

## The Testimony of (CB59)

2019-02-18

I promised a testimony and will run through some (perhaps quick) notes on my journey so you see where I have been in coming to the Lord.

One of my first memories of spirits was when I was 3-4 in (L33a). My mothers' mother was Italian (long passed now) who used to dabble in Ouija and magic. She was a self-proclaimed "white witch". She saw spirits and had specific ones (so she told us) at her house. Once she told me I also had her gift and did I want to see a pirate spirit that was in her basement who came with an old chest she had. I was intrigued but said I did not want to see it.

Years later when I was in 5th grade, she came out to our property in (L34) and we saw a spirit which nobody else saw after our power shut off. Some odd things happened at the same time and she pointed out into the dirt road we had running by our front porch. My mother was having a party and it was a moonlit night so we could see fairly well. Only my grandmother and I saw the spirit and she seemed to know about him. She said he was a native American who was buried on our 80 acres. I never pressed her on it but it disturbed me that I could see him so clearly, as if he were a normal man.

Over the years I have seen them as if there were people and only after something odd happens did I realize they were spirits. Sometimes they would disappear while I was talking to them, as when I tried to get one to push a button on the elevator at our hospital. I had also, once in a great while, seen what would be perceived as demonic entities. I could usually discern them because I would feel a heavy pressure around me and many times a drop in temperature. They would manifest in different ways or shift form in front of me once I realized they were not people or even regular spirits.

Jump forward to Spring of 2012. This was 20 years after my mother had begun trying to get me to read the Bible. We had debated for years and I always argued with her using my scientific background, believing I knew more than she. She knew I had done in depth study (3 years) on the Quran and a bit of study in Arabic, as well as the history of Islam. In the past I was into studying major religions.

I had studied some on Buddhism, Hinduism, Book of Mormon, etc. I found religions fascinating but believed I knew all I needed about Christianity, having seen what "Christians" were like growing up as a child. I had poor role models and believed Christians to mainly be hypocritical since I had read most of the Gospels and knew what was being practiced was not what **Jesus** had taught.

As some background to my conversion, I have a problem with my brain that causes tremors (essential tremors) caused by a physical defect in my GABA receptors. I have struggled with sleeplessness, tremors, anxiety and panic attacks since an early age. I even had to take 6 months off from work. A medication a doctor had given me gave me major panic attacks

and agoraphobia just after my wife got pregnant with our first son. I came close to death after not being able to eat or sleep for 7 days (until another Dr. gave me a correct medicine).

Back to 2012: I began to have problems with the tremors and panic again in late 2011 at work. I was concerned I would have to stop working again and was unsure if I could handle it this time. I just happened to be reading "The Varieties of Religious Experience" by William James at this time. I was slowly taking in what he had lectured on as I read it over many months. At one point I marveled at the joy persecuted Christians had over the centuries, especially in the face of martyrdom and horrible death.

I initially thought they must be insane but after reading accounts realized they did not act irrationally or behave as insane people do. I had worked in psych wards in the past and knew a few things about mental disorders. I decided one morning after reading to give **Jesus** a chance.

I prayed that if He were truly God, to prove it to me. I made the offer that if He could give me some healing for my medical problems I had suffered with my entire life, and especially the downward spiral I knew I was on, then I would study the Bible and give it a reasoned look. I told Him I would be using reason and testing all I could. Just after praying this (I was in a bath), I got out and went into our bedroom.

This was at our previous rental but also was a blacked-out room. Immediately I was hit with massive pressure in the room which I thought was going to push me to the floor. I knew what it was and it was sheer terror when I saw the demons around me. There had to be hundreds of them swirling around me. I had never seen more than one at a time and I believed I was going to lose my mind. Suddenly all I thought to do was ask **Jesus** to help me. I believe I just said in my mind, "help me **Jesus**". Immediately the pressure abated and they were gone. I was in shock but knew I was on the right path.

Within the next few months I found an MD as well as an ND to help with my medical issues and they began to get better. It took years but many things came together in 2012 to help me. I got into the Bible heavily and began to test what was written as would using a scientific method (at that time my main focus was Toxicology research). I looked into the prophecies in the OT and ran calculations on when some of them would have come to pass. I was amazed that some could be calculated and were fulfilled at the correct time (like the coming and death of the Messiah from Daniels 70 weeks).

After that first demonic experience, I had 5-6 more attacks. They got progressively worse leading up to physical paralysis. At that time, I saw the demon come at my head on and come right onto the front of my body, pinning me down. I was instantly unable to move anything but my head. By then, I had refined my technique of dealing with (as well as testing) them by just simple saying "in the name our Lord **Jesus** Christ, I command you..." It has worked instantly every time. Several times I laughed out loud at seeing them flee. They go from looking terrible to seemingly scared. I discussed these encounters with family and friends.

Eventually I went to church and found that many people, even in the churches, looked at me as if I were crazy. One person who did not was my eldest son. Out of the blue, he told me he wanted to go to church as well. He had attacks as well and finally understood what they were. He has been paralyzed three times but he knew to use the name of **Jesus** and it has always worked for him as well.

One encounter was especially memorable. My son was at home in (L36) one evening around 9PM while I was at work (now in Molecular Biology). I was working on a viral test we used to perform and standing in front of a mini centrifuge. All of a sudden, I had a wave of panic, the temperature dropped and I knew I was being attacked. I could not see what was causing it but the feelings were as they always were. The next day I saw (CB60) (my eldest son) and asked how he was doing and if anything was new. He told me he had been in his closet doing something when he started to have a panic attack and felt it get very cold. I asked him the time and it coincided with my attack in (L37). He stopped it just as I did, using the **Name**.

The next year (I believe that was in 2016 but perhaps 2017) was when God spoke to me and told me to get down on my knees and pray, just before a demon physically tried to pull me backwards. I have had other various sightings or physical attacks but nothing that was ever a problem. Once something grabbed my ankle and was pulling on me. I could feel the fingers but could see nothing at all. I asked if that was all they could muster and it seemed it was the final gasp for them. Perhaps they have given up but I am wary and watch for them.

I have neither seen, nor felt, any spirit since then and neither has my son. He also hears them, which I do not. When he was a little boy, I once heard him talking late at night and heard another voice but it was not discernible and I chalked it up to my mind playing tricks. When I checked on him, he was fast asleep. I had not thought of it until he told me he heard them sometimes in his room saying his name. He has seen them as shadows in his periphery but has not seen them full on as I do. I told him that was a probably blessing.

Jump to this past winter and my aunt (CS16) in (L35) began having attacks, including paralysis. She felt them but I do not know if she has seen them. Providentially, I had talked with her years ago about my attacks and how I dealt with them. It worked for her but she has been very disturbed by them. She is a Christian but if someone has not had physical attacks, it can be upsetting at first.

This at least gives you a little background into my experiences and why I have an unshakeable faith in **Jesus**, Yahweh, and Scripture. I once told my wife that nothing would ever come between me and my God. I told her I loved nobody like I love **Jesus** and she understands. She has been with me through hell a few times and seen what demons can do to a person.

**Jesus** truly saved me and I am forever grateful. I would die rather than deny Him. I have the proof to back up my reasoned faith. I still marvel at how awesome and mysterious it is, especially growing up being taught that science has all of the answers, when realistically science only gives us a small glimpse (through a glass darkly!) into the vastness of Creation.

God bless,

(CB59)

PS: I do not have time to edit this so pray it is intelligible.