English. He gave me a sheet of paper, and I ticked off my name.

We left.

Quanzhou was a lively modern metropolis. The third-largest city in China near the south China sea, Hong Kong, and Macau. It had large malls, retail stores, and a massive road network.

I was taken to the magnificent Doubletree by Hilton, located at the central business district of Guangzhou. The hotel was breathtaking. I was ushered by a bell boy through the massive revolving glass doors, tapered with gold at the edges, to the reception with a high dome ceiling painted pastel cream and glided marron and golden marble floors with stunning paintings of 16th-century Chinese landscapes all over the walls.

The reception was huge, taking up one floor of the hotel, with several seating areas with furniture in gold brocades, marron, and cream damask. There were huge windows that had a stunning view of lush green lawns and marble fountains.

It was too much to take in, and I made a mental note to do an exploratory tour of the hotel. I checked in and was directed to my suite. Its opulence was something I was not accustomed to. I knew this was the favor of God.

In the evening, I dined on Chinese food amidst so many stares of how a mocha-skinned lady had found her way to the highclass Hilton hotel. I was unperturbed by their stares and had a delicious meal.

In the morning, other crew members who had arrived earlier and I we were driven to Wusong Kou cruise port international terminal to join our assigned ship.

It was the largest passenger ship I have ever seen. There were many passenger ships, including ferries, yachts, ocean liners, cruise ships, and cargo ships that ferried not only cargos but also a large number of passengers.

This cruise ship was named “Sky Sea Golden Era.” It was sleek, streamlined, and built to knife its way through the open ocean waves.



Sky sea at the port of Sasebo, Japan



Enjoying myself at double tree by hilton

Its tapered, knife-like hulls gave way to a broader, boxier shape to accommodate 1800 plus passengers and nearly 800 crew. It consisted of 15 decks (a deck is the equivalent of one storey in a building).

After being screened at the gangway by security personnel, we were ushered into the interior of the ship by a smartly dressed Asian lady, in an officer's white shirt and navy-blue pants.

My feet sunk into the luxurious red carpet. I gazed at the paneled walls, chandeliers, and ceilings. The ship's interior comprised of several shops that had designer clothes, shoes, jewelries and watches.

There were several restaurants, each serving its own cuisine, and two of them remarkably stood out; BYC with its themed hotpots and open buffets style and Murano (Paris house) captured my attention. Murano was a French specialty restaurant located in mid-ship, it had handcrafted chandeliers of Murano glass, named for the island of Murano near Venice Italy, where glass blowing has been a fine art and tradition since the 13th century.

As we progressed in the tour, there was the ice bar concept at sea within its Martin bar featuring a liquid wall that freezes to form a sparkling crystalline appearance, and a bar counter that freezes into ice-cold stone, while a solid block of ice will display bottles of liquid behind the bar.

The ship had so many leisure facilities like spas, a grand theatre, crystal room, VIP lounges, an outdoor swimming pool, a tennis court, a basketball pitch, and so many more.

The tantalizing aroma of barbeque beef, delicious smelling soups, and lamb shawarma swirled around us. It was becoming hard to concentrate on the tour. My stomach grumbled; it has never been tempted with such an array of smells.

After the tour, we sat down to a sumptuous lunch served in blue mess, a crew restaurant that specialized in American cuisine.

There was an array of dishes in the hot and cold buffet area; soups, barbeque chicken, American beef burgers, hot dogs, pizzas, cold cuts like salami, salmon, and assorted cold salads, accompanied by fruits and assorted drinks. I piled so much food, and after clearing my plate, I rubbed my belly, this was indeed a new era, a new beginning.

Working on board could not be compared with working on land. The cabins were small, noisy due to the vibration of the engine room and the waves. I shared the cabin with four crew members, and the beds were bunk style with hardly any privacy. The exciting thing about this job was that I had a chance to see exotic places like China, Japan, South Korea, and Philippines.



Enjoying myself in the ship



Enjoying time with my colleagues



Me and Wayan at Lido restaurant for breakfast service.



Out and about in japan



Out and about in China



A view of a road in kagoshima, Japan.



Enjoying the fresh air at sasebo cruise terminal
Japan. Behind me is my ship-sky sea Golden Era.



