



**General Topics :: Testimony**

**Testimony - posted by PreachParsly (), on: 2005/1/27 17:51**

I was just wondering how old everyone was? How long you have been saved? And share your testimony about how/when you were saved and what God has done since then and is doing. I like to know where people have come from and what God is doing in others lives. I will post my testimony later today or tomorrow when I have more time.

**Re: Testimony - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2005/1/27 18:55**

Quote:

-----I was just wondering how old everyone was? How long you have been saved?  
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Hi, I am 25 years old and I already posted my testimony in the forums you can read it here:  
([https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/newbb/viewtopic.php?topic\\_id911&forum44&15](https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/newbb/viewtopic.php?topic_id911&forum44&15)) Webmasters Testimony

**Re: Testimony - posted by Spitfire, on: 2005/1/27 19:38**

This is really long. I just copied and pasted it on here from my own file. Sorry about the length.

First, I'll tell you some of my history. I am 46 years old. I graduated high school in 1975. I graduated a year early (cause I'm so smart) so I was 17 years old. I went to UT in the fall of '75 and I had met a guy within one month. Looking back, I was so insecure and clueless that I think I went there to major in finding someone I could join myself to. I was pregnant within one month. The guy was married, although I didn't know it at the time I became involved. I got an abortion one week before my 18th birthday. I withdrew from UT and went home. I married Steve right after his divorce was final in August of '76. We were married for 19 years, had a son, Benjamin, who is now 24, and a daughter, Micki, who is 26. We moved to Atlanta in 1981 because my husband got a job down there. Our marriage was very troubled and he was often violent and abusive. I was angry and controlling. I had severe migraine headaches which would often send me to the emergency room. In seeking treatment for the headaches, I discovered that the painkillers I would take would make me feel "happy". I had grown increasingly depressed as the years wore on. It became an endless cycle of me getting pain pills and abusing them until they were gone. I abused pain pills for at least 15 years. All the while, we were in church. I was on the praise team, prophesied, was president of the Soccer Booster Club, treasurer of the Homeowners Assoc. in our neighborhood, I worked out 5-6 days a week, so I had the perfect body. My children were perfect. My daughter was homecoming queen at her school. My son played 4 sports and set records in every sport in his school. My husband had a six figure income and I worked, too! Everyone thought we were the perfect family. But, I was fast approaching the wall. I knew I couldn't continue to use the drugs, but I couldn't stop. I felt really hopeless and at times suicidal. Finally, I joined a Christian 12 step program to try and break my addiction. In going through that program, I became even more upset because I was trying not to use the drugs while answering a lot of questions about where my "pain" was coming from. The answer turned out to be, my marriage. One day, on the way home from the 12 step program with a friend of mine, I was crying uncontrollably. My friend said, "What's wrong?" I said, "I don't want to go home." So she took me to a girlfriend of her's house. The girlfriend's uncle was there. His name is Richard. From that night on, I became involved with Richard. Within one week, I left my husband and within one month I was pregnant. My life looked like a repeating nightmare. Richard was an alcoholic who didn't even own a car. He worked construction and spent his entire paycheck which he received on Fridays, by Monday. I realized that I was off the deep end. I tried to go home to my husband but that quickly ended in me having to call the police to get me out of there. So...Richard and I rented a house together. I was spiraling downward emotionally because I was really trying not to take pills because I was pregnant but I was terrified of what was happening to my life. I wanted to kill myself but I felt convicted when I would think of my children.

I was supposedly saved when I was 10 years old. I was supposedly filled with the Holy Ghost when I was about 23. Here I was now, 37 years old, married for 19 years but pregnant with another man's child who couldn't even take care of himself let alone a family. My other children were 16 and 15 years old and they weren't handling all of this very well. Somehow, I managed to survive until about 5 weeks before Joseph was due. He was born 5 weeks premature in April '96. My divorce from Steve had been final in January of '96. Two months after Joseph was born and two weeks after Ben turned 16 and got his driver's license, Ben totalled my truck and was nearly killed in an automobile accident. He was in the hospital for 10 days. He shattered his kneecap into 7 pieces, broke a vertebrae, his jaw, bruised his liver, and had 40 stitches

in his head. It was almost more than I could take. I felt so far from God. But, God did a miracle in my son and he healed completely and went on to win a college scholarship in football! He graduated from Presbyterian College in 2003 and had a successful college football career. My son is now serving God in fulltime ministry through Campus Outreach. I can't even begin to tell you how merciful God has been to me.

Anyway, when Joseph was 9 months old, Richard and I were flat broke. We couldn't pay our rent. I had gone into outpatient treatment for depression and missed a lot of work because of Joseph being born by emergency cesarean. We were being evicted from the house we were renting. We moved our stuff into a storage unit on January 21, 1997. We slept on the floor of the house one last night. The next day, it was raining really hard. I went into work and I tried to work until lunchtime. I was so upset, all I could do was cry. I finally just told my boss I was quitting and left. I went to the babysitter's house who was keeping Joseph. My plan was to pick up Joseph and come to Tennessee where my parents live without telling Richard. When I got to the babysitter's house, Richard was there picking up Jo. He said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "I'm taking Joseph and I'm moving to my Mom and Dad's house in Tennessee." He said, "Can I go with you?" So, we all came to Tennessee to live with my mom and dad. All the time we were on our way, Richard was following me in his car. I was thinking he would hang around maybe a week or two and then when he left, I would figure out how to get on with my life. He asked me to marry him every day from the day I met him in the summer of '95 until I finally gave in in Sept. of '97. Joseph was a year and a half old. We went to the courthouse 3 times that morning before I could make myself go in. I was so depressed and scared. I thought my life would be a ridiculous disaster if I married him because I knew he was an irresponsible alcoholic. But, he wouldn't go away and he begged me to marry him all the time. Plus, he adored Joseph and Joseph was his only child. I felt guilty about trying to run him out of Joseph's life. I guess I'm telling you all of this so you can see how messed up I was. The worst part is, I thought I was a Christian.

