

New Age Experiences in Spiritual Warfare

Damian

This is a Non fiction account of spiritual warfare. A story of the battle that exists between good and evil within our lives. It contains true experiences of exorcisms, near death experiences, witchcraft, sorcery and many other new age events. This true-life story is presently being reviewed to be made into a movie format for all to enjoy and you now have the privilege of getting a sneak peak.

*Names were changed to protect individuals' identities

Part 1: Birth to death

My story must start when I was a baby. It seems the spirit world always had a strong desire for me. I was a fairly difficult child to conceive, but was born in Kingston Jamaica June 25 1976. I also had grand-mal seizures when I was still a baby (that will play a part in my story later).

Shortly after I was born one of my many uncles fell deeply in love with me. He was at that point unable to conceive of a child himself and in a way I became like his own son. He spent hours with me day after day. Rocking me, talking to me, or just observing my movements as I learned how to operate in this strange world. Others at that time would also see a unique calling on me and mention it to my parents I still don't really know why. As I said before, Glen (my uncle) was a man who desperately wanted a son and could not have one. He was also deathly afraid of planes, and rightfully so. Within only a few months of my birth he was killed on impact when one of his planes Collided into the side of the Blue Mountain. Death was instantaneous. My immediate family and I knew he was dead long before dental records identified his body because his "Spirit" would knock on the front door and ask my mother if he could see me one last time. My mother diligently argued with him every night and refused to let him in the house for weeks, but eventually she gave in and let him in once to observe me in my sleep. (If this seems far fetched wait until you hear the rest of my story. This is just the beginning). After a period that night, my mom encouraged him to leave and would not let him in again. He still showed up every night until my mother and a few friends resolved the situation by encouraging him to "move into the light" and not listen to his fears surrounding it. Glen was not Christian and he was never seen again after that day. – 1976

As I grew up, strange things continued to happen. I had a familiar spirit that I would share my toys with. I remember she was a little girl who always wore the same dress every day. She was pretty quiet and easy to get along with. When

the house was quiet I would also consistently hear voices calling my name. I remember my mother bathing me one day in the tub when shivers and deep fear permeated my body as I heard a cast of familiar voices saying slowly, ominously, and persistently. Damian..... Damian..... Damian..... It was almost like a demonic horror flick. I was only two years old, and deathly afraid of what stood around the corner. My mother comforted me.

We soon moved to Canada (for political reasons) and as I grew a little older I began honing my clairvoyant giftings by doing exercises like having my younger brother Chad flip a coin and predicting what face would show. Within a short time my accuracy grew to about 78 – 95%. For the first 30 flips I was 95% accurate then as I fatigued it reduced to about 78%. I always won at poker. I knew when to risk, but could not fully read the cards. I never played the odds. I played intuition. When I flipped dice, I could manipulate which side faced up. I could read half a deck of cards by the time I was in college. The list goes on but I will stop there.

As I grew up I also felt the strong protection of Gods hand on my life. For instance when I was about seven years old I was breaking rules by scaling a rock cliff over 100 ft tall. At the base of the cliff was treacherous swift running water. About half way trough my trip I found myself standing on a thin ledge and falling back with nothing to grab on to. When I reached the point of balance where I knew I was going to fall and there was no hope, I felt a strong gust of wind and was pushed safely back onto the rock face. The people I was with were astonished. I felt the hand of God holding me there. Protecting me. Because of this experience, I quickly Became an "adrenaline junkie" and have the scars to prove it. I should be dead many times over from some of the stunts I have pulled, but deep down I knew that God would protect me; and he always has. I entered into two fights in grade school. I had a fairly wimpy build so some kids assumed they could pick on me and I let them to a certain extent. In the two occasions I retaliated, the kids just pushed too far. The first fight I won fairly easily. The second was two on one. Both kids were older than me and I was cornered within the crowd of onlookers. In this fight (Never taken martial arts before) I somehow used martial arts to defeat them both. The fight ended with me flipping one over my shoulder onto the ground in front of me. At that moment "seeing red" I had to stop my self from delivering a killing blow to his neck. I was going to put my fist through his ribs when I felt my "Aura" Broken from behind. I spiritually timed my turn, and with my eyes completely closed, fisted my opponent in the temple with a spinning hook punch. Destroyed his glasses, bloodied his face, and he ran. When I turned, my other opponent fled in tears. The reason why I mention it is that part of my heritage is Chinese. I believe that because of this lineage there have been inter-generational spiritual effects transferred into my life. I am sure somewhere in my ancestry there were many martial artists. I sometimes had to fight spirits in my dreams (in a martial

arts sense. In college I believe some of them were life threatening). Also often when I went to bed as a young child. I would feel spirits staring down at me as I lay there and enter my room when I tried to sleep. It greatly intimidated me. I learned to erect energy shields around myself to protect myself from them. I was becoming a Jedi Knight in many ways. Although I was brought up in a God fearing home and I knew of Jesus, as of yet I didn't "know" Jesus. I didn't know how to have an intimate relationship with him where he would protect and answer my questions. To me Christ was just an obligation and religion. On a couple of occasions I used Ouija with a friend (where I believe I picked up a familiar spirit) and I wrote a book of reflections on my thoughts of the universe and questions that only God could answer. I still amaze myself when I see the wisdom of the words I wrote from that time. I was going to enclose one in my story, but I would rather e-mail some to you if you are interested. All you have to do is ask damian@victoryoverthedemonic.com.

Here is where my story really begins. It was my final years in high school. I was facing many difficult decisions in my life. Mainly what to do with it. I was entertaining either doing new age healing (shiatsu, caranial sacral, therapeutic touch etc.), professional music, or computer programming-taking after my father. I was busy organizing and running major events on organizational counsel, and my grades were as they always were. Frustratingly low. My "Reflections" book of poetry, thoughts and questions had left me my head spinning in circles and I so desperately wanted answers to my questions, one night I did the unthinkable. In an attempt to get some answers, I used my honed mind control skills; I stopped my heart from beating. At that time my self-esteem was fairly low and frustrating memories plagued me (not unlike many nights at that time). Through the yearning desperation I decided it was time. I listened to my heart beating, slow and relaxed. I heard my blood rushing through my body and there was droning noise in my ears that grew louder and louder. The noise was almost like a mechanical clock spinning and whirling inside my ears. It was deafeningly persistent, and extremely distracting and aggravating. I became disgusted with my inefficient and noisy physical body and craved peace in the silence of my spirit. For a time the droning noise continued to drive me batty. A part of me cried for it to stop and stop it did. In an instant there was silence. For the first time in my life I heard true silence. It was exhilarating! Blissful. No blood, no nothing. I could hear a pin drop in a room next to me. I could hear a mouse squeak in the basement. In fact, I did hear the furnace running two stories under me. A sound that normally only could be heard from the basement when beside it. It felt wonderful. My body was dead but my mind was alive. Then dizziness hit me. Severe dizziness. I felt that if my eyes could open, everything would be spinning so rapidly that all I would see was a blur. Picture severe drunkenness and multiply it by about 10. I knew I was falling into the next stage. I saw a vision of a stiff, manikin like body falling down a dark endless shaft. Slowly turning as it descended. In the silence I began to

hear rushing noises all around me as I increased speed. I was passing through a doorway not knowing where it led. Then I landed. The dizziness stopped and I was standing in an unknown land. I did not know what to think. I just knew this was the real thing. I was dead. It was nothing like a fluffy "embraced by the light story". It was real. Too real. Within moments after I got my bearing, I noticed a countdown in my mind. In a way I saw the numbers of a digital clock in the sky counting down from twenty seconds. I intuitively knew this was the time I had left before it became impossible to return. It was then that I realized the true severity of what I had just done. Only twenty seconds did not seem like enough time and I knew the longer I waited the harder it became to go back. I looked around and saw just open night sky. All other spirits seemed to ignore me as they went about their business. I still heard the white noise of the tunnel that I entered through. It was still there in the sky.

"Where was God?" "Why does this feel vaguely familiar?" "I must have been reincarnated! This is too familiar" I navigated around for a second or two at the speed of thought and realized in the distance there was an open library. A library in the sky without walls. The countdown continued. 18,17. In a blink of an eye I was within the confines of this learning area and I came to the understanding that this area contained all of the answers of the universe. I was so elated. 16... I opened myself to the knowledge gate and answers began to play through my mind like the pictures in the movie "The Lawnmower Man". I saw pictures and diagrams of our entire universe being created and all the fabrics within it. I began to see all wisdom and knowledge of man and spirit. I even saw Einstein's Theory of relativity and understood holes in the theory as true spirituality had the real answers (they were big.). I began to truly understand everything and it was bliss. I wanted to take all of the knowledge I could back with me, but I knew that this knowledge was knowledge of the spirit and could not be taken back into my little material brain. I would have to be dead and one with God to keep it forever and I wanted that. I was enjoying myself so greatly. I wanted to stay for a long time. But then another knowledge hit me. I stepped back from the books (The clock read 12..) and immediately realized I had three choices. The voice of (what I thought to be) God spoke directly to my heart. It said "You can stay here for a time and then be judged like all the rest; you can go back and return to your life, or you will come now and be judged and begin your true eternal life." I now had to decide. 11... time was running out. The thought of being immediately judged partly appealed to me because I would love to be in heaven, but also absolutely horrified me because my spirit had a knowledge of where I would probably end up--- hell --- I wasn't ready (I hadn't given my life to Jesus to save me). Even though I was a really good guy. I definitely wanted to change my destination first. I needed to repent on earth and accept God somehow even though I did not as of yet know how. The second option also sounded appealing, but if I chose to stay here it would be nice for a while (Maybe 100 years or so) child's play compared to true heaven, and then I know

where I would end up. The third option, as unappealing as it was seemed to be the wisest.

I believed this reality was where my uncle was when he spoke to me. I believed that it was in this world I could somehow go back to earth in spirit form and become what some called an 'Earthbound spirit' or ghost. But I did not have the time to explore that option, I would just be judged anyway. For some reason the illusion of reincarnation didn't seem too viable at that point in time. It took me years to find out why. I will explain it later. I will also explain why it was so familiar Read on.

Going back to my options. It is interesting that even though I was not a Christian at that time, the choices that were given to me reflected the teachings of the Christian bible. I rethought my three options again. Trying my chances at being judged seemed somewhat appealing because I knew about God, and after all I was a pretty nice guy. I did know my judgment will be fair and just, I would be able to argue my case if needed and the decision made would make complete sense to me afterward. But my wisdom still kicked in and showed me that no matter how nice of a guy I was, there was still not much of a foundation to stand on. As the truth says, I needed to truly accept Christ (Even though I didn't fully know what that meant at the time). You may completely disagree with that last sentence, but it is true and the truth will be known to everyone upon our deaths. No matter what you believe there is one truth and Jesus Christ becomes our mediator when we face the one and only God that created us. If we do not let him into our lives and receive his love for us, than we have for fitted our gift of using him as our "lawyer in the courts of heaven." He already feels and knows everything you do and wants to protect, defend, and love you, but we all must choose to accept him as he is a gentleman and will never force himself upon you. He does not and will not condemn you, he only wants to love and protect. There is no one else I would rather share my life with how about you? You know it in your heart that what I have just said is true because you feel him right now tugging at your soul. He is saying in his words "I want to love you and give you eternal life in ecstasy. I want to wash away your pain. The pain that only you and I know about. Why won't you jut let me bless you? Why do you hold back? Don't wait. I am here." If I am wrong, then you are unlucky. If you are wrong and you don't listen to your heart..... well... Please don't find out the hard way. You have a chance now to say just one simple sentence. Knowing Jesus is much better than living without him. And he doesn't really expect much from you. He just want's you to accept him. Many can show you what I mean. Just say the words "Jesus I accept you into my life to save me. Wash me clean". The hardest sentence you will ever say out loud. Say it slowly with your heart behind it and you will see what I mean. Anyway, back to my story.

I needed to make a choice. I did not want to be judged. I wanted to go to heaven. I did not know how to go to heaven at that time, but I knew that answer could be found on earth and that is where I needed to go. In hindsight it did not seem like I had much of a choice, but I had a choice none the less. God always lets us choose our path until judgment day. We are judged (fairly I might add) then we are free to choose again. Some of us within the confines of heaven and unfortunately some of us within the confines of hell. Plain and simple. Sometimes the truth hurts.

Time was running out and at that decision moment pictures of my life hit me. I saw faces in my life that would be severely hurt if I died at this time. Maybe even some vulnerable friends would have taken their own lives out of their pain. It was those pictures that helped me to finally make up my mind. I decided to return to my body. The clock now read 8 and I was getting dangerously close to no return. I was positive I wasn't ready to be judged. I knew I could come back later and I could not have the death of my close friends on my selfishness. I looked back to the sky where the cylinder channel to my life was deteriorating and made a beeline for it. Going back to earth was like swimming against rapids. It was extremely difficult. If only I hadn't waited so long it would have been easier. I fought and fought and tirelessly fought. Exhaustion came quickly and a few times I wanted to give up but I knew I was getting close when I saw the stiff manikin rotating backward and ascending to contiguosness. By the time I reached the top of the tube I was so spent that I almost quit to get sucked back in. I knew death was still close. I was still extremely dizzy but I could hear again and I could tell I was lying in bed. I grasped tightly for my life. The first sound I heard was the furnace in the basement. It was a strange comfort but I knew I was far from done the fight. My heart soon started. The deafening blood rushed through my ears and body. My heart beat strongly but slowly. I then felt a severe headache (probably from the lack of oxygen to my brain) and my body was paralyzed. I paused for a moment thinking I could relax and gain strength. Almost immediately the dizziness grew stronger. No!!!! I said loudly in my mind. As I grasped for my life again. I had to keep fighting or else that was it. I was extremely tired and uncertain how I was going to make it.

As I came closer to consciousness, the noise in my ears faded off and I tried to feel the rest of my body. I was still paralyzed and couldn't move. My strength could only take me so far. At this point I began to panic. I couldn't stop here because death was still so close! I didn't want to die!!! I was so exhausted I knew that I could not make the trip back again if I fell. I tried to force my eyes open out of the dizziness, and succeeded. I peered at the ceiling trying to stabilize myself and succeeded. The next step was to roll out of my bed. I tried to move my legs and failed. Couldn't even move my big toe. Oh the panic... It was then that I heard the TV in my parent's room down the hall. I knew my mother would hear me if I yelled. If only I could call her with my voice. The

dizziness hit me again, I fought it, and then it subsided. Frustrated and frightened, I tried calling her name. Nothing came out. I wanted to cry. I concentrated on waking my lungs and voice from death. I attempted to take a deep breath and barely moved my rib cage. I felt like a baby rediscovering its body. I attempted another breath and managed to fill the very top of my lungs. When I used it to speak, only a faint squeak emanated from my throat. With every breath I took I became more in this world. I relearned my diaphragm and took a larger breath (Still tiny compared to normal respiration). The second attempt revealed just a little hint of my normal voice. I decided it was taking too long and I would give it one more chance. I would muster all that I had for one short "Mom" If she didn't hear then I would have to give up and die. I took a final breath and out came the word (At a good noise level I may add) I suppressed my self. "What is it?" was her reply. Not the answer I wanted. I wanted to hear her footsteps approaching me. I did not have the strength to replay again. I held in for a little while longer. I was still paralyzed so I concentrated awakening my fingers and toes. Thankfully my mother got up out of her room and approached my bedside "What is it?" she repeated.

After a pregnant pause I managed to utter the words " I stopped my heart from beating" upon speaking that short sentence I felt her genuine concern in the air. She fell immediately to her knees almost in tears and uttered a quick prayer under her breath that I could not hear. My strength was slowly returning. It helped greatly knowing she was just there to be beside me to fight with me if I needed. I moved my hand for the first time.

"Damian... there are people that can do that by choice. I have even read some of their books. You must promise me that you will never do that again." I uttered the word "Yes" I kinda wanted to explore some more when I had more strength. Then realized how reckless of an idea that really was. Because of that experience the spirit of death plagued me every night for weeks, and on and off for years. My mom prayed, waited, and understood. I asked her to stay for a while (while I regained my strength) and she did. When I regained my body enough, I chose to try to get up move to the light of my parents' bedroom. It seemed safer and more "real" than my room. I eventually got out of bed and documented the entire experience in my book of reflections to keep me awake. For the remainder of that night I was deathly afraid to sleep. In fact that fear remained for many nights to come. I tried my best to stay awake as long as I could for the remainder of the night, then realized I was so fatigued I had no choice but to rest. When I attempted sleep that night, The spirit of death tried to kill me outside of my will. I fought it for a period and eventually managed to sleep without death. I figured it was better to do sleep when I had a little strength in me than to wait till after three days of insomnia to then fight the battle. I am glad I was successful. As mentioned before, for many days to come I would be tired at school or at home and when I tried to sleep the dizziness would return

(by the way, this dizziness felt different than other natural forms. It was very easy to distinguish). In fact I feared sleep with a passion for about a month and a half after that night. There also were spirits of death that plagued my thought life for a time. I will explain that all later in my story. There is much more. Death was not an easy battle, but eventually with God I gained victory. I told no one of this experience for years. Near death – May 29 1994 11:37 PM.