Saklolo(left), me and Wilson at the Round cook station.



My colleagues and I preparing appetizers for Dinner service in pantry station.



Out doing shopping in Kagoshima, Japan.

I was a cook, and the kitchen crew was multicultural, friendly, cheerful, and helpful. I was assigned to a around cook station, under a very hard-working Indonesian chef, who taught me how to make various dishes like lamb roll, turkey scaloppini, etc.

The crew became my treasured family for the next three years. We all had one thing in common; we came from poor backgrounds, and what we earned was to help our families back home.

Every evening, I would go to my cabin and study my Bible, but there was no revelation. I turned down several invitations to go to parties. Unfortunately, one of my friends was having a birthday party, and I couldn't say no.

After grudgingly accepting the invitation I headed off to deck fifteen, to the observatory lounge. I was catapulted into a scene worse off than the infamous Koinange street in Kenya.

The crew by day were demurely, decently dressed, but during the night the day masks would roll-off, and they would unleash their true selves in these parties.

They underwent extreme makeover, hairdos that rivaled Lady Gaga, garish makeup, masquerade masks, miniskirts, sheer silk dresses that would leave little to imagination.



Celebrating my birthday



Chilling before a meeting

There was also a scattering of gay men that had transformed themselves into women with handbags, makeup, and heels.

It is in their midst I saw one of my favorite 57-year-old Pilipino friend. I had known he was gay, but to see him transformed into a lady, with tights and vest carrying a handbag nearly boggled my mind.

When I looked at the dancing floor, I was transfixed by the dancing styles that I had never seen. This was too much, and I hurriedly located my friend, chatted for a while, and fled; from then on, I resolved to always stay in my cabin and dig the treasures in my Bible.

After taking guests from the Wusongkou cruise port terminal in Shanghai, China, we would be off to cruise several Japanese cities like Fukuoka, Kagoshima, Hososhima, Sasebo, and South Korea.

It was an enjoyable experience to explore the markets, malls, and tourist sites in these countries, and these cities became my second home.

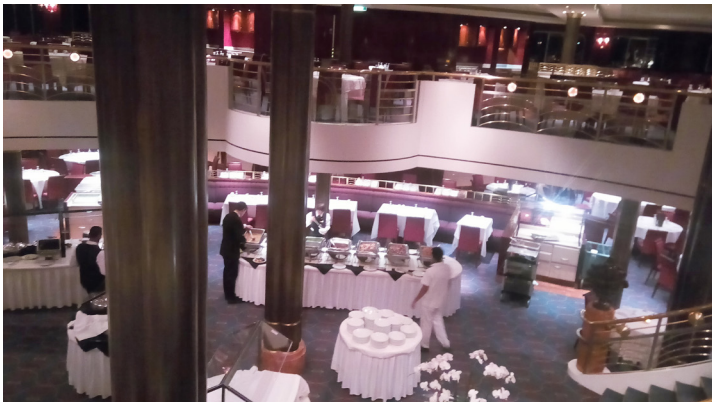
One bright morning as I was thinking of the hardships I had experienced in Kenya and my new life onboard a luxurious ship.

“My wilderness days were over”; the thought came into my mind.

“Caroline, do you really think your wilderness is over?” the Holy Spirit asked.

I never uttered a word. I never knew the cruise ship was my gethsemane. It was the place I was to be crushed, sharpened, molded for my destiny. God would never use a man he has not prepared nor broken.

Having a meal inside the ship at the Grand restaurant



During the night, I prayed the word of God. My spirit became alert, and I would hear God speaking in my spirit, and his word became alive. I began to enjoy our encounters so much that I would get answers to the questions I asked.

The scriptures say, “for a great and effective door has opened to me, and there are many adversaries.” (1 Corinthians 16:9).

The Lord had opened a door or portal to allow me to move in and out of the spiritual realm. *When one advances in the kingdom of God, the level of warfare increases; for instance, it is a law for every action there must be a reaction, or for every advancement there must be an opposition; for every blessing there must be a test.*

One night my spirit disconnected from my body, I flipped my bed curtain and looked around my room. It was free from any wicked spirit, but I knew the only time my spirit woke up, in the darkest hours, was when there was an evil presence around. I saw nothing, but later I came to know they were spying before establishing contact.

