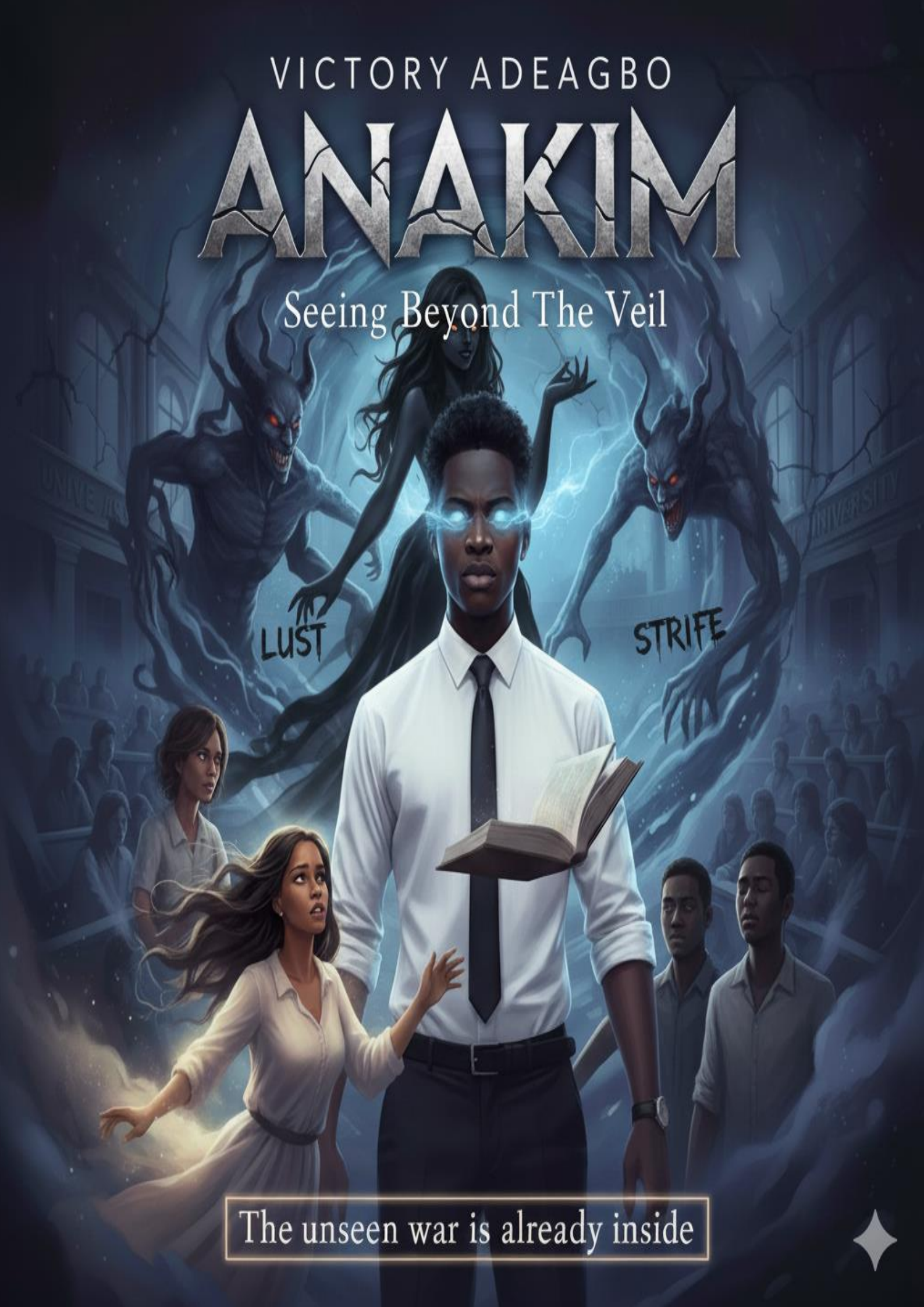
VICTORY ADEAGBO
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The unseen war is already inside


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Who can face the children of Anak?

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I thank the Lord Almighty the Inspirer of all the write-ups He has given to me. I give Him all the glory. THE GLORY AND THE LIFTER UP OF MY HEAD, I THANK YOU.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to the Oil upon my head. He is my Righteousness and my Peace even in the midst of the storms of my own will. TAKE ALL THE GLORY.

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ANAKIM

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Anakim is a work of fiction where real people, events, establishments, organizations appear, and they are entirely coincidental. All other elements of the book are drawn from the author’s imaginations.

ANAKIM

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Deut.9.2 A people great and tall, the children of the Anakims, whom thou knowest, and of whom thou hast heard say, Who can stand before the children of Anak! (KJV)

Deut.9.3 – But the LORD your God will cross over ahead of you like a devouring fire to destroy them. He will subdue them so that you will quickly conquer them and drive them out, just as the LORD has promised. (NLT)

1

The Dominating Christians Campus Fellowship (DCCF) was one of the biggest fellowships in the Federal University's Campus, established as one of the first generation campus fellowships in the school. The mother church had been kind enough to give students and youths the freehand to administrate the fellowship, while they supervised them from a distance.

In the DCCF auditorium, the Sunday service was going on with glee, Emmanuel Babalola, one of the executives of the church stared out through the window and saw three beings that looked human, but they had horns like goats, and long noses like Pinocchio, they wore black overalls that covered them from shoulders to toes, and they sneaked into the church, only he seemed to notice them, they happily began to mess up the Bibles and books of people who were worshipping God in the church, but blind to the presence of these three demons. He tried to tell the ushers, then he ran to the executives at the altar, but none paid Emmanuel attention. Horrified that no one seemed to notice them, he turned back to shout hysterically and noticed the demons had names written at the back of each of them, one had LUST, the other had STRIFE, while the last one had ENVY written behind their gowns.

**

In Emmanuel’s apartment, off-campus, Emmanuel woke up on the bed in a startled manner and checked the time. He yawned tiredly.

“Emma, sleep. It is too early to wake up!” He said to himself and yawned again.

“Which kind of dream did I dream?” He rubbed his eyes, stretched himself on the bed to get some sleep, then glanced at his time and saw 7am.

He quickly sprang up from his bed, “Yeh! I am late oh! Workers meeting starts by 6.45am.” He quickly dashed into the bathroom in his self-contained apartment.

**

Thirty minutes later.

Emmanuel ran towards the DCCF auditorium while holding his suit in his hand, as he arrived at the door, Victor (the Vice-president of the DCCF) stretched out his hand to shake him while laughing at him.

“Guy, why are you laughing?” Emmanuel asked with a little downcast look.

“Bro! You came late on ordination day. You did not try at all!” Victor responded amidst laughs.

“Sir, you will have to forgive me, I overslept—” Emmanuel was saying with a little smile.

“It’s okay. At least, you are still here before the main service starts by 8am,” Victor quickly chipped in.

“Hello, brethren!” Benjamin (The president) said while coming from the auditorium along with two brothers by his side (Moses the Prayer Leader, and Daniel the Assistant General Secretary and Evangelism Coordinator)

“Good morning, sir,” Emmanuel and Victor chorused.

“Emmanuel, you still have one more year to go in this university isn’t it?” Benjamin asked.

“Yes, sir,” Emmanuel replied, while Benjamin rapidly turned his attention to Victor.

“Principalities and powers must bow!” He said and hugged Victor.

“Yes, my president,” Victor answered politely.

“Stop calling me, president! My name is?”

“Brother Benjamin, sir,” Emmanuel happily said.

“Ah!” Victor and Moses shouted.

“Blessed art thou for saying the truth, Bro. Emmanuel!” Benjamin sounded poetic.

“Amen!” Emmanuel shouted joyfully.

“See you! Late comer!” Moses said funnily and they all laughed.

“Secretary! Seke Emma!” Benjamin said in a funny and ecstatic way.

“Yes, sir!” Emmanuel said nonchalantly and laughed.

“Brother Victor! Do you get what I am trying to say?”

“Ride on, pastor!” Victor said happily.

“I see that a shift is about to happen!” Benjamin spoke charismatically.

“Hmm…” Sister Rebecca said as she approached them from inside the church.

“Sister Rebecca, you are welcome. How are you?” Benjamin greeted.

“Service is about to start let us all go in,” Rebecca seemed indifferent to him.

“Sister Rebecca, is life like this? You cannot answer your president again,” Benjamin said funnily.

“Brother President, tell your executives to come inside now!” Rebecca ordered.

“Ah! This is insubordination of the highest order!” Moses said causing Daniel and Rebecca to giggle.

“Don’t mind her! Is it because today is ordination day? I would have given you two weeks of discipline!” Benjamin remarked.

“My brother, crack another joke. We are handing over…, so you cannot do anything to me! I am free!” She said happily as she entered the church, while Benjamin followed her closely behind, with Emmanuel and Victor also following suit.

“I will be the Vice President!” Moses said with shiny eyes of glee.

“How do you know?” Daniel whispered.

“I have seen the list…”

The both of them looked up and saw a brother (Jeremiah) in well-ironed and starched corporate wear escorted by other brothers and sisters dressed in corporate wear.

“That is the Zonal President and his executives! Let us go inside,” Daniel quickly suggested.

“Okay. But Daniel, do you know that you will become General Secretary,” Moses spoke gleefully.

“Wow! This guy, you have divine access, oh!” Daniel replied with a smile.

They entered inside the auditorium grinning happily.

**

One hour later.

“Now, I call on the Zonal President to go into the main ingredients for today’s service. Everybody give God a shout!” Benjamin said happily.

“Whooo!” The congregation shouted excitedly, it was packed to the full, the President stepped aside for the Zonal President to take the stage, and went to his seat on the stage. The Zonal President quickly went to the side of Benjamin, while holding his microphone.

“Where is that brother that you claimed that came late?” Jeremiah asked.

Benjamin quickly pointed to Emmanuel, at that time Emmanuel tried to tell Bayo (the Chief Usher) who stood close to the altar something, Bayo quickly directed him to an

empty seat by the far end of the left side of the auditorium while the Zonal President calmly walked to the pulpit.

“Please, where is the list?” Jeremiah asked with a smile.

Rebecca quickly gave the sealed envelope to Bayo, who ran to give it to the Zonal President.

“All the Executives who are handing over should come outside for prayers,” he ordered.

Soon the church was praying fervently for them with hands stretched towards them.

“Pray for them with all your heart, some of them are graduating. Pray that Satan will not make mockery of them after the exploits they have done for God on campus! Pray!”

The church kept on praying, the people who stood outside were Benjamin (President), Victor (Vice President), Emmanuel (Secretary), David (Bible Study Coordinator), Moses (Prayer Leader), Daniel (Assistant General Secretary and Evangelism Coordinator), Rebecca (Sisters' Coordinator), Fiona (Treasurer), Nathan (Choirmaster), Matthew (Media head), and Julius (Logistics and Transport).

“In Jesus name, we pray!”

“Amen!” the congregation chorused.

The Zonal President quickly went to the President.

“What is the name of that boy?” he whispered.

“His name is Emmanuel,” Benjamin answered.

“Emmanuel, what?” he pressed further.

“Do you want to punish him?” Benjamin quickly whispered back.

“Don’t worry, the Holy Spirit has something better than church discipline for him,” Jeremiah assured him.

“Ah! But he is not on that list, because he doesn’t want to…” Benjamin trailed off, because Jeremiah hurriedly left him.

“Thank you,” Jeremiah quickly said as he left him, “The church is already watching us,” he quickly added without the microphone.

“Praise the Lord!” Jeremiah shouted joyfully.

“Hallelujah!” The church cheerfully shouted, while the just past Executives left the stage.

“I sense a shift in my spirit,” Victor said as he sat beside Emmanuel

“Bro. Victor, I pray your presidency will be stress-less, as for me I want to rest. Though, the Holy Spirit has been nudging me, so I have been telling him to return me back to the Bible Study department,” Emmanuel said all his heart.

While other Executives went to their seats in the congregation, except for Benjamin’s which was on the stage, the Zonal President went through the list and smiled. He fixed the list on the pulpit.

“Brethren, praise the Lord!” he shouted joyfully again.

“Hallelujah!” the congregation chorused.

He looked around the congregation and noticed everyone had settled in their seats. The silence was so serene.

“Now to all what you have been waiting for,” he said calmly.

The church shouted sounds of rejoicing.

“I will start with the Logistics and Transport, the name is Tony Alamesia.”

Tony came out and sat as directed by the ushers at the seats close to the altar.

“I see what is happening!” he said with a funny gesture and the church chuckled.

“Anyway, let’s go on! Let me go to the sisters’ corner, Treasurer, Sister Naomi!”

“Whooo!” The church shouted for joy and clapped.

Naomi turned out to be a chorister, she sat in her seat.

“No wonder! Choristers always like themselves,” he said funnily.

The church laughed in response.

“Sisters' Coordinator, Sister Fiona!”

The church clapped excitedly for her.

“For the choristers, the Choirmaster is Brother Nathan.”

The church rejoiced loudly, while Zonal President chuckled.

“Now, it is time for me to announce…!” he paused and looked around with scanning eyes.

The church became grave silent.

“It is well, oh! See the way the church is so silent, one will think angel is passing,” he said funnily, and some members of the congregation laughed, it broke the tension.

“Media Head, Bro Matthew! Chief Usher, Bro. Cephas.”

The church simply clapped as the two brothers came out.

“Assistant General Secretary and Head of the Evangelism Unit, Brother Peter Benni…son!” he read carefully from the list.

He came out and went to his seat at the front, the church clapped lowly, but when they saw his face clearly shown on the main screen at the altar by the Media Team, they started shouting, “Brother of Fire!”

The Zonal President laughed a little, “I know that the people shouting are prayer warriors! Let me move on. General Secretary, Bro. Daniel! Daniel Olalekan!”

“Yeah! Whooo!” The church shouted happily and added, “Pastor Articulate!” as he went to his seat at the front.

“Wow! So, Bro. Moses was right!” Daniel said within himself as he sat down as directed by the ushers in amazement.

“Prayer leader, Brother Allison! Allison Gerald!”

The church rejoiced very loudly as he went to his seat.

“Bible Study Coordinator, Brother Moses!”

“Hey! Prayo! Prayo!! Prayo!!!” the church hailed him happily.

The congregation shouted happily as Moses despondently went to the seat assigned by the ushers for the Bible Study Coordinator

“This should not be!” he said within himself and stared at an amazed Daniel, who was seated close to him.

The Zonal President seemed very thoughtful as he scanned the list again.

“Thank God, I was not even given my desire, now I can go and rest. My final year will be filled with peace,” Emmanuel said and bowed his head.

Your rest is in heaven, life is a battle.

Emmanuel raised his head, surprised at who spoke to him, but it seemed like no one in particular when he checked around.

“How come you were right about me, but wrong about—” Daniel was saying, but was cut off by the booming voice of the Zonal President.

“Vice President, Brother Victor Ariel!” Jeremiah shouted at the top of his voice.

“Power! Power!!” The congregation seemed super-excited as a confident Victor went to his seat.

“The president of DCCF in this campus…” he said and grinned happily with a little hint of nervousness on his face.

“Ehen?” The congregation said happily.

“And the other nearby Dominating Christian Campus fellowships in other campuses is…” he said and paused awhile.

The church became gravely silent again.

“It is well, oh! Why are you people pretending?” Jeremiah said funnily.

Laughter immediately broke out in the church.

“Brother Emmanuel Babalola!” Jeremiah spoke gravely.

The church went dead silent.

“What? That cold brother,” Rebecca said to Bayo the outgoing Chief Usher.

“Victor should be president not him,” Bayo quickly responded.

“Maybe I missed his surname, Holy Spirit. But I heard from you correctly,” The Zonal President seemed disappointed as he thought within himself.

Be still and know that I am God.

Suddenly, some brothers stood up in the congregation and started shouting excitedly, “Seke Emma! Seke Emma!!”

The congregation picked it up from them, while clapping excitedly, “Seke Emma!, Seke Emma!!”

Few seconds passed and people looked around for Emmanuel, who was shocked to the bone! The brothers who started the shout of rejoicing, quickly fished him out from the congregation and pulled him up, the act of literally supporting him on both sides till he got to his seats by those brothers caused the congregation to cheer more loudly.

“God, this isn’t the plan!” he said frightfully as cold shivers ran down his spine. Emmanuel looked thoroughly lost, as the camera captured his thoroughly shocked expression of his face and displayed it on the screen. The congregation shouted with greater joy.

“I pray the Holy Ghost will shock all of us like that with His blessings in Jesus name!” Jeremiah shouted joyfully.

“Amen!” The church said happily.

“Men choose the Executives! But God choose to alter the list,” an amazed Bayo said to Rebecca.

“I can see that,” Rebecca said with a deep frown.

**

Behind the church auditorium, Rebecca, Moses and Daniel chattered with displeased looks amongst themselves, while Fiona quickly brought Victor into their midst.

“What Zonal President did is not nice at all?” Rebecca remarked unhappily.

“I mean… how dare you change what God has ordained?!” Moses said angrily.

“Brethren, I believe God has locked up great treasures in the life of Brother Emmanuel, and I am ready to work with him. Besides, it is not by power nor by might, but by my spirit says the Lord,” Victor said affirmatively.

“Pastor! Shine your eyes! I don’t trust that Zonal what is he called?” Fiona said with a bit of displeasure.

“Brethren, if this is why you called me apart behind the church, I will admonish you to repent and—” Victor was saying, but was quickly interrupted.

“It is okay. You can go,” Rebecca said with displeasure.

“Thank you,” Victor said and left calmly.

“Daniel, say your mind,” Rebecca said indifferently.

“All I have to say is Brother Emmanuel is too cold for my liking,” Daniel said with a shrug of his shoulders.