The next day was strange. A little like the twilight zone. When I woke up the first thing that came to mind was the night before. I witnessed the sun cascading across my room and thought that today the sun would have risen without me. How long would it have taken before my whole world knew. What would be the reaction from my parents of this mysterious death? What would doctors say? Would there be a moment of silence at my school? How would my friends react? What shock would they feel? I made a point that day to touch base with as many friends as possible to see how they were doing, thinking all the time I could be dead. I gained a new understanding and appreciation of the brevity of life. My parents and I never spoke openly about the events that transpired the night before. We mainly communicated through eye contact, facial expressions, and the occasional "Are you ok?" "How are you doing?" "Are you ready to go to school?" We somehow understood and accepted what had happened. I partly think my parents weren't too surprised that something like this happened to me. After all, they were aware of my spiritual walk from birth and it didn't take long before everything fell back to normal. My account of the experience stayed filed (hand written) in my Reflections book and still is there today. I refused to read of that page for many years for fear it would reopen the door to death. It was an experience that still left me curious but wisely not seeking answers in the same manner. I probably would have tried it again if the spirit of death had not continuously plagued me when I was weak. It was not worth the risk of experimenting with control one night, to then find myself out of control the next and ending up dead. That strange night I broke a basic new age rule "never open a door that you do not know how to close". I ignored that rule and reaped the benefits of my stupidity. In truth however, any door you open in new age is impossible to close afterwards, to think you can is a misconception. My story explains more of that later.

Finally, as powerful as stooping my heart from beating was, I now consider it a cheap parlor trick compared to what I know my Lord can do and has done. I have learned the hard way that although parlor tricks, wizardry, and new age can be fun, gifts like those are like a burning candle. The candle creates an enjoyable and tangible light that can be seen by many, but you being the candle creating the light are continually consumed until your wick is no more. The light fades... You had a good time... now you are nothing. God's light is never ending and accessed through praise and prayer. It does not consume you, but makes you stronger. God power does far greater things. It took me over 20 years to

come to that understanding, and it takes a lot of people longer. Some their whole lives. But it does catch up to you whether in life or in death. It will get you. It is not worth it. Plug yourself into a higher power. I will show you how to even more later. I promise. Oh yeah, and some of the questions about reincarnation and death will be explained in the next chapter. I can always be reached at damian@victoryoverthedemonic.com.

Part 2: The demonic world & the powers that be - "Possession"

Within a month and a half after my near death experience (still plagued by spirits) a high school friend introduced me to a church where I gave my life to the Lord. From that day forward my destination was decided. I was going to heaven but I still had a lot of confusion in my spiritual walk and bondages that plagued me. It is because of these bondages that I still searched for a closer relationship with my Lord within the practices of new age. In truth, being a Christian did not instantaneously fix all of my problems and pains. I have learned that sometimes healing occurs miraculously and while other times God heals through a loving process. Either way God is faithful and restores our souls.

The decision I came to regarding the rest of my life at that time was to peruse a career as a massage therapist. I figured through bending the rules a little, I was able to practice new age healing on the masses and do great things for God. Doing great things for God is still my greatest desire. I was given the gift of healing as a child and I had a great hunger to use it to its fullest potential. By this time I had already studied a fair amount in new age healing and was practicing it on an almost daily basis. Shortly after starting college, in fact in the middle of my first mid term exams, a few friends and I got together to watch The Ultimate Fighting Challenge (a competition where on average one fighter dies every year). The UFC strongly appealed to the trained martial arts side of me. I was either a green or blue belt at the time. After the Video was finished, being guys we decided to wrestle in the living room. I was one of the first people to start. In all of my days I had always been a distance fighter and never a wrestler. My opponent was definitely a wrestler. In our duel I got tangled up and skipping the details, I fractured my arm clean through in two places. My left arm was completely toast. When my bone broke it cracked so loudly that it sounded like a healthy tree branch broke off of a large tree outside. I remember looking out the window to see if that was what truly happened and lay down in shock immediately after finding out that my wrist was lying on the floor when it should have been by my face. Either I grew a second elbow or my arm was broken. Using my mental distancing skills I bore the pain so well that even the macho men were impressed. In fact I studied for my next days exam in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. After being casted, my prognosis was not favorable. My orthopedic surgeon told me I would have to be in a cast for at least 8 weeks. Unacceptable in a hands-on school. Within a couple days, loaded with Demerol

my parents took me home. The drive hurt. I felt every bump of that two our drive.

It just happened that our next door neighbor that time was a second level cranial sacral practitioner. He had treated me in the past and was very good at what he did. He inadvertently taught me a lot when we conversed. That week when he worked on my arm I almost couldn't believe what I felt. The sensations and results fascinated me. As he worked I could feel my bones literally gyrating within my arm and knitting together in an accelerated fashion. Even through the cast my bones lined up and began to heal. It confirmed to me everything I knew I had to do. I must learn to do this myself. When I moved back up to Sutton (School) again I taught my new friend Jeff Goldie the art of energy work. Even though he had never done it before, almost immediately he could feel my bones moving without even touching my skin. The sensations for the two of us were rather radical! We learned a lot together and from each other. Jeff could be best described as a six-foot tall, skinny loving teddy bear. He had a true servant's heart, and I loved him for it. Because of our close spiritual walk together, our relationship deepened quickly. Deeper than any other I had ever known. We soon trusted each other with our lives. He learned quickly as I taught him the therapies of Cranial sacral, Shiatsu and Therapeutic touch. Often his energetic strength and powers would surprise me as I felt the heat of his hands while working on me. As I expected, my arm healed two times faster than any other person my age. My doctor was thoroughly impressed. I even cockily cut off my own cast at four weeks and started doing push ups almost right away. I wanted to rehab my arm as quickly as possible. It is within this season of our lives that the uncontrollable spiritual manifestations began. Because my arm was doing so well we decided to begin work with somato-emotional releases (ridding negative and hurtful memories left in our bodies and souls). We relived "past lives", honed skills that allowed us to see and speak to spirits that inhabited rooms with us, and protected ourselves from them with our energy. We also learned how to strengthen our aura, project and direct energy, see living creatures through walls, project spiritual sight into great distances (and accurately observe what was happening in real time), seemingly cast out demons with our energetic forces we even eventually channeled spirits upon occasion. I am sure there was more but presently I do not recall. Before long, members within our school would call us in a panic when they felt spiritual attacks in their homes and ask us to come and take care of it. We became like the "Ghost Busters" fighting on the spiritual plane. It was exhilarating, awe inspiring, and at times terrifying. To give you an example: I would be walking home alone and feel the presence of a spirit walking within one foot behind me. It towered over me. The spirit also had the face of an angry decaying laughing skull from the pit of hell. Burning with hatred, anger, and inflicting fear upon me. It wore a black cloak that covered its head and it projected into my mind a voice that sounded like the screams of many tormented lost souls. This was just one of three spirits I truly feared. Often I

would have to run to my destination and barricade myself in my room to protect myself from it. Another was the spirit of murder that effected my life. The same spirit that almost gave that child the killing blow while in a fight in grade one. I became afraid of expressing true anger because I was trained through martial arts how to kill and destroy and I didn't know how far I would actually go if I lost control. Often I would also fight spirits in my sleep. Martial arts style. Almost like Bruce lee.

The third spirit was a spirit that was also unlike the others. This one I named "Nasty lips" to try to deaden my fear of it. I believed I picked up this spirit while playing oijia as a child with a friend. However I did not see its true colors until I was an adult. I remember once I was sitting in the living room with Jeff having a conversation about spirituality and time. When I noticed him enter through the wall. Upon entering he looked through the room and then immediately at me sitting down with a broken arm in a physically and emotionally weakened state. I knew he wanted me. Fear struck me in almost a paralyzing way, but I could not show it on the outside without bringing risk to myself. I told Jeff he was here with us and he agreed with me. Jeff said when the spirit entered he felt something change in the air but he did not know what. The spirit began to make a move for me, and I began to cower in fear. I did not know what he wanted (there is no such thing as a good spirit. Some spirits actually dress in false light to gain your trust but eventually they show their colors). I whimpered "Jeff, he is coming!!!" Jeff quickly moved between it and me and asked, "What do I do?" My reply was either "I don't know" or "you already know". Immediately Jeff raised his arm out toward it and spoke with great authority. Declaring that he was protecting me and that the spirit had no right to touch me. Despite that, the spirit still drew closer. I closed my eyes and tried to shield myself. I feared that if the spirit got to me he could easily re-fracture my arm. Needless to say that was the last thing I wanted. Jeff now observing our dynamic began to shout at it! Commanding it to leave his house and leave us alone. He rose to his feet in authoritarian anger. Immediately it stopped its approach. I raised out my hand in agreement with his, and Nasty Lips left. I knew he would be back at another time when I was weak. Jeff and I both felt him leave at the same time and momentarily we were safe. For protection we slept in the same room that night and through the many experiences like these we became even closer than brothers. Our lives continued like this for months. There were many great times, and there were some horrifying times just for balance it seemed. We adapted quickly and got used to seeing spirits everywhere we went, observing objects fall out of nowhere with no one near them and waging spiritual warfare on a tangible level. Others around us knew it, and they knew I could read their minds. Many feared us. Hopefully now you are getting a picture. I also began to play with telekinesis, bending the fabrics of time, creative visualization and work with deep energy spiritual healing.

Through Jeff I was introduced to a young woman whom had her own struggles with depression among many other things. She had a truly genuine and gentle spirit. I saw her as a blooming rose tormented by the rain. Her name was Carol and became another true friend. She wore shoes that were too heavy for me to bear. She had been through so much. Multiple medications, hospitals, even shock therapy. My heart broke out of empathy (not pity) for her. Carol also had a "snotty" cat named Shakti (Named after the new age leader Shakti Gwein). Her cat and I spoke often to each other in our silent language. To this day I am glad that the three of us were brought together. Carol was also a gifted individual. She excelled in many areas and I learned a fair amount from her (from trust to aroma therapies and shakras). It wasn't long before Jeff Carol and I became almost inseparable. We shared everything with each other (Except our bodies) and experienced a level of trust that could not be compared anywhere else outside of a marriage. With the three of us working as a team we performed regression therapies and uncovered more (of what I thought to be) "past lives" and spiritual bondages like never before. I can recall one night when we all slept in her king-size bed (clothes on) I woke them both up speaking what sounded to be fluent Japanese in a shouting voice. That particular night I was fighting a spiritual fight Bruce lee style. That night I also discovered that I was a world war one vet that died of bleeding on the battlefield. Another life I recalled was myself as a peasant girl dead broke in some town. The list can go on but before I do I must share that through my experience I have obtained an interesting stance on past lives. I am sure you will want to hear it.

Have you ever been attacked by the spirit world? Have you ever had graphic pictures play through your mind without your consent? Have you ever had a nightmare and woke up thinking it was too real? Have you dreamt something and thought it was too real to be true? If you answered yes to any of those questions then we have some common ground. I believe Just as the spirit world can torment you or give you nightmares and dreams that seem incredibly "too real". The spirit world (If you open yourself to it in the right way) could influence you by playing movies in your mind in first person. It seems "so real" that it must have been you in another life. I believed in past lives with all my heart at the time but now my eyes have been opened.

Where exactly the movies played in our minds originate is speculative. No one can know for sure. I do know it is from the invisible realm around us and not from within ourselves. Another example: Have you ever had a thought run through your mind starting with the word or words "I" or "I wonder" or "I should" and the thought was completely not of you or your normal personality but sounded like your thought and your voice? It is the same concept. It is the spirit world influencing you. I will be the first to admit that it can convincingly appear like a past life, or like your own thought. But you can be freed from it and find better. I have. It honestly takes a certain amount of faith to believe that the

visions you see are actually a past lives and not something else. As a Christian that has experienced and been freed from that activity I can safely tell you that there is far more freedom and joy in knowing that there is a loving God waiting for me with open arms to usher me into heaven, than just another life around the bend to bring me new experiences and spiritual knowledge. An old soul is nothing but a person blessed with a given degree of wisdom. I used to consider myself one and people to this day call me by that terminology. But now I know better. Look at Solomon in the Old Testament. He was one of the "oldest souls" out there. His wisdom was greater than any other person that ever was. But in his wisdom he also spoke of one god above all else. Jehovah. I am sure you have more questions and I don't want to bore or overwhelm you. E-mail me at damian@victoryoverthedemonic.com. Oh and as I promised. When I flat lined back in high school things felt familiar because I was freed of my body and living through my eternal Spirit. Biblically speaking, we are born as eternal beings. Even while on earth we are living the start of our eternal life. Our spirit already has full knowledge of the spirit world and to a certain extent, the afterlife. Our spirit was created to commune and communicate directly with our creator. But before it can do so, we must decide to be reborn on a spiritual level (our spirit glasses must be washed before we can use it properly). You see because of the way we have chosen our world to work, we are automatically born spiritually blind and dammed to hell. All we have to do is choose to be reborn to be taken into heaven and have an intimate relationship with the true creator then and now. Until we are reborn and have that direct communication with the creator we will always be searching to fill that void and navigating blindly through the world. To keep it short, we have a choice. We often get in our own way of true enlightenment. Because the above truth for some is hard to grasp intellectually we chose to look elsewhere and continue to fall short of Gods full glory. Ask yourself honestly, if you have really found everything you wanted, why do you still search for that one experience that could be better, or bring you to a higher level? And yet why do you consistently reject the only one that can fill all of your needs and lift you to the highest level? The answer is in warfare. Satan does not want you to find true freedom, joy, and everlasting life. You don't need to understand to accept the truth. Do you need to fully intellectually understand the laws of gravity before you accept that you are bound by them? New age energy, sex, alcohol, drugs, meditative light, all counterfeits for the real mccoys. Accept it or not it is truth. That is why you are probably angry with me and not wanting to read any more. Move on with your life and accept the truth; that is the hard part. The rest will come. Come spend eternity in ecstasy with me.

Back to our story. We are going to get to some really juicy stuff soon.

Unlike myself, Carol had three angels that she prayed to constantly. She believed them to be her guardian angels. They always seemed to protect her. She actually prayed to them more than god (or the universe at that time). About one

year after we met, she finally saw her angels as what they truly were. Angels of darkness dressed as light. Their real faces were hideous, but because of their loving "light" masks, she trusted them with all her being most of the days of her life. It took a rather traumatic experience for her to learn that the only thing worth praying to is God. Give it long enough and you will eventually find the same. Jeff prayed more to god (The higher power) and I prayed to god (a bit of everything including a little Christianity, I was confused because the Christian God seemed so much smaller than the stuff we were doing). I don't think I need to say it but I will say it anyway. It was an exciting time full of new and great experiences. "The never ending battle between good and evil."

One of our most climactic moments occurred at Carol's friend's cottage. In all of my years, I had learned to communicate to animals telepathically (I spoke to Shakti a lot) however every wild animal I knew automatically feared me. I think it was the aggressive murderous spirit that they saw me battling inside. It scared them even though that bondage played a fairly passive role. I remember there was once I let it out for it to be seen and I destroyed a snow bank half made of ice in a matter of minutes. That was the day Jeff and Carol learned a fear for what I had inside. Since then God has healed me from everything and I am very thankful. That will come later.

Ok... The juicy part. The cottage story. Here we go. I am sure you will enjoy this. It starts with me in the basement of the house I was living in. My massage table was set up there and Carol was beginning to work on me. Sometimes we found that somato-emotional releases could become fairly extreme. Our bodies would go into seizure like convulsions, and type of sounds our voices made would raise curiosity to any onlooker. My landlords were in the house at that time and my body felt as though I was about to encounter something big. After expressing my discomfort to Carol about the situation, she spontaneously suggested that we go up to her/her friends cottage. Great idea that it was, we called Jeff, packed our stuff and within an hour we were on the road to our healing retreat. It was also a good idea because for spiritual reasons, some things you don't want to do in your home.

The drive up to the cottage was incredible. The weather was gorgeous, spring was just breaking and we all anticipated another incredible weekend. We were free!!! I remember it clearly. Harry Connick and Holly Cole were the musicians of choice. And I could see clearly now was our theme song for the weekend (Holly Cole). We reached the cottage and took a nature break for the remainder of the afternoon. We went for walks and just enjoyed our surroundings. We began our healing journey after we had finished dinner. I set up the massage table in the living room beside the wood furnace and Jeff was first. His "releases" followed the direction they had been going for the past few weeks. He came out feeling better than ever. Carol went second and battled her depression and came out

victorious that night. She felt better than she had in a long time. Then it was my turn... I hesitated at first, but after some coaxing decided to go ahead. Jeff was positioned at my head and Carol at my side. We always lay on our backs. I began shaking and releasing and the process began. It was a truly beautiful moment. The love and trust that we shared openly with each other was so pure and beautiful. Again I felt great heat radiating from Jeff's hands. I openly accepted and embraced the "loving light". I felt multiple little releases leave my flesh in waves. It felt like I was being touched with healing water repeatedly. I was about to call it quits and relax when all of a sudden a traumatic sight and voice penetrated my mind. It horrified me. The words it spoke to me were simple yet profound "You are nothing". Instantaneously I felt like a little helpless pea about to be consumed. Graphic pictures of death uncontrollably ran through my mind and I immediately let out a cry of desperation that quickly got Jeff and Carol's attention. They asked me what was wrong while I cowered. I told them what I heard and they urged me to continue. A part of me didn't want to go through with it and another part really wanted to rid it from my body. I eventually chose to continue. The voices that spoke through my mind were deep and ominous. They reminded me of one of the lions in the eighty's Ghost Buster movies. I violently shook as I tried to shake the influence of this spirit from me and after much struggle I was victorious. The spirit was gone. The shaking immediately stopped and I felt crystal clear. Everything felt so clean and pure. All three of us looked at each other with joy in our eyes. We momentarily all embraced.

