



# NEW CREATION MINISTRIES KIGALI, RWANDA

## TESTIMONY OF JOHN HAMENYIMANA

**THIRD-YEAR STUDENT IN THE PASTORAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF NEW CREATION MINISTRIES IN RWANDA  
HE IS FROM THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH**

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My name is John Hamenyimana. I'm a pastor with the Free Methodist church in Rwanda. I lead a church in Nkombo, Cyangugu.

I was born in Bugarama [extreme SW Rwanda] into a pagan family. My father and uncles and grandfathers were witch doctors. Growing up we had a spirit shrine in the yard. Each evening papa would take us children into that shrine with a small gourd filled with banana wine and a plate with food for the spirits. He'd take a type of straw and sprinkle wine from the gourd into the four corners of the little house. He'd say these words as he did it, "Father, protect these children; bless them." He'd lift each of us up in turn saying our names.

One day an evangelist came to our house. He asked that we repent. Papa told him that he would not leave his "work" nor leave his wine. But he could take our mother and us children. So we began attending church.

About that time I began studying in primary school. I learned how to read and write. When I finished primary school I wanted to continue on at the Christian highschool in our area at Kibogora. I studied there for three years. During those three years my family met with a huge problem. The people of Bugarama are pagans and filled with jealousy. Whenever a child was sent to secondary school they would try to kill him. In that jealousy they put a spell of sorcery on my mother, called "ibitega". It makes a person crazy. Papa tried every way to heal her – he used all his money on seeking a cure. When I needed money to continue school, there was none left to pay my school fees [secondary school is not free in Rwanda].

I explained to the school this problem, hoping that they might find some sort of help or scholarship for me. But they said, "This son of a pagan family, nothing good will come of putting our money into him. He'll use his education to help his pagan family and probably turn back to paganism himself." This caused me to turn against the church.

I got a job in a store called Trafipro as an accountant. This further drove me from the church because those around me were always drinking and smoking. Through this job I got money to continue to try to treat my mother. I paid many witch doctors to try to heal her, but none could. But it was through my mother's sickness that I came to be saved and truly know Jesus.

My mother was sick for 17 years with the sorcery called "ibitega". We just kept her at home all the time. One day an evangelist came from the Congo to the church who claimed to pray for all the sick and they'd be healed. So I took my mother there to try and see if prayer could heal her.



The man began to pray for the sick, there were many there. He raised his hand and prayed. I looked and saw mother begin to shake. It was like something was moving her all around and lifting her up. She began to cry out. The man continued to pray, saying, "God, reveal your strong hand if you have indeed called me!"

After a bit the demons began to speak revealing their secrets. They said they came from a man who is my uncle, my father's brother. They said that the reason others could not get rid of them is that they did not know the source of the sorcery. They told us that the source was buried under the roots of an avocado tree in our yard.

Immediately we got some workers to cut down the tree and dig it up. Digging under the roots they found a bottle filled with charms of sorcery: a piece of clothing my mother used to wear, some of her hair, some skin and bones of some kinds of animals. We gave that bottle to the evangelist. He prayed over it and then threw it in the pit toilet. From that moment on my mother was well and has never been afflicted again!

I told the evangelist that if my mother should continue free of demons, well, in her right mind for at least two months, I would commit myself to serve the Lord. After three months, seeing that my mother continued to be well, I committed myself to the Lord, repenting before him. That was in 1991.

After two years, in 1993, the Spirit of the Lord revealed himself to me in the form of a son of man standing in a circle of light like the sun. He was together with 12 white children wearing white robes. They seemed to be around 12 years old. He came and opened his hands to me and told me he was pleased that I had repented and turned to him. The 12 children also praised me for repenting. Then my Lord lifted me up as if I were a small child, up above his head. I didn't know at that time that he was filling me with his Spirit. He put me down and they all disappeared.

Then I went outside to the outhouse. When I came back in to my bedroom, I went into some kind of trance – it was about 9PM. I fell to the floor and began to move about pulling myself along on my arms. I began to hickup badly; my nose began to run. My younger brother with whom I shared the bed, woke and saw me like that and was afraid for me! He ran out to get our mother, "Come quickly! I'm afraid that sorcery that possessed you has gotten my brother, too!"

My mother came along with my sisters. They called to me but I couldn't answer them. Mother said, "Looks like they cast a spell on him, too! Let me go find a witch doctor to treat him!" But my little sister said, "I don't think John has been caught by sorcery. You know he's been going to church and I think it's the spirits of the protestants that has got him [most people in Rwanda are nominal Catholics]. Many people go there these days and get taken by those spirits. Don't call the witch doctor. It might make those spirits angry and they could attack us all. The best thing would be to call the pastor and have him come and pray for John."