“Same thing I thought when his name was announced!” Rebecca quickly responded.

“Brother Emmanuel is powerless. Very soon, the Zonal Executives will have to organise another ordination before the next session runs out,” Moses said with a sneer.

Rebecca seemed a little frightened at his countenance.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah and Benjamin placed their hands on each side of his shoulder while Emmanuel knelt down and prayed fervently for him in the office of the President.

“Emmanuel, receive the gift of the Holy Spirit in another measure!” Benjamin prayed fervently.

“More oil, more mercy, more power in the name of Jesus!” Jeremiah shouted at the top of his voice!

2

**

The following midnight.

At the coven, it was eerie and dimly lit, the queen of the coven was dressed in a flowing purple gown, wearing golden bracelets and long braids were her hairstyle. Other agents wearing black robes stood by her right side and by her left side. Demons wearing black garments with their identities written boldly at the back, hid in the darkest part of the coven.

“New leaders have been appointed, your Majesty,” an agent spoke up.

“Who is the new king of the leaders?” the Queen asked

“His name is Emmanuel! Should we invoke him?” Another agent responded.

“No! It is too dangerous! What if he is connected to the Master of the Universe! That will destroy how Mirror of Secrets! Does anyone have solutions?” The Queen asked emphatically.

“I do,” A demon with Envy written at the back of his garment stood out of the congregation of demonic beings.

“Speak on,” the Queen said.

“Three of us have begun Operation Anakim!” Envy shouted.

The demons murmured amongst themselves as they wondered what it meant.

“Please, explain yourself. While the rest of you can you just keep quiet!” the Queen shouted.

The whole place became silent.

“In the past, the Israelites sent spies to the Land of Promise, and they were afraid, but we have come up with a destructive plan from that strategy, one that will blow your mind! One that will—” Envy was saying happily.

“Just go straight to the point,” the queen of the coven said angrily.

“Lust!” Envy called out.

Demon Lust came out and stood beside him.

“Strife!” Envy shouted.

Demon Strife came out and stood beside Envy.

“We will go in the midst of the DCCF like spies, plant division in their midst, make them feel like giants and then conquer them,” Envy stated his plans thoughtfully.

“I don’t understand,” the queen of the coven seemed confused.

“This is it. The Anakim eventually failed because of pride. The Israelites defeated them because of faith,” Envy said with confidence.

“We have lived in fear of DCCF all our lives in this territory since they came. It is time to replace faith with pride in their lives, while we replace fear with faith in our lives,” Lust added.

“Thoughtfully said. But our faith makes us tremble,” the Queen reasoned.

“But—” Envy was interrupted.

“Though, I do not understand, but still go ahead anyway,” the queen of the coven said thoughtfully.

“We have already started, and we have been seeing results, we have already started influencing some of their leaders, and it is working,” Envy said happily.

“Since when—” the Queen said.

“Before the recent ordination of their leaders took place,” Envy quickly chipped in.

“Envy! How dare you start an operation without telling me?!” she said with a thunderous and angry voice that made all of them to shiver.

Some demons quickly went to bundle Envy up.

“Let him be!” she commanded.

The demons halted the act of tying Envy up.

“Envy, I will not hold this against you. If you finish this mission successfully,” she said with a wicked smirk.

Envy stood up and walked super-confidently into the midst of Lust and Strife.

“Go and prosper,” she said to them deviously.

**

Some hours later, the midnight wore on steadily, though dawn was close.

In Daniel's room, in the hostel.

Envy and Strife appeared in his room and laid their hands on him as he slept deeply. They muttered some words and hummed deeply, suddenly energy began to flow from them into him.

“I am the President and all of you are minions!” Emmanuel said on the altar while preaching to the congregation in the auditorium.

Daniel stood close to the stage and shook his head at him in pity, “What a mess! This man has forgotten where he is coming from. What makes him so special?” he thought with a deep frown creased on his face.

“I am Lord of this place!” Emmanuel said and laughed wickedly.

The congregation clapped for Emmanuel excitedly.

“Such a pity, and this congregation like sheep, have been led astray,” he said to himself despondently and turned away angrily from Emmanuel.

Meanwhile, on the bed, Daniel changed his posture, now he was alone, but that bad dream still continued.

“Emmanuel cannot last! No! He cannot,” he said to himself angrily as he walked out of the auditorium, while the church rejoiced.

**

The following Tuesday.

It was night, in the DCCF auditorium, the church had gathered to hear the word of God, Moses was on the altar preaching to the multitude.

“Praise the Lord, brethren!” Moses said from the altar.

“Hallelujah!” The church chorused.

“Now, let us continue. The word of God says, call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not,” he paused a bit, “Hallelujah!” he shouted and cleared his throat a bit.

“Amen!” the church responded.

“When we pray, we see answers unveil. Many of you freshers here have started writing your test. Today’s Bible study is telling you to pray like you cannot read, and if you read like you cannot pray there is no need for you to pray!” Moses preached with fervency.

“Hmm…” some members thoughtfully murmured.

Emmanuel looked at Moses from the audience in a startled manner.

“It is like telling me, ‘Dear, I love you, but you still have one spare-tyre of a guy somewhere. It will not work!’”

“Preach on pastor!” a member paying rapt attention shouted.

“If you know you want to pray! Then, pray! If you know that you want to read! Then, read! Don’t pray and read at the same time,” he said emphatically.

“Fire!” Another member shouted in the midst of the congregation.

“But like Apostle Moses in the Bible!...” Moses shouted passionately.

Emmanuel unknowingly shook his head at Moses as he preached.

“I want you to choose prayer over reading, so that God will show you great and mighty answers for… which course?” Moses preached persuasively.

“CHM 101!” a lady screamed.

“CHM 203!” another brother in the congregation said.

“Is it only chemistry people that are having tests this week?” Moses asked.

“BIO 401! Sir that man want to kill us with theory! We don’t even know where to read!” a brother in the church spoke with a funny Yoruba accent.

“Ah!” murmurs begin to break out in the church.

Emmanuel became tense.

“Praise the Lord!” Moses shouted

“Hallelujah!” some of the members responded.

The murmurs became reduced. Emmanuel climbed the altar, and whispered “What is happening?”

“Praise the Lord!” Moses shouted with a louder tone.

“Hallelujah!” Nearly the whole church responded.

The murmurs drastically reduced.

“They are now listening, thank you sir,” Moses said rudely in the mic.

And the church became abruptly silent. Emmanuel calmly and humbly went back to his seat.

“Like I was saying, stop reading and start praying! That is how to take the powerful step of faith that can even raise the dead!” Moses said passionately.

“Fire!” someone from the congregation screamed and started speaking in tongues.

**

Minutes later.

The church was praying fervently and Moses was leading the prayers.

“Pray that God will reveal great and mighty things for our upcoming tests in the name of Jesus!” Moses said amidst praying in tongues.

The prayer tempo became fiery and fervent, a lot of students were speaking in capital TONGUES!

“In Jesus name, we pray!” Moses shouted.

*Amen!” the church responded.

Moses eyed Emmanuel bitterly.

“In Jesus name…”

“Amen,” the church responded.

Moses suddenly hissed into the microphone and dropped the microphone on the stage.

“Emmanuel will go and round up the prayer,” Moses said into the microphone by mistake while having a praying posture and left the podium furiously, Victor was now thoroughly displeased, while Emmanuel simply went to the altar and took the microphone on the altar while smiling happily.

“Let us all have our seats,” Emmanuel said nicely.

A lot of students obeyed, with the exception of most of the prayer warriors who kept on praying.

“Praise the Lord everyone!” Emmanuel said with a smile.

“Hallelujah!” the church responded.

“There is something I want to say before we go further and close the service. The first thing is balance. Everybody say balance!”

“Balance!” the church said.

“God is not a God of confusion,” Emmanuel said calmly.

Moses looked at Emmanuel fiercely as he spoke.

“God is not fooled! It is whatever that you sow that you will reap. If you carried 1 into the hall to write your test and God multiplies it by 1000 what will you get?”

“1000!” the church replied.

“If you carried 2? And it is multiplied by 1000. What do you get?”

“2000!” the church answered.

“What if it is multiplied by 1 million, but what you carried into the exam hall to write your test is zero?” Emmanuel said with some insight.

A few people laughed, others were bothered.

“I am telling you the truth, that person will just see him/herself in OYO immediately! I promise you! It will not be—” Emmanuel was saying insightfully, but laughter suddenly broke out from the congregation.

They understood what he said.

“Brethren, I want you to know that prayer is good, but if you do not read!” he paused for a while, stared at them with a stern look and continued, “The Holy Spirit will bring to your remembrance that you did not read! He will not give you expo! Instead he will comfort you. He is the Comforter!”

The congregation giggled again, only Moses appeared to be tensed up.

“He will tell you sorry, you hear. Please, pray, then read, then pray again! Prayer will keep what you have read in your brain. The Bible says, the memory of the righteous is blessed in Proverbs 10vs7, it also says that you must be diligent if you want to stand in front of kings. Do you understand?” Emmanuel said assertively.

“Yes, sir!” the church answered.

“The preacher did well, I just wanted to add to what he said. Please, pray! Then, read! God is balanced, do you know?” Emmanuel said and quickly glanced at his wristwatch.

“Think why did God not create what he did in 7 days in one day? God works hard! He has everything in unlimited proportions that is why he is PERFECT. Be ye perfect, that is how to become excellent,” he said emphatically.

The congregation impressed, clapped excitedly at this point.

“Brethren, beyond applause. Make sure you are a doer, the blessing is not for the hearer, it is in the doing. The Bible did not only say pray. It said what?” he asked passionately.

“WATCH AND PRAY!” the church shouted.

“Brethren, God will always play His part, play yours so that you will not cry. God, I thank you for the message in Jesus name I pray.”

“Amen!” the church chorused.

“Sister Fiona come and take the announcements!” Emmanuel said.

He left the altar while Fiona climbed it.

Emmanuel went close to Victor and whispered, “When she is done, you will close the service.”

**

Some minutes later.

Emmanuel and other executives were having a meeting in the auditorium, other people still talked in the different parts of the auditorium.

“Executives! We must either keep the standard left by our predecessors or even come up higher!” Emmanuel admonished the Executives.

“What if we don’t want to come up higher? “Daniel muttered, and everyone seemed amazed, except Moses and Fiona.

“I want to say that—” Moses was saying, but was interrupted.

“What is happening here?” Victor bellowed and everyone in the Executives' meeting looked at him.

“First of all, enough of all this drama! I hate nonsense! As a minister, it aches my heart to see rebellion and disunity in the house of God!” Victor spoke passionately.

“Sir, with all due respect tell your president to stop disgracing himself publicly!” Moses responded with anger.

“What? Prayo or whatever you call yourself, you are rude and that is a sin,” Tony angrily defended Victor and Emmanuel.

“No… leave him. I am not done yet. And Fiona! Never in your life should you wear this skimpy gown to the altar again. When you were treasurer, you dare not do this! Is it because Emmanuel is soft?” Victor said with annoyance.

“Victor! Chill! Relax, please! Even Presido is not saying anything about it, and it covered my thighs,” Fiona defended herself calmly in a petulant way.

“I said it during Benjamin’s administration and we enforced it! Your skirt or gown or trouser if you like must always be below your knees if you are a worker, how much an executive of your cadre?” Victor sharply responded.

“Brethren—” Emmanuel said with a serene voice.

“Presido, wait! Let Pastor Victor talk sense into this people. Presido is too soft,” Peter defended and wittingly spoke.

Emmanuel reclined in his chair.

“I don’t have the time of all of you. The anointing is on my head! See the boy I trained raising his heel at me!” Moses eyed Peter bitterly and continued, “Emmanuel,

count your days in this office, you are powerless, and it will soon be given to another!”

He exclaimed so angrily that everyone in the auditorium turned their attention to the Executives and watched them carefully.

Moses stood up angrily.

“Moses! Sit down right now!” Victor ordered sternly.

“Brother Victor, I have respected you up till now. But today, I can tell you with all boldness that you have lost my respect! You have been Vice President for three sessions now. This is your third time—” Moses was saying.

“That means it is technically two,” Allison quickly chipped in.

“Shut up!” Moses barked his order.

Allison became recluse instantly.

“I am not a small boy here. Victor, you need prayers of deliverance so that God can increase your capacity. Maybe you even need deliverance,” Moses said derisively.

Victor was too amazed to respond.

“Prayo, you are saying too much!” Naomi said frightfully

“Shut up, Naomi!” Moses commanded.

And she held her mouth with her hands.

“Brother Moses—” Fiona tried to caution him.

“I am not your brother. Now, let me finish. If Presido keeps on correcting me, I will leave this church for him—” Moses was saying with great sternness.

“You are permitted, too,” Cephas quickly said.

“Cephas, do you want me to curse you?” Moses shouted.

At that point, the members watching them shouted, “Ah!”

“This is not the first time, President will call me after the Bible Study to tell me to change this… adjust what I said. Finally, he has done it publicly. And God will judge him!” Moses said with fierce anger and left them, Daniel quickly followed him.

“Daniel!” Emmanuel seemed surprised.

“I am sorry, sir! He is my prophet!” Daniel said as he followed him.

“Even your boy has been led astray!” Victor said while trying to keep his anger within the seams.

“Brother President—” Naomi was saying, but Emmanuel gestured her to stop.

“Ma, with what has happened today? Don’t call me any title for now, my heart is pained. Please, just…” then he gestured pleading hands to Victor, “Victor, it is enough. Thanks for your understanding.”

Silence pervaded the midst of the Executives while others in the auditorium murmured amongst themselves.

“Okay. Victor, please let us pray, the enemy has invaded us. I saw it,” Emmanuel said.

“Saw what?” Naomi seemed bothered, while the people watching them began to disperse while murmuring.

“ENVY, STRIFE and LUST. Brethren, let us be peaceable. Let us pray!” Emmanuel said with a pained look, and everyone seemed touched by what he said except Fiona who stared at Victor angrily.

“Let us pray. Allison, pray for us,” Emmanuel requested.

“Okay, sir. Let us all hold hands,” Allison said with the little confidence he could muster.

They obeyed and closed their eyes.

3

**

It was the late hours of noon, in the lecture hall, Daniel and few of his course mates were having a chit-chat.

“That Emmanuel is a very proud person,” Daniel said while checking around for Emmanuel.

“Ah! From your mouth, General Secretary!” Chioma, one of his course mates exclaimed.

“I know he is my president in church. But in the class, we are on the same level,” Daniel replied.

“That your fellowship? God will help all of you there!” Joshua, another course mate said to Daniel.

“Amen, oh! I saw when you and your so-called prophet walked out on our fellowship president! Even if what Emmanuel did is bad! Walking out on him is very bad. At least, the both of you should have respected the office,” Evelyn remarked emotionally.

“But you agree that the president did wrong by correcting him publicly?” Daniel defended.

*Guys! That is not correction. I call it modification. If you see real correction? You will nearly cry, come to my holiness church at home in the village, that is where you will see real correction,” Chioma said emphatically.

“Well! I believe that is called rebuke and discipline not correction,” Joshua said and laughed.

Others simply watched him nonchalantly.

“But is Emmanuel not proud? Even in class, see the way he answers questions as if he is the one that knows everything?” Daniel said.

“Ah! Daniel, have you started moving with bad boys?” Chioma asked with concern.

“What happened? Did I say anything wrong?” Daniel seemed a little confused.

“Yes, you did. It is not only Emmanuel that answers questions! That flamboyant Angela is even sharper and if you are looking for pride, talk about her. Emmanuel is the definition of angelic attitude and looks,” Chioma defended.

“Chioma! Don’t fall in love with a priest! You will fast and pray like there is no tomorrow oh!” Joshua remarked happily.

“Joshua!” Evelyn and Chioma chorused with amazement.

“Joshua, be careful. Even, Evelyn knows that I am a lady of focus and determination. I don’t joke with my goals. Number one is get a degree, and it is distinction or nothing. Two—" Chioma was explaining, but Evelyn quickly cut in.

“In other words, Emmanuel is not proud!” Evelyn said succinctly.

“Daniel, I thought you and Emmanuel are close friends. I am really surprised to hear this from you,” Chioma said concernedly.

“We were—” Daniel was saying, but Joshua cut in.

“Eh! Let me say everything in my mind. I do not attend your fellowship, but I can tell you with all of my heart that your fellowship is clearly divided!—” Joshua was saying, and Chioma quickly chipped in.

“And it is not Emmanuel’s fault!”

“Chioma, calm down,” Evelyn said calmly.

Chioma relaxed in her seat.

“Two, Emmanuel is one of the best people I have ever met as a person—” Joshua was saying, and Evelyn quickly chipped in.

“Same here!”

“Evelyn, it is your turn to calm down,” Chioma said nicely.

“Now, if you have a problem with Emmanuel, instead of gossiping or backbiting, settle it with him personally,” Joshua concluded.

“But—” Daniel wanted to defend himself.

“No, buts! My friend do as Oga Joshua as said,” Chioma said sternly.

“Now, I am beginning to believe that Chioma has a crush on Emmanuel,” Evelyn said indifferently.

“Ah! Evelyn, where is the fear of God?” Chioma asked in a funny manner.

“No! I get what Evelyn is saying,” Joshua said.

“Thank you!” Evelyn remarked.

“Chioma the good kisser!” Joshua hailed.

“Guys! Stop it! I have repented. I am now born again, so stop it,” Chioma said with concern.

“So, are you saying that if you have an opportunity to kiss Emmanuel that you will refuse it?” Joshua was still giddy.

“Eh! Mr. Joshua, don’t lead my convert back into the world! Start going home if that is what you want to start saying!” Evelyn quickly responded.

“Guys! I am going to the hostel! See ya later,” Daniel said emotionlessly and began to leave.