While we shared the joy in our embrace Carol's body all of a sudden flinched. Jeff and I immediately took her and sat her on the table. I knew what was happening and I did not want it to happen. Carol kept on shaking as she questioningly called my name. Before I had a chance to utter a reply, Carol's eyes rolled to the back of her head and her grunting voice changed pitch and timbre. When her eyes returned the Carol I knew was no longer there. My familiar spirit took her place and Carol was definitely possessed. I figured the spirit must have left me and found Carol to be a weaker vessel and took her. His eyes were dark and ominous. There was a cocky half smile that took her/his face and he seemed to look right through me. As Carol stared through me I could tell there was only one thing on her mind. How much damage a baseball bat or axe could do to the side of my skull if she swung it. Even the way she talked and the words that were chosen changed from the normal her.

I showed no fear. It was like the Carol I knew was swept away to the side and put in a prison cell in her own mind. The beautiful rose of a woman was replaced by this hideous, angry, ugly, cocky, arrogant, aggressive, spirit. A part of me just died inside to see what I have done to her. I knew what she was going through. I had to live with it for years and she did not deserve it. The spirit wanted to deeply hurt both me and Jeff but knew for some reason it couldn't. I began to

speak with it to stall for time until I could devise a plan to get rid of it. Jeff was looking expectantly at me and I had yet to figure what to do. The look and mannerisms of Carol had become so different I was almost tempted to remove her shirt to see if any new scars or tattoos were on her body. That however was inappropriate. The spirit and I exchanged wits for only a minute or two until I understood what to do. I believe Jeff remained calm through the whole incident. He always impressed me. In a short time I grew to recognize this spirit as the type who probably was part of a surfer gang who raped and killed many in his time, or a skate boarder from long ago who probably died from doing something stupid while causing an incredible adrenaline rush. At any rate I was dealing with a murderer and there were stake knives within 10 feet of us in the kitchen drawers. It knew it. I knew it. Jeff knew it. In an instant when I noticed it was preoccupied fighting Carol from within I threw out my arm and shot it with energy. I then proceeded to move toward Carol's head and I instructed Jeff toward her feet. Together we worked to set her free.

Let me digress for a moment. I remember a few months before I had an experience with this spirit in the form of double mindedness. I was watching a special on the 10 most vicious criminals in America and one stuck in my mind. This criminal was a 30-year-old man that kidnapped small children. Mainly boys aged 10 to 13. He raped them, abused them, then killed them and stored the bodies in his basement. He committed this act so many times that his basement got too full and he had to start burying the bodies in the back yard. The day the police entered his house to discuss a fairly trivial matter, a strong smell of decay on top of the air freshener gave him away. They found too many bodies to count rotting everywhere.

This story repulsed me. I made me want to vomit inside. Immediately I wanted to turn off the TV. Then in an instant I heard said in first person "hhhmmm I wonder what it would be like to do that. That man showed courage, I respect him" I immediately hated myself for even thinking such thoughts. Then I realized that even though the thoughts were first person, it was not originating from me. I knew that all this spirit had to do was tell Carol to walk off of a cliff, and because of Carol's suicidal tendencies, she would without hesitation. I genuinely feared for Carol's life.

Jeff and I began to plow Carol's body full of energy. I channeled and channeled light and energy into her like I had never before. She was at this point lying on her back and shaking like a leaf. All three of us fought with all of our might. It screamed as it lost ground. Jeff was praying the entire time. I felt as though so much energy was traveling through me I could power a small plant. The fight ensued for what seemed to be a very long time. In real time probably about ten or twenty minutes. One moment he would be there yelling, shouting curses and trying to intimidate us with evil glances. And the other minute Carol would return

crying in pain as she was victimized by this being. The small glimpses I saw of her was enough to keep me trying until we found victory. Carol's body violently flailed pounding the table multiple times with her arms and legs until finally with a great flex of her body (which almost threw her off the table for the third time) she came back. In one peace. (Praise the lord) She was really back. I watched with my spiritual eyes as the spirit flew from Carol, looked at me, and realized I was impenetrable at the moment. Jeff was still in prayer, so it flew out of the cottage and began to travel around the entire area up as far as the highway in anger, trying to find it's next victim. I even watched as it moved toward a major city. I did not know which one though. I looked deep into Carol's eyes and saw it was really her. I was almost moved to tears, but in too much shock to express it. I had to get my bearing. It was obvious she was absolutely exhausted. She had no recollection of what happened at the time so we filled her in. For the moment we felt safe.

Once again the bond between us had grown to an even higher level. We sat for a few minutes in awe until we realized how hungry and exhausted we all were from the battle. When we all stood to go to the kitchen and eat, it happened again. Carol stopped in her tracks Her eyes began to roll and she began to fall back. Jeff and I both called her name out of desperation to try to stop it from happening again but it was too late. She was taken. Again. Immediately we reluctantly took our places and began. After a short period of time I realized that we were not getting ahead. My flesh was willing but weak and tired. My energy strong as it was wasn't shaking Carol free and I could see deep inside Carol was loosing as well. We could not give up. We couldn't afford to. We would stay up all night if we had to. In his divine wisdom Jeff noticed that I was frustrated and swaying. He decided to ask me to pray. At first I thought it was ludicrous and redundant because I thought what we were doing was already a form of a prayer. But since my way wasn't working it was time to try anything. "What should we pray?" I asked. "Lets pray the way God taught us to pray" (after all he taught us to pray like that for a reason). So we began. "Our father.. Who art in heaven....." The spirit instantly screamed with fear. Carol's shaking and flailing had become very severe. We knew we were on a roll. "Hallowed be thy name..... Thy kingdom come... They will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." This prayer was not new to any of us, but we chose to not really use it in the past because it seemed inferior to the tangible forces that we learned to tap into. We were wrong. "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses. As we forgive those who trespassed against us. And lead us not into temptation, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever, Amen.... Our father... who art in heaven...." We started the prayer over again because we did not know what else to do. Carol was still releasing and she still needed to be set free. Over the next hour we did nothing but pray that prayer over and over again. Repeatedly..... In fact we did it so much that the order began to scramble in our minds.

With every prayer the spirit lost more ground. We realized this was a lot easier than channeling energy and God really heard each part of the prayer. Every time we prayed words like thy "kingdom come, thy will be done" the ghost screamed in frustration as it lost ground. And "Give us this day our daily bread" brought us more and more strength to do it again. At the end of the hour Jeff and I with great determination were shouting the words and forgetting how they went. Carol had almost won, but we became so confused that it was hard to continue. In desperation, I decided to make a long distance call to my girlfriend at the time. She was already aware of some of the things I had been up to in the past, and we needed another prayer warrior. The time was about 12:30 and I pulled her out of bed. Thankfully she understood and relayed the prayer words across the phone to me successfully and Carol was almost free. By the third time of repeating the prayer, the spirit of confusion came over even her. She could not remember the words. So I thanked her for her efforts and asked her just to pray for us in the mean time. Inside I could feel her prayers helping our situation. Jeff and I exchanged looks at each other then looked at Carol, soaked with sweat, completely exhausted and almost free. Jeff began to command the spirit to leave in Jesus name and I agreed (he always carried authority with him). "In Jesus name I command you to leave!!!" "Be Gone in Jesus name! The Lamb of God" We both began to speak with great authority and power. And our words were powerful and answered. Within just a few more minutes the spirit was gone. Carol quickly sat up and led us in a beautiful prayer to God thanking him and praising him. We all agreed and added our own words to it. There was a pregnant moment of silence and peace, a peace that could only have been of God. A peace that was greater than and peace found in meditation, or embracing light or anything I had ever known. In this peace I felt so overwhelmed that I eventually collapsed into a flurry of emotions. It was so good to see Carol again! I thought for a while we never would. I felt so guilty for allowing all of this to happen. I was so weak and traumatized. I did not know how to deal with it all. I wept deeply, Carol and Jeff supported me. I was so relieved that the Christian God; Jesus Christ was all He said He was. I was so glad I could finally rest after a 3 or 4 hour stint of strait warfare. I rejoiced in the peace, and was concerned about sleeping that night.

I became concerned because I knew Satan could and probably would come in the night and try to possess Carol again. It was just the kind of way he was. He stole in the night. He fought 24 hours a day 7 days a week and waited until you were weak and down to kick you. He has no honor. We all knew this, but just praised in the moment any way. I just want to spend a moment and say, thank you Lord, for being stronger than new age. Stronger than fear and death itself. You really do love us with all your hearts and will set us free from the anything that harms or has harmed us. You can and will set us free from anything we need no matter how strong. All we have to do is ask. Thank you for being so faithful. So forgiving, So loving. And so kind. Thank you.

The rest of the night was really rich. So rich I can't find a way to give it justice by using words. The time was just anointed. I called Leah (my girlfriend) again and told her everything was under control. Somehow she already knew. When it came time to sleep, Jeff suggested that one of us should keep watch over the others at all times. Just in case Satan tried to sneak in while we slept. He assumed first watch and woke me up at I don't know what time. I think I lasted no more than five seconds before I hit my pillow again. I was completely wiped.

This story has more drama to come. The next morning I still remember with great clarity and fondness. As after any sort of true spiritual healing, the Sun seemed extra bright that day. The bird's singing was extra sweet. The air was refreshingly pure, and we soaked in every moment and ray of light we could get. That morning I had my first wild chipmunk eat from the palm of my hand. I brought such joy to my soul. (Previously animals were too afraid of me remember) It was a real confirmation that I was healed. Words can not fully express. We began to return home late that morning. I had never felt so free in my entire life. During the drive home we rejoiced and sang loudly at the song "I can see clearly now" Multiple times, and reveled in the glory that surrounded us. This moment could not have been compared to any other. I was free like a child in an adult's world. Everything seemed new.

About half way home (still with great smiles of acceptance of each other on our faces) Jeff bowed his head for a moment. I thought he was just praying and giving God glory until I saw his hand position. He was purging!! I called his name quickly to try to warn him not to do that but it was too late. Jeff flinched as he released and took a sigh of relief. Almost immediately Carol lost control of the car. We were doing over 80 km/h when the car started leaving the road. Jeff quickly grabbed the wheel and commanded Carol to get her foot off of the accelerator. Carol was under attack again. We did not know at the time that the bible instructs that when you cast out a spirit you must fill yourself with the Holy Spirit. If you didn't the evil spirit will come back, see you all cleaned up and invite seven of his friends to cause more trouble than he did in the first place. That is exactly what happened. By the way the Holy Spirit moving in your life is one of the many gifts from God when you accept Him.

Carol's foot was still pushing the accelerator and I did not know what was going to happen. In a way I had to expect anything. I quickly tightened my seatbelt as Jeff fought with Carol for control of the car. With a bit of swerving and a lot of yelling we managed to pull over with no injuries. I ran out from the back seat and opened the driver door. We put Carol in the back and momentarily argued who would drive the car. I did not know where we were and Jeff didn't want to drive standard. I think I drove the rest of the way and Jeff sat with Carol praying. Miraculously Carol returned to consciousness/regained control by the time we got home. Be we all knew there was a battle still going on. We now

knew we were in over our heads. The day was a Friday and the weekend was upon us. Jeff recalled that he had a friend that previously had an exorcism performed on her by a priest a few months back. All three of us agreed that he should go back to his hometown to contact her and try to see if there is something that can be done. Against my best wisdom I reluctantly went along with the plan of sending me home to my hometown to get some needed rest before we declared war again. Carol was confident that she could deal with this problem by herself for the two days it would take. I gazed deeply into her eyes to see how she was doing and confirmed she was mostly in control. She did express however that she could not understand how I put up with this my entire life. I was deeply concerned for her well being. After all remember she was suicidal before and could be again. Thought the weekend I maintained a close spiritual communication with her as I recharged my batteries. I told no one of what happened except my girlfriend. When it came time to return after the weekend, my spiritual powers became so strong that I could knock out any grown adult with just my energy. I was at my peak. I demonstrated my strength to Leah by putting my hands on either sides of her head and becoming a "power plant". Instantaneously her eyes rolled as she began to fall to the ground. I stopped before she lost control of her body. She marveled in amazement for a moment but I knew that I couldn't kid myself. I was not going to be enough. It would take God. Even through this was a dark time in our lives, I could still feel us being protected by some unknown force.

When I returned to Sutton, I remember being amazed at how well Carol was coping. Jeff had managed to get a photocopy of a 14th century exorcism. All we had to do was pray it. It seemed almost too easy. None of our homes were suitable for this kind of work so we went splits on a cheap motel room (being students we did not have much money). Carol remained pretty agreeable until we began driving to the motel. As we got closer to the motel her battle got more and more exaggerated. By the time we parked in the parking lot she was raising her voice and arguing with us in the car "it won't work" "We don't have the money" "I have a really bad feeling about this". Jeff and I both knew who was speaking in first person to us. In fact we had to verbally fight with her and physically carry her into the room after we booked it.

When we opened the door a strong waft of air hit our noses. The room absolutely reeked of pot. So much so that it almost gave a gag reflex. Jeff in his wisdom identified it immediately at warfare. Allow me to draw a parallel for a moment. Do you ever notice that you tend to make excuses when it comes to the really good things like exploring Christianity, going to church, reading even a small book in the bible, or just praying to the Christian God (even saying the name Jesus)? Why do you think you do that? Why did you argue against Christians and no one else when it came to spirituality? Why is it so easy to embrace and accept every other religion other than Christianity until you accept

the truth? I am sure you can quote many excuses but I think those questions say a lot just on their own. If in seeking the true God you find opposition (especially within yourself) than you are on the right road. The narrow road. Take it or what it is worth, there is an enemy of your spirit that does not want you to find deliverance and true joy and peace. He likes having control over you.

Carol really didn't want to be in that hotel room. Or I should say the spirit influencing her did not want her to be in that hotel room because it knew the end was near and true freedom was approaching. The first thing the exorcism called us to do was to light incense and burn it around the room while praying a prayer of purification. Then it called us to make holy water and told us how. We lay Carol on the bed and placed the holy water by her side. There was fear in the eyes of her tormentor as Jeff and I knelt to pray. The power that filled the room was unfathomable. The exorcism was seven pages long and took about 15 minutes to pray through. It was incredible every time we put holy /anointed water on Carol's body, the spirit would panic and loose control. Her healing was far less violent than when we had expected it to be. It was as if God just took control and hindered the power of Satan before he even started to remove him from the room. It was much less painful to do this when God was allowed to be in total control. Carol's voice still changed to a deep male voice and returned to her own on a few occasions, but this time there was no screaming and no pain. Only peace. She shook for a period and then it was gone. For the first time I felt the work of the Holy Spirit in a spectacular way. Within minutes, the smell of pot had completely left the room and had been replaced with fresh air. There was a clean protection that filled the room. It was like we were standing on holy ground. We began reading the exorcism for a second time and then realized that it was not needed. All it took was 20 minutes! It was amazing. Carol sat up from bed and held my hand while I was praying for her to indicate that it was ok. When I looked into her eyes I saw only love. The spirit was gone. Permanently. Never to return. Praise the lord. After that day the spirit never did return. It was as if God with his own two hands had stripped away all of its power and authority and place it in detention somewhere. I believe God did something very special for all three of us that day as we learned that prayer did work. And all we needed was Jesus. No crystals... No Reiki... no powers... No shields... No energy.... Nothing but him. And through him we could do anything. A true miracle of grace.

We left the motel room within one hour of entering it with smiles, embraces and love. It must have looked curious to the hotel owner when he saw the two of us struggling to bring Carol into a hotel room, and minutes later come out embracing and smiling. I am sure he had witnessed stranger. Merciful are you oh lord. I pray with all my being that you will choose to walk the path of true enlightenment and not the road of deception. I have received so much more from Jesus than Shakti Gwein, Depak Chopra, Carlos Castaneda can give put together. I just want the same true and deep joy for you as well. I know you

probably have a lot of questions. Hopefully I can answer some of them for you but don't let questions get in your way any longer. You don't need to know how exactly how a plane flies before you feel safe to buy a ticket. Just do what you know to be right. Listen to that tug on your heart and fly with me. It is much easier with the lord than without. And if you have accepted the lord as your savior, isn't it awesome!!!!

Lastly, some of you new agers may say to me that I just got into some bad energy. But I tell you this it isn't so. I did almost everything by the book. There have been many other new age believers turn to Christ as well. God showed them, like myself, the true identity and spirit behind new age. It is an extremely powerful and believable deception when you are exposed to it. But it is counterfeit light and love. It is all a mask that the darkness wears to deceive you. See through it I urge you. I personally pray that God (Yahweh) reveals to you the truth when you are open to it because there is a life that is far better life than that of one in new age. I have experienced the good as well as the bad. And there is better. One last thing, Remember the veil of innocence you once had when you were a child. The world seemed so harmless and loving. Somewhere in your childhood or youth that veil was removed from you and you now as an adult see things for what they really are. Take of your veil and see the real light.

Part 3: Sorcery and archangels

By this point I knew that God was real. I knew that there was a dark army that opposed him run by Satan. And that the two forces battled it out for centuries with us caught in the middle. I knew that we could use our will to either accept God's help or decline it. I also knew that one day all of us will die and be judged and God allows us to choose which team to be playing for on this earth. I knew we chose this earth to be broken when we chose to seek the knowledge of good and evil, and now we all have that knowledge. Some unfortunately choose evil. It hadn't however fully clicked in what was needed to truly repent and become really one with the creator. I was still searching. I was still confused because I still believed in past lives and that God truly lived within energy. Therefore you could not find him by reading his outdated bible and words from his son. It was this incongruence that brought me to yet another eventful time in my life.