After two weeks, I woke up, and there in my room was the spirit of a woman. She spoke in Chinese, and I couldn't understand. I kept looking at her in confusion and wondering what she wanted. When she saw the dumbfounded look on my face, she switched to English.

“You have got to stop doing what you are doing. You are disturbing the demons and principalities in this area!” she said.

“Even if I wanted to, I cannot stop,” I replied. (I was responding in the words of Jeremiah when he said that the spirit of the sovereign Lord has overtaken him and he cannot hold his words in as they burn like fire and burst from him).

“We are the ones who give your ship a safe passage!” she said.

“My God is powerful!” I replied.

She laughed malevolently, and immediately, I saw fear on her face. She retreated, then disappeared.

Through the wall, I saw a well-dressed white man holding a candle and out of the walls materialized many demons. I didn't know what to do; I was mesmerized by what was unfolding before my eyes. They were heading to where I was, and they were walking strangely.

I had encountered witches, wizards but never ordinary demons. In a second, there was a flash of lightning from above, and two white robed spirits appeared from nowhere and stood besides me. They started laying hands on the demons, and they would fall down. I returned to my body, woke up, and thanked God.

The scriptures say, “when the enemy comes in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord will lift a standard against him.” Out of this experience, I was puzzled by three questions; -

√ *Why did the woman speak to me in Chinese? Couldn't she see I was a black woman?*

√ *What was the man doing with the candle?*

√ *Why were the demons walking in that strange manner?*

I received the answers instantly. The man holding the candle was summoning the demons, these are lower-level demons that cannot work independently, but they are given to an agent of darkness to do their bidding, they are under his or her command and are sent to accomplish a certain task.

The woman spoke to me in Chinese because in the spiritual realm, all human spirit, regardless of race or color, look the same (three-dimensional black shadows), and the only difference is that they take the gender of the physical body they inhabit. Since I was in Chinese waters, she assumed I was Chinese and switched to English when she saw I couldn't understand.

The lower level demons walk in such a strange manner because they do not have normal legs; instead, they have hooves. Imagine a goat standing and walking on its hooves.

Their walking style was the perfect imitation of a breakdance, which Michael Jackson was famous for.

To the next level

When God gets ready to move in your life he introduces a problem only you can solve. *The problem /warfare is not there to kill you, destroy you nor make you give up but it is there to propel you to the next level.*

We are in spiritual warfare and we are soldiers for the kingdom of God and like any other soldier we advance in rank by our competency, efficiency and endurance in dealing with our enemies. A lieutenant general does not get to that rank by accident he trains for it and rises in level.

Some warfares are meant to build your spiritual muscles for where the lord is taking you. There was no way David could have faced goliath without the training he received in the wilderness; Fighting lions and bears built up his muscles to fight goliath.

“There is nothing impossible with God.” This scripture is true but it denotes “with”-With means in the company or in the presence of someone or something. Nothing will be impossible when you are in the company of God or in the presence of God. Both you and God need to be a team. You need to work together.

God is all powerful, mighty but he requires you to work together with him.

God is ready or able but he needs to ensure you are ready.

√ *It is in warfare you are trained.*

√ *It is in warfare you are equipped.*

√ *It is in warfare the anointing is generated.*

√ *It is in warfare you learn who he is.*

√ *It is in warfare your enemies learn who God is.*

√ *It is in warfare you rise through the ranks.*

THE STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT...



Little by little, I began to lose the ability to see into the spiritual realm and I wondered what was going on.

“You are forgetting you are also a human being. You cannot always live in the spiritual world. If you did, you will become crazy”, the holy spirit said.

The voice was right for it was becoming hard to live in the physical world. I saw things that If I would explain to a person they would think I was a mental case. I was always tired and lethargic.

How would I see my enemies? How would I protect myself? if am unable to see them? I wondered.

The sun had completed its tour for the day, and had been replaced by a myriad of stars, which dotted the ink canopy. A low waning gibbous moon hovered tenuously in the twilight firmament, bestowing a very dim light upon the land.

It was a cool night; the swaying of trees and rustling of leaves could be heard but not seen, as the encompassing darkness had blotted out all but the faintest light. Briefly, a dark wispy cloud eclipsed the present moon. for a few shadowy moments it looked like the Halo around the cloud, a dull aura of lunar reminiscence.