“What of the group discussion we agreed to…” Joshua was trying to be a mediator.

Daniel walked out on them nonetheless.

“Leave him alone. Let God work on his heart. Please, guys! Let us start! Or else, I will leave here too!” Chioma said petulantly.

“Leave now!” Joshua replied with a childish gesture.

“Joshua!” Evelyn and Chioma chorused.

“Okay. Let us begin with what we were taught today…” he quickly checked his notebook, while the two ladies checked theirs too.

**

The moon light partially shone due to some clouds in the sky, Emmanuel passed behind a lecture hall in the night, and saw two people petting each other sexually behind a lecture hall, he ignored them, and took a step further, but quickly turned back, because the dress gives him the flashback of what Fiona wore on that Bible study day when Moses walked out on them.

“Fiona!” he said shyly but audibly enough.

The lady froze suddenly and tried to let go of the guy (Bode), though she struggled, but she quickly succeeded in bolting from his grip, while she briskly walked away, Emmanuel quickly blocked her.

“Fiona!” he called again.

“Sir?” she said afraid, and the moon shone very brightly simultaneously revealing Fiona’s ashamed look, while Bode hissed at them from a distance and walked away.

“Sister Fiona, how? When did you become like this?” Emmanuel asked out of concern.

“Sir, it is a long story,” Fiona responded shyly.

“Long story? Make it short,” he requested.

“Another time, sir. I want to go back to the hostel,” she begged.

“Did you not come here to read?” he asked.

“Sir, I came here to… but I cannot read again. Please, let me be,” she replied.

She took few steps away from him.

“Fiona!” he called softly.

“Sir!” she said and halted.

“Fiona,” he said and quickly drew close to her. “I thought you have changed,” he held her hand unwittingly.

“Sir, I tried to. I did.” Fiona lamented.

She held his other hand and looked into his eyes.

“But what happened?” Emmanuel asked with eyes of compassion.

“Sir… where do I start?” Fiona seemed confused.

“Anywhere,” he quickly said.

“Sir, do you love me?” she said and squeezed his hands affectionately.

“Oh!” he gently withdrew his hands from hers, “I love you with the love of Christ. I mean… eh…” he tried to find the right words to say as he spoke thoughtfully.

“Well! Brother Benjamin loved me, but he left me for Sister Rebecca!” she said flatly.

“I don’t understand,” Emmanuel now seemed confused.

“All the brothers don’t know a thing about Brother Benjamin! He preaches purity, quite alright. But he is a little liberal, which is good. For example he doesn’t allow sisters to wear this in the church, but he says it is okay to wear it when visiting him,” she explained.

“Okay?” Emmanuel was trying to understand.

“That’s not all. He said, thou shall not lust. But be said kissing is okay. Fondling is okay, smooching is okay—" Fiona preached.

“Wait a sec. Brother Benjamin never preached those remaining parts. I know him,” Emmanuel quickly defended.

“He did it to Sister Rebecca and I severally, just ask Naomi. She will tell you everything,” she said with great assurance.

“Wait! Including Naomi!” Emmanuel was surprised.

“Yes! And he was right, we never went all the way,” Fiona said with a little cheer.

“God have mercy!” Emmanuel felt touched and speechless.

“President, I don’t know what else to say other than you are just too old school for our generation,” Fiona said with a little despondence.

“I just clocked 22.”

“Sir, you behave like an old man period. If you don’t love me, I will go for a fresh dude who loves me well! Thank you, sir.”

She said and walked briskly away from him.

“God, I don’t believe this report,” he said as he looked up into the heavens.

4

**

It was noon, in the ladies' hostel.

Fiona turned to the other side of her bed and saw her roommate (Esther) dressed for an outing.

"To where?" Fiona asked.

"Prayer meeting," Esther responded sharply.

Fiona cleaned her eyes and suddenly sat up a bit on her bed.

"I thought you were going for a party?" she asked looking surprised.

"Suit yourself!" Esther exclaimed with a slight frown.

Esther took her handbag.

"Word of advice! If the school authorities see you dressed like this you are going to be sent to the school security unit straight up!" Fiona counselled sternly.

"Uber to the rescue!" she happily said.

"Ah!" Fiona exclaimed.

"Five minutes from now! I will be on my way!" Esther said with glee.

"Wait a minute! Who have you decided to kill today?" she sat up well and continued, "Look at what you are wearing. Is this one net or shirt?"

"At least, I wore a camisole underneath," she seemed a little bitter at Fiona.

"What about your skirt? Is this not what prostitutes wear?" Fiona quickly asked each question.

"Ahn, ahn? It is a corporate miniskirt! Please! This is my own way of expressing myself and… pot should stop calling kettle black."

"At least, I wear mine in the night," Fiona responded.

"Girl, hypocrisy is worse than daytime seduction," Esther defended.

"Many men will stumble oh! I have given you my penny of advice. The sun is up, if security unit throws you behind bars, my hand is not there. Lo, I have told you."

Fiona lay down and faced the wall nonchalantly.

“I am going off-campus, so I am safe. See you tomorrow.”

Esther began to leave.

“It is not well, oh! I just pity the people you have decided to kill today!,” she said as Esther began to leave.

Esther shut the door.

**

3 hours later.

The room was pitch dark, a voice spoke in the midst of the darkness, “And the adulteress will hunt for the precious life…”

Emmanuel woke up from his sleep, slightly frightened and bothered. He checked his phone.

“3pm. By 4 or 5 O' clock, I will go for evangelism,” he yawned and continued, “I have not preached to anyone today… And I must do something about the gospel everyday.”

He heard knocks on his door.

“Who is that?” he said to himself in a whisper and stood up to check, “Since my roommate left me alone in last session no one has come to visit me. Maybe it is landlord.”

He opened the door and saw a lady with a charming smile that made him lost for few seconds.

“Hi!” she said sweetly.

He glanced at her from head to toe and quickly regained his senses.

“Sister…” he tried to remember.

“Esther, sir.”

“Ah! I remember now,” Emmanuel said and nodded his head. He continued thoughtfully “Medicine—"

“No! Nursing, sir,” Esther quickly chipped in.

“Yeah! That is correct.”

“Can I come in?” she quickly asked.

“Uh?” he seemed bothered. “What can I do for you?”

“Can we discuss inside for some minutes?” Esther replied with adorable eyes.

He scratched his hair a little.

“Come in.”

She entered.

“You have a nice place here,” Esther said as she walked in.

“Yeah. God put it together for me. So, why are you here?”

She sat on his bed, the only reasonable piece of thing she could sit on, while he stood looking a little disturbed in the midst of the entrance and her.

“Sit down, Papa,” Esther beckoned to the bed.

“My name is Emmanuel.”

“Okay. Pastor Emmanuel—" she was saying, but he cut in.

“Remove the pastor,” he sat down. “What can I do for you?”

“Sir, I need your prayers,” she drew closer to him a bit. One glance at her breasts, and he was lost for few seconds, but he quickly snapped out of it.

“Please, continue,” he relaxed back and wore a formal look.

“Sir, I have struggles,” she opened her legs a bit and Emmanuel looked away, quickly glanced at her to say something, but got caught by the little opening, she opened her thighs a little bit more and Emmanuel rapidly stood up.

“Let me get you some water to drink.”

He quickly went into his kitchen while Esther giggled sweetly at him.

In the kitchen, Emmanuel poured drinking water into a mug of marble, and whispered a prayer, “God… help me.”

You know that such a girl should not even enter into your house in the first place.

“What do I do now?”

Take her outside. Send her out. Sin thrives in secrecy.

“God…” he was about to leave the kitchen, “give me a wisdom to use. What do I do?” he lingered.

Be fast. Before she comes up with something drastic.

He left the kitchen quickly and saw her checking his books that were piled close to the head of his bed, he became lost for few seconds as he stared behind her, and she quickly took note of that, before he regained his senses. She retrieved the water from his hands in a coy manner.

“Don’t you like what you see?”

“Yes…!” he slapped his face disappointedly at his blunder, while she drank the water, but let some pour on her shirt intentionally and coughed.

"Sorry,” he quickly steadied her, but simultaneously stared at the floor this time around.

“Let me break this mug to get his attention fully,” she said within herself.

Almost as soon as she thought of that idea, he quickly announced, “I am going for evangelism now.” he quickly picked off his keys and put on a vintage shirt that lay idly on his cabinet.

“How can you go out like this? Vintage plus tracksuit for trousers?”

“I could change to something better, if you could just wait outside.” he said with a cynical look.

She got the message and smiled seductively.

“What if I choose not to?”

“Okay,” he quickly grabbed the mug, put it on the bed and began to push her outside.

“But my shirt is wet,” she said as she struggled.

“Sorry, Sister Esther,” he said and successfully pushed her outside, slammed the door shut and spoke from inside.

“Don’t worry! Today is Saturday, my neighbors won’t be back till 6pm. I will give you one of my shirts to put on top what you are wearing so we can go for evangelism together!”

“What of the prayers I asked for?!”

“Prayers?” he said to himself in a bewildered manner. “When did she… oh!” He got the memo now! “We will pray in church after the evangelism.”

“What?!”

“Yes, ma! You know there is preparatory service because of tomorrow’s Sunday service by 6pm in church today. So after evangelism, we go straight to the church and pray with other brethren there.”

“Other brethren?! Oh God!”

“Sorry!” he said and picked up a black trouser from his wardrobe, and another vintage shirt. “This will look good on her,” he chuckled a bit, dropped the shirt on the bed and began to pull off his tracksuit trouser.

Meanwhile, Esther bit her finger in regret as she stood outside. “The former Papa was not like this, he was sweet and soft like fresh bread from the oven,” she hissed.

“This one is hard like rock!” she folded her hands angrily. “He has poured sand into my garri like this! Now all my plans to seduce the other executives have to come to a halt!”

She stomped her foot angrily on the floor out of frustration.

“Sorry for the delay. I just decided to comb my hair, we will soon go out now,” he said when he heard the sound of her feet.

She hissed again angrily.

**

Some hours later.

At the environs of the DCCF auditorium, Esther was on her way home wearing a frustrated look.

“And I rarely fail in a mission, oh! Imagine! Even Victor that has kissed me before was talking down on me like a baby.” She mimicked him, “Change your dressing! Don’t dress to kill, dress to save!”

She continued to walk slowly and said within herself, “Though, out of all the executives of the previous Papa, he is the only one with coconut head that refused to have intercourse… and that Moses and Daniel too! Two crazy thorns in my flesh.”

She said out loud, “And I thought Emmanuel had little value according to my Divinometer,” she sighed regretfully.

She paused on the road, and put her fingers regretfully by the side of a well-cut lawn, fenced all round by pine trees.

“He was the only one I did not try last session. And it was because he kept on avoiding me! See life! I thought Emmanuel will not make it, and now he has become hot-cake! Ah!”

She shouted regretfully, “Emmanuel has become something else.”

“What did Emmanuel do again?”

She turned back frightfully and saw Moses walking close to her, he halted by her side.

“This is his shirt too! Am I correct?” Moses looked critical.

She looked at herself and felt ashamed.

“Yes! I am sorry!” Esther responded ashamedly.

Moses shook his head sadly.

Esther became more frightened, she thought within herself, “Oh, no! Prayo has read my mind!”

“The painful thing is that Emmanuel likes to behave like a saint! Are you not coming from his house?” he asked.

“Yeah…” Esther was a bit confused at his response, she did not really know what to say.

“Emmanuel is a hypocrite. So, he allowed you into his house dressed up like this!” he seemed displeased.

He looked at her from head to toe, but seemed glued to her thighs for a minute. She noticed that delayed stare, though a little ashamed at first, she emboldened herself quickly, “There is no harm in trying again,” she said to herself.

“Emm… Brother Moses, I am sorry for wearing this,” she quickly removed the shirt and threw it away.

Moses saw her features a little clearly thanks to the night, but the moon was becoming more pronounced making the whole situation look a little awry.

“Um?” Moses looked away.

“You shouldn’t have thrown it away… but who cares?” he laughed and stared at her again. “Hypocrites like that deserved to be disgraced.”

“Yes, sir. I actually need your prayers!” she said rather quickly, the voices of other people coming their way became audible each passing second.

“You just decide the time—” Moses was saying, she quickly pulled him into the lawn and stayed behind some pine trees while holding him steadfastly.

Victor, Emmanuel and a few executives passed by, but Emmanuel halted incidentally at the pine tree they hid behind.

Moses, stop playing with fire.

Moses was about to speak, but she quickly held his mouth, released it immediately and begged him dramatically with silent hand gestures, Moses was super-confused.

“Emmanuel! Let us go!” Victor shouted at Emmanuel.

And Emmanuel quickly caught up with the other executives.

“Guys, I am sorry but I felt odd energy at that location,” Emmanuel said reflectively.

“Oya! Sensor soldier!” Allison remarked happily.

“Allison, I have told you to stop watching those American films and start watching Mount Zion movies!” Nathan remarked.

Meanwhile, as the executives went on their way, Moses stared at her angrily.

“Why do you fear that rat of a man named—" he vented his anger.

She quickly went on her knees, “Sir, I wanted to pray alone with you right now. And I did not want their judgemental eyes to stop us. Just look at me!” she said with a pitiful look.

He stared at her in utter confusion.

“Now?” he asked to be sure.

“Yes.”

The moon shone fully at this point.

“There could be wild animals in this place,” he said with a bothered look and looked at the direction of the DCCF auditorium.

“Sir!” she quickly stood up and took him deep into the lawn.

“Be faithless, not unbelieving!” she held his hands together and closed her eyes.

Moses, this is a bad idea.

He cleared his throat, and said within himself, “Where Emmanuel failed, I will not fail!” he said out loud, “Let us pray!”

She began to mutter some words that looked like inspired tongues, while Moses began to blast in tongues, suddenly she hugged him firmly.

**

Few minutes later.

Their clothes were scattered on the lawn, they had began to do the abominable.

5

**

After Sunday service, at the DCCF auditorium, the executives were having a meeting, only Moses was absent.

“As we can see the numbers are decreasing… and the gates of hell must not prevail over the church—” Emmanuel was saying in a calm manner.

“Okay,” Daniel cut in.

“Daniel, the president has not finished talking,” Cephas said politely.

“Chief Usher or what is your name? Mind your business!” Daniel responded sharply.

“Eh! It’s okay. We need to organize evangelism in this school. Are we together?” Emmanuel said calmly.

“Yes, sir,” they chorused, with the exception of Daniel who seemed indifferent.

“The evangelism will be today,” Emmanuel added with some thoughtfulness.

“Today?” Peter quickly said.

“Bro. Peter, let us be quick to listen and slow to speak,” Victor advised.

“Okay, sir,” Peter was polite, he relaxed well on his seat.

“Thank you, Bro. Victor. The evangelism will not be long, it will be around 5pm today. I think we have been too comfortable in this big auditorium, let us stop casting our net into the tub, and let us cast it into the sea of souls. Are we ready to be fishers of men?” Emmanuel said charismatically.

“Yes, sir,” they chorused, though Daniel seemed reluctant to speak.

“Sir, what you have said is good. I agree with you totally, sir,” Fiona remarked.

“Thank you, Sister Fiona. And your dressing today is top-notch. That is how to dress to save!” Emmanuel said with a smile.

“Thank you—" she replied, though Naomi interrupted her.

“Sir, don’t judge by ankle-length gowns!” Naomi said with a funny face.

“Ah-ah! Fiona, our African queen is looking beautiful today. Let us appreciate her,” Victor said with a loving stare at Fiona and she blushed.

“Ah! Brother Victor!” Naomi quickly exclaimed.

“Hey, Sister Treasurer beware of the way you talk to our VP,” Allison warned in a playful manner.

“Actually, that compliment and stare was too much!” Matthew said flatly.

Allison and Peter immediately broke into laughter while others felt excited, even Daniel smiled.

“It’s okay. Brethren. We still have time to pray and prepare for the evangelism this week. Let us pray,” Emmanuel concluded.

**

“You need to give your life to Christ. He is the only way to God, other ways are dead ends,” Emmanuel preached with a megaphone in the campus market, while others Executives shared tracts to the customers and sellers in the market.

“Jesus loves you, my sister,” Fiona said affectionately to a lady buying vegetables by her side, as she was about to give her a tract. Bode and his friends started walking towards her direction, she saw them first and quickly handed over the tract to her.

“That face looks familiar,” Bode said and turned away.

As Fiona tried to leave the lady quickly, she unwittingly bumped into Bode who was going in that direction.

“Hey! Watch it!” Bode warned sternly.

“Sorry, sir,” she quickly said, and briskly went on.

“Hey! Is this not Fiona?” Bode called out.

She halted.

“It is Fiona oh!” one of his friends (Lion) shouted.

Bode quickly went to her front.

“Why are you running away from me now? For the past two months my body has been desiring your body!” Bode approached her flirtatiously.

“Bode, it is over!” she sternly said.

“After sampling my body! No! No one dumps the King of Bad boys on this campus,” Bode said assertively.

Students began to surround them in trickles wondering what was happening.

“Bode, please stop,” Fiona ordered.

“Accept me back into your life,” he said with a devious smile.

“He is the boss of all bosses in this campus,” his friends said with a sheepish grin.

Fiona felt embarrassed by the type of attention she was receiving, “Okay, I will accept.”

“Hey!” Bode's friends jubilated, while Bode hugged her and she accepted reluctantly. The gathering throng dispersed while murmuring amongst themselves.

Suddenly, a voice beamed from the lady she had just preached to who was standing just a yard away from them.

“I even thought you are a Christian!” she said angrily, dropped the tract on the floor and hissed annoyingly as she left.

Fiona's heart broke.

“Fiona,” someone said from behind her, “How could you?”

She turned back and saw that it was Victor. He left sadly and her heart shattered into a million pieces.

