

How did I transformed my pains into strenghts and blessings ?

When my parents rejected me, I began to be a soldier of the Devil. When I got converted to Christ, I was a soldier of the Lord... but later did my spiritual family in Christ made me realize that I am accepted as the beloved of the Lord. I am now part of the ecclesia : a warrior-bride.

At the age of about 18, when the police accused me of driving with cannabis in St-Lazarre, the police cared little about my mental state but were very zealous to stop me, brew me in the back of an entire field that crosses a wheat field. Since my own mother worked for the SQ, I slowly understood that I would have more care and attention in accepting the yoke of companies in Quebec than staying home to make me whine (pity) after. In 1999, when I arrived in Montreal for tanks to study, the city of Montreal stuck me so many parking tikets that I had to leave my good old Honda Civic forever ... that allowed me to to learn to walk with the Lord and to take advantage of the scalp rams of the leviathanic train to carry me and train me to the best high prophetic prayer halls of the Toronto blessing set up in revival-fighting units at the marvelous downtown Montreal.

In 2003, when, without warning, before finishing my 2nd week of being hired, I was kicked out of Pazazz, the printer, as a fresh Graphic Graduate in one of the best institution in this area ... it has allowed me to increase my ability to accept the rejection of secular

wisdom from below, to humiliate myself and be discreet about my assets or attractions, to achieve my poverty of character as well as my lack of general education as well as appreciate my own intrinsic ability to apply what I learned in graphic software. After being denied access to the Master's degree and found myself on social assistance, I developed the ability to resist poverty and inspire others to educate themselves and develop their skills despite the fact that help or support and see where they can look to access their blessing and find hope for a future full of success knowingly, ie whose source is love.

When I was hospitalized because a student told me about security for moving her scholarship into a music practice cubicle, it allowed me to understand the medical prisoner or the point of view. a patient who has been put in arrest as well as those in pain with the stigmatization of mental health problems and to be able to appreciate my social statue of inhabitant at its fair value.

Having watched several departments go bankrupt, I learned to love hatred and give in exchange for nothing and especially to appreciate the people and departments who have acquired a solid foundation in speech and who in turn help others to memorize and take root in the tangible and intimate knowledge of the word of God.

Despite the fact that Vincent (a professor in the field of computer physics 'CART 360' at Concordia) humiliated me by filming me when I explained with difficulty what my project session was all about and psychologically destroyed me by treating me as less than nothing, I know that God had prepared a brilliant plan for me that will surpass all the physical applications that the

transformation of my worshiper's heart can bring to the spiritual state of the nations in the earth. This plan includes seeking the voice of God for a mutant community, finding the direction of the prayer symphony and musical orchestra to lead each individual into the realm of influence allotted by the Lord, and to release with power other disciples to let go of their own vision. The electroacoustic trumpet that a young student will propose to design for the assembly will trump a sound that will bring a great grace from the Lord to bring abundance of life to them.

When the church of the prophet Assie closed, he seized my Saxophone. I learned to trust God and forgive (and remember that) the lack of management and ignorance of the pastoral ministry of the prophets in general (is common).

When I abandoned my cellular network in 2017, after more than 26 years of mobile phone and about 10 years of texting, I stopped disrupting my friends with my gospel announcement campaigns by texting to better my evangelical approach and to question my motives for sharing - if what I have at heart is relevant to the person and if my own personal position in the face of the word will interfere with God's position in the life of my target audience.