It was one of those nights that one longs to sit snugly cocooned on a couch near the fireplace with the flames curling and flicking. I signed and went back to the ship.

There was a long day ahead of me. I was in charge of preparing assorted vegetables to accompany four main courses. The vegetables had to be enough and ready to cater for 1200 guests and this was not an easy task. This was not Self-service but a waiters line buffet. The line cooks serve waiters per their orders.

The bane Marie was 20m long and divided into five sections; four sections for main course and one for special orders for vegetarians, allergic guests and American cuisine.

Each section was manned by four line cooks that worked systematically, plating food to issue to the waiters.

There were standby cooks who were constantly refilling the lines. I was such a cook assigned to refill vegetables. Blanching and sautéing was an easy job, refilling was the worst because I had to dash from one section to another.

The feeling of a layer of sweet underneath my clothes was something I tried to forget. It felt like I was in an oven.

After dinner I went to my cabin got refreshed, read and slept. In the middle of the night I felt an excruciating pain in my head as if someone was drilling into it. I woke up and saw the spirit of a woman who was chanting some foreign words and was placing her hands on my head.

Every time she placed her hands on my head a helmet would appear and she would be electrocuted. Unfortunately, I would feel the shockwaves running through my body and an excruciating pain in my head. She did it so many times and after each futile attempt she would scream. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry but I was enjoying her frustration.

I was thankful for the helmet for this woman was pure evil and at that time I didn't know she was my antagonist and meant to destroy me.

Your enemies are in your own household. Those that you drink with and share the same table.

The bible said 'put on all armor so that you will be able to stand firm against all strategies and tricks of the devil. For we are not fighting against people made of flesh and blood, but against the evil rulers and authorities of the unseen world, against those mighty powers of darkness who rule this world, and against wicked spirits in the heavenly realm. use every piece of God's armor to resist the enemy in the time of evil, so that after the battle you will still be standing firm. Stand your ground, putting on the sturdy belt of truth and the body armor of God's righteousness. for shoes, put on the peace that comes from the good news, so that you will be fully prepared. in every battle you will need faith as your shield to stop the fiery arrows aimed at you by Satan.

Put on salvation as your helmet, and take the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. pray at all times and on every occasion in the power of the holy Spirit. stay alert and be persistent in your prayers for all Christians everywhere.'

(I had not yet seen the other pieces of the armor but four years later I saw the shoes). After this attacks I would wake up, go to work and it would be business as usual.

Why she was concerned with my mind was the most puzzling question and I stumbled upon an answer two years later.

After failing this she would flick deadly shadowy arrows from her palms into my body and they would sink and disappear. The side effects of the arrows were severe and would manifest days later as fear, anger, hatred, rebellion, confusion, indecisiveness, doubt, impatient, rejection, unable to read the word, feeling tired, thinking of my past instead of thinking about the future, worry and so many other obstacles.

The fights would intensify until the evil spirit would throw sand on my face while chanting some evil words. she pronounced may my life scatter like the sand. This resulted in my spirit being blind but after prayers and fasting I would be whole again.

I was scared of this warfare and suffered sleepless nights and the little sleep I got was inadequate. Consequently, my work suffered I was slow and lethargic. I would never forget the day that I almost overslept and I had to be woken by an angel.

She pulled my legs. "Wake up, you are going to be late!". Her vibrant positive energy must have rubbed off on me.

I woke up in joy and within ten minutes I was rushing off. If she had not woken me up I would have been at the mercy of my ruthless breakfast executive chef who tolerated no nonsense.

Little by little, I began to lose the ability to see into the spiritual realm and I wondered what was going on.

"You are forgetting you are also a human being. You cannot always live in the spiritual realm. If you did, you will become crazy". the holy spirit said.

The voice was right for it was becoming hard to live my physical life. I was tired and lethargic.

How would I see my enemies? How would I protect myself if I can't see them? I wondered.

"You have my word but anytime your enemies try to kill you, I will always be there to protect you". He replied.

Tears welled up in my eyes. He will be faithful to keep his word. I had to learn to let go and trust him.