She struggled to release herself from Bode’s hold.

“Babe! Why are you giving me this attitude?” Bode said looking oblivious of what happened around him, only focused on Fiona.

“Leave me alone!” she screamed.

She immediately bolted off from his hands and ran away crying.

Emmanuel saw Fiona running away while preaching in the centre of the market and halted, when he saw Victor coming towards him with a very saddened look he knew something had happened.

“So, be saved by saying sorry to Jesus for your sins and accepting Him as your Lord and Saviour today. God bless you in Jesus name,” Emmanuel said as he began to leave.

“Amen!” some marketers responded.

“Pastor Emmanuel, I want to die!” Victor said and immediately knelt down at his feet, shocking Emmanuel greatly.

“What happened?” Emmanuel quickly said and immediately lifted him up.

**

Emmanuel, Allison, Peter, Matthew and Victor trekked away from the campus market wearing saddened looks.

“So, Fiona is not even pure!” Allison said without thinking.

“Allison, be careful with your utterances. We are all blessed sinners,” Matthew said firmly.

“Eh! Don’t say that one! I cannot sin! Because of what? I have the seed of Christ in me,” Allison claimed confidently.

“Better be careful, so that you will not make the same mistake my namesake made with Jesus,” Peter counseled.

“Brother Peter, what are you saying? President say something!” Allison replied.

“What do you want me to say?” Emmanuel said with a grave voice and everywhere became still.

“Fiona is not pure!” Victor said while restraining his tears.

“All our righteousness are like filthy rags. Only Jesus can judge, our job is to love,” Emmanuel responded.

“Hmms” were muttered amongst Peter, Allison and Matthew.

“Sir, you are right. We have to get to the root of this matter before concluding…” Matthew said softly.

“Yes, Brother Matthew. Until then, we defend our sister because she belongs to the Tribe of Jesus, her clan is DCCF, and her family is us. Do we get it?” Emmanuel said reflectively.

“Yes, sir,” they chorused with the exception of a pained Victor.

They arrived at the junction. A path led to the hostels, another led to the bus stop.

“Sirs, we have to part here now till we meet tomorrow, God’s willing,” Matthew said calmly.

“Yes, sir. I pray that God will grant you and Bro. Victor safe journey back to your various houses off-campus in Jesus name,” Allison prayed.

“Amen!” Emmanuel answered.

“Sir, one more thing,” Allison quickly said as Emmanuel and Victor turned to go.

“I had this revelation that made me disbelieve Moses and Daniel’s lies. You all know that Moses was my mentor in the prayer band yet I don’t follow his ideals,” Allison carefully chose his words as he spoke.

“Hmmm…” Emmanuel wanted to see where he was heading.

“It is because I had a dream just a night after the ordination took place, the enemies had prepared their arrows, and they were posed to fire us grievously, I mean the Executives, but you stood like a wall in their way, you were facing us. I saw a small

sun in your heart. Sir, I believe you carry greatness, and when the appointed time comes, there will be a revival."

"Thank you for the encouragement, Bro. Allison," Emmanuel replied with a smile.

"He is our new Prayo!" Peter said happily, making Matthew and Emmanuel to smile cheerily, Victor smiled a little.

"We will make Jesus proud. God be with you, brothers!" Emmanuel responded.

"Amen!" Peter, Allison and Matthew responded happily, while Victor and Emmanuel turned and went off-campus together.

6

**

Emmanuel walked into a settlement that had beautiful mountains filled with flock of sheep and herds of cattle happily eating on the mountains. Trade was going on smoothly and everyone seemed happy and full of life. Emmanuel smiled happily, the atmosphere of joy was infectious. At the borders, there was a river, Emmanuel saw three demons on a boat arriving at the border, fishermen were there, but no one seemed to see those demons. They sneaked into the community and they had names on their backs.

“LUST, ENVY, STRIFE,” Emmanuel felt suddenly afraid after reading their name out to himself.

“Oh, no!” Emmanuel was alarmed, he ran towards the demons, but they quickly avoided him and started touching each villager, a purple aura surrounded anyone they touched and these people with the purple aura began to fight people without it, anyone who retaliated began to have the purple aura too. Emmanuel was confused.

“God, what do I do?”

Look at them very well.

He noticed that anyone that had a little light in his/heart, the demons avoided that person with desperation and for as long as the people with light in their hearts did not retaliate or stopped retaliating, the purple aura had no effect on or faded away for those who stopped retaliating and had the light in their hearts.

Learn from this. Look at the sign board beside you.

Suddenly, a sign board appeared beside Emmanuel where he stood. It had the words, “THE PROMISED LAND OF THE DCCF” written on it.

Operation Anakim has begun, the solution is RAISE GIANT-KILLERS, not KINGDOM GIANTS.

“Lord, but we need kingdom giants that can stand up to these demons. What do we do?”

I have told you what to do. Raise giant-killers who depend on me. For the past four years, DCCF has spent time raising kingdom giants, what benefit has it brought? So far, so good, you are the last man standing, and you are not even a giant yet! He who has ears to hear, let him hear.

**

Emmanuel woke up from his dream. He cleaned his sweaty face, quickly checked the time, it said 3am on his phone. He quickly knelt down to pray on the floor while leaning on his bed.

It is the season for Giant-killers!

Suddenly, Emmanuel became alert and began to pray.

**

The following Sunday, after the service, the Executives were having a meeting, all were present.

“Bro. Moses, I will like to appreciate you for coming before we start discussing. Your prayers to start this meeting was good,” Emmanuel commended.

“I am a man of fire as you can see,” Moses replied confidently.

“Yes, sir. Ride on pastor,” Daniel hailed.

“Daniel! Your friend is backsliding and you are still calling him a pastor!” Victor said with a grievous tone.

“Bro. Victor I am disappointed in you! I now know why God did not make you president—" Moses fired back.

“What did you just say?” Victor asked with gritted teeth.

“I said—" Moses was about to repeat his statement, but Emmanuel came to the rescue.

“Pastors! We came here to discuss not dissent!” Emmanuel begged each of them with hand gestures.

“President, before Moses came here there was peace. Now his presence has brought war and to be sincere—" Allison was saying his mind.

“Hey, listen and listen well! I raised you up in the ministry of supplication and intercession and you dare to raise your heels against me. Come on, look at this maggot!” Moses said with a fierce look at Allison.

“Sir—" Allison was about to respond, but Emmanuel quickly came to the rescue.

“Emm—” Emmanuel was saying, but Matthew interrupted him in a fine manner.

“President, don’t say anything! These two miscreants—" Matthew said in his usual gentleman manner while pointing at Moses and Daniel.

“Ah! Matthew, you are calling your Bible study coordinator and Gen. Sec a miscreant?” Moses was alarmed.

“Brethren!” Emmanuel shouted, and the place became still.

“Thank you,” Emmanuel sighed, “We will have a prayer meeting today for executives alone, it is a special one, not the regular one, it will keep on holding after today and I will announce it every service day so that our minds will be prepared, this will definitely deal with any demon trying to cause separation in our midst!”

“I think that demon has already succeeded,” Moses said nonchalantly and stood up, Daniel followed suit and Victor looked so disappointed.

“When will the prayer meeting hold?” Moses asked arrogantly.

“Today by God’s grace. But sit down!” Emmanuel was trying his best not to lose his cool.

“Time, please?” Moses quickly asked.

“5pm,” he said looking unsure because of the sternness Moses wore on his face.

“I pray it works!” Moses bounced off, and Daniel followed him as he left.

“Like Jesus said, who else wants to follow the team of backsliders?” Victor asked angrily.

“Sir, with all sincerity, that was not how Jesus said it,” Cephas said on a light note.

“Cephas and VP!” Emmanuel quickly shouted and there was some stillness. He continued, “Please, I need all of us to turn up, it won’t take time and… let me say this, I have heard this bad revelation or can I call it a warning? Twice! Demons have come in to plant lust, strife and envy in our hearts and… they must go by fire!”

Silence pervaded the place.

“Sir, I think the prayer we should pray is that this prayer meeting should work, because… all these faces I am seeing ehn? With what I have been hearing when you are not with us—" Naomi was expressing her thoughts unfiltered.

“Don’t entertain doubt, Sister Naomi. The prayer meeting will work. Let us pray,” Emmanuel cut in politely.

They bowed their heads to pray.

“Fiona, pray for us,” Emmanuel requested.

She sighed, “Our Father in heaven, you are so beautiful to behold…thank you…”

**

Peter, Allison, Tony, Nathan and Victor walked out of the church together.

“VP, are you coming for the prayer meeting?” Peter asked.

“Pastor Emmanuel is too cold. He cannot even speak in tongues. I am not coming,” Victor said with a cold look.

“Me, too!” Nathan said flatly.

“Honestly, we need to organize special prayers for the President,” Allison said thoughtfully.

“Same here! Pastor Emmanuel has the heart of a leader, but honestly I think he will do well in political institutions not spiritual ones,” Tony said.

“I still find it hard to believe that he was defending Fiona,” Nathan said reflectively.

“He even told her to take prayers today despite the fact that she is a sinner,” Victor said with an embittered tone.

“Bro. Victor, you also saw that action. Emmanuel is just too naïve! Let us not even talk about the people that have left the fellowship since when he became president,” Peter said affirmatively.

Naomi turned her face towards their backs, shaking her head at them.

“Those demons must be real. If they are real, I must agree with Prophet Moses that they are succeeding. Let me see how the prayer meeting will look like,” Naomi soliloquized.

**

Some hours later.

Naomi walked into the DCCF auditorium and met only Emmanuel singing worship in the midst of empty chairs gathered according to the number of executives in the fellowship.

“Good evening, sir,” she said as she approached Emmanuel.

“Welcome, Sister Naomi. How is everything?” he asked, and struggled to form a smile.

“Everything seems fine, sir,” she responded politely.

“I see,” he smiled a little. “I pray that everything will be surely be fine in Jesus name.”

“Amen, sir!” she replied.

“What of the others?” he asked.

“Sir, I don’t know, oh!”

“But the time is 5.30pm,” he looked at the time of his phone.

“Sir, I doubt if they will be coming. I purposely came late so that I will meet people, sir I am so disappointed,” Naomi said soberly.

“Is that why you came late?” he asked decisively.

“Sir, let us begin to pray. Time is going oh!” she responded while looking away from him.

“Okay. Let us begin to pray,” he said with a sigh.

**

Few minutes later.

“Thank the Lord! Thank Him for His faithfulness!” Emmanuel led the prayers.

Naomi was speaking in tongues fervently.

“Bros! Close your eyes let me leave this cold prayer meeting!” Naomi said within herself as she spoke in tongues.

Emmanuel knelt close to a chair and closed his eyes to thank the Lord. The moment she saw that action she briskly walked out of the empty auditorium.

“Is that not Sister Naomi?” he said to himself and quickly opened his eyes, turned and saw Sister Naomi leaving from a distance.

At this point, tears dropped freely from his eyes. “God, why did you bring me here?! If you do not want to use me then kill me!”

Suddenly, he became startled and soliloquized, “But I don’t want to die early. I must fulfill the number of my days.” He restrained the tears that flooded his eyes.

“God help me!” He managed to say as he bowed his head to the floor and cried like there was no tomorrow.

7

**

It was evening.

Emmanuel approached the spectator stands of the football field because he noticed a little crowd and he heard what seemed like someone was preaching, he went a little closer. He saw Moses preaching with a Public Address System, while Daniel gave tracts to the listeners and Esther stood beside Moses like an usher looking sexy as usual, he turned away from them and headed to the bus stop.

“Only Jesus can save you. Taste Jesus and see. Health and wealth will belong to you when you give your life to Jesus! You will even have more money than the G-boys in your class!” Moses’ voice beamed in the air as Moses walked away from the place.

He could hear cheers from the congregation and “Ride on pastor,” Coming from his congregation.

“I just hope this is not his definition of a revival,” Emmanuel muttered to himself and arrived at the main road that led to the bus stop.

**

It was the late hours of the morning.

“That will be all for today’s lecture.”

“Wow!” the students shouted.

The final year students of Medical Rehabilitation clapped for their lecturer (Professor Ignatius) he was done within thirty minutes today instead of the usual one hour.

“Keep your clapping to yourselves. I ended in time today, because of something I noticed about your test scores,” he said and brought the scripts out of a brown envelope he brought to class alongside the laptop he used for lecture.

“This person is Celine Madueke, and the score here is 15.”

“Hmms” were heard from the students.

“Agba John, the person got 10!” he said thoughtfully.

“Ah!” the class responded.

“Yes! Your tests were not very good! Most of the good ones… and they are few and just average scores,” he said indifferently.

“Ah! Ah!! Sir, show us mercy,” the class representative pleaded.

“Class Rep! Better keep quiet!” he ordered.

The class became still.

“I have plenty of 7 over 30, 9 over 30, even 5!” he said with a stern look.

“God forbid!” a lady shouted from the midst of the class.

“Maybe she is the one that even got the 5 over 30 like that, oh!” he said in a nonchalant way.

A few students laughed, others seemed visibly worried.

“Only one person broke the glass ceiling, in fact I kept the person’s script separately, I had to re-mark it three times, yet the person still got a score of 30!” he said happily.

“Eh!” The class jubilated a little.

He brought out the script.

“The name is Emmanuel Baba… lola! Who is that?” he looked around in the class.

“Pastor! Pastor!!” The class hailed.

“Pastor?” the lecturer said to himself dryly.

Emmanuel stood up with a little shyness written on his face.

“Come here!” he ordered.

Emmanuel obeyed and went to his front.

“I believe your duties as a pastor has nothing to do with the score. You are simply hardworking and an intellectual guru at the same time. Am I correct?” he asked firmly.

“Umm… sir, the grace of God played a big role here,” Emmanuel replied in low tones.

“Ehh!” the class shouted for joy and hailed him, “Pastor, Pastor!!” again.

“Hey! Quiet!” he barked his orders.

The class became still.

“The class thinks you are a pastor…” he said with a bit of sadness.

Emmanuel simply smiled and muttered gently, “All thanks be to God, sir.”

“I see.” Professor Ignatius said within himself and bit his lip slightly while crafting a devious smile.

“You!” he pointed to Chioma.

“Sir!” she responded.

“Come here now,” he instructed.

She left her seat and joined Emmanuel at the front.

“Class Rep!” he called.

“Yes, sir!” the class representative responded.

“Give me their matric numbers!” he requested sternly.

And the class became filled with tension. Chioma and Emmanuel looked at each other in wonder, not knowing what would happen next. Meanwhile, the class representative had quickly written their matric numbers on a piece of paper and he gave it to the lecturer.

“Correct! This is Emmanuel’s matric number because I am familiar with it, after re-marking your script over and over again,” he laughed at Emmanuel a little. “Now!”

Everyone turned their attention to him.

“Man of God, do you know you must obey instructions if you must eat the fruit of this course?” Prof. Ignatius sounded oddly devious.

“Yes, sir,” he responded with a fearful smile.

“And that applies to you, Chioma,” he said.

She simply nodded her head in response.

“Emmanuel kiss Chioma on the lips,” he instructed calmly.

“Excuse me, sir?” Chioma asked.

“Then, you will fail this course! The both of you will fail it if you don’t obey me! Remember, disobedience is costly,” he warned sternly.

“But, sir… I can’t. My faith won’t allow me,” Emmanuel said firmly.

“Sir, this cannot work! This is sexual harassment and—" Chioma was saying, but the lecturer cut in angrily.

“Chioma and Emmanuel, listen to me very well! I am not just a Senior Professor, I know the Vice Chancellor personally, I and the Minister of Justice are like 5 and 6, take the case anywhere… you will still lose. Except you want to relinquish your studentship and start afresh.”

“Please, sir—" Chioma tried to beg, but Prof. Ignatius' mind was made up.

“I will count one to ten!” he said with great sternness.

She quickly knelt down, Emmanuel joined her shyly.

“Sir, please,” some members of the class tried to beg.

“Everybody shut up, or I give this class a minus 10. Everybody will get it, if all of you are not careful,” he said angrily.

“Sir—" Emmanuel was now sweating.

“Ten!”

Chioma quickly stood up with a confused look, Emmanuel became despondent.

“Nine! Eight! Seven!” he said quickly and Emmanuel stood up looking afraid.

“Emmanuel, it is just a kiss, and God will still forgive us!” Chioma seemed confused.

“Ah!” Emmanuel's mind was becoming blank.

“Six! Five!” he said with a baritone voice.

And Chioma drew closer to Matthew.

“Sir, but my faith will not allow me to—" he managed to say.

“I will make sure I give you minus 70 if you disobey me! The both of you will get it!” he warned gravely.

“Ah! President! Is it not a kiss? Papa! Pastor Richard said it is not a sin!” Daniel quickly said amidst the tension.

“Daniel—" Emmanuel wanted to respond.

“Four! Three!” Professor Ignatius bellowed, interrupting him.

Chioma drew closer to Emmanuel and held him by the shoulder.

“Emma! This is just a kiss! And this is even a class not a church!” Chioma mustered all the confidence she could gather.

Emmanuel’s eyes became reddened, the tears wanted to be free.

“Emmanuel, be strong!” Chioma said shakily.

“Two—" Prof. Ignatius said sternly.

Chioma immediately kissed his… hair! Though, Chioma moved quickly, at that point he simply bowed his head crying. Chioma was frightened to the bone.

“One! That’s it. Minus 70 for Pastor,” he said as he wrote it down immediately at the front of Emmanuel’s matric number.

“But, sir—" Chioma was super-afraid.

“Chioma, go back to your seat. I will make sure you pass this course. Even if you get one over 100, I will make sure I look for the remaining 69 from the ends of the heaven and the earth to make sure you pass this course well!” he assured her.