They went to get the pastor. By this time it was nearly 5AM! He came and prayed to God, "If this is of you, reveal it to be so; if it is some kind of sickness that has come upon him, reveal that to us." Immediately I came to myself and was fine. I sat in a chair and he asked me how I was. "I'm fine," I said. But then I started to shake again and a voice came from above. The pastor asked, "Who are you that is speaking?" He said, "It is I, Jesus Christ. It was I who came upon him. And from this day I have called him that we might work together."

At that point the voice revealed many secrets, gave many promises, told about things to come both regarding me and the situation of our country. The pastor wrote it all down. When the prophecy had passed, again I relaxed and we sat and talked. I washed up, drank some water and got ready for work. That is how the power of the Lord Jesus Christ began to work in me enabling me to do amazing work for him.

Here is an example of the amazing things God worked through me. My father and his brothers had medicines of sorcery that were passed on to them from their father. They used this medicine to heal. One day my father's older brother, who was the keeper of the medicine, took seriously ill. When he thought he was near death he called for me. He said to me, "My son, they have told me that you've given yourself to God. Here I have the family medicine. I've looked at all our family's children for the one to whom I can pass this medicine on to. I have found none who I feel can use it following its prescribed ways. It should have been you, as the oldest of the children. But now you've given yourself to God. If I do not pass it on to anyone it will destroy you all. Tell me, does God exist? Have you seen him?"

I said, "Yes, I know him, I've seen him."

He said, "If he really exists, can you take this medicine from us and save us all from this woe?"

I was extremely happy to hear this! Because I knew the power of the Lord was within me I said that I would do it. So he sent for the family. My father had died by then, but my other uncle, his younger brother, came. Friends were sent for; all the people that had received of that medicine in the past came. Then my elder uncle told them that he wanted to save the family from the woe of this medicine.

My younger uncle was afraid and pleaded with his brother not to do this. But my older uncle insisted that this is what he wanted to do. So they brought out all the medicines of sorcery, including two large horns of power. We lit a fire and I began to pray, "In the name of Jesus, God, if you have the power to remove from our people this woe, burn these things up in your name!" I began to shake and my arms were filled with the Spirit.

The pagans that were there began to say, "This young man will be dead by tomorrow for what he's doing! And look, he's being possessed by the spirits!" They didn't understand the Spirit that was enabling me. After I prayed I cast the medicines into the fire. The fire blazed up and burned them all. I took a shovel and put the fire out with some mud, and took the lot and threw it down the pit toilet. Then I went and prayed for my sick uncle. Before that night was over he died. We buried him the next day. But the sorcery that had plagued our family was gone!

It's a great testimony in that whole area. After that, that uncle's children and wives and grandchildren repented, turning to the Lord. I praise the Lord!

There have been other great things the Lord has done through me at the church in Bugarama I led. I prayed for a woman who had been sick for 12 years. She was demon possessed. They had taken her to Ndera, the mental hospital in Kigali, but it didn't help her. We prayed for her at the church at the demons left her and she was healed.

I've prayed for women who were barren, some for five years, some for ten. And I prayed for them and they were healed and able to bear children. I have prayed for very many sick people, too many to tell about. I thank God for the gift he's given me of preaching his word and praying for the sick for them to be healed. And when I meet with a difficult problem, I go "into the wilderness", fasting and praying. In those times of prayer the Lord has revealed himself to me three times.

From 2001 to 2005 my family went through a hard time of testing. Our leadership decided to move me to another church. My church was able to pay me 50,000FRW a month [about \$100, a very good amount for here]. They moved to to Nkombo where the church was able to give me only 3,000FRW a month [\$6].

When we got there my wife was afraid for our family of 12 kids, how we would provide for them all with 3,000FRW a month. I told her at that time to be still and know that God is with us, He will fight on our behalf. And I prayed. After one year there our church was able to pay us 25,000FRW [\$50]. I praise the Lord that this church that was not able to support its pastor is now able to pay him a liveable wage.

But we were still struggling with a lot of unmet needs. We continued to pray. In 2005 the Lord gave my wife a job as a cashier which paid 50,000FRW a month. That's 75,000FRW a month with what the church was able to give us. I told my wife, "See how the Lord provided for our needs. When one source of support was cut off he found another for us. Recently this job of my wife came to an end. But we're at peace. I know that he who got her that job can find her another. I'm standing on the faithfulness of God.

Now I'm studying at the pastor's school of NCM. I praise the Lord greatly for this. He had given me a promise since 1996 in my dreams that I would someday study. I saw myself sitting at a desk studying, writing, reading books. I could not figure out how I would ever be able to study, with my level of schooling and our lack of money. I just prayed and the Lord assured me that some day I would study and even receive a diploma.

So now I know that God answers those who pray to him. He is real, the true God. He doesn't deceive his people. Everyone who depends on him he listens to. Those who seek peace and life and a good life, let them repent and pursue God praying to him, seeking him with all their heart, and he will do it.

In finishing I ask the head of our school to pray for me that I might finish well. Thank you all.

Pastor John Hamenyimana.