Weeks later, I awakened to see another enraged 'night visitor' staring at me. He had unruly hair that reached to his cheeks. The air was vibrating with his anger and his body was coiled tightly with tension and violence.

I looked at him and wondered what he wanted.

"Do you-uu-uu-uu know who I am?" he whispered in a high raspy voice that sounded like sand paper scratching wood.

He repeated again, ‘Do you-uu-uu-uu know who I am?’.

His voice was full of pride and his body motions were of a cobra about to strike.

I looked at him irritated that he would dare disturb my sleep and what was even worse was his level of pride and his veiled implication that I was nothing but a thing he could crash with his feet.

He thought I was afraid of him.

I laughed, “ Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!”.

I didn’t care who he was. I was not intrested in his identity. I laughed because *I knew who MY God was*; Greater than him, powerful than him. *If you know who your God is then there are battles you don’t need to fight or be involved in.*

Besides, he couldn’t harm me I was operating under a covenant of protection. I shall live to fulfill my destiny.

I drifted off to sleep.

THE REFINING FIRE...



What we are waiting for is not as important as what happens to us while we are waiting. Trust the process. Instead of trying to rush the process, trust the process. Things that don't turn out the way you want are disguised to be the best turning points of your life.

I clearly remember when God told me to resign my job in Europe and go back to Kenya. I was hesitant and wondered how I would survive.

“TRUST GOD” These words flashed before my eyes.

I resigned and went back to Kenya and many people told me I was crazy and that I had made a mistake. I ignored them.

Few months later the Holy Spirit would wake me up at 3am, light would shine in the room and I would see the spirit of a woman open my bedroom door and she would come and kneel beside my bed and put a poisonous table cloth under my nose and suffocate me. The fumes would be toxic and I would lose consciousness.

This scene went on day after day, week after week and month after month. I prayed, fasted all sorts of fasts, declared the word of God yet this woman never failed to show up. I felt trapped in my own house.

You can run away from a physical battle but a spiritual battle you can never run away from.

“God, what is happening?” I would cry out.

God was silent.

I was left with questions. Had I sinned? Why is he silent?

The holyspirit was dutiful in waking me up at the precise time the woman would be opening the door, he never once failed to show me that scene or what would happen later yet every morning I would wake up with boundless energy and carry out my chores.

When God is silent concerning what you are going through and you have fasted, prayed and being prayed for but the situation is becoming worse it is not because God is absent but it is because you are taking a test.

When a student is taking a test it never means the teacher is absent. Learn to interpret the silence. *God is saying, "TRUST ME, I KNOW WHAT I AM DOING."*

My situation persisted.

The Holyspirit had informed me that evening I would have a visitor later that night. I felt a sense of disquiteness. At 1am I heard a knock on my window which I ignored and continued to pray.

I then heard a second knock on my door.

"Help me! help me!", a woman said.

I switched on my security light and flipped my window curtains and saw a woman standing outside. I couldn't make out her features because she had covered her face with a shawl.

"What is your name?" I asked her.

She mumbled something that I couldn't hear.

“Where have you come from?”.

“Saika”(a city far from my place, 8km off)

I was puzzled saika and where I lived were far apart.I tried to imagine of the distance, the mini cities she had bypassed to come to my house. I felt something was not right.

“I cannot open the door for you ,”I said,

“Basi kaa!”(Then don’t!”).

She left.

Few weeks later her accomplice was arrested by the spirit of God and she revealed their assignment was to kill and I was one of those they had been assigned to kill.

But each time they tried they always failed and on that strange night the woman “maureen”came physically to kill me by pretending she needed help.

“Lord, Why didn”t you tell me?” I asked him.

He replied,”I heard your enemies plotting to kill you and asking each other, ”Which God will deliver her from our power?”

Then the holyspirit led me to Daniel 3.

When shadrach meshach and abednego failed to worship his golden statue he asked them,”.....you will be thrown into a blazing fire. What god will be able to rescue you from my power?”.

The lord continued, “I was teaching your enemies a lesson that they have no power. They conspired to kill you and each time I ensured they failed because I was teaching them they have no

power as I taught nebuchadnezzar and his princes. Also, I was teaching you a lesson of my faithfulness. That is why each time the enemy was at your bedroom door I was faithful to wake you up so you can see what they were doing.