“Thank you, sir,” Chioma said with a shaky voice and left for her seat.

“Good day, class,” the lecturer put the sheet of paper into his brown envelope and left the class. The class representative quickly followed him.

The moment he left many shouts of lamentation was heard by Emmanuel as he mourned on the stage of the class. Joshua and Evelyn went to meet him, and tried to move him away from the stage, while Chioma felt ashamed and embarrassed at the same time.

**

Few days later.

It was night.

A tutorial master was teaching the final year Medical Rehabilitation students that had gathered for a tutorial. At this time, he was writing some things on the board, while the students chattered freely behind him.

“Are you people making noise, because the tutorial is free?” the tutor asked with a frown.

“Sir, it is because of Emmanuel, oh!” a student shouted.

“I heard about the guy! The guy get mind, oh!” the tutor said thoughtfully.

“Sir, we have found an Apostle that is greater than you!” another student happily shouted.

Some cheers were heard.

“It is okay. I heard that you people have been discussing about this guy in your departmental group for the past three days now. It has become a hot subject in the Faculty group today! Please, let the sleeping dogs lie!” the tutor remarked.

“Sir, we cannot stop! How can someone refuse a beautiful girl like Chioma! If it is me, I will even fondle her—" the first student that responded to the tutor said.

“Eh-eh! It is okay like that! Please!” Joshua ordered sternly.

“Joshua, is that how life is! Because of a lady, you are shouting on me!” the first student replied.

“Hey! Guys, let us focus on what brought us here. Though, I must applaud the guy, he is a good example of what it means to be a martyr,” the tutor said and pulled out a marker from his pocket.

**

One week later.

It was the late hours of the morning, the final year students of Medical Rehabilitation had just finished writing the test for a different course and a different lecturer, as soon as the lecturer left with the scripts, each set of students that passed by Emmanuel, who was seated at a corner in the lecture hall told him, “Sorry!”

Chioma approached him, after about six sets of students have said this to him.

“Hi, Chioma.” Emmanuel said with a pale look.

“You look really tired.” She said with a compassionate voice.

“The trauma… I had little time to prepare combined with fellowship—” Emmanuel was trying to explain his situation.

“Sorry, you hear!” two groups of two students each said as they passed by him.

“Can we meet outside?” Chioma seemed frustrated at the sympathies thrown at him.

“Chioma, let us start going to the hostel!” Evelyn shouted.

“Wait for me! I am with our president,” Chioma replied.

“Good afternoon, sir,” Evelyn greeted and walked towards them.

“Good afternoon, Sister Evelyn,” he replied.

“Pastor, be encouraged in the Lord you hear. Chioma! If you like spend a whole century with the President, you will just meet empty pot in your room,” Evelyn warned playfully.

“Evelyn, don’t dare me!” Chioma harshly replied.

“Evelyn, let us wait for her,” Joshua said to Evelyn, and stood beside her.

“After five minutes, I am going home. C’est fini!” Evelyn said and walked out of the class together with Joshua.

“President, come let us discuss, see those students are coming!” she pointed at three students who were coming towards Emmanuel and quickly dragged him out of his seat.

They both walked towards the front of a office that had few students surrounding the place in their department.

“So, I am listening,” Emmanuel said.

“Firstly, I want to apologise for—" Chioma was saying, but Emmanuel interrupted her.

“Don’t bother. It is all in the past now. Is that why you wanted to see me in the control room?”

She laughed a little.

“Pastor! I just wanted to say that… I noticed you have been announcing a prayer meeting for executives for the past two weeks now. It was just that…” Chioma tried her best to articulate her thoughts properly.

“That what? Besides, I have only announced it only once or twice as far as I can remember,” Emmanuel said with a smile.

“Yeah… I was thinking, can members join this prayer meeting too?!” she asked not knowing what his response will be.

“What of the revival meeting on Thursday? That is also a prayer meeting too!” Emmanuel said thoughtfully.

“That one is for regulars. I want something special…” she replied politely.

Emmanuel looked at her in wonder not knowing what to say.

“And the meeting will be in the church, okay? Other members apart from Evelyn, and I will join this too! Depending on your way of organizing it, sir,” she added to make her request plainer.

“This is good. From now on, the special prayer meeting for executives will turn into a special general prayer meeting.”

“Time, sir?” Chioma asked

“Sundays, 5pm.”

Evelyn and Joshua approached them at this point.

“Chioma, I am going oh! Bye, bye!” Evelyn screamed.

Evelyn and Joshua began to leave, Chioma hissed unhappily.

“Pastor, let me go, see you later!” she quickly said and turned away.

“Alright, God be with you in Jesus name,” he said while waving his hand at her.

“Amen, Pastor,” she said as she pursued after Evelyn.

8

**

The next Sunday.

It was evening, Emmanuel and about ten other members were praying fervently in the church.

“Pray for the knowledge of things unknown, so that we will not labour like fools in Jesus name,” Emmanuel led the prayers.

The prayer tempo increased.

Emmanuel began to have flashbacks from three hours ago.

He was in the president's office, but someone sat in the place of the president on this day, he was the Senior Pastor of the Dominating Christian Network, Pastor Duncan Ajayi, and Emmanuel sat in the chair for guests listening to him.

“Sir, what do I do? The church of God is under siege?” Emmanuel asked.

“Have you prayed?” Pastor Ajayi asked nicely.

“Yes, sir. Yahweh knows I have prayed. Sir, I am tired,” Emmanuel was distressed.

“Pray, so that you will not faint,” Pastor Ajayi counseled.

Back to the present.

“Pray that every evil assembly against the church, God scatter them in the name of Jesus!”

Some people began to speak in tongues.

Back to the flashback.

“You cannot win a spiritual war with physical weapons. That is why you must not stop praying even after something happens,” Pastor Ajayi said.

“Pastor, I want to resign,” Emmanuel sounded so despondent.

Pastor Ajayi was taken aback.

“Why?” Pastor Ajayi was concerned.

“I am tired. Sincerely speaking, I don’t want to have anything to do with the administration anymore. I told the previous executives-in-charge of—" Emmanuel was explaining.

“And yet, you still became the next president,” Pastor Ajayi cut in.

“Sir, to be honest, I feel betrayed,” Emmanuel complained.

“Eh… the Zonal President told me everything. You were actually not on the list of new Executives,” Pastor Ajayi said thoughtfully.

“Really?” Emmanuel was surprised.

“Yes. He told me the Holy Spirit told him to put you in charge of His house in the DCCF,” Pastor Ajayi confidently said.

“That means God does not like me.”

“Nope, it means God has decided to enlarge your coast,” Pastor Ajayi responded.

Back to the present.

Emmanuel sang, “Take over, take over, I cannot do it by myself unless you take over” and others joined in.

Back to the flashback.

“Sir—" Emmanuel wanted to object.

“Brother Emmanuel, if you resign who else do you want God to put in that office in a bid to replace you? Emmanuel, who else?” Pastor Ajayi asked.

*Brother Moses,” he replied with without thinking.

“I don’t really know him, but I can tell that he doesn’t have the right shape to shepherd all this children. Instead of being a hireling, why don’t you go to the Chief Shepherd of our souls for direction on how to manage His sheep?” Pastor Ajayi said.

“Pastor…” he said and his tears fell freely. He continued amidst the weeping, “I don’t want to be an hireling.”

“Then, fight like a good soldier of Christ. Do you know Eleazar, son of Dodo?” Pastor Ajayi asked.

“No, sir,” he shook his head and hid his tears.

“He was a soldier who fought the enemies even when other soldiers ran away, he killed 700 of them, the sword was glued to his hand! When the soldiers came back,

they just came to carry the loot he got as a result of his victory. Emmanuel, who are you?" Pastor Ajayi asked assertively.

"I don't know."

"I know your fellow Executives are drawing back. But as the center of this fellowship, you must not fall. When you strike the shepherd, the sheep will scatter. Do you know Joshua and Caleb?" Pastor Ajayi preached.

"Yes, sir," he cleaned his tears.

"To defeat the Anakim…!" Pastor Ajayi continued.

That word "Anakim" gained Emmanuel's full attention, he felt stirred up in his spirit.

"You must see them as bread for you. That is what Caleb said about the giants he saw, and that is how you must see any other mountain you will face in life," Pastor Ajayi said passionately.

"My challenges are bread for me," Emmanuel said each word slowly with reflectiveness.

"Yes!"

"They make me stronger!" Emmanuel added.

"Yes! That's the spirit! Let us begin to thank the Lord..." Pastor Ajayi began to pray with him.

Back to the present.

"…for this meeting! Thank Him because our enemies are like bread for us!" Emmanuel shouted.

Some of the students waved their hands to God as they thanked Him.

**

At the coven, the place seemed eerie as usual, and demons were waiting for the queen and chattering away the time.

"Envy, how far?" Lust said to Envy as they walked in the midst of some demons in the coven who were laughing for no reason at all.

"I don't know oh! That Emmanuel has coconut-head!" Envy responded in a displeased manner.

Emmanuel appeared in their midst in a diaphanous form and he was unseen by them, he noticed an angel standing by his side, having hands and head, but his torso down to his body was covered by light, he was also unseen by the three demons.

“What do we do now?” Strife said thoughtfully as it came in-between both of them.

The queen of the coven suddenly appeared in their midst, frightening the three demons, they bowed to her.

“Please, give me progress report,” she asked.

“So far so good, Envy and Strife has succeeded with inducing Daniel and using him to divide the fellowship.”

“I have also had notable success with Naomi and Fiona,” Lust added.

“What of Victor and their fellowship president? I personally gave you that mission!” the queen of the coven asked curiously.

“I succeeded with Moses,” Lust answered succinctly.

The queen of the coven gritted her teeth very angrily.

“The thing is… Emmanuel is too tough. He may look soft on the outside but—" Lust was explaining frightfully.

“Shut up. Who did you use?” the queen of the coven asked carefully.

“I used Esther, ma,” Lust said.

“Esther? She has rarely failed. How about Moses?” the queen of the coven sought clarification.

“I have evaluated what to do with him. But I don’t know which to choose, maybe you can help me,” Lust replied.

“What are your options?” the queen of the coven responded.

“Demons, diseases or death,” Lust said thoughtfully.

All of a sudden, the queen of the coven appeared at the front of Lust and squeezed the neck of the demon violently.

“Please!” Lust begged hysterically.

The queen of the coven threw the demon away and the demon landed on the floor.

“Invading the life of anyone and sparing the leader is a waste of time and resources,” the queen of the coven asserted.

“Ma, about Victor! I, also known as Strife have succeeded in filling Victor’s heart with my wrath. I have plans to tell Lust to use Naomi to completely bring down Victor,” Strife happily said.

“How I wish Victor was president?” the queen of the coven angrily said to no one in particular.

The queen of the coven snapped her fingers and the remaining two demons were electrocuted by lightning from nowhere, their faces became blackened and they coughed out smoke.

“Didn’t you hear what I told Lust?!” she angrily asked both of them.

Lust gently stood up and moved away carefully, one gesture of “Come” by the queen of the coven made Lust to come back as if pulled by an unknown force.

“Lust tell them what I said!” she ordered.

“She said that Emmanuel must fall!” Lust shouted.

“Say it again, and everyone must join Lust in saying it again,” she said angrily to the coven.

“Emmanuel must fall!” they all shouted!

Emmanuel was now bothered, while the angel smiled at Emmanuel cheerfully.

“Shout it!” she said and threw Lust to the floor.

“Emmanuel must fall!” The demons shouted at the top of their voice and many bats instantly left the coven at once.

Emmanuel woke up from his dream.

“What does this mean?” he said to himself, and blew fan on himself in the room. He continued, “Lord, help me!”

9

**

At the front of the DCCF auditorium, on a Thursday evening, students were entering the building for fellowship in the evening. Emmanuel was talking to the ushers by the main entrance, while Fiona accompanied a lady into the church. Suddenly, Bode and his two friends arrived at the church with a power bike, stormed the church entrance with arrogance and went straight to Fiona.

“What is the meaning of all this?” Fiona said with a frightened look.

“Oh! You think you can run away with my baby, isn’t it?” Bode asked rudely.

“What are you talking about?” Fiona asked blatantly.

“After all we have done! Fiona you cannot get away with this!” Bode shouted at the top of his voice.

“What is happening here?” Victor said and came out of the auditorium, while looking at Bode who stood confrontationally in front of Fiona.

“Sir, thank God you are here,” Fiona said with some relief.

Students began to troop out of the auditorium to see what was happening outside, Emmanuel soon followed suit, surprised by what was happening.

“Thank God, everybody can see us now. There is no place to hide,” Bode said derisively at her.

“Just say what happen—" Victor sought an explanation.

“I have slept with your so-called sister leader!” Bode shouted.

“It is a lie!” Fiona passionately said.

“I have seen her nakedness and she is even pregnant for me!” Bode asserted with great confidence.

She nearly slapped Bode but one of his friends held her hand back, while the other threatened to kill her through gestures of “I will cut your neck”.

Victor seemed to be very envious and he slowly backed away from them. Murmurings were happening amongst the little crowd.

“Fiona, next time. Dump another person not me!” Bode spoke like a gangster.

“Who has said a thing when the Lord has not commanded it?” Emmanuel said fiercely.

The other executives in the midst of the crowd were surprised to see Emmanuel’s fierce response. He went to Bode and separated Fiona from Lion’s grip.

“Who are the three of you?” Emmanuel asked sternly.

“Actually, we are her friends! Ask her! Besides, who are you?” Jaguar replied angrily.

“I am the Shepherd of this fellowship! I am a soldier and—" Emmanuel was saying, trying his best not to be half-hearted.

“Baba, oh!" Bode said and bowed suddenly, and his friends though amazed followed suit.

The little crowd were beginning to get impressed, including the Executives, Victor stayed back to watch.

“Guy, this person is also a student—” Lion was saying, but Bode cut in.

“Shut up! This pastor is not ordinary, oh! For you to refuse Professor Ignatius! Are you normal?”

“Eh! A whole former DVC Admin?!” Jaguar was super-surprised.

“Oh! So the two of you do not know? I am in Student Union… this guy is a celebrity now,” Bode said happily.

“Please, keep your celebration to yourself. But leave my sister alone!” Emmanuel ordered.

Fiona nearly started crying.

“But—” Bode wanted to say his mind.

“Which of you condemn her?” Emmanuel interrupted him.

“No one, Lord!” Bode said with a bow.

Bode began to leave.

“Point of correction, I am not Lord,” Emmanuel quickly replied.

“I know,” Bode said and turned back, “I read the Bible… I mean… my mother brought me up with the Bible, but bad friends like this one.” he pointed at his two friends.

“Guy, leave that one,” Jaguar quickly said.

“And alcohol plus some other drugs made me like this. But I apologise, I never knew that a superhuman like you had a sister like Fiona,” Bode said calmly and reflectively.

Emmanuel became a little bothered but he hid it, other executives and the crowd watched the matter unravel with wonder.

“I hope you come to Jesus soon,” Emmanuel calmly responded.

“Amen! Tell Fiona to go and sin no more too! Since you are her brother, I cannot condemn her again…” he laughed, and continued, “Guys, let us go to the bar for some whiskey! Let us rot in Hell!”

He and his two friends laughed at each other as they left.

“Please everyone go back inside, Executives wait outside,” Emmanuel ordered.

The students obeyed, while Cephas and his ushers helped to direct other students inside and into the right seats.

“Brethren…” Emmanuel began to speak.

The Executives bowed their heads in shame.

“We must see after the service,” he said with a conclusive tone.

“Okay, sir,” they all chorused, only Moses was absent throughout the service.

They all entered while Daniel stayed outside, looking at the setting sun with tear-filled eyes. Emmanuel went out to meet him.

“Service will soon start,” he begged, and added “please, come inside.”

“Emmanuel! President!” he struggled to say.

“Keep it till later,” Emmanuel replied.

“Let me say it now!” he controlled himself. “Everything Moses said about you was wrong! You are strong, when you defended Fiona, I felt like a failure.”

“Why?” Emmanuel asked.

“Only a failure seeks for the downfall of others. Sir, I am sorry,” he wanted to kneel down, but Emmanuel held him from doing so. He hugged Daniel instead, and the tears flowed freely from Daniel’s eyes.

“Don’t worry, Daniel. Come inside. Let us pray our worries away,” Emmanuel said to assure him.

He escorted Daniel inside.

**

After the Thursday evening service.

They all sat down, the chairs were arranged in a circle.

“Today, we will discuss about our existence as a family…” Emmanuel said.

Naomi raised her hand.

“Yes, Sister Naomi,” Emmanuel responded.

“I am sorry sir for being an absentee to Executive meetings,” Naomi said.

“Me, too!” Peter spoke up.

“Me, too,” said Allison.

“Me—" Before Matthew could complete his words, Victor quickly spoke.

“I want to say… that we have all sinned.”

“Hmm…” Emmanuel said thoughtfully.

“Except you, our President!” Victor said.

“No—" Emmanuel wanted to say more, but Victor politely cut in.

“President, get me correctly. I am not saying that you are not a sinner saved by grace. But we are… all of us here have sinned against you and the church we were called to serve. We are sorry. Bring back that Executives' prayer meeting.”

“Yes,” the other executives chorused.

“Wait a sec! What of… Okay,” Emmanuel giggled. “No problem.”

“Honestly, President I was moved by what you did this evening,” Matthew said with emotion.

“But this special prayer meeting will still remain general because we cannot exclude the members that have joined us to pray,” Emmanuel said.

“Sir, it doesn’t matter. We promise to be available,” Victor said.

“Sir, we can even do it like this. After the prayer has ended, add extra one hour for executives to rend the heavens the more for a storm of blessings to rain upon us!” Allison said with a serious look.