For many years I had been working at a summer camp. It was a camp that changed my life on many occasions. God had always done great work there. In fact the spiritual presence at this camp was so strong that many of the staff was afraid to walk around at night alone. Actually even the campers felt the same way. There were certain areas that the presence was extra strong. For instance, most counselors purposely refused to walk down "The tractor path" even though it on the most part was better lit and easier to navigate than other paths. Many

counselors preferred to go down an alternate path that was a little more treacherous. After finishing my first year at college I went to work there as I always did and met a young man by the name of Matt. I learned a lot from him and he learned a fair amount from me. He was what I would classify as a wizard or sorcerer. He mastered and taught the art of creating energy balls in his hands that could even be tangibly felt in the natural world, and throwing them like balls of flames. He Practiced an exorcise that he called "Control dreaming" also known as "lucid dreaming" where you put your self in a middle dream state in order to bring your conscious will with you into your dreams. In this state he controlled his dreams and did things in the spiritual realm that you couldn't easily perform in the natural. He would speak with spirits, travel around the world, and have wizard battles with others in the spiritual realm. (Elephant fights a dragon – dragon turns to a mouse – elephant gets frightened and turns into snake to eat the mouse – mouse turns into human to step on snake. Etc.) He even developed what he called his atom bomb. On the rare occasion he used this weapon he was able to wipe out an entire dream state that may have gotten out of hand. He did many things that effected the entire camp on a spiritual level that I ended up rectifying. Eventually it was me that took the fall and because of these events was not re-hired (Mat still works there to this day). One example is (in a control dream) Mat made a doorway to the spiritual world beside his bed. This particular door was one where if you stepped into it (on a spiritual level) you would be able to teleport into other areas of the world. Kind of a neat idea, but definitely not something you would want beside your bed, or especially in the same room as 10 young children. I remember sitting with him in his room talking about nothing in particular, when all of a sudden a spirit would appear beside his bed. We would both at the same time acknowledge it and make sure it was not hostile and carry on. The idea of control dreaming and spiritual portholes raised red flags in my mind. Mat taught me how to do it but I never chose to. On many occasions I instructed Mat to close the doorway to his bedroom. You and I both know the trouble that it could have caused. For days he refused to remove his proud achievement, until one night in a dream state, a spirit entered the room that was hostile and too strong to control. In a panic he closed the gate and came immediately to me to ask me what to do. I don't remember how, but somehow we rectified the problem. Mat even showed me how to create energy balls that could somehow capture the essence of spirits that annoyed you or threatened you, and then shatter the ball into many pieces to make the spirit go away. I quickly became fairly proficient at that skill. As you know I already had lots of energy ball/energy experience in the context of healing. That summer I learned what it was like to utilize energy for means other than healing. He was a very bad influence on me. We spent hours together sharing our experiences, casting away spirits together and doing many other questionable things. He had a fairly mischievous personality that kept me on my toes. There was one night I remember we stayed up past curfew talking about our lives. I walked him back to his cabin, as we normally walked in pairs remember. Oh yes, I also learned to

never run away from spiritual fear. It is like an attacking dog. The fear will automatically run after you but this time with intention. Just walk in the authority God has given you. It does say in the bible that there is what is called the armor of God. It is much more complete than any armor that can be created with new age energy, but I did not know of it as of yet. Anyway.... I was standing with mat in front of his cabin, and I remember him looking up into the sky as I saw a quick bright flash of light. Mat smiled with a mischievous devilish smile and looked down at me. I knew that smile well by this point and new he was up to mischief. I asked him "What... What did you do?" and he said nothing. "I saw a flash of light. It looked like you spat something or something. What did you do?" When I looked up I saw it. A beacon in the nights sky. Somehow Mat managed to launch an energetic flair that burned bright to the spirit world in the sky. Mat was very proud. I was concerned. I knew that this beacon would attract the spirit realm in a detrimental way but at three in the morning I just wanted to go to bed. I expressed to him my concerns about his actions but he didn't seem to care. He was curious and proud. I think he wanted to find out really what it would do, and how long to would stay up there on its own because he begged and pleaded for me not to tear it down right away and wait a couple of days. By the next morning when I got up at 8:30 am with a cabin of rowdy campers I forgot the night before ever happened. I was far too tired. I believe the beacon stayed up in the sky for almost a full weak. The only thing that reminded me of it was when I was canoeing on the other side of the lake I saw a ball of energetic light hovering in the sky over where the guy's cabins would be standing (Mats cabin). It held my attention and curiosity for about five minutes as I paddled my boat toward it. Then it hit me. I remembered what mat did that night a week before. With anger toward Mat I took the canoe back to the dock and immediately tore the chamber down. I felt little pinpricks of energy on my shoulders as it fell on top of me. During lunch that day Mat approached my table in a huff. Looking rather stern and cross he asked me "Did you tear down my flare?" I paused for a moment before answering. He was obviously upset. I fessed up and expressed my frustration at the danger he just put all of us in. I also expressed my disappointment with him that he went against his word and left it up as long as he did. He and I were at an impasse for a couple of the days that followed. Next two weeks tangibly showed the repercussions of Mats actions. Arguments between staff and campers became more regular. Nightmares within the camp increased in intensity. Even staff members that had always been proud of the fact that they could walk alone at night began to humbly ask friends to walk with them (I am talking big macho men here).

Nearing the end of those two weeks I would be sitting in the dining hall with a camp full of campers and looking out the window to see the spiritual darkness that crowded outside. Other new age people outside of mat and myself began to notice it as well. It was becoming out of hand. Satan's army was crowding the camp ground in waves. Even his generals (stronger demons) joined in on the

party. It felt like we were living in a continual Halloween night and it was far from an enjoyable experience. Matt began seeking me with concern for what was happening around us. I was at a complete loss. I had done an exorcism in the past, but I had never dealt with cleaning an entire campground before. And I didn't even have the photocopy of Jeff's prayer to base mine from. Jeff had it at home and I did not have his contact number. I decided just to take each night as it came. I did not know what else to do. The camp eventually became so crowded with darkness that I decided to turn off my spiritual vision for a period of time. I got tired to seeing the crowded hideousness that surrounded me day in and day out. It made me feel extremely claustrophobic. Many times I felt like I needed to walk around an open field like I was at a bustling party. It eventually became useless to fight against my surroundings because as I would rid one spirit, two would immediately take its place. I became numb to avoid my pain. The whole ordeal ended when individual staff members out of fear banded together to pray for safety. It was the desperate unified prayers of God's children that broke the strong holds of the camp. To be quite honest I did not notice any changes in the camp until Mat pointed it out to me in a unique way.

If you recall, I had turned off a lot of my senses because I did not want to feel the pain of what was happening to me and around me. The way Mat pointed out the changes he observed on the campgrounds was very congruent with his personality. It was one of my nights off and he met me at my cabin. He said he wanted to show something to me. I chose to follow him; I knew Matt would not have done something else stupid because he learned his lesson from the last stunt he pulled. He took me to "The field" where the camp held its games and instructed me to look. I looked with my natural eyes and saw nothing. He instructed me to look again. Again I saw nothing. I said, "I don't see anything Matt". Again he said look. I chose to use my spiritual vision (as that is what he expected me to use). Strangely enough I didn't see anything at all, and that was his point. He said to me "The Field is empty". And that it was! A smile immediately broke my face as I realized that the bondage was gone and I could finally lower my guard. It was another moment of true bliss. We both stared in silence for a moment or two and rejoiced together at the sight of nothing. "How did this happen? Did you do this?" I asked. Mat humbly replied no. It took me a few weeks to fully understand spiritually what had happened, but that night we both tracked an entity dancing across the field. It was one that Mat had known from his past. My relationship with Matt confirmed to me many things about the spiritual world. One example was that we always saw the same things at the same time all of the time. While watching the entity dancing through the field, Mat identified it as Michael the archangel. Only he could have done such a great work. I personally believe that we saw the work of Michael the archangel, and I am not sure if it was Michael himself. But that is just my opinion. What is important was that God was faithful and consistently answered prayer. There were many other events that transpired that summer, like one occasion I almost

accidentally summoned a demon. Other times I tried to fold time, and yet another time I found success with telekinesis. But those are other stories and I don't want to mention them all at this time.

Part 4: True salvation

We all yearn for salvation. We all crave an intimate relationship with the creator. We were created with that need embedded in us. Some fill it with energy, others with alcohol, others anger, and others sex. There are many square pegs to fit into this round hole we have all tried some of them. Then there is the day we find that round peg.

My final year at college was fairly toned down compared to my first. Jeff had to move away to another city in the second year so I only met with him intermittently. Carol and I shared an apartment and drifted apart because of the pressures of living together. Mainly my second year I spent getting close to a woman whom would soon become my wife. Her name is Lisa and she is a joy that makes my days glow brighter. That being said, we have just come out of a very dark season together. But that is yet another story. My second year did not have any exorcisms or severe life and death warfare. It was filled with personal growth and answers to my overwhelming amount of questions to God. I truly met God for the first time this year. My desire to get deeper in new age on the most part had been quenched because I realized that no matter what I can do myself, the creator directly can do better and stronger. I also knew that the creator was different than I originally thought he was. My entire reality had been blown so many times that I didn't know what to think. So I searched without the deep dangerous activities I had done before. By this point most people feared me, some people hated me, and some were awed by me and some had a mixture of the above. I also got to closely know two other new agers who were deep into healing and witchcraft. Allow me to say one more thing about my wife. We share a deep and divine love for each other. In our last year in school together she and I both grew a lot. We quickly learned more about each other in one month than most people learn in over a year. Sometimes it felt like our hearts beat in sync. I never had the pleasure of feeling that way with about woman before. We trusted each other explicitly and then once again in my life warfare struck. That is again another story, but we are doing very well now.

About six months into my second year a trusted friend sent in the mail a book that gave me some of the answers I sought and greatly changed my life. Neil T. Anderson's "The Bondage Breaker" A definite must read. She (Diana my friend – I met her at camp the past summer) labored with me over the phone for weeks to try to get me to read The bondage Breaker and I (of course) found every excuse not to do it. That is why she had to mail it. Through that book I learned

things about spiritual warfare and the workings of the mind I had never known before. When I started reading it I found it hard to put it down.

I kind of touched on this a little earlier in my testimony but I will say again. It will always be natural to avoid getting closer to Jesus Christ and accept him as your savior. A lot of excuses will easily come to your mind. Satan does not want you to be truly free. He knows if he can keep you from God, you will never learn your true identity and you will never be able to truly stand against him. He does not want to see you blessed, happy, or prosperous because you were created by God to be above him and he craves power above everything else. He can bless you with false healing and a lot of riches of this earth, but he can never give you true freedom. The truth is, a life lived in Satan is far inferior to a life lived with Yahweh (not easier, but inferior). You will never experience the full extent of joy, love and peace until you really learn it from the one who created it. Before we are reborn we always find it easier to accept any religion or faith that stands contrary to Christianity. I believe that is why new agers find it so easy to accept each other and persecute Christians. Rome is the perfect example. Everyone accepted each other's beliefs as long as it was not Christian. Relatively shortly after Christianity came along, the Christians were greatly persecuted but in the end Rome fell. The true God has to be different than any other belief because any other belief shares the same root. Satan. God can only be rooted to himself. It just happens that Christians and Jews are persecuted by every other faith in the world, and the world will always embrace its own doctrines. I believe this principal is of spiritual origin.

Not only was I reading The Bondage Breaker, but I was also reading the gospel of John (the third book in the New Testament). It as an easy read and had never before read it with an open heart, it was truly beautiful and yet another book I found hard to put down. Getting myself to start reading it was the hard part. I found many excuses not to. In reading john for the first time I felt bursts of the Holy Spirit working in my life and healing me without pain or flailing, or even asking. The healing was free and I gave God permission to do almost anything he needed to do in my life, and he began a miraculous journey with me that I will always be grateful for. He began to walk with me. I began to know and understand him. I even began to hear his voice and live in his eternal protection and peace. I did not have to concern myself any longer with energy shields, casting out spirits and ignoring voices in my mind. All I had to do was reach out my arm in authority and say in Jesus name be gone. And I would be redeemed. The multiple voices in my head would subside and I had victory like I never had before. I also had healing like I had never experienced. As God promised in his word, living waters flowed through me and I was constantly refreshed on a daily basis. I can not begin to express the extreme amounts of joy that I felt. It was at least 5 to 10 times greater than anything I had ever experienced up to that point (and I had experienced great healing in the past). All I did was take the effort I

was spending to heal myself and others through new age and used it to praise God, seek His truth and find real healing in my life. God in his omnipotent power and grace sent in turn overwhelming floods of healing water bursting forth in my life. I felt the coolness of a spiritual release all throughout my body for hours at a time every day. It was incredible! It was pure! It was stronger than any release I had felt in new age and if you can believe it, even more joyful and pure.

The days were always clear in my eyes. I had a well of joy flow up in my soul. My spirit was being renewed. I could do far better than throw energy balls and heal the sick. I had prayer; and through it I prayed for cancer to be healed and it was (without me even being in direct contact with the person). I prayed for certain people to accept Jesus as I knew him in order for them to feel the vast amounts of blessings and true healing and deliverance that I felt. And they did. I prayed for negative forces in my city to diminish and stop working in people's lives. And they did. For once I truly had victory over all that afflicted me. It was incredible!!!! And this is what I want for you too. I had spiritual awareness and knowledge that I never had before. I new things about people that only God would know and prayed for them to be healed and they were! This is the way spirituality should be. I learned that all that I had known, all that I had done was child's play compared to the true creator of the earth when I tapped into him through prayer. Because of the bursting healing occurring in my life I praised god every day. I talked to him every day. He even spoke to me every day through prayer! It was wonderful. Better than orgasmic! But it gets better. My mind was becoming clear. The torment and nightmares I never saw or again. I look foreword to talking to God at my bedside every night. I would tell him everything and he would hear! Sometimes I would get on my knees with a specific prayer request and forty-five minutes later I would be filled with the Holy Spirit. Bursting with joy and authority and still on my knees forgetting the original prayer request all together. While I prayed, many things were brought to my mind directly from God. Things He wanted me to pray for and I found so much joy doing so! I would even pray for people I did not know around the world. I could almost see their faces. This was the real thing! Larger and better than anything else I had ever known. Every step I took towards God he took at least two steps towards me. I enjoyed repenting because it brought me such peace.

I remember I was lying in my bed one night and God gave me a vision of a cloud in the sky. Within this cloud there were thousands... no hundreds of thousands of faces. Some seamed reasonably happy while others were clearly tormented. Within an instant I realized this cloud was representative of the spirit of new age (a powerful general in Satan's army). All of the faces within the gray cloud were completely deceived by its false light and stuck within its confines. My heart just broke. I saw the hole where my face once was placed and I was so glad that I was now out of it!! It killed me to see that some of the faces I recognized.

Immediately I prayed for them and now they all live happily and victoriously with the Lord!!! They are all going to the same place as me and I still want the same for you. I am sure most of you already know you are going there. But if there is any doubt in your mind. Any at all then lets fix that now. You have nothing to loose other than living in victory in life and then spending eternity with the creator of the universe. In heaven, God has a room laid out for you. It has your name on it. And heaven was made to bring pure pleasure to you for an uncountable amount of time. As strange as it may sound, Jesus died for you on the cross as God clothed in our flesh, in order to bare the pain and damnation of our race. All we have to do is accept His love to begin some of the things I had mentioned earlier. It is quite simple and painless to do, but everything of this world will try to stop you from doing it (even your own mind can betray you). If it has been hard for you to read the last paragraph and you have been day dreaming a lot while you read, that is just the first example. When I say the name Jesus Christ, it should bring joy to your heart and not damnation. If you find the name Jesus Christ difficult to read (outside of a curse), that is yet another example. If you are feeling angry or frustrated out of no where, that is another example. Let's live in victory over all the garbage in life starting now. It is an easy decision to be reborn and share in a living relationship with the creator of everything. All you have to do is read these simple words out loud.

"Lord. I want to know you. I want to see you. I want your victory over the darkness around me. I want your grace. Your joy. Your holiness. Father come to me as I have come to you. I accept your love, Your joy, and Your peace. I accept you Jesus as my personal savior. I realized I have sinned in your eyes and I pray you forgive me and set me free. Set me free Oh Lord. Rain down upon me Holy Spirit and fill me up. Let me receive your joy. I humbly ask you this in Jesus name. The Lamb of God. The Messiah. Thank you Lord for your faithfulness."

If this was your first time reading a prayer like this, congratulations! You just did a beautiful thing and may be feeling some strange sensations at this moment in time. Maybe a cool breeze, cleansing water, bursting heat or just a strange sense of peace and belonging. That is the Holy Spirit touching you and you have only just begun . If you don't feel anything in particular, that is ok as well. Just don't be alarmed if you feel tingles here or there. It may seem strange to you but just by saying the words "Jesus I accept you as my personal savior" places your name in the book of eternal life and guarantees you a room in heaven. I have great joy for all of you that had the courage to read that prayer aloud. If you skipped reading it aloud, I bet part of you still wants to and hesitates. You don't have to miss out! Christian or not. Fight the inclination to skip it. Just take the leap and do it. You can find a new joy in life. You too can be recreated. Listen to that tug on your heart before it is too late. There might not be a tomorrow.