Can you imagine the frustration of my enemies? They would suffocate me thinking I was dead but in the morning they would see full of energy, unharmed and unscathed.

They would do it again and again but they were met with failure. What if I had given up on God and my salvation? Do not give up no matter the battle you are fighting. God is not sleeping nor absent he is there.

What made me strong was the testimony of yesterday. God had never forsaken me.

Even if you do not feel him or he doesn't speak to you. He is there. Job looked for God everywhere but never found him in his adversity.

I go east, but he is not there. I go west, but I cannot find him. I do not see him in the north, for he is hidden. I turn to the south but I cannot find him. But he knows where I am going. And when he has tested me like gold in the fire, he will pronounce me innocent. (job 23:8-10)

Job realized he was being tested and was willing to be patient until it was over. He was finally rewarded for his faithfulness.

Proverbs 3:5 says, "Trust in the lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding."

Had I leaned on my own understanding I would have been a casualty of war. I chose to trust God even though I prayed and fasted and the situation never changed.

What if I had given up?

What if I had forsook my salvation?

What if I had decided never to pray again?

What if I had decided to be angry at God?

In whatever you are going through do not trust your thoughts, wisdom, what you know nor feel. Turn to God and be patient..

Their are some lessons God wants to teach you and your enemies and those lessons need time.

We are so eager to ask God to teach us his ways that we fail to realize that sometime his best teachings happen in the pit, in the fire or in the valley of the shadow of death.

And also his teachings are not just in theory but they are practical as well. Their are battles he will cause you to go through, experiences he will cause you to endure, tears he knows you will shed and pain he knows you will go through. But in the end He knows he will deliver you.

"Trust God He Knows What He Is Doing."

THE POWER OF GOD...



The power of God is available to you today to help you do whatever you need to do.

His power is hidden in his word.

We must make a great difference between God's word and the word of a man. A man's word is a little sound that flies into thin air and vanishes; but the word of God is greater than heaven and earth, yea, greater than death and hell. for it forms part of the power of God, and endures everlastingly.

Previously, I had lost two little keys in a dream. I was doing some chores; two spirits came and asked for my keys with the pretense my spiritual father needed them. As soon as I handed them over, they disappeared.

Afterward, whenever I slept, I had no recollection of what transpired at night in the spiritual realm. I had no dreams nor visions. I was suffering from spiritual amnesia. I did not yet connect the significance of the little shiny keys to my spiritual life.

My prayer and fasting life was not as zealously as it used to be. I suffered affliction by night caterers who would use deception to feed me in my dreams. It was while the ship was on its way to Manila, Philippines, the Holy Spirit commanded I fast.

It was the most exciting day for the crew of the golden era. we had docked at the Port of Manila in Philippines. I stepped off the air-conditioned ship, and I was hit by a heatwave that is comparable to being thrust into a hot oven. My cotton trouser trapped all the heat. I felt sweat trickling at my back. I wondered why I had not worn open shoes and shorts.

The climate was worse than Mombasa where during summer, the temperature would soar to 34°celcius, yet there would be a cold breeze to cool the skin. I took a taxi with two of my colleagues.

We were heading to the mall of Asia that was several kilometers from the terminal. We weaved our way through the city. I was baffled with its similarities with the city of Nairobi.

There were traffic jams, street children, beggars, and street vendors who hawked fruits, soft drinks, and sweets.

The transport vehicles were not the big buses or Vans like in Kenya but small minivans where the passengers “sat facing each other.”

After reaching the mall of Asia, each of us paid \$5 for the ride. We took off in different directions planning to meet after one and a half hour. It was one of the largest and most expensive malls in Manila. It had electronic shops, supermarkets, boutiques, jewellery stores and inns.

In the mall there was an array of inns that served Asian and American cuisine, some specialized in Japanese sashimi, Shushi, Indian biryani rice, and other assorted dishes. I settled for an American inn that served big delicious burgers, laced with fresh lettuce, juicy sliced tomatoes accompanied with French fries.

I ate my meal amid the stares of the other guests who had never come across a mocha-skinned person before. I cleared off my meal, enjoying every delicious morsel. For the next three days, I was to do an Esther fast; I was not to eat nor drink anything for 3 days in spite of working in the kitchen.

