

MISSIONARY

F O U N D A T I O N

Led by the Spirit

**A Testimony of Brother
Cipeng K A' Kapend
Director of The Church of Jesus
Christ – Democratic Republic of
the Congo.**

My name is Cipeng Kayemb A' Kapend. My parents and grandparents were of the Methodist faith, it being the first religious organization that entered our area during the 1920's. In our region, there were no secondary schools, so after my primary studies I had to travel more than 1,000 km to a town called Lubumbashi where I was able to enter secondary school. When I completed my fourth year in secondary school, I succeeded in opening a parish with four families and some young people of my age who had accepted to be with me. Thanks to a little experience as former president of the district of Youth For Christ, I was able to organize the parish, which grew in numbers. I also began to teach in a school.

I had a great ambition to pursue my higher education, which I did. After my studies in 1977, the same school where I had studied and worked for years called me back to work as a vice principal and coordinator of all the primary and secondary schools.

While working as the coordinator, I met a friend who invited me to a seminar to listen about some doctrinal beliefs of a group of people living in my area. I was exposed for the first time to a book called The Book of Mormon. My friend was fearful and that fear made me feel that the Book of Mormon was an evil book. I was scared! I too wanted to decline the invitation and not attend. This friend of



Worship Service in the Democratic Republic of the Congo

mine became very uneasy as he sat in the seminar and he refused to attend another meeting.

However, a certain interior voice was telling me to go there and listen. It's that inner voice that overcomes all fear. I was following all the teachings and history of Joseph Smith but I did not hear very much about The Book of Mormon. I was watching it (The Book of Mormon) with a suspicious eye as it lay on the table of the individual who was teaching. Even though it was in French, I was still afraid to touch it. And I did not want someone else to hand it to me. To top it off, it was in a black cover. It was as if its contents were also black. My fear was indescribable.

But the same spirit that told me not to fear but to heed the invitation superseded the fear. I requested a copy of The Book of Mormon. I made an immense effort to find my way to an individual who had a copy of the book. I had not touched it,

or consequently read it, but when I began to read the first page, the second, I & II Nephi, Jacob and Enos etc., I was carried away. I devoured it with eagerness like a novel, from first Nephi to Moroni. I reread it to discover the object of my fear - nothing! I loved it - The Book of Mormon! I met with a group, who like me, enjoyed reading and discussing the contents of The Book of Mormon; however I have learned by reading this sacred record, there is an opposition to everything. There began to be disputations and arguments within the group that I was meeting with. There seemed to be some of the group that were jealous because the advancement I was making in learning and teaching The Book of Mormon.

Meanwhile, on August 3, 1997, war exploded in the eastern part of our country. It began to affect the entire country. Many people lost their lives in the war, through

fighting, disease, etc. I don't recall the exact date, but my eldest son told me that he had decided to write and enquire about The Church of Jesus Christ in Monongahela, Pennsylvania, USA and that the response would not take long to arrive. For some reason time passed and we did not get an answer, so I asked him not to write anymore, that I would attempt to communicate by letter with the representatives of the Church. After I wrote inquiring about The Church of Jesus Christ, Brother Joel Gehly responded without delay. After several correspondences regarding the faith and doctrine of the Church, he invited me to meet him in Nairobi in 2003. I met him near the airport in Nairobi - he and Brother John DiBattista. They left me at the disposition of Brother Stephen Osaka, our church Director from Kenya, who after having spoke to me about the Church,

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Sister Hannah's Wonderful Testimony from Nepal

I was born in 1943 in the Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal. I was brought up into Hinduism's lowest caste as a Dalit family. (Untouchable caste—this is the lowest social class that you can be). My family background and social standing that we suffered is beyond word and thought. Economically there was no one like me. I felt myself cursed by the gods. My poverty and social class bound me as a slave to my family and society. There was no peace in me at all.

My husband was an iron smith and he had a very bad habit of drinking alcohol. Every day he would drink and every day he would beat me. There was never a day that he did not beat me. Even he used an axe to try to kill me. There is a big scar on the back of my head where he struck me with the axe. I nearly died. I spent many years having trouble from my family. So many days I did not have food to eat. There have been so many unforgettable events in my life. I tried my best for my husband to give up the bad habit of drinking. But he never did and he became the victim of death because of his drinking.

I have five children, four sons and one daughter (one son passed away). Isaac, Bal, Meena (daughter), and the youngest son Madan. When my youngest son Madan was around one year old is when my husband died. All my children were very small; Isaac and Bal were 10 and 12 years old. I was helpless and worried how I was going to feed my children. I began to work in my husband's iron smith shop and began to make knives. I worked day and night with my two oldest sons Isaac and Bal. We would take these into the villages and exchange it for maize and wheat.