By now you are most likely feeling very relieved or very aggravated with me. At any rate if you would like to read on I will finish my story. As you already know by the time I was in college for my last year I had been a "Christian" for over two years, but I still struggled in many big ways. I was beginning to feel a rebirth and renewing, but didn't know what the next step was. I searched many different churches to find one that knew how to direct me in my life and eventually found a church that changed my life forever. What I learned from cornerstone was that not only is God a God that will wait for you to let him into your life, but He is also a God that will wait for you to let Him heal you. You see as much as I desired to be healed, some of my pains and strongholds became such a major part of my life I was afraid to let them go. The things that troubled me and held me back had become a major part of my personality (all I knew was struggle and I wasn't sure if I was ready for that to change). For instance if you have lived your life with an anger problem that consumed most of your days, and one day in a miraculous way it vanished, wouldn't you wonder what would replace it? Wouldn't it scare you that a major part of your personality had left in an instant? That is how I felt. I was afraid of the unknown. I didn't like my demons/bondages and wanted true freedom from them but at the same time I feared the unknown. I didn't know what it was like to be healed from all my pain; would I even like myself after it was all gone? It took me a few weeks until I truly understood that God was the God that made me. Every part of me. God was a God that knew what I deeply wanted more than I knew (because He made me) and God was a God that wanted nothing more than to give me freedom from my pain and torment and help me to achieve what my deep hearts desire was. He wanted me to be truly happy and free and not worry about anything (not even sin and pain in my life). God is an awesome God that I can actually trust with all of my being. It was a big lesson, and difficult yet soothing to swallow. Besides, if I don't trust in him who was I going to trust? I can't lie on just myself, I can't even wake up in the morning on my own strength. It is God that already sustained me. He had been patiently waiting for this moment my whole time, calling my name as He felt all of my pain. Setting me free from the times I worshiped the universe and light.

My path had been set. I was going to heaven when I died. That is what I chose. But I still had to choose how my life would be lived. A) In rebellion pulling away and not trusting God to then wonder why He doesn't do things for me that He does for other people (or wonder why He doesn't fulfill His promises for me found in His Bible) or, B) Trusting God fully. Giving him rein in every area of my life. My thought life as well as my actions (he knew my thoughts already anyway). Turning away from the sins that I always fell into and trusting that He would replace them with a glory and peace that was larger than anything any of us could ever understand. In other words just trusting that He wanted to give me my heart's desire. He wanted to give me a new life that was better than the one I was living without him. He wanted an active, intimate (non-sexual but

spiritual) relationship with me on earth, as well as in heaven and all I had to do allow Him permission to walk with me in my life. To bless me like He wanted to and not stop Him half way.

It was an extremely difficult decision. Face my fear of the unknown and trust God in every area of my life. Turn to Him and away from some things I enjoyed or felt I had no control over. Or live like I had always known, comfortable, knowing who I was including my pains. Living in a stability that I now knew held me from the full glory and awe of God.

My decision was to walk the walk and not wait for heaven (we always have a choice in Gods world). It was the best decision I had ever made. The day I decided that, God delivered me. Unquenchable tears of relief and joy swelled up within my soul. Without exaggeration I felt exactly like I was standing under the bottom of Niagara Falls. There was so much healing power falling from heaven into my life I could barely stand. It was New Age times one hundred thousand. It was uncontrollable (and of course that was part of my decision). The amount of love that instantaneously permeated my flesh was immeasurable. God's love and acceptance led me to even more tears. I was one flesh with the God that created the universe and He loved me. Me, the one who betrayed Him on many occasions and gave him a bad name. I was being filled to overflowing. And overflow I did. The power of the things that I felt that day I still can not put into words. There is no comparison between it and anything else. The Holy Spirit pumped me with so much energy and joy that I became drunk in His spirit. It was larger than life. I remember as I felt what was like my spirit being pulled from my flesh to hover over the church, the Holy Spirit then healed me of all of my pain and torment. He washed me pure then placed me in my body again. I was freed! It was so great that it made any other healing I had experienced in the past seem like absolutely nothing! Nothing compared to the power and grace of my Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing. And you know I had been through "great" healing before. I rejoice every day at the work He completed in my life. And He still is working on me and bringing me to higher levels of understanding every day. I can not help but be joyful and smile.

This is where my story must end for the moment. This is also how I stand now three years later. Redeemed. Healed. Healthy. Made new. And wanting the same for you. Accept it. I know you can. Thank you for reading.
damian@victoryoverthedemonic.com.

One final word of wisdom. I strongly suggest that you find a church body of believers like yourself. It is much more difficult to walk the walk alone. In fact Satan can eat you alive if you let it happen. I also can not express how important it is to be accountable to close Christian friends. We all need to be encouraged, supported, helped up after we fall down and even corrected; that is what a good

church should do for you. Satan is an incredibly sneaky and crafty individual. He has had over 6000 years to perfect his craft and he can bring you back down before you even realize what is happening.

Know that a good church is measured by the quality of the people found within it and its consistency with the 'Truth' laid out in God's Word. Not by denomination. If after you enter the door the people are graceful, merciful and loving, and the doctrine shared reflects that of the Holy Bible, then you are well on your way. If any one of those three are not there, keep looking. You can trust me when I say, hard work up front pays off with great peace in the end.

May God guide you in your search and may the Lord always be with you in great strength and favour. And if you still have not yet given your life to Jesus, it is not too late. Don't miss out, you have nothing to lose but pain and damnation. Maybe it is time to take that next step and completely trust Jesus as your Saviour. I can sincerely say it is worth much more than the risk of not. And until we speak in person, Shalom (peace be with you) and God Bless you!

Part 5 : Learning a New Path - Dark Times Ahead

After writing the first 4 parts of my story I have received an overwhelming amount of requests asking to bring my story up to current day. Well with much anticipation, I now present to you the most recent update to my personal life story. There is still much to be said as growing in my spiritual walk was fraught with many challenges, struggles and spiritual victories. Let us first start where we left off.

Chapter 12

My last chapter ended where my life changed at Cornerstone Community Church. I had discovered a new direct relationship with my Lord and He had purified and made me whole in many new and significant ways. I, at that time received new strength, authority, abilities and gifts and felt completely transformed in every way. Even though I experienced a complete life spiritual change, I unknowingly had a great deal yet to learn and grow through regarding my spirituality as I battled major "strong holds" and "bondages" that held me in slavery in many ways. For those that are unfamiliar with the term "strong hold" or "bondage" I will take a little bit of time to explain these concepts because understanding them is important to understand the story to its fullest.

In our lives we often give Satan and his minions permission to take effect or control in and over our lives in many ways. When we intentionally or unintentionally give Satan the right to do this, we have created what is called a stronghold. Once a stronghold takes root and begins to control us and our actions it can then be called "Bondage". We often choose to accept or allow

'Strongholds and Bondages' in our lives as we go through life and expose ourselves to the spiritual influences around us (ex: going to a psychic or using a Ouija board) while other 'Strongholds and Bondages' can even be inherited from birth. An example of a stronghold / bondage that influenced me in obvious ways would be: When I had killed myself in high school, for a period of two weeks after I felt an overpowering pull tearing me toward death even though I did not desire to return. Once we give Satan a "legal right" to influence our lives it can become quite overwhelming and difficult to control or remove. There is complete victory over 'Strongholds and Bondages' through Jesus if we do take the right steps.

Satan uses strongholds to directly tear us away from our walk with God, he implants doubt, inflicts personal pain and blame against God for that pain, introduces self hatred or denial, depression, cause addiction etc. There are many damaging ways our enemy (Satan) influences our lives through 'Strongholds and Bondages'. From birth I battled sexual strongholds that drew me to sexual bondages that pushed me to suicidal tendencies in my life. Other strongholds were also introduced through my 'New Age', psychic and other twisted backgrounds. I believe intergenerational bondages helped lead me down my 'New Age' (old age) journey and my personal "bondages" and "strongholds" played a major role in making my personal journey quite difficult. It took some time to defeat my bondages and claim victory in my life and it was quite difficult to operate as you will soon live under the control of my 'Strongholds and Bondages'.

As an aside, I personally discovered that once you become a Christian, Satan pulls on your strongholds even harder when compared to before you gave your life to receive your new spiritual "God given" inheritance. This is for a reason. When you become a Christian you instantly gain direct power through Jesus over Satan in every way (even though you may not know how to yield this power as of yet) and because of this Satan often fights through your old bondages to try to control you, discourage you, get angry at God or bring you back to where you were in your spiritual journey before you accepted Christ. The warfare at first can become quite powerful, as you will read in my story and it is for these reasons why it is important to surround yourself with other Christians that can help you through these influences. Especially if you came from a 'New Age' background it is important to surround yourself with Christians that understand these spiritual principles and can pray for and encourage you to personal victory in your life. There is no better feeling in life than having a stronghold lifted from you that has been plaguing your existence for a period of time. Everyone has a stronghold or bondage in their life; there is no exception and with God we can all claim freedom, deliverance, true joy and victory over any demonic influences in our life, no matter how deep. My story proves that.

For the record: Strongholds quickly become deep "bondages" that control your life if you do not address them as they occur. Things as simple as over eating or as complicated as death, depression, or bitterness and anger can become far more difficult to claim victory over the stronghold has had a time to "take root". The first step to freeing yourself from your 'Strongholds and Bondages' is to let God and His spirit take control in your life so that He can inhabit you and walk into you, leading you to healing. Holding your thought life captive is also a first step to your freedom.

There are plenty of great resources and groups that educate and equip you to gain victory in this realm: Neil T Anderson's book: "The Bondage Breaker" is a book that walked me through my beginning understandings of Bondages and Strongholds. In this book Neil educates you in ways to win against Bondages and Strongholds that play a role in your life. He also provides prayers that simply work and strategies to assist your first steps to freedom. I find most people read the first half of the book to understand the principles I have been talking about, then jump to the end to say prayers for freedom as instructed by Neil. This strategy is ok to do, I have found. A more thorough healing ministry that has completely transformed my life (and the life of many others I personally know) has been "Cleansing Stream Ministries". Cleansing Streams travels far deeper in spiritual healing and through Jesus defeats spirits as dark and deep as Death, Depression, New Age, Suicide, Poverty, Sexual Sin, and more. Some bondages are best to be broken in a Church setting or with a team because demonic attack can become quite high if you are trying to remove bondages from your life all on your own. If you bite off more than you chew in spiritual warfare without any ministry support, you can quite often find yourself confused and falling deeper into trouble. I strongly suggest if you are seeking freedom from deeper bondages that have controlled your life, to get plugged into a team that can help deliver you and not just go about fighting a "deliverance battle" on your own. Yes God can do anything in our lives and he has healed many without a "church" for support, but His power is also exemplified when we gather as a team and work together to defeat our enemy. There is an invisible war that goes on every day in our lives that is not unlike World War II and I would much rather fight with others alongside me, than try to battle it out on my own. It is for this reason why Cleansing Streams is most definitely a course that anyone should take and it has been a life changing experience for me. The people there understand warfare, intercessory prayer and have seen many through deliverance. I am glad I went through it because through it God has really done miraculous works in my life.

Ok now getting back to my story. I had just been saved and was experiencing many awesome spiritual changes in my life as God began healing me from my past. It was a process that took time and during this time, spiritual warfare was

often rampant. The first thing I had to do in my new spiritual walk was to re-learn how to live and discover how to utilize the new gifts that God had given me. I likened my spiritual walk at that time, to being given the keys to my most favourite sports car but still not knowing how to drive it, or utilize it to its fullest potential. I had much to learn and much heartache ahead of me while I learned.

Even though as a Christian I had been given an inheritance of victory over any attack from my enemy (Satan), the spiritual attack in my life continued to grow on a daily base. This time though, the attack that intensified was different than I used to experience. Satan could no longer influence me directly like he once did when I was not a "saved" Christian because I was now under the direct protection of God (even Satan's creator). That did not stop at his attempts to control and discourage me in every way he could though. In fact, as you will soon read, things got rather miserable for quite some time. Satan's new tactic turned to utilizing my old strongholds in order to negatively impact my spiritual walk and future. He did succeed in many ways, but over time I learned how to defeat him and find victory in Jesus.

Every Christian that grows to become strong in their direct relationship with God goes through times of temperament like this. The dark forces of our world want nothing more than to turn us off of the path that leads us to Jesus and our freedom in the spirit. Our new freedom in truth, acts directly against Satan's influence in our lives and intimidates him I am sure. He knows what our full potential is as Christians and will stop at nothing within his power to make sure we never learn of it or discover it. It is actually a good sign when you fall under attack as a new Christian because it shows that you are truly important in the spiritual kingdom. Knowing this doesn't help you through the hard times too much though. Times still can be hard.

What does spiritual attack feel like? If you have ever felt voices operating in your mind that try to discourage or emotionally abuse you and make you feel down, useless or depressed for no apparent reason, you will have known one form of spiritual attack. Attack does take many forms and this is just one of them. Remember when Carol fought against Gary and I when we were taking her into the hotel room to permanently free her from the spirit that was possessing her. Spirits fight with all of their might to stop her from achieving personal freedom and her heavenly inheritance. They rose up within her with fear and trepidation of what was about to happen, when really what was about to happen was the best thing that could have ever happened. This is another form of demonic attack or control. These spiritual laws have always been in existence from the dawning of time or the "fall of man" and will continue to be there until our Christ's return or we make it to heaven. So be encouraged to hang in there and expect attacks as you journey as a Christian (or even non Christian) and be on your guard and surround yourself with those that can support you spiritually. The

'New Age' movement teaches you can become your own god. I would much rather have a direct relationship with the real God that created everything we see and know compared to weak 'New Age' practises to handle demonic attack in our lives. I compare the two as the difference between an energizer battery and a nuclear power plant. Simply plug yourself in because the Creator carries a far greater charge than anything we can ever muster, no matter how strong your 'New Age' powers or training will be. Many have learned this first hand. I am just one.

Chapter 13

All through my first few months of being saved, I found myself "double minded" quite often. This was yet another form of demonic attack on me. At times it was as though there were two parts of me in utter conflict: one side saying one thing and another saying the opposite. The first followed a path of my past life 'Strongholds and Bondages', for example: "don't go to church you don't need it, become enlightened in 'New Age' energy instead" and the second reflected my new redeemed life calling me down my new victorious path with Jesus. The two in conflict did get quite confusing especially because Satan often used my own voice as part of his deception in my life. It is hard to not listen to your own voice in your mind because you know it is leading you a stray. Another stumbling / healing block was that as a 'New-Ager' I relied heavily on intuition to guide me in and out of danger but even my intuition began to betray me at times and it was often hard to fight against the negative influences in my life. I was going through a great learning curve and healing process that took a great deal of time, effort and energy. I made many severe mistakes through this dark and confusing time of my life and inflicted much hurt on myself and others. I now wish life could have been different because I was about to head into the darkest time of my life. Redeemed and enslaved.

Part of my biggest struggle is that I had to wait for my "old man" to die. What I mean by this was that even though I was completely redeemed and saved, I was still plagued by old habits that used to control and harm me (the Strongholds). The "old man" was a direct result of my old bondages that had to be broken with God's help; and it is the "old man" that helped hurt so many people that I cared about.

Ok, I now built up the courage to say it, let me share with you my largest most personal spiritual struggle in my life at that time. Remember when I killed myself in high school because I was feeling terrible about some of the things I had done? In truth, I had not done anything "too bad"; I hated myself for relatively poor grades at the time (for example), I had low self esteem in many ways, but most of all I hated myself for an uncontrollable urge and all consuming 'Bondage' that controlled me all of my life as far as I could remember. I was controlled by an uncontrollable compulsion to be physically / sexually intimate with the

opposite sex. Some of you may say: "aah no big deal, we all go through it" but for me it was different. It was spiritual and quite often against my better judgement and even primary self will. Even though my strongholds are what controlled me, I hated myself because of them. This is hard to explain and hard for many to understand. It was like a cocaine or gambling addiction. You gamble uncontrollably and end up losing your life, home and family but you keep doing it. Even though you hate yourself for your actions and uncontrollable compulsions, the next time the opportunity presents itself you are yet again down the path to self destruction, feeling much like you are acting against your own will. For me it was much like swimming up stream on white water rapids. I could kick and trash against the current but no matter what I did I kept getting swept away against my will. I felt uncontrollable; the spiritual / physical compulsion was so strong. At times I just wanted to kill myself just to be free of the bondage because I couldn't seem to escape it any other way. In the past when people fall into bondage like this they slit their wrists because of their feeling of hopelessness and uselessness. I instead stopped my heart with my mind.

What was most difficult and confirms the fact that I was in spiritual bondage was the fact that when I found my self in certain situations, voices in my head would start tempting me and even convicting me of acts I had not yet committed or acts that I have committed in the past. Telling me I was useless and unable to resist. This might sound familiar to some of you. I felt completely controlled and often abused in every way and at a loss for any kind of reason or resolution. I often felt as though my mind, spirit and flesh were no longer under my own control and all were working against me. It was absolutely dreadful. This bondage was then tied to other bondage that affected my life. Depression was one. When the sexual bondage showed its face, depression and suicidal tendencies were always close to follow. I felt utterly useless and incapacitated under these bondages at times. It clouded my thinking and often led me to make poor decisions in my life. I am sure if you have ever battled a deep personal addiction to anything, you will understand at least what I mean when I say I felt like I was being controlled by a force larger than yourself. It was quite disconcerting to say the least, especially when you couple it with deep self-loathing all through the process.

What I did not know all through my life was that my self-hatred was pointed completely in the wrong direction. I should not have been hating myself (the victim in the situation) but fought directly against my aggressor (Satan). The one that was trying to (and successfully) influencing my mind to the point of personal collapse. If I had realized this and many other things that I now know and understand I would have been far better equipped to handle this bondage in my life. Life is a learning curve and no matter where we are we always have something new to learn. The self-hatred that I awarded myself simply worsened

matters, allowed my enemy to defeat me and became my undoing in many larger ways.

My emotions when under these influences were those of: helplessness, punishment, deep hurt, betrayal, and self hatred. I did not identify till much later that the thoughts and voices that would control my mind creating "double-mindedness," (fighting my own thoughts and the thoughts of a third party influencing my thought life) tempted me to make damaging actions. It would actually be exactly the same thoughts and voices that would go through my mind convicting me of acts that I had committed in my past (recent or distant) and making me feel useless, powerless and undesirable. In essence, the same spirit that tempted me to sin was the one that personally assaulted me when I was down. This is a standard Satan tactic. He stabs you in the chest to make you bleed and then kick you when you are down. What a loser! I am sure you can identify with this in some areas of your life.