The first day would not be an issue, but the second and third day would be difficult. The hunger pangs would be enormous and I would have no strength.

Being surrounded by delicious food and watching my colleagues eating barbeque turkey, roasted pork, and homemade ice creams would be a torture, but I had to fight the temptation and finish my fast.

I joined my friends, and we went back to the ship for the evening shift.

"How was manila?", a Pilipino friend inquired with an expectant smile.

"It was okay," I replied, not wanting to dampen their countenance. I was disappointed with the heat and traffic jams.

I finished my shift and headed to my cabin. I went to my prayer altar, the bathroom. I sat on the toilet seat, wondering what to theme the fast.

"Let my people go," the Holy Spirit said.

I remembered these were the same words Moses said to pharaoh.

“This is what the Lord, the God of Israel, says, let my people go, for they must go out into the wilderness to hold a religious festival in my honor.”

We were at sea at 2am, on May 18th, 2018, the first day of the fast. I woke up and prayed as directed.

“Pharaoh, this is what the God of Israel says, let my people go so they can go, and worship me.”

I prayed for two hours, slept, and woke up at 8 am and prepared to go to work.

After lunch service, I went to the cabin to take my afternoon nap, and I had a vision. I was in the galley/kitchen cooking, and I took a bite then remembered I was on a fast. I went to the pot wash area, where a friend was scrubbing pots, and I spit the food in the drainage.

Suddenly I saw two men around me.

‘Give me back my keys!’ I said.

One opened a small spectacle case and released my keys. Laying on my bed, the spiritual realm opened.

There at sea, I saw three lions that were standing aggressively. They ranged from the smallest to the largest, and one by one, they retreated.

They retreated and slouched down on their hind legs in a line formation like soldiers, from the smallest to the largest.

“They stared ahead as if controlled by a greater power. The large one did something extraordinary, it swiveled its head and stared at me, and I saw a quarter of its face was not a lion’s face but a skeleton. I could feel its hatred and unspoken thoughts that it was not yet over. I looked at the horizon; I saw so many people of different nationalities coming from the mountains and valleys in a single line formation.

The spirit of the Lord said, “My children have been set free. They are on their way to heaven.”

I was so overjoyed by what the Lord had done, and I remembered this scripture that “every knee shall bow to the name of Jesus.” Indeed, there was no power against his power, no spirit against his spirit.

These 7 chapters highlight different levels of warfare or the strategies of the enemy and no matter what the enemy used against my life God was always present to ensure no harm came to me.

Likewise, you maybe experiencing the same battles or different ones and in each battle God is present. You will not die but live and glorify God.

You should realize God is very powerful and wouldn’t let anything happen to you.

Years later I have come to know the truth; I was hidden in a spiritual womb and heaven was getting ready to birth me out. What I experienced as demonic attacks or warfare were *contractions that heaven needed to birth me out*. Also, the warfare was not to keep me down nor destroy me *but to empower me to fly*. The warfare was the wings I needed to fly to my destiny and showcase the glory of God.

EMPOWERED TO FLY...



Warfare is not final and giving up is not an option. It is the courage to continue that counts. Do not give up in the midst of warfare no matter how prolonged it is and when you cross over to the otherside there are companies, organisations and ministries waiting to be birthed, books waiting to be unveiled, songs waiting to be released and other great exploits.

In 2019 sky sea golden era ceased its operations in Asia and I was transferred to Horizon, a pullmantur ship cruising in Europe.

We would cruise from Piraeus, Greece to all the Greek islands like Crete, Mykonos and Santorinin.

We would also go to Spain, Italy, Turkey, Portugal and back to Greece. It was an exiting time to tour European cities but in the midst of all this the holyspirit would tell me, "You will not stay here you have to go back to Kenya."

I was on an Eight month contract which I terminated at four months because I could no longer function at my job. God had withdrawn his grace and the job I loved became so difficult to do, I was no longer content, happy and would wonder, "What am I doing here? I need to go and publish my books and empower people about success and destiny."

I decided to trust God and wrote my resignation letter which my superiors refused to sign and they requested I go take a long vacation then come back refreshed and do my job.

"Why do you want to give up this golden opportunity?", My executive chef would ask me.

My friends thought I was crazy, "What are you going to do back in kenya? Do you have enough savings?".