We spent many years living like this. I have just explained very few things in my life. Time went by, day by day, I was a widow as a young woman and my children



Bro. Joel baptizing Sis. Hannah

were growing. My children were my joy and my pride. Even though, there was always unhappiness in my life. I began to worship deeply Shiva, and became Shaivism (a Hindu Sect). I used to fast for my happiness, I did not get happiness in my life. It did not bring peace in my heart. I again started to worship Satpal Maharaja (another Hindu sect) and still no peace. I worshiped many more gods like Ram, Sita, Krishna—and still no peace. I wandered many places and worried much in my heart what to do and where to find happiness.

Another major problem was my jungle disease which is called epilepsy. I used to fall down everyday because of this disease. Many holy men used to come and try to heal me thinking that I was possessed by Satan, but no one could heal me. I used to bite my tongue when it would happen. I have so many scars on my tongue. This way my condition and it was becoming very bad. There was continual quest in my heart to know true peace because I was a religious woman. I never gave up on my quest.

One day during Dashain Festival (a Hindu festival) I had gone to take tika (a Hindu offering) and receive a blessing from my Uncle. He was a Hindu holy man. We had to go through the very thick jungle that was full of tigers and all kinds of

animals. I had nobody to travel with me except my daughter Meena and my youngest son Madan, who was 2 yrs old at the time. I was determined to walk and I lost my way. I was lost for 3 days in the jungle. On the third day it was raining, thundering, and lightening and I didn't have anything to cover my children with. We were on top of a hill, when my son Madan rolled down to the river. I rushed down quickly to pick him up and he was on the river but there was a net of small bushes and weeds that stopped him from falling into the river and drowning. I just laid there covering my children with my own body and cried to the gods because of my pain and suffering. The whole night I spent crying and at dawn I started to walk, eventually, I made it out of the jungle. I began to thank a god that had no name for helping me.

I was always seeking peace in my life, which I couldn't find anywhere. I began to worship in another Hindu sect, Maruni—who can control Satan. I became the leader of it. I learned and I did magic in the name of Satan, but it did not bring me peace or comfort. From the beginning I used to put all my hope and faith in the worldly gods. I put my faith and worshipped the gods, like Ram, Krishna, Vishnu and all the natural things like rivers mountains rocks, and plants. I used to fast every

week for my family. However I did not have peace. I was continuously looking for peace in my life and to help the condition of my family.

One day one of my relatives from India, Sikkim came to my house. She was to take my daughter to her home in Sikkim. She said she will put her in school and she would help her in the house. I agreed to let her go. There came a Dashain and Tihar (Hindu festivals) and Hindu's custom is to unite the family. My oldest son went to Sikkim to bring my daughter back home, and we found out that she converted to Christianity. This became a great problem for me. I scolded her many times and told her to give up this religion. I asked her why she follows this western religion. We worship the cow and ox, and they eat them. It is very different from our customs and religion.

Christian people began to come to my house and taught from the bible. I still remember the verse (though I could hardly read) from Deu.8:15. When I read this verse I remembered all the events in my life and knew that God had preserved me and called me to be His. At that very moment I knelt down and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. It was in 1983. After believing in Jesus I never had epilepsy again. Not even one episode. Before knowing Jesus, I could hardly read, but then I began to read. My Lord increased my faith and eventually I could bring my all sons to Him.

This caused great trouble in my family. My own brothers and sisters stopped talking to me and would not come into my home anymore. I faced great persecution as the only Christian in my family and village. It was very hard to buy or sell anything and became hard to provide for my children, but my faith did not change. God provided and did many great things for me. I was to have an operation for a kidney stone, but I refused to take the operation and instead I prayed. The next day the doctor said the kidney stone was gone. Praise the Lord!! It was a wonderful experience in my life.

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Led by the Spirit

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baptized me on March 25, 2003. It was a joyous day for me because my natural birth was on March 25, 1952 and this new experience was as though I was born all over again 51 years later.

In August 2003, I was again invited to meet with Brother Joel in Malawi. I went there and was glad to meet Brothers Joseph Perri, Philip Arcuri, Alphonso Hopkins, and Lyle Criscuolo. It was a good two weeks stay, rich in teachings. I discovered that The Church of Jesus Christ is very different than any of the religions I had previously been associated with. I discovered that The Book of Mormon is viewed with much respect and contains many teachings. I am led by the Spirit of God that I would like to speak to the whole world about this sacred record. I burn with the desire to have a big televised conference followed by debates on The Book of Mormon. Even though in the beginning when I was introduced to it, I did not understand the real meaning of Ezekiel Chapter 37, Daniel Chapter 2, Isaiah Chapter 2 and other scriptures relating to the Apostasy and Restoration. I misunderstood the revelation of John. I never understood Revelation Chapters 12 and 14. The teachings of my brother missionaries and The Book of Mormon have revealed to me the real meaning of these scriptures. I also read many negative books that criticized Joseph Smith, but instead of being discouraged, it further confirmed when reading this sacred record that Joseph Smith was sent by God to restore His Church.