For the record: Being a Christian does not automatically make life easy or free of spiritual attack in any way, remember sometimes it intensifies. Being Christian just gives you victory over the war and tools that you can utilize to declare victory; but every Christian must go through a learning process to find out what these tools are and how to yield them. Remember the sports car analogy I used earlier. We all may lose battles along the way, but the victory has been won and the victory has been Jesus, we now can accept his inheritance.

Unfortunately I did not learn how to walk my new Christian walk or utilize my new Christian weaponry and strategies until I had already deeply hurt some of the most important people in my life. If there was one thing I would change about my past, it would be the decisions and actions I had taken while under the influences of my life long bondages. It kills me inside knowing some of the people I have hurt along the way. These experiences left us all deeply wounded. God has been steadily healing me from my past and now I live almost completely restored. I thank God for his mercy and grace in my life. My past has also moulded me to become the man I am today so I can not curse my past completely, I have learned a lot and I am glad I can share my victory with you.

Chapter 14

I would like to share with you some of the things I have learned along my journey. If you would like to skip this Chapter is it completely ok. You won't miss any of my personal account.

My first step to defeating this 'Bondage' in my life was to learn to leave or flee from a situation that might lead to temptation. I have learned that once a 'Stronghold' or 'Bondage' has taken root into your life and you are in a position of being tempted, there is almost nothing within your power or will that you can do

to stop it or your actions. Bondages can and will control a person at times. Christian or not. It is a legal entry point for Satan to affect your life that is why it is so important to defeat them, what ever they are. I used to think it was possible to fight my bondages by meeting eye to eye in my personal battle field but I learned repeatedly no matter how strong I felt, I would still lose in such a battle. Some times it is just best to flee, regroup yourself and allow God to work in your life. Bondages simply need to be removed and not fought against. Victory is yours for the taking, if you go through the right steps and learn how to exercise God's will in your life to freedom. Don't blame yourself for your bondages; just defeat them in Jesus' name. Cleansing Stream Ministries will methodologically teach you how.

Also by leaving the direct impulsive situation that binds you, you will then be in a position where God can help restore and bless you while showering you with His authority and healing into your life. In essence you will be starving the fire while you extinguish the flame. For example: If you have an ice cream bondage for example and simply can't control yourself when you are near ice cream, simply don't buy ice cream when you are at the store. When you get home it will be easier to fight when the craving comes. Well, actually maybe not easier but at least you will have some safe distance between you and the bucket. Quite often by the time you get into your car to surrender and go to the store, God can begin to work in your life and work against the temptation. During this time you can also use God's word against the temptation the same way Jesus did when He was tempted. The Bible is full of statements and promises that we can call upon to defeat the enemy in our lives. Also it is great to surround yourself with friends that understand and can be there any time of the day or hour of the night to support you and help you choose a different path than eating ice cream. I have personally found that every bondage in life is counterfeit for a larger spiritual void somewhere in life. For example much of the sexual intimacy I craved was a deep craving for spiritual intimacy with my maker, but since I did not know how to have a deep relationship that way, Satan used this to attack me and bind me to actions that in the end hurt me. Now that my sexual bondages have been replaced by God's spirit and will. In my life I no longer face the temptations I used to and quite frankly I get more filled by God's spirit when I worship then I ever did with any act I committed in bondage. I am far more complete now than I used to be.

Filling a deeper spiritual need with a bondage is like filling a square peg into a round hole. If it is forced, it will still go in but will leave you damaged and not only yearning for the next "hit" but also yearning for true healing. Many people get used to only using square pegs in round holes and stop searching for the true spirit to fill the void. Please let this not be you in any way. I now know the difference and now that I have experienced the fullness of it, I will never choose to turn back. Quite frankly I honestly didn't know what I was missing.

One other profound exercise that really helped me recover from my spiritual attacks and ground over my enemy was when I learned to truly consecrate (give) all of my bondages to God directly instead of try to handle them myself, or pray directly against them. In essence I would take all of my pain, sin and strongholds and in my heart wrapped them up in a little "bow wrapped" package and left them at Christ's loving feet. He then took my pains, sins and bondages up and took care of them for me. I never needed to look back for it. I could have gone back and taken them at any time because God is a gentleman but I learned to not look for them again because I knew God would fill those desires and need with something better that He had created.

This was truly difficult to do because at first I felt empty inside, like a major part of my identity or personality was all of a sudden taken a way or missing. But this was a part of the healing process. I asked God to fill the emptiness with my spirit and never 'look' to take the old bondages back and He did. The key I find is that I did not look back for my old sins and I let Jesus transform me into a new whole and complete creation. Because of this the bondages were not only loosed from my life but they also didn't return. My round hole was filled with a round peg and I had no need for a square one any longer. Sometimes healing happens immediately, other times healing comes over time. Sometimes God just steps down and intercedes while other times He desires us to go through a learning curve to freedom like through Cleansing Stream Ministries (and Ellel Ministries). At any rate if you keep searching with him and taking steps to freedom, praying and educating yourself, and surrounding yourself with people that can help you, you will find freedom in your life from any sin and bondage. Just put God first in your life above all other needs and you will find He will fulfill all of your needs completely. It is a learning process and at times it can be difficult and even painful but it is all worth it in the end.

Oh yes, also be careful what you pray for because God does answer prayers in ways we might not first expect but ways that is truly best. For example, if you ever ask God to make you a "better person" you can expect hardships along the way to help challenge you to grow to be a better person. If you ever pray for God to "give you patience", expect your patience to be tested with certain events. That being said, for every trial God lovingly brings into your life He will also award you with the strength to see through it - that is if you allow Him. Many people ask God for a deep spiritual walk with him but when He sends them challenges that bring them closer to Him, they often curse God. Through trials and blessings Jesus is with you at all times, so be free and find peace in all circumstances. God will sustain you, and if you ever experience circumstances that are painful beyond what you can bear then quite often those circumstances are a result of an attack of your enemy. At those times you can pray against them and also have victory. Telling the difference can be difficult at times but over time you will know and God will speak directly into your heart His perfect truth as you walk through life.

A brief note on repentance: True repentance is not only saying "God I messed up" but it is also choosing to never go back again and intentionally turning from your old ways. This is a learning curve that took me time and repeated tries to achieve on a regular base, that alongside with not asking for my old bondages back. With time, perseverance, and prayer, I did succeed and so can you if you are being challenged. I used to be completely controlled by voices and convictions in my mind, now the voices are thankfully no longer. I have been free for quite a number of years and do not expect to fall into spiritual slavery again. It is part of my / your inheritance as Christian. God is faithful and He has healed me completely. He can and will for you. I am here to help if I can.

Chapter 15

I will now continue the chronicle of my life for you: When I was a new Christian and still bound with the bondages that once held me, Satan's spiritual attack on my life was absolutely intense. I knew at that time that I was going to be used as a vessel of God's peace but that didn't make living through the struggles any easier. If you face trials, be encouraged because it is a direct sign that you are truly important in God's kingdom.

When I was in college I fell madly in love with my best friend Lisa. It was not intentional at first as we were both dating other people at the time. Through our time together in the second year of college, we both became inseparable. We studied together, shopped for groceries together, terrorized (joshed) store clerks, all in our small college town of Sutton, Ontario and shared in many innocent good times, laughs and joys. We shared in our spiritual journeys together and had open communication about any topic; anything and everything that was close to our hearts we would talk about. We had a very emotionally healing relationship for one another. We truly understood each other and in time could finish each others thoughts as well as sentences. As I type this out it is no wonder why we had fallen in love with each other through our time of growth in friendship. She was truly amazing and I quickly grew to love her in every way.

This would be a fairy tale story if in fact was writing a fairy tale, however we do live in the real world and life is far more complicated than a fairy tale isn't it?

By the end of college I had been dating an old high school girlfriend for about two years. Everyone who knew her loved her and protected her. In many ways she was like the little sister that everyone liked to have. I realized by the end of college that I was dating her for the wrong reasons (I will not get into that here) but we did share a very close relationship together. Lisa (my college love and wife to this day) was also dating another individual for the previous five years and over the years they seemed to have been growing apart. She was ready to end her relationship with that friend during college.

Putting everything together in your mind and knowing now in advance the bondages that I fought, I think you can foresee the nightmare that was brewing. I fought surrendering to my emotions for Lisa and breaking up with my present girlfriend because the last thing I wanted to do was hurt her. This was a naive action on my part because by the end of second year the inevitable occurred as Lisa and I fell deeply in love with one another and were sharing in a relationship that was not only emotional but physical in nature. Lisa and I had an incredible relationship as our deep friendship nourished every part of one another: emotional, spiritual and physical.

Now some people might say "aah no big deal" at this situation but to me it was everything! I knew deep inside that I always would hurt the people I loved and cared most about. I felt like I'm not deserving of a deep relationship with anyone. This circumstance confirmed my self beliefs and personally shattered me like a large pane of glass. "How can I live with myself when I hurt all the innocent people that are important in my life? What kind of person am I? Why can't I simply control myself and make good decisions in life? I am not worthy to live. The world would be better off without me." These were some of the thoughts and questions that went through my mind.

This time marked the beginnings of the darkest period of my life.

I was suicidal all over again. There were voices that were not my own continually screaming and shouting in my mind, assailing me with angry accusations, convictions and hatred. If they originated in the natural world I would have tried to cover my ears to at least muffle the sounds but the spiritual voices of accusation and abuse originated in my mind and even sometimes used my own voice. This attack mixed with my own personal attack, began to reduce me to emotional ashes. I continued to make poor decisions in my life that darkened my journey and confused my path even further; further hurting the ones that were important in my life. This then deepened the attack and worsened my perceptions of myself which then once again deepened the spiritual attack to an even higher level. I was stuck in a negative loop that I simply could not escape. I felt like I was boat adrift without a rudder in the middle of a tsunami storm. I felt broken, bashed and battered as poisonous waste entered my hull and made my vessel begin to decent to the bottom of the cold murky depths of the ocean. I was helpless fighting against it as I was spiralling out of control and had nothing to hold on to. I was crippled and was ready to completely surrender to the darkness that was consuming my life as a self punishment for the things I had done. I was worse than sludge and felt that I deserved any darkness that came my way. I am sure God was just crying for me as He shared in my pain at this time. I was consumed daily with emotions of regret, remorse, anger, betrayal, and more, the negative spirits that would speak in my mind would compound my problem by belittling me and confirming my feeling of uselessness and hopelessness. I was continually confused and disoriented with each waking day.

I even felt deserted by God as I was learning to walk my new deeply disturbed Christian life. And this was just the dawning of the worst season of my life.

I got as active as I could in church and did find refuge there. I would almost go almost every day of the week and surround myself with people that cared for me and could help tear me out of my spiritual entrapment by praying for me and educating for me. I thank God that Cornerstone Church was there because I don't know where I would be now without them. Through Cornerstone I began to re-learn how to walk as a Christian and understand what was going on in my mind and around me. I had still a long and difficult path ahead of me but at least I was learning. The spiritual forces in my life fought to control my every action, thought and deed and at times I felt I was fighting a losing battle while other times I felt like there just might be hope for victory. The warfare was 24 hours a day 7 days a week without cease and during this time I quite often felt like I was wearing away like paper shoved between two rocks and left to weather. While other times I was being strengthened by my Lord (especially through worshiping Him) and felt like I could persevere. During this dark and confusing time I made many poor decisions and actions that to this day I regret. The days weeks and months to follow were filled with an up and down road with victory and despair as I was continually challenged often beyond what I was able to bear. Making good choices and bad, my life would never be the same. During the following year I learned truly how difficult life be. I have thought repeatedly since those months that if there was a time in my life where I could take back and change, it would be this time and the dark times to follow. But is it also these times that helped to sculpt me to become the man that I am today, and for these reasons I must accept them as part of my past.

Chapter 16

College was now coming to a close and I was under many pressures. I struggled to complete the two most traumatizing and hardest scholastic years of my life because staff at our small school fought against me every step of the way. Many did not like me and would intentionally make acts that would sabotage my success. On top of my present relational circumstances I was also fighting the compounded problems of trying to recover from my deep and powerful 'New Age' past. I did not want to fall back into that path even though many of my 'New Age' giftings were still prevalent in my life.

After I concluded college things continued to get worse. I had to move back to my home town, over a two hours drive away from my college location and Lisa (my future wife to be) had to move back to her home town in Sudbury about a four hour drive away. All in total we were now living 6 hours apart, desperately in love and both deeply wounded from past events. By moving I had become completely removed from the church life and support that was helping me through my difficult time and now I felt even more desperate and alone. I was

not adjusting well to living at home again with my parents and my parents were actively trying to remove me from the influences I had while in college. They were doing so because they saw changes in my life that in their opinion was for the worse, but to this day I do not understand what changes they could have seen in me because I knew that I had only changed for the better (other than the struggles I was in). Maybe they just didn't like the way I was growing up, I don't know.

I longed to see Lisa (the love of my life) again and would do just about anything to make this happen; even if it was against the will of my parents at the time. I purchased a car and drove to Sudbury to stay with her a little while, in her mom's basement apartment. Her family did not make me feel welcome in the least either, in fact they once banished me from being with her because of their misconceptions of me and instincts that I was going to hurt her again. Which happened, but that again is another story. My parents were equally as judgemental toward Lisa so we had no refuge anywhere we went. I began wondering: If our relationship is "meant to be", why was everything in our world working completely against us? I now know of course that we were under severe attack because God had a great mission for our lives together. I also do not know what personal history was being worked in Lisa's life at the time or what if her bondages contributed to the circumstances, but things were not easy that's for sure. While life continued to worsen and parental social pressures continued to pile up, I was continued to be filled with just about every other negative emotion one can think of. I began feeling as though God was no longer anywhere near me and that He had completely deserted me. In fact in my darkest hour I remember lashing out at God and actively trying to abuse Him because of the desertion and demonic convictions I felt. I told Him I hated Him with everything I had. I cursed Him out loud with my lips. I had become a far cry from where I was just months earlier before my "great fall".

In this time I continued to follow my bondage past and found myself in positions that continued to yield havoc on everything I held dear. I felt helpless, alone and once again continuing down my negative spiral. I was ready to leave this world without hesitation but it was not my time. The voices and conviction in my mind were deafening and I couldn't shut them out. I was completely confused and ready to give up all together. It was only Christ that held me together.

This picture comes to my mind when I think about my total despair: I felt like I was in a sinking ship that was tossing and rotating as it uncontrollably lurched to the ocean floor. As soon as I thought I uncovered my way up or a way out, everything would shift and I would find myself completely disoriented. I would have to start searching for an escape all over again. I felt like while trying to escape, the ship was still sinking and as it sank, the "water pressure" around me would crush my soul harder, and harder making it harder to breathe, live and

operate. I was becoming a vacant shell of myself and drowned with absolutely no escape. My days were plagued and my nights were dark with spiritual influence all around me. I just wanted to die because I saw no way out. No way out of my circumstance and no way out of myself and my own existence. I thought the world would just be better without me. I was deep in depression but still striving to somehow keep things together and pull life into some assemblance of a whole as God laboured by my side without me knowing it.

There was even a time out of complete self defeat that I entertained letting it all go and allowing my mind to slip itself into insanity. Become a street walker that roams aimlessly, as lice pick at his chin and teeth rot in his face. The surrendering to this existence seemed almost more peaceful than what I had been struggling in. Let the world think what it will, at least if I gave up, I could give into the demonic influences and let them win. Maybe then the attack would subside. For the first time I understood how some people get to that point in their lives. I thought being a Christian was supposed to make things easier? I now know it does and lifting myself out of this circumstance with God's help was not easy at first but God does grant all of His children victory if they just learn how to claim it and exercise His will in their life.

Through all of this time, God was sustaining me. God understood that my anger, self loathing and curses because He was experiencing them through me. He knew my frustration intimately and wanted to do nothing more than rescue me from my circumstance. It was hard for me to see this, but His loving hands were guiding and supporting me at all times.

The downward spiral continued. Financially things began to really crumble. Lisa and I were both behind on our bill payments because we had just finished college, had no work while writing exams and living off of personal credit to sustain us until we got ourselves on our feet. Lisa and I decided that wherever I would find work we would live. I found work in my old home town of Kitchener Waterloo and we moved in to an apartment by the end of that month. Family and all other influences continued to work directly against us during and after our move and we had no support in any way.

Choosing to move in together made things a little easier but also added to my confusion because I knew the way we were living was in sin. It seemed like we had no other choice but this existence (again) created a new tear in my life. Satan was using this as a leveraging point to deepen the bondage in my ever growing desperate spiritual life. So now on top of everything else, began a new mental battle. I knew we should get married and God was calling me that way, but in my mind we were living in sin and we should fix that first. But then how could we because we had no other option. We needed to live together out of necessity and if I moved out or back into family I didn't want to succumb to

family pressures or sabotage our relationship. Lisa in her vulnerability as a "baby Christian" herself kept telling me that if we loved each other that it would all be ok, but part of me knew something was wrong with this, but I knew no other way. I was so torn and confused it was not funny.

Oh how I longed for that fairy tale experience of courtship and marriage but that seemed far from ever being a reality for the two of us. I wanted desperately for my family to share in our journey, joys and relational / marriage success but every time I made an attempt to include them I was met by a brick wall of obstinance. How can my parents dislike someone I love so much? Why can't they see the beautiful person Lisa was? This was killing us and killing me because family was important to me. I even asked continual questions like: Am I not seeing something I should be? Are my parents seeing something I am not? They are my parents and they might know. Through these self doubt questions my family would place doubt in my relationship with Lisa. But I loved her so much and I felt God moving in our life. Once again I was so confused.