“I don’t know yet what I will do nor do I have enough savings?” I would reply.

I had to trust God.

I never changed my mind and when my letter was accepted I felt immense peace fill my heart.

I took a ride in a cable car intending to enjoy santorini for the last time for I was heading back to kenya in 2 days. The cable car connected the port with the town of Thera in Santorini island in Greece. When the cable car travelled up the mountain I felt a thrill as I took in the breath taking view of the island. It was the only inhabited (volcanic cauldron) island in the world.

Unlike other islands in Greece, the towns and villages sit densely on top of the massive cliffs of the caldera and from a distance appear like snow capping the towering mountain tops. The colored strata of the volcanic rock of these cliffs are spectacular in themselves; Chocolate brown, rust red, yellow ochre, white and cream.

In three minutes we were in Thira, a city of white washed houses built on the edge of high caldera on the western side of Thera. The town was filled with tourists, cafes, restaurants and curio shops.

There was no doubt I would miss this-I loved travelling, visiting exotic places, Shopping, eating local dishes and cuisines of various european and asian countries.

jetting to and all over europe and staying in Five star hotels not to mention the thrill of being paid in foreign currencies. But It was time to leave.

“Trust me”, God had said.

When I landed in kenya most people could not understand why I did what I did and many said it was a mistake.

I eventually published my three books and God instructed me to begin faw publishers. I was the very first client of faw. I begun to hawk my books on the streets and in conferences.

Did life become easy? No, It actually became extremely hard and I lacked food, clothing and even money. A lot of people abandoned me because I had nothing of value to give them anymore. I found what It was to wait for God to provide for my needs. I had to leave my house, sell my furniture so as to get by. I accrued alot of debts and loans so as to survive. It was one of the most terrible time in my life.

Did I quit? No, I didn't I persevered and yes, I would cry at times but I never quit. Five years later I have seen what God has done in me, through me and in faw publishers that has astounded many.

I am not where I was and am not where I ought to be but atleast am pursuing my dream to make faw publishers one of the greatest publishing company in the world. My dream is one day it will be a global company known all over the world.

Faw has birthed monarch royal events; an event management business that does-Planning and execution of corporate events(Workshops, conferences and product launches), Weddings, introduction ceremonies, birthday parties, baby showers and bridal showers.

Also, because of my love for cooking and being exposed to Asian and European cuisine I begun, monarch royal foods that has launched 2 speciality jams that are rarely found in the kenyan market; Monarch Lush marmalade jam and Lush pineapple jam.

Has the journey been worthwhile? I believe it has and we have along way to go but the most important thing is that I can see how far I have come, my team has come and what we have accomplished.

Glory to God.



Me ,speaking with guests at a faw publishers event

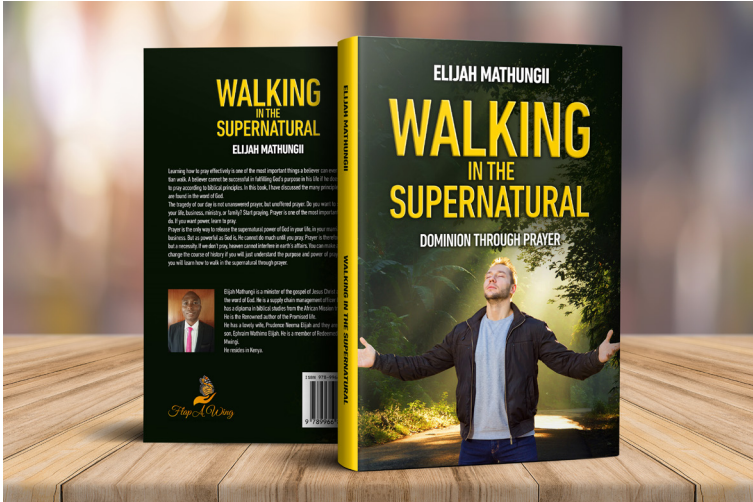


Clients at a faw publishers event



Some of the portfolio of faw books







Me giving gifts at a faw publishers event





Guests at a food publishers event



Clients at a food publishers event



Guests registering at a faw publishers event



Guests enjoying a faw publishers event



Me (in a blazer) giving a client her book



Launching a client books