“Eh! Prayo!” Cephas hailed, then added humorously “Once President shares the grace in fellowship, I will go home like a gentle sheep.”

Some of them laughed, but Emmanuel noticed Fiona’s reclusive state.

“President, I noticed that you wanted to say something at the beginning but you changed your mind,” Naomi said thoughtfully.

“Yes, Sister Naomi. I remembered Moses. Maybe we should pay him a visit,” Emmanuel said carefully.

“It is true oh! How come no one is talking about bringing our Prayo back?” Allison asked.

“You are our new Prayo. Is it not Moses that poisoned our minds against President alongside Sister Rebecca?” Daniel said assertively.

“Ah! Sister Rebecca?” Emmanuel was surprised.

“Sir, the story is a long one. If we start it, we will not go for lectures early tomorrow morning,” Fiona said despondently.

“Ah! Daniel, say something,” Emmanuel said, still amazed.

“Sir, she is right,” Daniel responded sadly.

“Who will take me to Moses’ house?” Emmanuel asked, while shrugging his shoulders.

“Sir, he stays off-campus. I know his place, we can go together, but not enter together,” Daniel said thoughtfully.

“Thank you, Brother Daniel,” Emmanuel said.

“Thank God that one is settled, because I cannot bear to see Moses’ face again,” Victor said with a tone of finality.

“Ah! Brother Vice President!” Naomi said sympathetically.

“Naomi why are you shouting? We all know what he has done behind the scenes. Please!” Cephas responded with a displeased look..

“Brother Tony, pray and let us share the grace,” Emmanuel requested.

**

Some minutes later.

In the President’s office, Emmanuel was piling his books in his bag. He thought within himself, “God, exams are drawing near. What meal do we prepare for your children as an exam programme?”

Fiona entered the office.

“Ah-ah! Sisters' Coordinator, you did not follow the others home?”

“No! She sat down. I want to see you,” Fiona said sadly.

“Ever since, you started dressing decently everywhere I see you, trouble has started locating you in the form of…” he chuckled, and continued “just see it as a test of faith.”

“Sir, you proved to be correct,” Fiona said reflectively.

“I don’t understand,” he sat in his seat.

“Sir, I am pregnant!” she broke into tears. “Bode was right. You were right on that night. The former Papa was so wrong!” she shivered, and added on a conclusive note, “Now, I am in serious trouble.”

Emmanuel was super-confused.

“Holy Spirit, what do I do?” he said within himself.

“Pastor, pray for me! Don’t let me lose everything,” she knelt down, restrained her tears and held her hands in prayer.

Emmanuel stood up and stretched his hands towards her.

Only corporate prayer can solve this one, and that is just the first step.

Emmanuel withdrew his hands back.

“You will get your deliverance at the next special prayer meeting. Stand up and go home in peace,” Emmanuel said in a straight-forward manner.

She stood up with a sigh of relief.

“Thank you, Pastor,” she said as she left his office solemnly, while Emmanuel slumped into his seat, greatly saddened.

10

**

It was Saturday morning.

Daniel and Emmanuel stood at the front of the gate of a house made of self-contained apartments each.

“Let us go in,” Emmanuel said

“Sir, go in. I will wait for you outside,” Daniel responded petulantly.

“This brother! He laughed a little. But both of you were close before,” Emmanuel said happily.

“Sir, you will always be my mentor,” Daniel replied.

“Hey, don’t forget we are level mates. Okay! How will I know which door to knock?” Emmanuel asked wittingly.

Daniel seemed a little bit disappointed.

He entered the main gate, led Emmanuel to Moses’ door and knocked on it while hiding behind Emmanuel.

“Be bold as a lion,” Emmanuel happily counseled.

“Sir, let him see you first,” Daniel said shyly.

Moses opened the door, and the first thing Emmanuel noticed was Esther wearing towel beside Moses. Emmanuel was shocked, while Daniel hid behind Emmanuel.

“You this traitor reveal yourself!” Moses shouted.

“Brother Moses, this girl again?!” he pointed at her.

“Yes! And so what?” Moses shouted, while she shyly went behind Moses.

“Moses! Do you know there are some weapons that are designed to destroy kings?” Emmanuel replied with annoyance.

“Okay, my king! I have heard you! Now, leave my house,” Moses commanded.

“Why is she here?” Emmanuel asked sternly.

“Sir, it is not your fault! It is the fault of that traitor hiding behind you. Saboteur!” Moses answered rudely.

Emmanuel felt restless.

“Moses, do you know who you are inhabiting?” Emmanuel asked with great concern.

“A disciple. I am discipling her!” Moses replied flatly.

“A disciple? You are inhabiting a snake. A green snake with two long horns and dragon-like teeth!” Emmanuel sternly replied.

“That is your opinion. Good day!” Moses said curtly.

He slammed the door shut.

“Brother Moses. Remember, Samson!” Emmanuel shouted.

“Sir, leave him alone. He is joined to idols already,” Daniel said softly.

“But I—" Emmanuel was a bit disturbed.

“Sir, I believe what you say,” Daniel’s eyes became reddened.

“What happened, Daniel?” Emmanuel was concerned.

“She nearly had sexual intercourse with me when I was alone with her in this house, till date I can’t explain how it did not happen. But since then and up till date, I still see myself naked in the dream and she comes with a white-hot iron rod to torture me in my private part, when I wake up I feel the pain and the next thing I will hear is a wicked laughter that is causing me to lose my mind,” Daniel narrated.

“Wow!” Emmanuel was too shocked.

“Sir, I don’t want to fail my final year, please help me,” Daniel begged.

“Wow, wow!” Emmanuel was surprised.

Daniel knelt down and started crying. Emmanuel struggled to lift him up and succeeded.

“Don’t worry, deliverance is close-by,” he hugged him and brought him out of the compound.

**

At the DCCF auditorium, it was Sunday evening and all the fellowship executives were around except Moses, alongside some members including Chioma and Evelyn praying fierily. Allison was the one leading the prayer, Emmanuel was lying down on the floor close to the altar.

“Now let us sing, I need a fire that is fresh, I need a fire that is fresh! Old fire cannot do it! I need a fire that is fresh! Sing!” Allison led prayers passionately.

They all sang it three times fervently and began to speak in tongues. Emmanuel looked up and noticed the clock on the wall said 6, O' clock, he wanted to stand up to round up the prayers, but his body did not agree with his brain.

I want to clean my house. Are you with me?

Emmanuel smiled wearily, “Yes, Lord!”

Suddenly, a strong wind blew in and people started screaming hysterically and praying at the same time, some were rolling on the floor. Emmanuel himself started crying and he couldn’t tell why. He closed his eyes.

Then, in an instant, Emmanuel saw himself alone in the coven, where LUST, STRIFE AND ENVY formerly stood in his last dream, he was lying down like in the church, though when he tried to stand up his body quickly cooperated. And he saw the queen of the coven staring at him face to face, baring her long whitened nails at him.

“Emmanuel must fall!” she screamed with a screeching voice and other demons showed up surrounding Emmanuel in a circular form.

“Their president is truly soft based on looks, but seems tough on the inside. Hmm… I know Esther should have seen his nakedness by now,” she said within herself.

Suddenly, witches appeared by her right hand and by her left, dressed just like her, one of them notably stood on an elevated platform by the right hand side of the queen of the coven.

“Esther!” he identified her after staring at her intensely. “Ah! Sister Esther! What have we done to deserve this?”

“Shut up, my friend! I can’t believe this!” the queen of the coven rebuked him.

“This foe is the toughest we have ever faced! Now you can see for yourself, mother!” Esther said very carefully.

“Even Benjamin! Even Richard! And the two other past presidents before him did not give us problem like this one,” the queen of the coven reasoned, she continued, “How did he even manage to crack the spiritual veil and have access to this place?”

“Enough! Your spiritual wickedness has come to an end, because your captives will be delivered,” Emmanuel asserted with great confidence.

“Shut up! Pray about other things, but you see that deliverance… we and our are not going anywhere,” the queen of the coven nonchalantly said.

“Mother, he is not a part of us, oh!” Esther quickly replied.

“You mean that you have not yet slept with him?” the queen of the coven asked with a surprised look.

“Mummy, he is very tough and strong—" Esther was explaining frightfully.

A slap landed on her face that made her land on the floor, her cheek bled.

“How dare you say any lame excuse to defend yourself?” the queen of the coven asked angrily.

Suddenly, like a film in Emmanuel’s eyes, he saw Esther in her witch form, putting chain on Moses’ neck like a dog and carrying him out of his house, while Moses crawled like a dog as he followed her out. Another vision opened up in his eyes, he saw all the Executives kneeling down in the center of the church auditorium in a circular manner, and ENVY, LUST AND STRIFE put handcuffs of steel on each of their hands, they carefully avoided him, but handcuffed every other person one by one.

“No!” Emmanuel screamed getting the attention of the coven, Esther moved behind the queen of the coven out of fear, while their queen moved closer to him, the demons drew closer to him baring their razor-sharp teeth, and he trembled a little.

“Stop in the name of—" Emmanuel would have completed that utterance.

“Wait!” a familiar voice he knew echoed in the coven.

He couldn’t believe what his eyes saw.

Chioma was indecently dressed and standing at his front, the demons had vanished, he couldn’t see any witch anywhere too.

“Emmanuel, you know I love you,” Chioma said shyly.

“What are you doing here?” Emmanuel was super-surprised.

She moved closer to him, and he moved backwardly from her following the exact number of steps she took towards him.

“Why are you running away from me?” Chioma said unhappily.

Emmanuel was now sweating.

“No! Something is wrong,” he shook his head worriedly.

“What is wrong?” Chioma responded petulantly.

“The last time I saw Chioma wear this crop-top and miniskirt was in part three. Chioma is now born again,” he said to himself thoughtfully.

“I wore this because of you, my love,” she licked her lips seductively.

She moved more carefully and seductively towards him this time around, and placed her hands on his shoulder. Emmanuel was still.

“Let us pray,” she said seductively.

“Jesus help me,” he said shakily.

And thunder struck Chioma immediately, she collapsed and immediately she fell, it was revealed to be the Queen, she was now blackened and she coughed smoke from her mouth.

The demons and witches reappeared. They all laughed at her. Except Emmanuel who was thoroughly amazed.

“I told you this man is tough!” Lust shouted.

“Are you actually a human being?” The queen of the coven said confused.

Emmanuel smiled knowingly, as he grinned light began to glow brightly in his heart, tears streamed from his face as he smiled happily, a circle of overwhelming light began to break forth from him.

When he responded, his voice sounded like the sound of rushing waters.

“You are right!” he said amidst the heavy and joyful grin.

All of them shrieked back, when they heard his new voice.

He continued, “I am a child of God, and I hear... the roar!”

Angels on horses and chariots of fire surrounded everyone in the coven, while all the Executives appeared at his front, still kneeling down in a circular form and handcuffed.

Emmanuel laughed and the coven shook.

“What have we done?” The queen of the coven complained frightfully.

“I hear the roar… of the Lion of Judah… He’s inside me!” he sang and immediately the sphere of light bursting forth from him transformed into a powerful portal behind him, the handcuffs on all the executives’ hands broke into pieces except for Moses', the angels swooped into action simultaneously and the whole coven was in total disarray, Emmanuel’s whole clothes and body were now on fire, but was not burning up. He quickly helped each executive one by one into the portal and each shouted “Hallelujah!” joyfully as they entered the portal, only Moses was left, when he tried to lifted Moses up, a wounded Esther, now bleeding from her stomach and right leg held him back desperately with both hands while digging her long nails into his shoulder simultaneously, Moses screamed frightfully.

“Moses, you can be free!” Emmanuel spoke with his divine voice and the coven shook again, one of her hands went loose from Moses’ shoulder.

“For as long as you are president, I don’t want to be free. I prefer bondage to you!” Moses spoke with great pain and bitterness.

Emmanuel was a little confused, shook his head at Moses, let go of him and when Emmanuel looked away, an angel quickly tried to separate Esther from Moses, he would have succeeded, but Moses held Esther back with his own hand.

“Don’t take her away from me!” Moses screamed at the angel.

Emmanuel! Leave now! The LORD thundered this time around, and the angel vanished.

“Yes, Lord!” Emmanuel’s voice was now normal, but the fire still remained.

Immediately Emmanuel entered the portal, all the angels vanished, and the whole portal became a gigantic blast of fire that engulfed and burned down everything and everyone in the coven including Moses! They all screamed in agony!

Back in the church.

Emmanuel opened his eyes and found himself in the church still lying down, though nearly everyone was prostrate on the floor, especially the Executives, all of them seemed to be semi-consciously saying “Hallelujah” or speaking in tongues.

He tried to stand up and did so with ease.

Cleaning, done.

Emmanuel smiled and checked the clock, it showed 9 pm.

“All the glory belongs to you, Lord,” he said while going to his office, with a humble gait.

.

11

**

At the next Sunday service, the whole church had blossomed, everyone paid close attention to the Senior Pastor of the mother church as he preached, only Pastor Ajayi's voice could be heard, no other sound. As the pastor preached, Emmanuel fell asleep on his seat in the altar.

In the dream.

He saw himself in a temple of gold and a person wearing a long robe, with a gold strip of cloth around his chest, the hair on his head was white as wool, as white as snow, his eyes were like a blazing fire, his feet was like burnished bronze, and his voice was like the sound of rushing waters (Jesus) came to meet him as he stood in the inner court, just before the Holy of holies.

"This is the Most High Priest of the Holy One!" he exclaimed from a distance.

"Come into the Holy of holies," Jesus said.

"Sir, I am not worthy to enter that place," Emmanuel replied.

"Come in and see the Ark of the Covenant. I have made you worthy by my blood."

He obeyed and followed the Most High Priest into the chamber, he was awe-struck as he saw the Ark of the Covenant shining gloriously.

"This is amazing," Emmanuel was awed.

"Ask of me. And I will show you great and mighty things that you have not yet known," Jesus said smiling.

Emmanuel knelt down and started crying tears of joy.

"So, there is a place! Emmanuel, thank you!" he said amidst tears of joy.

"My son, never become bread for the enemy. You know what the book of Proverbs says about this?" Jesus said and placed his right hand on Emmanuel's shoulder.

"Yes, Lord."

"Because of a harlot, a man becomes a piece of bread. Never sell your birthright for a piece of bread!"

"Yes, Lord!"

Jesus looked at him lovingly.

“You will not fail, except you choose to fail yourself.”

“My Lord and Saviour, you must help me. See me through.”

“I will help you. I will uphold you with the right-hand of my power!” Jesus' eyes glowed greatly now, “You will raise giant-killers in all sectors for me! And you will end in peace. If you obey me all the days of your life, I will give you long life and all the good things people are chasing will chase you, overwhelm you and even overshadow you!”

Jesus placed his hands on his head.

“Thank you, my Lord and Saviour!”

“Receive the fullness of the Holy Spirit. Be filled with God’s grace, faith and power.”

“Thank you my Lord and Saviour,” he said as he woke up.

Victor was seated beside him on the altar, he just simply shook his head funnily at Emmanuel, and he understood the gesture and became shy instantly.

**

After the service.

Chioma approached Emmanuel as he greeted some of the students that came for Sunday service just outside the auditorium.

“Emmanuel, good afternoon,” Chioma said as she approached him.

“Ah! You call our president by name?” Allison remarked sternly as he stood beside him.

“Brother Allison, calm down,” Emmanuel said nicely.

“No, sir. With all due respect, sir, she did not even add brother,” Allison said funnily.

“Brother Allison, come and be going,” Chioma ordered.

“Sister Chioma, be careful,” Allison warned playfully.

“It’s okay. Brethren, let us follow peace with all men,” Emmanuel mediated.

“Sir, I now know why the Bible said 'men' not 'women!’” Allison happily commented.

“Brother Allison, please come here!” Peter called from the church.

“Sir, I will soon be right back,” Allison said to Emmanuel happily as he left.

“Don’t come back here, oh!” Chioma ordered trying to hide her displeasure beneath a smile.

Allison left hurriedly.

“See this part two student talking to me a final year student like that,” she said unveiling her displeasure.

“Sister Chioma, don’t be proud,” Emmanuel said playfully.

She chuckled, he laughed.

“I am sorry, if I overreacted, my president,” Chioma said calmly and blushed.

“You can call me Emmanuel. I am all ears.”

“Okay? Noted sir,” she sighed, and continued “I have heavy news for you.”

“Okay?”

“Pastor Moses is currently bedridden as we speak. It was Evelyn that informed me, can we check on him this evening?” Chioma said carefully.

Emmanuel seemed thoughtful instead.

“I know he has been a thorn in your flesh. I was trying to tell Evelyn, but as usual that girl is just too stubborn and head—" she was saying, but Emmanuel had a good countenance.

“I will go. But it will be after the special prayers this evening,” he interrupted her politely.

“Wow! No problem, sir. We can all go together,” Chioma said happily.

“Noted, Sister Chioma!” Emmanuel said with a smile.

“Thank you, sir. Let me inform Sister Evelyn. She will be glad,” Chioma replied, still joyful.

“It is okay.”

Emmanuel walked into the auditorium in a lackadaisical manner, while Chioma went her way.

**

After the special prayers, the senior pastor, Emmanuel and all the other executives walked to meet Evelyn and Chioma at the front of the entrance of the auditorium outdoors.

“Good evening, sir,” Chioma and Evelyn chorused when they saw Pastor Ajayi.

“Good evening, my sisters,” he responded with a baritone voice.

“Is he coming with us?” she whispered to Emmanuel.

“I am coming with my children-in-the-Lord,” he responded to Chioma with a 'I am suspecting you' look that was funny.

Chioma reclined back to where Evelyn was standing and smiled.