Through this time as I was trying to make amends with family and move forward positively in life, my parents disowned me from the family for the actions I was taking (living with Lisa and such). It seemed like no matter where I turned I could not get one single break or victory. When I called back to old friendships at Cornerstone Church for advice I was fed difficult and confusing messages. 1) I needed to remove the sinful circumstance I was in because they knew it was hurting me but at the same time though 2) They could not marry me because we had not been through any pre-marital counselling as of yet and that is important to a sustained marriage.

I desperately asked them to marry us but their hands were tied. Which then placed another doubt in my life. If we were meant to marry why would the church that I was "saved" in not even marry us? They knew my circumstance. In hind sight I perceive this time as just one place, one of the many places where "man's wisdom" in church fell in the way against "God's wisdom" in our life. It is bound to happen because even pastors are only men and might not make all of the right decisions in life. I am not blaming Cornerstone at all because who knows, maybe they just weren't meant to marry me, I don't know, they were following God's direction in their lives to the fullest. I tell you it is wise to go through pre-marital counselling but it is more wise to simply follow God's direct will in your life if you are astute enough to hear it. We once went to a pastor of counselling and He gave a blend of good and bad advice to us. This soured my taste toward pre-marital counselling in general. I think there are very few people that could have handled Lisa and my predicament well.

So here we were. No one would marry us but we needed to get married at all costs, even forgetting family if we had to. Even against my doubts or confusion, that is the way I was being led. At this time I read thoroughly through my Bible

looking for God's direct advice in my life and tried to find every reference about marriage and respecting family and God and realized that the best thing to do was to get married and face the consequences as time passes. Even though the world's stats said we were bound for failure because everything was stacked against us, I felt God leading us to "tie the knot" anyway. I am glad He did.

I am sure you don't need me to say but I will say it anyway, the spiritual attack surrounding my marriage to Lisa was simply HUGE. From voices in my mind and battling past bondages in daily life, to worldly circumstances around us or battling the feelings of betrayal, dishonesty and pain. The attack on our lives and spiritual journeys were simply HUGE. Times were extremely difficult and clarity of thought in my life was by far not seen. I desired desperately to make amends for past hurts that I had inflicted on Lisa and others in my life. I wanted desperately to resolve issues with my parents as I was taught that God can work through them but they were completely against me. Should one get married under these circumstances and commit the rest of their lives to such warfare? And why would God speak differently to me than other churches, my parents and other spiritual leadership in my life. I was torn and desperate for resolution, peace of mind, and victory over the demonic. I just wanted things to be well. But this seemed impossible. I needed a church family... no, correction: I needed a miracle.

By the way, all of the above happened within a short period of weeks. Not months.

Chapter 17

Lisa and I decided despite everything to get married but I struggled doing so without involving my family because family support was an extremely important asset to me. I have always had a close family upbringing. I also struggled of course with getting married when so much bondage and baggage was over my head. Getting married seemed so right by the eyes so I decided to trust and be obedient to him and get married for better and worse. At this time of course my parents were completely against us getting married and Lisa's parents were equally not as supportive but at least they might have made an effort to support us or attend. Just to confirm that I was on the right path I asked God for specific signs to confirm that Lisa and I should wed, and God gave me all of the signs I requested except complete peace about the decision.

Lisa convinced me the night before our wedding day (out of her concern for my long term relationship with my parents) that I should make and should communicate our plans to marry the next day. It was a wise decision but turned out to be a major mistake. A two hour conversation in a restaurant foyer ensued, that left me even more confused and frustrated than when I started. They knew me from childhood and knew exactly how to implant doubt into my life. My parents begged us to wait at least 30 days so that they and extended family can

adjust and have enough time to try to communicate with us and sort things out. I decided to follow their advice for hopes that it would help draw us together but that was not how it worked out. Over the next 30 days my parents did not make a direct effort to resolve or communicate things. I did receive a few calls from extended family that gave divisive advice for our relationship because I am sure they were acting out of how they were already swayed from my parents before calling. None of them knew Lisa or the situation we were in. My extended family now getting to know Lisa through the years absolutely love her and see her as a great addition to my life. I knew this was the way it should have been from the start but hearts were hardened like Pharaoh's in Egypt when Moses tried to let the Israelites go.

Deciding to delay our wedding left both Lisa and I feeling completely ruined and traumatized. We were both personally falling apart at the seams. I just wanted to cry and die at the same time because the pressures of life had built to become too much to bear. Both of us were complete emotional wrecks. We have recovered now though and now living a life of happiness, clarity and freedom. I will get to this soon enough. Over the years my relationship with my parents, extended family and my in-laws have been healed in every way. God has worked many miracles in our lives and our present successful marriage is a miracle in itself. Many that know us and shared our walk have told me this and I do completely agree with them.

Chapter 18

After all of this, Lisa and I decided to marry roughly 30 days later in a small church in Oshawa Ontario without notifying any of my family and giving hers last minute notice. We were wed by the father of one of Lisa's closest college friends: Roxy. It was a small wedding consisting 7 people: Myself, My Wife, Roxy, a high school friend of mine who's boyfriend worked with me at the time, a high school friend of Lisa's that kept close all through her years, the pastor that married us and His caring wife. Oh yes, and a cousin on my wife's side of the family. He decided to come only because it was "convenient for him" with traffic and work. Honestly I think he just wanted to take rumours back to the family but that is a whole other story.

Our wedding was a beautiful event and we took no part in the planning. All planning was all taken care of by Roxy and her parents. They all did a fantastic job it was a blessed experience for both me and Lisa. All totalled the complete costs of our wedding day totalled only \$200 including gas money to drive to Oshawa and wedding papers that needed to be purchased. Even that was a complete financial stretch for us at the time. If anyone ever says to you they don't have the money to get married, don't listen to them. If they truly wanted to badly enough they could easily do it like we did).

As beautiful as our wedding day was I still personally struggled a little with it because it was not what I had at first envisioned for such a glorious and monumentous day in my life. I wanted to at least tell my brother so that he could try to attend but He was still living with my parents and I knew that contacting him would be divisive in itself. I truly wish at least he could have been there.

Roxy had a personal friend take pictures of us for free that day so that we would have a record of the event; thank you Roxy. We had our reception at our favourite jazz lounge back in Kitchener that night "The Walper Pub". That night was one of the only true radiant lights in this difficult time of our life. It was great to be married. As painful as the events leading up to this night was, it was great to have that day as a part of our life.

As an aside: As recovering 'New Agers' at the time, Lisa and I both sensed many amazing sensations when the pastor was marrying us. When he spoke the will of God into our lives by marrying us we literally felt God moulding us together as "one flesh" as He promises in the Bible. When I grew up I thought the term "one flesh" was just a pretty term used in the Bible but as we stood there at the front of the church we both felt very powerful sensations. It felt like sensations, experiences, bondages and giftings we had kept from childhood were invisibly and immediately shared between the two of us. We both left the front of that church feeling completely changed and not quite the same way we did when we entered the church. This experience was absolutely wild to partake in and I had no idea I would feel so much from a marriage day. I should have guessed, but at that time I had no clue. There is truly a spiritual difference between a wed relationship and an un-wed relationship.

This powerful spiritual moment also brought a new dynamic into my relationship with Lisa. We now were directly connected in a spiritual sense. When she was sad I felt not only empathetically sad but I also felt genuinely spiritually sad because I was now directly connected to her in every way. It made recovering from our past easier as well as much harder and more painful. Once again a fairy tale life would have been preferred :). We both felt spiritually off balance until we adjusted to our new reality. I find it quite amazing on how God's spirit works in tangible yet invisible ways. To this day I could be many miles away and know what emotions my wife is experiencing at times.

Being married now marked the beginning of a new era. Not easier, just different. Now that Lisa and I were not living in continual daily sin, God began to work in new ways in our lives. We also had to begin the long journey of healing from our past. Lisa and I had a hard start at first as we were both recovering from our individual and collaborative pasts. We not only had relationship struggles to deal with (many of the details I will not get into at this time) but I was also stuck with trying to heal from my bondages and other struggles on my own. These struggles existed through our entire first years of marriage and to give a vast

understatement, made our lives difficult. There was so much healing that was needed, so much pain and spiritual strongholds to overcome and so much learning ahead of us. Things evolved steadily and quite often too slowly for my liking but hey, not all things happen in "our time" do they. Healing happens when it happens. Honestly, quite often we can get in our own way of healing or restoration. There were many hard lessons ahead.

Financial trouble, family trouble, church difficulties, health, if you could think of it we were going through it. Lisa and I simultaneously (in our first year of marriage) faced every item that normally would break up a relationship and it is simply a miracle of God's grace that we made it through. The first three years of our marriage were by far the most difficult. I do recall in our second year of marriage we told our experiences and struggles to one of the pastors of our new church at the time and after hearing our history he stated bluntly with raised eyebrows: "and you guys are still married?" If it were not for the fact that God was the head of both of our lives and we both kept seeking him individually, I am sure we would not be together to this day. He was at times the only bond that tied us together. Without Him there would have been no way our marriage could have lasted. Lisa and I never lost love for one another but there sure were difficult times that made love seem quite distant.

God is the one that married us and He was the one that healed, protected and walked with us through every step of our lives together. Our successful marriage is a testament to His glory and grace in our lives as it was His spirit that carried us through. I find that Jesus, God the Father, and the Holy Spirit are the three most important assets to be sought after in a successful marriage. Just for fun I will share with you a poem I wrote when Lisa and I were going through difficult times that helped keep things in perspective:

Beloved

Like the touch of a rose upon my lips
I stare at your ageless sweet glaze.
Your eyes shimmer white,
And the candles break light
Of our love lived in golden days.

Your hands tremble old,
So frail and so cold.

But your beauty will never hinder;
For you're the love of my life

And the day of my days
Any pain in my heart melts like cinders.

When I cherish you all,
And I hold you so close
I fell as though our hearts beat as one.
With just a touch of you skin
And a stroke of your soul
I know our lives have only begun.

We have traveled so far,
I can now see the end
And I sense that your breath is now short;
But I will meet you soon
And we will fly like a loon
Till we land in God's heavenly court.

Life has been hard
And it struck us so deep
I know soon it never will be,
As painful as now
Follow me and find how
We can live with our Lord flying free.

Praise you... Darkness...
Amen

When things were their darkest quite often I would spend a great deal of time worshipping my Lord. In these times He directly healed me with his spirit and transformed my bondages to strength. It was His work and his Work alone that has granted me the freedom that I now quite often take for granted. Years ago I wrote this small poem that describes my musical and worship experience. I share it quite often with my music students as it puts the expression of music into quick perspective:

Music
The piano's my canvas
My fingers my brush
My soul paints the picture

I would like to say a couple of other things about spiritual alignment and how it has helped our marriage survive and grow over the years but I will keep to the foretelling of my story at this time. I have stored up spiritual wisdom over the

years that I will share in this section of my website. I hope you enjoy them and find victory and peace by using the concepts that I share: [Click Here](#)

Lisa and I now live victoriously over our past and have a completely renewed relationship that is healed in just about every way. I am not saying there is not a bump along the way but God has done an awesome work of restoration in our life. There were still difficult times ahead as you will soon read, but it was all worth it.

Part 6: Gaining Victory and Spiritual Maturity

Chapter 19

Now that we have covered the darkest times of my life, I would like to share with you my complete recovery and return to the life that God had promised me and all of His children: A life of victory, peace, restoration, love and fulfillment. I am not saying that God promises things to always be "easy" or go exactly the way we would like at all times, but I am saying through all things (no matter what circumstances) we can and will find peace, love and victory in our lives. I no longer have voices in my mind that created "double mindedness" and Lisa and I have been almost completely restored to fullness. There is always more healing and journeying to do in life.

Change did not happen quickly but quite gradually over the years as we gained victory over all that afflicted us. We learned how to yield our weaponry and inheritance that God has given us and each of His children learned ways to be restored and renewed our relationship. Here is the conclusion of my experiences to this date.

Being newly weds and just "baby Christians" I knew one of our first priorities needed to be establishing a new church family that we could sew into and receive support from. We immediately began our exhaustive search. Church after church we had trouble finding one that simply "felt like home" like Cornerstone did. Some churches were in a transition period lacking real solid leadership, others did not feel accepting of us or were judgemental in many ways; some actually did not seem to even have their priorities set on God before their own personal agendas.

To be fair, there is no such thing as a "perfect church". Every church is made by man and is bound to have some sort of problem or glitch that keeps them from complete fulfillment in God, but even keeping that in mind we just couldn't find a church that felt like it was for us. Many weeks and much looking took place. During this time I regularly thought back to my awesome experience at Cornerstone. I had missed the prayer meetings we had before the services, the unconditional love, acceptance and understanding I had experienced from their

congregation and staff. I missed the strong relationships I had made with everyone there. It was truly a shame we had to live so far away. In our transition time I even entertained driving the two hours every weekend to visit but we simply could not afford gas for the car to do so. I still look at Cornerstone Church quite passionately and with great affection. Cornerstone changed my life and I will never forget it. Thank you Cornerstone.

If you would like to know I even wrote a song entitled "Cornerstone" that can be found on my music school website: www.spauldingschoolofmusic.com. It is not a song directly about the church but tells a tale of that time in my life in a unique way. I wrote it while still in college.

After a few months of actively searching, Lisa and I finally found refuge in a great church named Waterloo Pentecostal Assembly. As trying as it was going through the months of searching, we found that this church was truly worth the search.

It is so easy to let a bad experience at a church justify not going to any Church at all. I have seen many choose to do this and it hurts me to see how sometimes Churches can actually hurt others, but because you might have one bad experience at one location does not mean that are all bad. Quite often another can and will help you heal from any damage one might have caused. We are not in a perfect world, but we as Christians must try to gather wherever and however we can to support one another. It is truly hard at times to walk through life with no spiritual "fellowship" support. I can't stress how important it is to have others in your life that you can share your walk with, even if it outside of a "Church" Sunday service. There are so many great fellowships and people that can encourage and support you in your journey. Be encouraged, it just takes the time and patience and sometimes travel to find the right place that's all.

It also is equally a blessing when you share your life with others as it acts as an encouragement to them too, so when you pull away from fellowshiping with a congregation, you are quite often robbing God's kingdom from many ways you can positively impact others. Be encouraged in this area of your life because it is truly important. As you can see from my last chapters, we as Christians were not meant to go through life as lone wolves.

The other truth is, Satan wants us to be divided and argue amongst ourselves because it cripples us and renders us as a body of Christ helpless in the spiritual world. A divided army simply can't stand. It is worth fighting against division from happening in your life for so many reasons.

I have personally been deeply hurt by some of the churches I had gone to in my time, but it is worth it to keep in touch and fellowship with other believers so that we do not walk through life alone (not lonely but alone).

Waterloo Pentecostal Assembly (the church my Lisa and I finally settled upon) was quite large compared to what we had become accustomed to. WPA was a church of over 800 members compared to the 40+ we had grown to know and love at Cornerstone, it was quite different. WPA was a fantastic church in every way and I am truly glad Lisa and I had found it. We quickly found that in a church as large as WPA you must get plugged into the smaller groups that meet through the week or on weekends in order to receive the greatest benefits the church can offer. Some of the advantages of a large church is that it is easy to meet people in your same age bracket or share with people that are having or that have had the same struggles as you. The benefits of these types of relationships can be quite profound. It does take an active effort on your part to seek relationships that can impact you in an already established church, so don't give up.

WPA had a fantastic young adult group that meet after church in the school next door and that group of people were such an anointed blessing in Lisa and my life that often I find it hard to put into words. God worked through the kind, loving, caring and anointed people in the young adults group at WPA in many ways. Thank you WPA for being there for us.

On Sunday mornings when the entire church gathered together, the spirit of the Lord would be felt so strongly in that place that even "non-Christians" that have never felt the Holy Spirit in their life would feel the Holy Spirit move in their midst. Not all churches have this kind of blessing, but WPA most definitely had a congregation of worshipers that truly brought forth the presence of God in their midst. A simple example of how some would feel the Holy Spirit when worshipping was when you would be singing and all of a sudden feel a cool comforting breeze flow across you; when you would look around for the source of the sensation you would see no open doors, fans moving or anything that would create an air current in the least. Another more dramatic example was when there were miraculous healings in the church but I will save that story for later. I have taken many experiences and relationships from WPA to this day and am thankful for them.

As much as Lisa and I enjoyed WPA and finally found a place we could find restoration and call home, we yet again could not stay. I received many job promotions within the short time I had with my present employer and with my final promotion I was lead to open up my own office in Barrie, Ontario. In the end, this promotion did not make it financially better off in any way, in fact it complicated things even further.

Chapter 20

While we were packing and preparing to move we had everything in order: We had planned to temporarily move into a hotel room with my management team,

sell some product and find an office space to permanently build a business. That plan was fine and dandy, but the management of the company that I was working for turned out to be quite crooked in their dealings. While I was packing to move, my present boss at the time underhandedly gave Barrie as a territory to another person to control. I was furious as this left me now moving to a strange town in two weeks with no place to live and no source of income by the end of my move. I think he pulled this devious task because in my time with him I had become indispensable to him and he didn't want to lose me by moving to open up my own office, even though it meant a residual income for him. I think my boss thought that if he could pull the rug out from under my feet I would be forced to stay and work with him. This was not going to be the case as Lisa and I moved anyway. In my time with my old boss, he had damaged us in many ways and that was the last straw for me. I learned afterward that Lisa and I were held in financial difficulty mainly because of his negative influence in our lives. I will not get into that now.