In January 2005, Brothers Joel Gehly, Mike Nuzzi, and Joseph Perri came to visit the Democratic Republic of the Congo for the first time. It was the first missionary trip to my country. I was ordained an Elder during this visit and The Church of Jesus Christ was establishment in DR Congo. Today the Church has three branches with eighty members in the town of Lubumbashi. Little by little, the work is advancing. I work to



Congo Church Building

feed my family, but I always make time to fulfill my ministerial visits, lessons, and preaching. Making the rounds of all three branches is usually done by foot because public transportation does not always exist. We desire to take the Gospel to several other areas such as Kasenga, 240 km from Lubumbashi. The war torn province of Pweto, 5 km from Lubumbashi, is where there are people who want to hear of the Restored Gospel. We

plan on reaching nearby towns and villages and later going to other provinces with the message of the Restored Gospel. The Church of Jesus Christ has brought peace and hope into our lives. We know without any doubt that Jesus Christ died to redeem our souls and we want to love, honor, and serve Him all the days of our life.

Presently we meet in homes where small rooms have been converted to serve as a place used

for worship services. One of our branches meets outside under a mango tree. We look for the day when we can construct our own church buildings in every location where the Church has a branch so we could invite more people to join in worshipping with us and listening to the Restored Gospel message. Conducting Church services in homes does not appeal to people when they are invited to come and worship God together with us. We have experienced many miracles of God's healing power and a number of baptisms. Our branches are growing in number.

We invite our Brothers and Sisters in America to pray for us that, with the help of God, we may keep our covenant with the Lord and be able to raise the standard of the Gospel a little higher for others to see. Many difficulties are also experienced in life and God is the only one that can help and to see us through. Please remember to keep us in your daily prayers.

May God richly
bless each of you.

Brother Cipeng K A' Kapend

MF

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

MISSIONARY

F O U N D A T I O N

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*"What shall I render unto
the Lord for all his
benefits toward me?"*

PSALMS 116:12

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Sister Hannah's Wonderful Testimony

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In the year 2003, my sons urged me to have fellowship in my house with certain men that they met. It was there that I met Bro. Joel Gehly and Bro. Phil Jackson of The Church of Jesus Christ. There was fellowship in my house and I was taught by Brothers Joel and Phil about the true Church of Jesus Christ, where all the functions (ordinances) are performed as Jesus taught. I knew I had to be baptized again for the true salvation and I was baptized by Bro. Joel Gehly on July 16th 2003 at the Kalikhola River, Budhabare, Jhapa, Nepal. After my baptism, I continually have been involved in the true fellowship. I am blessed through the true Gospel of Restoration where I have realized wonderful

fellowship and the Agape love of my brothers and sisters. Now I am sure that God has written my name in His Book of Life. And God has given me the responsibilities as a deaconess, even in my old age. It is my privilege in Him.

No matter what difficulties I may go through, I know my Lord will be there always to help me. I am determined to serve my Lord and Savior Jesus from the bottom of my heart and I will always make an effort to tell people about the True Salvation that we get in Jesus only through The FULLNESS OF THE GOSPEL in The Church of Jesus Christ.

Sister Hanna B.K.
Age 65
Office- Deaconess
The Church of Jesus Christ
Budhabare , Nepal

This is the wonderful testimony of our beloved Sis. Hannah. I pray that as you read this you can feel

the same powerful Spirit I felt when I heard her tell this to me. I am very happy to say that two of her sons are ministers and one is a teacher in The Church. We had the wonderful blessing to ordain our wonderful sister as a deaconess September 2005. I will never forget when we interviewed Sister Hannah—she said she is willing to serve Jesus until the day she dies. What a powerful spirit filled the room.

There are many struggles and obstacles for the Church in Nepal. Our biggest struggle is to have a consistent place of worship. As we try to rent, the landlords receive complaints of allowing Christians and we are forced to move. The saints in Nepal need a place of their own to worship. They need a place where they can stand and give testimony, a place where communion can be served, and a place where the Gospel can be preached with power and authority.

May God bless you as you pray and remember the needs of your brothers and sisters in Nepal.

Faithfully submitted in
the Love of Jesus Christ,
Evangelist Anthony Ricci

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