“My children, let us rally round our wounded soldier. Emmanuel has told me everything. We still have time. What is the time?” Pastor Ajayi asked.

“5.35 pm, sir,” Chioma responded.

“Good! Let us go,” Pastor Ajayi said.

“But we are a company… what of transport?” Chioma quickly asked Naomi.

“Pastor will use his car to carry some of us, while the rest will follow Emmanuel or Daniel to Brother Moses’ house,” Tony calmly responded.

**

Barely ten minutes later.

Daniel met Senior Pastor, Emmanuel, Naomi, Evelyn, Chioma and Victor waiting for them at the gate of Moses’ compound. The other executives who came along with Daniel also showed up. Pastor’s car was parked to the side of the fence.

“Can we go in or should I park my car inside before we go in?” Pastor Ajayi asked.

“Emm… it is safe here,” Daniel responded.

Pastor Ajayi shrugged his shoulder, “Anything you say is fine by me. Who will lead the way?”

“Daniel?” Emmanuel said with a smile.

“Oh… okay,” Daniel said nervously and approached the gate.

He opened the gate and entered, then everyone entered and he locked the gate. Then, he went to Moses’ door and knocked it while the others stayed behind him.

No one answered. Daniel knocked twice more and got no response. Then, he tried the door knob and it opened, Daniel looked at the others behind him, and Pastor Ajayi gave him the signal to go in. Daniel obeyed and others followed him in.

They became sober as they saw Moses lying helplessly on the bed with big black rashes all over his body.

“Brother Moses, how are you?” Pastor Ajayi asked.

“I am not fine, Pastor,” he said weakly.

“Why?”

He cleared his throat, “I was duped. I am sorry, sir.”

Pastor Ajayi squatted close to him while others stood.

“Tell me everything that happened?” Pastor Ajayi seemed concerned.

“Can it be said… privately?” Moses weakly requested.

“The rest of you should wait for us outside,” Pastor Ajayi ordered.

“Okay, sir,” they chorused.

“Except Pastor Emmanuel.” Pastor Ajayi said quickly, “He is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased. Brother Moses, are you okay with that?”

Moses simply nodded his head in approval.

“Please, wait for us outside,” Emmanuel nicely said to them.

“Okay, sir,” Daniel and Victor responded and they left only Pastor Ajayi and Emmanuel inside.

Emmanuel squatted near Pastor after they left.

“We are listening,” Pastor Ajayi said calmly.

“Last week…” Moses began his story.

Meanwhile, in Moses' compound, Daniel and the others were discussing amongst themselves.

“Now, I pity Brother Moses,” Peter said.

“Me, too,” Naomi added.

“That is the cost of following rebellious ways like Korah, Dathan and Abiram!” Allison remarked.

“Brother Allison, anyone can make the mistake Pastor Moses made,” Chioma said thoughtfully.

“Point of correction, Chioma, he is not a pastor anymore, he is a brother about to receive church discipline,” Allison replied.

“Hmm… that is true. Pastor Emmanuel is too soft. I am sure the Senior pastor will deal with him for his rebellious ways,” Evelyn said with an air of indifference.

“Ah-ah! Evelyn, you too?” Chioma seemed surprised.

“Sister Chioma, I understand what you are saying,” Victor wittingly said, then turned to everyone with a sober look, “But… on a sincere yet considerate note, let us all learn from Bro. Moses and ask ourselves this question, are we also on the path to ending up like the way he did?”

The place became silent for a while.

“Sir, you are not Vice President for nothing,” Evelyn said happily.

“Ah-ah! Evelyn, meditate on what he just said!” Chioma quickly responded.

Meanwhile in the room.

“…when Esther touched me, she suddenly transformed to a witch and started burning like a cloth that was on fire, I was so confused and tried to help her. Only for me to collapse on the floor, as I was losing consciousness, I noticed she was gone like the wind.”

“In short, you committed fornication with this lady?” Pastor Ajayi asked in a displeased manner.

“Yes, sir,” Moses replied weakly.

“Why did you cohabit with someone that is not your wife?” Pastor Ajayi asked angrily.

“Sir, her body was sensual… a killer,” Moses said reflectively.

“Now, it has killed you!” Pastor Ajayi said sharply.

“Sorry, sir,” Moses responded.

“Have you gone to the hospital?” Pastor Ajayi asked.

“Yesterday, when I was rushed to a nearby hospital by a neighbor, they diagnosed AIDS for me!” he began to sob, “Sir, it wasn’t HIV, but AIDS. Sir, who have I offended?” Moses seemed to seek for empathy.

“God,” Pastor Ajayi said curtly.

“Oh?” Moses became saddened.

“Emmanuel, do you have anything to say?” Pastor Ajayi asked.

“Nothing… emm… who is that neighbor?” Emmanuel responded.

“Actually, it is my cousin who lives opposite me,” Moses replied.

“You are actually better off in the hospital than here. Why not stay there?” Emmanuel said coolly.

“He checked me out. He said that he is not buoyant at the moment. And anti-retro viral drugs are expensive now,” Moses replied tiredly.

“No more aid to Nigeria,” Pastor Ajayi chuckled sadly a bit. “Emmanuel, what do we do?”

“Sir, has he eaten?” Emmanuel asked carefully.

“I am talking about church discipline! You are talking about giving him a feast!” Pastor Ajayi responded with annoyance.

“Sorry , sir. Let us… emm…” Emmanuel was at loss for words.

“Pastor Emmanuel, don’t be a soft man. You need to be hard on people sometimes. Imagine if you were hard on him he would not have ended up like this!” Pastor Ajayi said sternly.

“I am sorry, sir,” Emmanuel apologized.

“It’s okay. Mr. Moses, can you see your life?” Pastor Ajayi seemed sympathetic.

“Hmm…” Moses groaned a little.

“I don’t want to condemn you, but I want to let you know why you ended up like this,” Pastor Ajayi sat on the bed, while Emmanuel stood up.

“The moment you choose to be rebellious, you began to commit a sin that is worse than witchcraft! No wonder a witch succeeded in donating AIDS to you for free. Do you understand?” Pastor Ajayi was harsh.

Moses simply nodded his head.

“Don’t you have regrets now?”

“I do, sir,” Moses said unhappily.

Pastor Ajayi frowned at him greatly, Emmanuel looked at Pastor Ajayi and became frightened a little, he quickly turned to Moses and felt compassion.

“I will discipline this boy! He must pay for what he has done to the name of Christ and the church!” Pastor Ajayi thought, glanced at Emmanuel and saw his tinkling eyes of compassion.

“And I must discipline all the executives for what they did to my beloved,” he concluded in his mind.

He rose up suddenly.

“Sir…” Emmanuel said softly and compassionately, he noticed Pastor Ajayi was paying close attention, he continued, “Do you remember the story of the prodigal son?”

“Yes, I do,” Pastor Ajayi replied sternly.

“He left home, but…” he looked at Pastor Ajayi's face to know whether to continue, his face still seemed stern, but it was clear that he was listening, so he continued, “When he was coming back home, his father… though an old man, he ran out to meet him and embraced him.”

“This one is not a prodigal son! He is not ready to repent!” Pastor Ajayi shouted.

“But… we can still bring joy to heaven, sir?” Emmanuel suggested very carefully.

He sighed, “Very well. Go ahead.”

“Brother Moses, are you ready to return back to the Lord?” Emmanuel said nicely.

“Is there is any hope for me? I am tired,” Moses responded.

“I want you to know that God has not given up on you yet,” Emmanuel said calmly.

“Hmm…” Moses seemed thoughtful.

“Can I pray for you?” Emmanuel asked.

“Yes, you can,” he said weakly.

“Do you know that old men do not like to run? But I can tell you why the Father choose to run though the Ancient of Days, he chose to, because He did not want him to go back. Are you ready?” Emmanuel asked compassionately this time.

“Yes, I am,” Moses said.

Emmanuel knelt down, laid his hands on his body and prayed.

“Father, your son is coming back home today. I want you to accept him into your fold and make him new, purify his heart and conscience with your blood. And make him just as you are in Jesus name,” Emmanuel prayed from his heart.

“Amen!” he said, then thought within himself, “God, why did you put Emmanuel ahead of me, and now this! He did not even pray for my healing. Lord, this is not fair!”

Moses began to cry, Emmanuel sympathised with him.

“Stop crying, you are saved already,” Emmanuel said softly.

“I just hope they are the tears of salvation not… envy,” Pastor Ajayi sounded harsh and sharp.

The tears stopped for a sec, then continued while the Pastor Ajayi ignored both of them and went out, Emmanuel quickly followed him.

“All of you!” they all stood at attention for Pastor Ajayi.

“All of you must be disciplined for what you did to my fellowship president!”

“Ah!” they chorused, while Evelyn and Chioma quickly and smartly went behind the brothers.

“Sir, we are sorry,” Victor pleaded.

Emmanuel was speechless, while the other executives were completely confused.

“Sir, please forgive us,” Daniel smartly added.

“Yes, I will forgive,” Pastor Ajayi said indifferently.

“Thank God,” Allison exhaled.

“But you will still be punished!” Pastor Ajayi quickly shouted.

Silence filled the space.

“From now on…” Pastor Ajayi said, but Emmanuel politely interrupted him.

“Sir…” Emmanuel said and stood at their front. “Then, discipline all of us together.”

“Eh!” they lamented.

“But I do not punish the just with the unjust—" Pastor Ajayi wanted to explain.

“Sir, please!” Emmanuel knelt down and others followed his example, including Chioma and Evelyn.

“Ah! But this Sister Fiona must pay for bringing blasphemy to the name of Christ,” Pastor Ajayi said harshly.

“Sir, I must also pay for being an hireling to the body of Christ,” Emmanuel responded calmly.

“Hireling?” Pastor Ajayi was lost.

“Sir, do you remember the discussion we had in the office some days ago?” Emmanuel said politely.

“Oh! I see,” he was thoughtful for a while, “Everybody, stand up.”

They glanced at themselves and quickly stood up.

“Thank you, sir,” they chorused in a disorderly manner.

“Emm… you people have a good president. Thank God for that one,” Pastor Ajayi said with a sober smile.

“Yes, sir. Thank God!” Matthew quickly said.

“And… Pastor Emmanuel, don’t be a soft person. You need to be hard on people so that they will not end up the way your Brother Moses has ended. Are you hearing me?” Pastor Ajayi ordered.

“Yes, sir,” Emmanuel respectfully said.

“Bring Moses into my car. Let us take him to the school health centre,” Pastor Ajayi ordered.

“Thank you, sir,” Emmanuel was about to enter inside.

“No! Let Daniel and someone else bring him into the car, you will be in charge of how every other person will get to their various homes.”

“Okay, sir,” Emmanuel said with a bow.

“Though, if you people want to say anything to him, you can. I will be waiting for you people in the car,” Pastor Ajayi said calmly.

Okay, sir,” Emmanuel said.

They trooped in one by one in an orderly manner.

“Fiona, let us talk,” Pastor Ajayi suddenly said.

“Oh… okay,” she left the queue of people entering inside Moses’ room.

“Come closer to me,” Pastor Ajayi said.

She obeyed.

“Tell me everything that happened,” he requested.

“Okay, sir,” she said in a whisper.

“Back in those days when Pastor Richard was president, he used to preach about a lot of things, but he was very hard on legalism, he preached the message of love and grace in a new dimension to us…” she began to narrate her story.

Back to the past.

2 years ago.

It was a buzzing Sunday service, the auditorium was packed to the full, Pastor Richard was preaching fervently on the altar.

“You need to repent from the laws of men,” he preached charismatically.

“Ride on, Pastor!” a member happily shouted.

“Who said kissing is a sin? Show me where hugging is a sin in the Bible? These are the laws of men and not the commandments of God!” he preached with fervency, speaking in tongues intermittently.

Shouts of joy began to erupt from the congregation.

“You can touch for as long as it doesn’t lead to fornication!” he said fierily.

“Rhema!” another member shouted happily.

“Ride on, pastor!” another member shouted joyfully.

Back to the present.

“We all assimilated it happily—" she said soberly.

“Except Pastor Emmanuel,” Pastor Ajayi said thoughtfully.

“Hmm… yes, sir. He has always been the weird… but special one,” she said with a downcast look.

“Then, what happened?” he asked.

“Papa… I mean Pastor Benjamin continued from where he stopped, and the results of those messages made my desires overrule my thinking… Then, I met a young man named Bode who deceived me,” she explained in the best way she could.

The brethren came out of the room, with Daniel and Allison helping Moses on his feet and assisting him with the intent of taking him to Pastor Ajayi’s car.

“You deceived yourself. So, a young man named Bode is responsible for this?” Pastor Ajayi said sternly.

“Yes, sir,” she replied shyly.

Daniel and Allison stood by the side of Pastor with a sickly Moses not knowing what to do next.

“Take him to the car, I will come and join you people very soon,” he ordered.

*Okay, sir,” Daniel and Allison chorused.

They obeyed.

“Pastor Emmanuel, coordinate your executives to wait for me outside the gate,” Pastor Ajayi said.

“Noted, sir,” Emmanuel said and went towards the gate.

They all followed Emmanuel outside, leaving Fiona alone with Pastor.

“Sister Fiona, what is your plan now?” Pastor Ajayi seemed softer this time.

“I plan to defer a semester, sir,” she said with a bit of doubt.

“Defer a session, and even if I do not discipline anyone, you need to stay away from administrative duties for now. Your soul before the work. Do you understand?” he seemed to be emotionless but instructive.

“Yes, sir,” she replied.

The sound of chattering increased outside the gate.

“God will help you in Jesus name.”

“Amen, sir!”

“Let us go home,” he said with a little thoughtful look.

“Okay, sir,” she answered.

He stood up calmly and headed for the gate and she followed him soberly.

12

**

In the church auditorium, after the Sunday service, the Executives were having a meeting.

“We will go back to that market for a comeback crusade. Are we together?” Emmanuel said.

“Yes, sir,” they chorused.

“I perceive the stirring of the Spirit. There will be a rain of the Spirit in Jesus name!” Emmanuel prayed loudly.

“Amen!” they chorused.

**

At the market.

It was the early hours of the evening, each of the executives preached to each person by pairing themselves up. Emmanuel and Daniel ministered to man who held his child who was an imbecile.

“Sir, I want you to let Jesus change your life,” Emmanuel preached to him.

“Thanks. I am a faithful follower of Jesus,” he said and cleaned the spit that fell freely from his son’s mouth with his handkerchief.

“That’s great to know, sir. Em…” Emmanuel looked at his son with compassion, “What is his name?”

“Ezekiel,” the father answered.

“He is an amazing boy,” Emmanuel said lovingly.

Daniel smiled cheerfully at Emmanuel for his affectionate remarks, Emmanuel held the boy by his face affectionately, while the spit began to fall freely. Meanwhile, his wife began to come out of the pharmacy in the campus market.

“Can I pray for your son?” Emmanuel asked.

“Yes, you can,” the father answered.

His wife tapped his shoulder.

“Oh! My sweet is here,” the father said with a smile to his wife.

“Let’s go home, dear,” his wife spoke softly.

“I am sorry, my brother. But we have to go home now,” the father spoke kindly.

“But, sir—” Emmanuel seemed a little upset.

He is healed. Tell him.

“Sir, he is healed,” Emmanuel said with a bit of confidence.

“Amen!” the couple chorused, as they left.

A market woman observed that the boy had stopped drooling abruptly.

“Hey! Pastor, God has answered your prayer, oh!” the market woman said gladly.

“Eh!” Emmanuel and Daniel turned their attention to her and quickly turned to look at the boy.

His gait was normal, and his mother was surprised.

“Wait a second!” the father said and squatted.

His dad observed him closely.

I will draw all men to myself.

“Daddy, I am hungry,” Ezekiel said with clarity.

His father fell on his knees and carried his son up joyfully. His mother jumped happily shouting, “Thank you, Jesus!”

People began to gather at the scene in their numbers.

Victor was close-by, he quickly turned it into an afternoon cry.

“Repent for the kingdom of God is at hand,” he shouted. “Jesus loves you!”

People began to pray, joy was stirred up within Emmanuel and many began to sing songs of praises to God as led by Emmanuel.

“Praise the Lord! Halle!”

“Hallelujah!”

“Lift Him up! Halle!”

“Hallelujah!”

The crowd completed the song.

**

Some minutes later.

Each of the marketers and buyers went to their respective places with hope in their hearts, singing with joy. Meanwhile, Daniel and Emmanuel escorted the joyful couple and their son back to the car.

“We promise to attend your church from now on,” the mother said excitedly.

“Which church do you attend?” the father asked.

“DCCF, sir,” Emmanuel answered, then added, “What matters most sir is don’t stop following Jesus no matter what.”

“Thank you, Pastor. Let us give you something,” she said cheerfully.

“No, ma!” Emmanuel and Daniel chorused. Then, continued, “Thank you, sir and ma.”

They started to leave.

“Come, come! Give me your contact, Pastor… what is your name again?” the father asked.

“Emmanuel, sir.”

“Pastor Emmanuel, and…”

“Daniel, sir.”

“Give me your contacts, please. We need to talk.”

They nodded their heads happily.

**

The following Saturday.

It was morning, the executives were at an orphanage, ministering to the children.

“God has promised in His word that He will never leave you nor forsake you. Everyone say I am not alone!” Emmanuel spoke affectionately to the children.

“I am not alone!” the children answered simultaneously.

“Say it again!”

“I am not alone.”

“Say the Father is with me!”

“The Father is with me.”

“Say the Son is with me.”

“The Son is with me.”

“Say the Spirit is with me.”

“The Spirit is with me.”

“Begin to pray to God now.”

The children obeyed.

“Holy Spirit, fill this place,” Emmanuel said and stretched his hand over the children, the Holy Spirit descended on them like a still and gentle wind and they began to speak in new tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

**

Few hours later.