Lisa and I hurriedly found an apartment to rent in Barrie and prepared to move, when my boss pulled me into his office again and dealt to Lisa and I one final crushing blow. He informed me that for some reason all of the deals I had closed that week somehow did not "clear" or "get funded". Now we were now left moving to a new city without first and last months rent, without knowing a single soul, and without having a penny to rub together or a career to carry us through. We could not stay in Kitchener because my landlord already had rented our present apartment to someone else and at that time God was leading me to move to Barrie. It was a difficult leap in faith to relocate a two hour drive away but deep inside of me I knew it was something we had to do.

God at this time began to plant miracles in our lives and show that He was carrying us through our lives in every circumstance. Our dependence on His provision was great and He never let us down, even though things seemed absolutely dire for weeks and months at times. It is true that it is hard to see the big picture of provision and salvation when you are in middle of dark and terrible experiences. The injustice I was served by my present employer was just the beginning of a string of injustices I was served by almost all of my future employers. You will see.

I had borrowed enough money from a friend that I had made at WPA to help us pay at least part of first months rent in our new apartment. It was a miracle in itself that my new landlords even let us into their house with just a promise of payment. I quickly landed a job in Toronto, about a 1 hour drive away from our new city, incidentally working for the man that was supposed to be taking Barrie as a territory. That job was better than nothing at the time and not to my surprise, he never did build an office in Barrie. My circumstance seemed to all be a deception from my old employer. I surprisingly did not make one single sale

while working for the fellow in Toronto. I had no troubles making sales of the same product in my old home town so it became obvious that even though I knew no other alternative, I was not to be working with him. I quit working in Toronto and moved to another job in my new city and became their top talent but by the end of the month.

By this time Lisa and I were far behind in every bill and we had a number of collection agencies calling and threatening us; some ready to take us to court. By the time we paid one off, two others would call. They became rather abusive toward me and even though I tried everything within my power to pay each one as funds came in, things continued to pile up. I was working over 12 hour days at the time and still couldn't dig ourselves out of our financial difficulties. During this time our car was re-possessed and we had to immediately purchase a new one in order to keep my present job. We could not afford our new car and things just kept going from bad to worse. By this time this trend was almost no longer a surprise because the warfare had been like this ever since college. The worst was still to come though.

My new boss purchased a new car for us and because of my high performing track record allowed us to pay it back on payments to him. I am sure this was selfishly motivated as he didn't want to lose money because I (his top talent) was not able to "run leads" because of car issues. At that time this was a great plan to get back on the road but just when Lisa and I were about to break even financially for the first time in our lives, he demanded full payment of our car right away. It set us back once again and acted as a final crushing financial blow. Lisa and I were now at the edge of bankruptcy. Because of miss-management, so was my boss's company.

There was a time before this occasion when we were still battling out our first steps of being in Barrie that I distinctly remember having only 20 dollars to our names. The cupboards were almost bare, we didn't know where rent and food was coming from for that month (or that week for that matter) and there were collection agencies threatening to take us to court. That weekend in church God asked me to give our last \$20 to the offering and I did so with little to no hesitation. After that "investment" of our funds all we had left was about 25 or 30 cents and a gas tank only a quarter full of gas. No visible way out of our situation.

It is here that a series of financial and provisional miracles began to happen and these miracles happened over a period of 3 years as God slowly dug us out of the big hole we were in. So giving in such a self sacrificial way can be quite powerfully freeing in your life. Just make sure it is truly Jesus talking to your heart before making such leaps. Guard yourself against attacks of our enemy but rejoice when you find trials or feel large sacrifices around the corner, because

equal and inverse blessings will soon be upon you when you make large sacrifices for our Lord. That is a law that I have experienced to be true over and over in my personal spiritual life.

After our sacrifice that day a huge turning point happened in our life. Things did not change overnight but this was a moment in where the tide had turned from being against us. For example, the following day after giving our last offering, my mother-in-law called my wife seemingly out of no where saying that the government had sent her a cheque for over \$130. It was an orphan's benefit cheque, but she had stopped receiving them when she turned 21, a few years prior. This was just one of many provisional miracles that hit us over time and since that day.

During this time I also developed many very close friendships. Friendships that run deeper than deep even to this day that I would trust my entire life to. I would not trade these relationships for any jewel in this world. Without our hardships, my relationships with God or these close and dear friends would not be as deep as they are today. It is simply incredible how hard times can automatically deepen relationships if you choose to share your walk with others. My friendships are what helped me through the most difficult of marital, spiritual and financial times. God truly worked through these friendships to bring about change, correction and blessing into my life. I am a better man because of them. Thank you all that have been there to support us in our journey.

To summarize the complexity of our hardships and illustrate the full breadth of the trials we had faced I will say that by the third year of our marriage I had been through 5 jobs, 1 very rocky marriage, 8 living locations, 7 churches, 6 cars, 5 collection agencies and a personal bankruptcy and disownment from everything I once knew. Quite often it felt like we were literally taking two steps forward and ten steps back. God is faithful and has completely restored us though hallelujah!

After all of this it was then that we finally made it to our present church Maplevue Community Church and attended Cleansing Stream Ministry. After this time is where God made the turn around point in our lives and began to restore our marriage, heal our finances and spiritual attacks and gave us true complete victory for the first time in our lives. Ever since cleansing stream ministries, everything has been changed in our lives. Quite frankly ever since then, just about anything I put my hands to became a success. There is no might or magic to Cleansing Stream Ministries. That ministry simply equips saints like me and you (if you have given your life to the Lord) to gain victory over the assailments of their life. God Himself is what completely turned our lives around and He simply used certain ministries to bring about that change. After God moved in this world changing time in our lives, we became completely healed from the

spirits of poverty, new age, depression, and many other areas. It was shortly after this that I wrote the first four parts of my story and put them on the internet for you to read. We were healed in every way. We were desperately yearning for but could not find. God did a magnificent work in our lives over that transitionary time, there is no question about it, and he continues to do even greater work in our lives to this day. I now knew how to fully drive my new sports car of salvation and yield the word of God and His promises in my life to completely defeat the enemy. Praise the lord! There is salvation from all things!

Chapter 21

Let me digress for a moment. I have learned over the years as a general spiritual rule: If you have ever said anything like or felt any way like "God, I can handle anything in life as long as I don't have to go through _____" quite often God will lovingly bring you through things like that because it is his desire for your life to not fear anything or put anything between you and the fullness of a possible relationship with him. He lovingly brings us through difficult times to help mould us and quite often if you are prideful about certain areas of your life or tell God that "you can handle anything but ____" you will find yourself there.

Lisa and I once said (after driving through Barrie months before moving even knowing we were going to be called here) that we would be willing to live just about anywhere in Ontario except Barrie because our first impression was quite negative. Within a year, God called us to this city and we are both thankful He did. Barrie worked out to be the best place in Ontario for the two of us to live at this time in life. I don't know if our calling was a result of our rebellious comments or if He had this location in mind for us all along, I am sure it is both. Needless to say God's sense of humour has made itself known in this area of life. I once said to God when we were going through struggles that I could handle anything, just don't bring us to "bankruptcy" and God lovingly did exactly that. As bitter sweet as it is, I am glad for it. So be careful what you say or pray for because there is impact to even fleeting comments or thoughts. When you are tried by God though or lead down a certain path, God will also provide the strength to see you through. If you don't have the strength then pray against it because sometimes trials from our enemy can disguise themselves as trials from our Heavenly Father. Over time if you are sensitive you will recognize the difference between the two.

Our three years of greatest trials also brought with them a great deal of personal stretching and growth. Through this intense humbling process we learned what it was like to completely rely only on Jesus Christ and place everything else in life second to Him. It is this faithfulness that also helped direct our lives to full restoration. I am sure. As I went from job to job as companies continually declared bankruptcy or took advantage of me in some way or another we would often be given funds out of "seemingly no where" just when we most needed it. We would also be given groceries just when we lost the funds to purchase them

for ourselves. God's direct provision in our lives was great and quite frankly truly humbling. I think everyone should and probably has gone through this type of humbling somewhere in their lives. It makes us stronger vessels of God's peace and also acts as an act of blessing to others because as we receive blessings from others, they are in turn blessed directly by God for giving. If you do not accept a gift from someone when they feel lead to give, then quite often you are robbing them of the joys of giving and the blessings that they can receive from God in their life. God quite puts people in a position to give to not only fulfill the needs in your life, but also allow them to exercise their faith of Jesus in their life. Now that Lisa and I have been financially free we truly enjoy giving to those in need because we know what it is like to be doing everything you can but still have things fall a part. When someone's pride stops a person from accepting one of our gifts, we actually personally feel robbed at times. So please let yourself be humble and accepts gifts as they are given to you. Quite often these gifts are God's right hand directly working in your life.

Let me give you an example by continuing my story.

Remember when Lisa and I hit almost rock bottom and my boss wanted all of the money for his car up front. Soon after (without any warning) his company was declaring bankruptcy and left us with no funds to carry on in life. We did hit rock bottom. Lisa and I found ourselves in a position where we had about 7 days before eviction from our present apartment. At this point it seemed as though we were destined to live on the street because I saw no other possible conclusion. This was just before we declared personal bankruptcy because I couldn't handle the constant abuse of the collection agencies complicating our life. At this point is when I personally gave up and consecrated (gave) everything to the Lord. I envisioned putting all of our personal belongings on the street corner to get stolen and rained on, and actually found peace with this. Our computer, our guitars, washer and drier, clothes, everything we had and knew I let go of it in my mind. I realized completely for the first time in my life the freedom of being completely free from all items and belongings of this world. Don't get me wrong, but I am not a big materialistic person. In fact I am quite opposite, I am very much a minimalist and even "camping" type personality (thus my job at summer camp) but being free in my mind of all of daily obligations and worry about belongings was absolutely amazing. To bring this home so that I have successfully communicated the freedom I experienced, stop reading and look around you for a moment. Picture putting everything you see around you, your computer, your pictures on the table or wall, all of your devices, cutlery and everything you spent years to accumulate, even your family heirlooms being dumped outside to be stolen and left for rain and rust to destroy. With that picture in mind we all go through an instinctive protective mindset. It was wild to fully realize in an applied life way at that time that I really had everything I would ever need as long as I had my Lord, my wife (as she is a part of me) and our health. Because of this I felt an even greater closeness with my God because

no longer did anything, and I mean anything, stand in the way of my personal walk with Him. I am truly grateful for this experience.

Not to worry though, we were not placed on the street and God once again did a fantastic miracle of provision. When we were in our final hours of unknowing and about 48 hours before our eviction when our pastor at our local church offered to have us stay with him and His family so that we could get back on our feet. A close friend let us put all of our belongings in storage in his basement and was quite blessed to be able to bless us that way.

Ok let me condense my story now before it gets far too long. Through the years of hardship, dependence and difficulty, Lisa and I built a great life together. The hardships acted to deepen our spiritual journeys and relationship with God and I would not trade who we both are now for anything in this world. I can now also say firmly and with conviction that God does do miracles in our present day. He does heal broken hearts, broken lives, broken marriages and broken past. He does deliver us from evil as you have read that I have experienced and he does grant the desires of your heart as He is a God of peace, restoration and salvation.

Many attribute good favour to "luck" and blame bad times on God. It is unfortunate we consistently give God a bad wrap in our perceptions because I have experienced God as He says He is: "The Great I AM". There is no arguing against magnificent power in my life and the lives of those that I have drawn to be close around me. God has proven himself time and time again to be faithful and all powerful in my life. When I worship I feel His spirit permeating every area of life, also conquering the old new age spirits I used to be so familiar with. I have learned without a doubt that the Christian God operates in an existence that is separate than new age and other spiritual beliefs of this world and I am glad because I have asked Him to enter and continually change my life, that he has granted me favour beyond my imagination. I am Free, I am Free I am Free Indeed and I hope you share or will grow to share in the same victories that I have. I thank you so much God for all that you have done in my life and for giving me a room in heaven to look forward to, and I thank you for doing a magnificent work in the lives of those around me and those that even read my story, may you be a shining light upon them and grant them victory and peace in any and every area that might afflict them. May I be an encouragement in their life. I write to you now, reader of my story, if you have any questions for me, would like my support or prayer or just a listening ear in any way, I do look forward in speaking with you over email or phone. I find great joy and happiness in helping others achieve spiritual victory in life and if it is appropriate, I would enjoy answering your questions or helping you in any way I can. Thank you for reading my story.

To give you an update on where things are now, I have now been successfully self employed as a businessman and now an executive for the last number of years and Lisa and I have been doing financially well. I own and operate many growing and heaven blessed businesses and I love doing what I do on a daily base. I will list all of my business and ministry endeavours at the end of this document.

Lisa and I, say after dealing with the temperament of life and the difficulties we have been through, have built a new marriage that is completely restored compared to where we used to be. We are looking forward to many great and blessed years ahead of us. It was partly our trials that have given us the strong bond that we now experience today and it is truly amazing how God can turn a difficult or bad experience into something victorious, educational and amazingly good.

Lisa and I not only benefit from a strong relationship and understanding of one another but we also have a strong relationship with our maker and creator and this is one of the most blessed attributes of our relationship. I am truly thankful for the life Lisa and I do share and we do have a powerful and victorious prayer life together.

Our journey has also moulded many strong and close friendships that run "deeper than blood". I thank everyone that has impacted our lives together life and had positive influence in my personal life as well. I thank you for your patient and loving correction, encouragement and wisdom that you have shared over the years and that even though times were tough at times, you shared in those times with me. You know who you are and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

As an aside:

In my humble opinion relationships are one of only two things you can take to Heaven with you. The other worldly item we can take to Heaven is our personal experiences, knowledge and growth. I am glad to have developed these jewels that I can take with me when my maker calls my name at to the pearly gates and we enter Heaven. Thank you God for the victorious inheritance you give all of your children that accept you as their personal Lord and Saviour. If you have not ever given your life to the Lord as your personal Lord and Saviour, doing so is quite easy. All you have to do is ask. As you have done so (as you have read from my history) it is important to surround yourself with other believers. I am sure your experiences as a Christian won't be quite as dark as mine because now having read my story, you have a little better idea than I did on how to identify attacks in the spirit and claim victory right away.

Continuing on with the update: My relationships with family, both blood relation and in-law have been completely restored and I am closer now to my parents then I ever have been. Lisa and I have now been married about 8 years and we

are truly happy with each other and share in our overwhelming amount of blessings on a daily base. Our marriage still has some healing to go through as life is a continual journey, but through the abundant miracles that God has given us we are like eagles soaring high in the sky when compared to a vessel battling an ocean storm. Life couldn't be any more different compared to what we have been through. Things are GREAT!

Our God is a great God in deed and whatever blessings He has bestowed upon our lives He can and will also bestow upon you if you would let Him. If you have not done so already, let me politely urge you to take the next steps in your walk with Him by either asking Jesus into your life like I did or renew your walk with Him, by letting God work on areas of your life that you might have held Him from in your past. Jesus will only heal and bring restoration in your life. It does not mean that times might not get difficult here or there but those times (when led by Jesus) are blessed times and act as an enhancement to your journey as you will have the strength to walk through them. One again, only attack from the enemy is what breaks us with no hope for restoration and through Christ's Spirit we as Christians already have victory over these things.

When I was discouraged I kept this old high school poem I wrote in mind and it helped guide me through. It is a simple poem but I will share it with you anyway:

Here we are, all stuck in this mess;
Running in circles, and dying of stress.
Living mass chaos, with no end in sight,
Left in the dark, with no hint of light.
When things get so bad you can no longer cope,
Someone will be there to shed you some hope.
We all have resources, we all have to fight,
To break from this circle and find what is right.
I tell you my friend, do not despair,
You'll find life in the end is certainly fair.
So stand head up high, back straight and tall,
And watch what happens, I'm sure you won't fall.
For what you put in you will surely get out,
I know you will make it, with out any doubt.

You can do it, let nothing stop you from your personal Holy Spirit ambitions because when you live your life in alignment to God's will, there is nothing that can hold you back from huge anointing, healing and wholeness. Nothing in heaven or earth.

A letter of Encouragement:

If you are frustrated with your prayer life, then please take time to learn how to

pray more deeply; if you are frustrated with your church life then stop at nothing to change your circumstance: Change churches or change your circumstance or most difficult of all, change yourself. Quite often it is ourselves that need to change before we even try to change our personal surroundings. Once we change, our perceptions change and quite often we grow faster doing this than trying to change others around us. That's a tough lesson to learn. In whatever you do, do it well and do it with everything you have within you. Let others support you, nurture you and act as a hand of God moving in your life. Be passionate about your spiritual pursuit because when you labour in this area you will reap great rewards. I say this with passion because I know it to be true.

Chapter 22

Many have asked me how Carol and Gary are (they were in the second part of my story where Carol was possessed). When last I spoke to them they were both doing quite well. Carol is now happily married and living depression free and off medication. After 20 years of struggle God has performed a magnificent healing work in her life. She gave her life to Jesus just after college and is reaping the blessings of her strong and renewed faith.

Gary also gave His life to the Lord and last that I heard he was doing quite well as well. He and I have not spoken for years as we have fallen out of touch and I do look forward to speaking with him and Carol again soon.

As for my old high school girlfriend, I understand she too is doing well. She is now married and I hope healing from all of the hurt from her and our past. I wish the best for her and her new life. She and I have not talked directly but I do understand she is doing well and Lisa's old boyfriend I believe has also moved on and is doing well.

Finally, as promised here is a brief list of some of the business and ministry ventures I involve myself with. Their continued success is a witness to God's complete grace, restoration and awesome power in my life. I am overjoyed to have had the opportunity to share my journey with you.