The executives presented the gifts they had brought for the people in the orphanage.

“The Lord has commanded us not to forget orphans and widows in their troubles and we have come today to offer these in obedience to His commands,” Emmanuel said happily.

“Thank you very much! DCCF people! God bless you all in Jesus name! Amen!” a principal official responded with great gratitude.

The executives and the staff of the orphanage home took pictures together like a family.

**

Later in the evening,

The executives did a prayer walk into the school campus all the way from the school gate to the hostels area of the school.

**

The following Monday evening, Peter, Daniel, Emmanuel, Tony, Nathan and a few choristers began to gather equipments for a little concert at the bus stop. Nathan played the saxophone, while Daniel tried to act as a backup singer for Peter. One of the choristers played the drum set, while Tony and the rest helped to set up a makeshift platform, then prayed behind the scene.

“Praising the Lord always! Praising the Lord always! Praising the Lord with all my heart! Praising the Lord with all my heart always!” Peter sang to the best of his ability.

After the song was repeated twice, some people began to come around to see what was really happening. It was at that point that point that Peter began to preach with fervency.

“Repent from the kingdom of God is at hand! Jesus loves you! Tomorrow may be too late! Tomorrow may not come! And tomorrow is not yours! If you want to be saved today…” Peter preached passionately.

But the people began to leave when they heard what he was trying to say.

“…tell Jesus to change your life, do not hide any single detail of your sins to Him and ask for His forgiveness! He will forgive you! Let Jesus change your life for good! Pray!” Peter preached with urgency in his voice.

Only one person listening to him out of the two people remaining prayed.

Meanwhile, passers-by glanced at them as they went their way.

“It is time for a shift!” Emmanuel said with power and climbed the makeshift stage, while Peter got down.

“In the name of Jesus, let there be an abundance of the rain of the Spirit!” he prayed and began to speak in tongues.

Suddenly, there was a spark of lightning and thunder in the clear blue sky, the two people began to speak in tongues fervently. A student approaching a bus with her crutches, suddenly entered the bus without using the crutches, amazing the others who wanted to enter after her. Commotion began to break out in the bus stop.

“It is a lie!” One of the students shouted out of surprise.

“Madam, your crutches are on the floor!” a student seated by the entrance in the bus said.

“Oh! Please help me to pick them!” the affected student (Bella) responded.

“They are not for her now! There is nothing wrong with her legs!” another man that noticed what happened shouted.

Bella stepped out, picked them up and was about to rely on them, when someone approached the bus and saw her standing straight and steady.

“Bella, you can walk?” her friend said.

“No! I…” she noticed everyone stared at her in wonder.

“What happened? Did I poop—” she seemed to not understand what was happening.

“Bella, how?” her friend asked with great amazement.

Her friend leaped on her excitedly.

“Oh my God! Is this real?” Bella took few steps away from her friend very carefully, trying her best and began to run around excitedly.

As the people around the buses wondered why people were chattering, another shout was heard from someone near the place where the Executives were praying!

“I can see!” the person shouted repeatedly and excitedly with all his heart.

Those who had seen the healing of the crippled lady quickly ran to were the shout was coming from and began to speak in tongues. One of them that had just started speaking in tongues suddenly joined the shouting of joy!

Soon, the whole place was filled with people seeking for signs and wonders.

In the hostels area, someone quickly rushed into the one of the block of rooms, shouting tirelessly, “Bring yourself to the bus stop if you need a miracle right now!”

The information spread through the school like wildfire! When Emmanuel opened his eyes, he saw the throng of people that gathered ad were still gathering and praying. That was when he quickly tapped on Peter, Nathan, Tony and Daniel, then quickly ran away. The four brothers quickly followed him all the way to the DCCF auditorium not knowing what he meant.

**

Few minutes later.

At the DCCF auditorium.

“I cannot feel my heart… again!” Tony said exhaustedly.

“President why did you run like that?” Nathan said panting heavily.

“I feel so tired!” Daniel nearly slumped but held the pillar to support himself.

“I felt inspired to run away that is why,” Emmanuel answered plainly.

“Ah!” The four brothers chorused.

“There is about to be—” Emmanuel tried to explain his action.

The revival has started!

“Guys, let us trek home today. The revival has started,” Emmanuel said with great graveness in his voice.

“The great awakening!” Peter said with a face filled with hope.

**

Some minutes later, they trekked to the bus stop and saw a massive crowd scattered around the makeshift stage praying fervently, all the buses in around that place were parked. Only few vehicles still moved on the road.

“God is great!” Peter and Tony exclaimed.

“Jesus has already said it,” Emmanuel said with a satisfied smile.

“I will draw all men to myself!” Daniel said with sobriety.

Emmanuel turned away and began to trek home and the four brothers followed him out of the campus.

“Peter, Tony, Daniel and Nathan won’t you go back to your hostels?” he asked as he trekked.

“We want to have what you have!” Daniel said.

“Yeah!” Nathan, Tony and Peter coincidentally said.

“And you will get it! God will do it!” as Emmanuel responded to their request the sun began to set beautifully over the campus.

13

**

The next day, it was a beautiful morning, in the final year class of Medical Rehabilitation students, Prof. Ignatius had just finished his lectures and he was arranging what he brought to the class in such a way that he could easily pack them. The class representative stood up to help him.

“Finally, before I leave,” he glanced at the class representative. “Class Rep, sit down!”

The class representative obeyed promptly.

“I want to announce to you all that this is the last lecture for the semester!”

The class responded with shouts of excitement.

“With me, okay? You may still have other lectures with your other lecturers,” he said with a dismissal tone and a few of them giggled.

“I want to say something that has been in my heart for a while now. Where is that pastor that refused to kiss a beautiful damsel in my class?” Prof. Ignatius looked around the class.

The class was grave silent.

“I remember his name! Aha! Your charms cannot work! Emmanuel! Where are you? Come out now!” he ordered after laughing a little.

No one stood up.

“Good! I remember his surname now! Emmanuel Babalola! If you do not—” he barked his order furiously.

Emmanuel quickly stood up and sighed deeply before going out and standing in front of everyone in the class, he faced the lecturer with a cold stare.

“You must hate me now, isn’t it?” Prof. Ignatius said with a smile.

Emmanuel was silent, the whole class barely murmured under their breath.

“Come up higher, my friend,” Prof. Ignatius said nicely and the class was taken aback, including Emmanuel.

Emmanuel obeyed hesitantly.

“Face everyone,” he ordered.

He obeyed, while Prof. Ignatius placed his hand on Emmanuel like one would to a son.

“I want to say that in my whole life, I have never met a man that fears God like him amongst—” he was saying, and the whole class suddenly became ecstatic.

Every student in the class started clapping for Emmanuel excitedly and shouting cheers of joy.

Prof. Ignatius waited for the claps and cheer to subside before he continued.

“Now, I must confess, he is a true pastor! I can see God’s hand on your life, I see your acts of turning the campus right-side up for Jesus from the market to the bus stop. I am a pastor, do you know? Prof. Ignatius spoke like a father.

The class said a lot of “Hmms...”

“I know that some of you won’t believe me. Anyway, I have decided to give you a whole 40 marks as a—” Prof. Ignatius was saying, but the class interrupted him again.

The whole class erupted with a joy that made some students jump out of their seats for joy. Prof. Ignatius laughed a little and continued regardless of the cheers that lingered.

“I know this is not up to double for your trouble, but please bear with me! I know that you will do well in your exams. So get ready to see 99 on your portal!”

The whole class was filled with so much cheer and shouting that Prof. Ignatius could only laugh joyfully, some ladies shouted for joy to the point of tears. Though, Chioma hid her face because she felt ashamed. Emmanuel noticed her, and Prof. Ignatius quickly noticed that Emmanuel had his eyes on her.

“Quiet everyone!” Prof. Ignatius barked the order.

Within few minutes, all the cheer had subsided. He signaled the class representative to come up to the stage, and he promptly obeyed.

“Look for the main list in this file and add plus 40 to Emmanuel’s matric number.”

They clapped for Emmanuel excitedly this time around, while the class representative obeyed the instruction from Prof. Ignatius.

“What about the lady that wanted to kiss our fine pastor?” Prof. Ignatius said with a grin.

One student said one thing, another student simultaneously said another thing, and commotion began to set in.

“Enough!” he barked!

And peace settled in the class within few minutes once again.

“Pastor Emmanuel, what do we do?” he asked nicely.

“Sir, please give her some marks for the trauma!” he said with a little reluctance.

The shouts of cheer began again, Prof. Ignatius ignored the cheer and continued to converse with Emmanuel.

“10 marks would do, right?” he asked.

“Sir, please make it 20,” Emmanuel said nervously.

The whole class became silent instantly out of surprise.

“Done!” Prof. Ignatius said with a smile.

The class cheerfully scattered.

“Class representative, do the same. I mean, add 20 to Chioma's matric number!” Prof. Ignatius said regardless of the shouts.

“Noted, sir,” the class representative answered.

“Have you done Emmanuel’s own?” he asked the class representative firmly.

“Yes, sir,” he quickly put the +20 at the front of Chioma’s matric number and gave the list to him.

“Class, what do we say?” The class representative quickly said.

“Thank you, sir!” Every student in the class said happily.

Prof. Ignatius left the class with a happy face.

As soon as he left, Joshua quickly started chanting, “Chioma’s husband!” and the whole class followed his example except for Daniel and Evelyn who laughed cheerfully while enjoying the show, then Emmanuel who still stood on the stage, surprised at what had just taken place.

Joshua and some students brought Chioma from her seat as she cried tears of joy all the way to Emmanuel as he stood on the stage.

“Sister Chioma, take heart, stop crying,” he said with empathy.

“Pastor, God answers prayers,” she said amidst the tears.

He wanted to hug her but quickly restrained himself and stretched his hand for a shake instead, but she quickly hugged him affectionately while saying, “Thank you, Jesus.” Emmanuel’s response was very shy, but the class applauded the both of them happily and shouted more cheerfully.

“Thanks for being a faithful soldier for Jesus,” she said as she withdrew from him.

“Yeah. That is the motto, Always Faithful. That has been my personal motto for my relationship with God,” he said with a bit of graveness.

She nodded her head, smiled, left the stage and hugged Evelyn who was now close by.

“Thank you, Jesus,” Evelyn said with a smile, while others had turned to their various cliques discussing about what just happened in the class.

**

The following Sunday.

Emmanuel was sleeping soundly, the phone alarm rang, it showed 7 am. He turned to the other side of the bed instead.

The sun shone brightly in the clear blue sky, the ground was totally dry with cracks visibly seen on them, and students surrounded the DCCF Auditorium looking tired and frustrated, holding empty vessels in their hands, looking up at the sky with a blank and frustrated look. Emmanuel was in the midst of all of them, he knelt down and prayed.

“God remember us! Oh! Lord visit your people again! Send down the rain of your Spirit in your mercy,” he prayed passionately.

He bowed his head down and prayed in tongues.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Soon, a little cloud appeared in the sky, suddenly the whole sky was filled with dark clouds, wind began to blow, people began to look at the sky with hope-filled eyes. Rain began to fall heavily, the students began to rejoice as they received the water that fell into their containers. Emmanuel stared at the sky happily.

“Thank you, Lord,” he said with a grateful heart.

As he thanked the Lord, his eyes began to glow, he saw that the rain falling on the people made them to glow as they rejoiced. He seemed to see into the future, the students in the lecture halls rejoiced, the students in the hostels rejoiced, the lame in the campus walked, the blind began to see, the deaf began to hear, the dumb began to speak and light overwhelmed everyone in the campus. Every ground became green with pastures!

“Hallelujah!” Emmanuel shouted in the dream and instantly woke up from his sleep still shouting.

“This alarm did not even ring… at all!” he said and checked the time on his phone, it showed 7.25 am.

“7.25! Ah! I am late! God help your son!” he said quickly as he sprang up from his bed.

**

Some minutes later.

In the DCCF auditorium, in the Sunday service, Victor and Daniel sat in the seats for ministers on the stage, the students in the pew paid close attention as Emmanuel preached fervently.

“Praise the Lord!” Emmanuel shouted.

“Hallelujah!” the congregation responded.

“We must be vigilant as soldiers in God’s army! If you forget anything in today’s message, don’t ever forget this! You are in the Lord’s army! You have a responsibility and you cannot afford to lose. Amen!”

“Amen!” the church replied.

“Giants die! Giant-killers live forever. Learn from David, God established an eternal covenant with him and his generation forever. Learn from Joshua and Caleb, giants are bread for giant-killers. Learn from Jesus, be lowly-minded,” he explained.

Emmanuel continued “Praise the Lord!”

“Hallelujah!” the church answered.

“In all that you have achieved in life and ministry, be small in your own eyes. Do you hear me?”

*Yes, sir,” a few people responded.

“I said, do you hear me?”

“Yes, sir!” the church chorused.

“Be small in your own eyes, so that God will lift you up in due time. Giants do die… it is not a bad thing to have kingdom giants. For me, the acknowledgement of yourself as a spiritual giant is a sign that you have failed. Ask Uzziah and Herod, they will tell you their story! Pride is not good. Say, I will be a giant-killer!”

“I will be a giant-killer!” they all chorused.

“God can make you a giant. But the goal is not you! Never forget, it is not about me, but it is about Christ and His children. When you call in His name, and you stand on His word, evil giants against your life will die in Jesus name.”

“Amen!” the church replied.

“The giants of lust, envy, strife, bitterness and every form of evil will die right now in Jesus name!” he prayed passionately.

“Amen!” they screamed passionately.

“Learn from David and Goliath. Giants boasts. Giant-killers pray. Giants always fall, the bigger they are, the greater their fall. Giant-killers, on the other hand, they rise, because everything that happens to them works for their good. I count all things as loss, but this one thing I follow after, and it is to see Christ glorified. One thing is needful, to learn at the feet of Jesus. Philippians 3vs13-14 says it better. Let us open our Bibles,” he said and began to flip his own Bible open.

The congregation opened to the place he requested.

“It says, Phil.3.13 Now, dear brothers and sisters, I am still not all I should be, but I am focusing all my energies on this one thing: Forgetting the past and looking forward to what lies ahead, I strain to reach the end of the race and receive the prize for which God, through Christ Jesus, is calling us up to heaven. I want to you to rise up on your feet and pray!”

Begin to thank the Lord for who you are in Christ!

“Let us begin to thank the Lord!” he began to pray.

They stood up on their feet and began to offer thanksgiving to the Lord.

“We bless you Lord, you are holy!” he said, and the congregation began to sing the song.

“Thank the Lord for who you are in Christ!” he urged.

Some still sang the song to the Lord, while others had begun to thank God for their identity in Christ Jesus.

Begin to ask for mercy.

“Let us begin to pray for mercy. Pray for the Son of David to have mercy on us! In the name of Jesus!” Emmanuel ministered.

The prayer tempo began to increase in the church.

Ask God to make you usable.

“In Jesus name, we pray!”

“Amen!

“I want you to know that if God must use you, then you must be the right material for God to use. Stop praying for God to use you, it is a good prayer. But the best thing is, pray for God to make you usable. Once you are usable, God will automatically use you,” he cleaned his face with his handkerchief.

“Pray this prayer with all your heart, God make me usable! In the name of Jesus!”

The congregation continued to pray fierily, while Emmanuel handed over to Daniel and left the altar.

**

Few hours later.

In the president's office, Emmanuel was seated looking sleepy, after dozing a few times, he slept off.

A light-brown complexioned lady seated in a garden, smiled cheerfully, then shyly. Suddenly, she was dressed in a wedding gown, smiling cheerfully and taking different poses while seated with cheerful smiles.

This is your beautiful wife.

Knocks on the door of the office woke him up from his sleep.

"Oh-oh!" he said as he rubbed his eyes, "why not Chioma?" he said to himself, then shouted, "Who is that? Come in."

The lady entered the office looking tired and confused. As she entered, he saw the striking resemblance of the lady and the person he just saw in the dream. It seemed like she was going to faint at any moment.

"Good afternoon, sir," she said and held his table for support.

"Who are you? And what can I do for you?" he said with some much gentleness while hiding the tension he greatly felt on the inside.

She sighed, nearly lost hold of the table when she tried to speak.

"Sit down, my sister," he said compassionately.

She sat down calmly.

"My name is Priscilla Nneka Kalu, and I need your help," she said with an exhausted look, rested her hands on the table and laid her head on them.

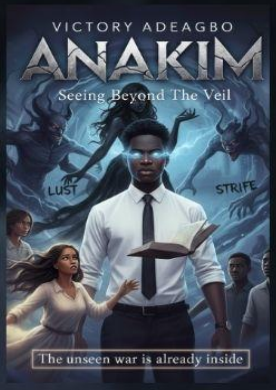
Emmanuel was a bit bewildered.

Is she not beautiful?

"God, what is happening?" he said within himself.

She raised her head up, stared at him tiredly for a while, "Please, help me."

TO BE CONTINUED!



ANAKIM

ABOUT THE BOOK

Deut.9.2 A people great and tall, the children of the Anakims, whom thou knowest, and of whom thou hast heard say, Who can stand before the children of Anak! (KJV)

Emmanuel, who longed for rest in his final year, is suddenly appointed as the new DCCF President. This divine choice ignites a firestorm of division and rebellion among his own executives, who view him as "cold" and "powerless," believing a more charismatic leader should have been chosen. Will the reluctant president rise to conquer the towering Anakim, or will the forces of Lust, Strife, and Envy tear the fellowship apart?

READ THE BOOK TITLED ANAKIM TODAY.

Author: Victory Adeagbo

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KINDLY SHARE WITH OTHERS AFTER READING, GOD BLESS YOU.