Here is the truth that I believe God has shown me from his word. There is a false gospel being preached and a false church being represented. Deep in my heart, I knew something was bad wrong. I knew that the Kingdom of God was not in me. But, everyone told me that if you said you believed in Jesus and had prayed the "sinner's prayer" and were baptized, you are saved. But I had no righteousness, no peace, and no joy. My convictions about salvation have changed. I believe the majority of professing Christians are not born again. Their old man has not passed away. All things are not new. They have not the Kingdom of God. Instead of righteousness, peace, and joy, they have sin, anxiety, and depression. They write articles in Christian magazines about coping with their depression as a Christian! That's absurd! Nowhere in the Bible do we see Jesus just making someone feel a little bit better! You don't see Jesus coming up to the demoniac that was cursing and cutting himself with rocks and foaming at the mouth just getting him to stop foaming at the mouth. But now for the rest of his life he has to "struggle" with his other problems?! Who are we kidding? Is there something weak about the Jesus we believe in today? Have the lights gone dim in heaven? My answer is emphatically, are you crazy?! If your life is still defeated and basically marked by defeat and weakness, you better ask yourself if you have really received Christ. Because from the moment we are truly born again, we are changed. We receive a new heart. Now don't get me wrong, I believe as Christians, we have a growth process which we must go through to come to maturity. But I see so many people saying they are born again and they are bound up by sin so tight they can't even do anything. That ain't right. God showed me, I had believed in a false gospel. He showed me that I did not truly believe 'cause if I did, I would be changed. He showed me that I was full of unbelief. He showed me that I was calling him a liar by the way I lived. And the worst part is, when I realized I didn't believe, I couldn't just try harder. I had already done all that. There wasn't anything left in the "try harder" bucket. I was someone who just kept trying harder for most of my life. I couldn't try any harder to be "good". But, when I saw that this was true, what was I to do? I couldn't make myself believe. So I began to cry out to God. Pastor Darryl preached an awesome sermon one Sunday morning when we were still in the old building. He talked about when he was in the military and he was a sergeant. He had taught his men how to fake their way through. I can't share the whole sermon with you, but it really opened my eyes. He said his guys passed all their tests in camp with flying colors and they all loved him. But...one day he was on a week-end leave and he was sitting at home watching tv and he saw a news flash that was instructing his entire unit to return to base immediately. They were being shipped out to Saudi Arabia in the gulf war! He said when he got to base he was really scared. Everyone was scrambling to pack up their weaponry. He said he started cramming manuals into boxes because he knew that he didn't really know how to use a lot of this stuff. He said his guys were so mad at him because they were having to lug boxes of books to the Arab desert! When he got there, he said he would sit in his foxhole on the front line of Kuwait and Iraq and be pouring over manuals trying to figure out battle tactics and how to fire certain weapons. He was scared out of his wits, and the worst part is, he was supposed to be in charge. Then, he said they were all so exhausted from being on a red alert for months on end. They were taking shifts where the majority of them were supposed to be awake and on guard. The few whose turn it was to sleep were only allowed 4 hours of sleep a night. They were supposed to sleep with their clothes and boots on and their rifles right by their side. But, one night, when it was Darryl's turn to nap, he was so exhausted he decided to take off his clothes down to his underwear so he could get a good rest. But he said he hadn't been asleep long till he was awakened by an explosion that shook the ground he was laying on. He said he could hear bullets whizzing past and people were screaming

g and scrambling all around. But, he was in his underwear and couldn't find his clothes. So he ran to his foxhole in his underwear. Here, he was the boss in his underwear. He said, they all stayed in the trenches for hours not knowing what had happened or what was going on until finally a colonel pulled up in a Hummer with a big eagle on the side of it and stepped out. He said, "who's in charge here?" And Darryl had to stand there in his underwear and say, "I am, Sir." He said the guy just shook his head and explained that the explosion had been a mistaken friendly fire. But, Darryl said that day he realized just how serious the whole thing was. He hadn't taken it seriously enough.

That Sunday, I really got the message that God was trying to say to the Church. But, I realized that it wasn't having the deep impact on me that it should. I understood that spiritually speaking, I was caught in my underwear. The state of my inner life should have been invoking repentance, but it wasn't. I began to ask God to give me the gift of repentance. I began to ask God to allow me to see myself the way he sees me. I asked him to heal my stiff neck and give me a head that would turn to follow his gaze. I asked him to forgive me for hardening my heart against him and asked him to give me a new heart. I asked him to take the scales from my eyes and give me vision. I asked him to forgive me of my pride and arrogance which presumed that I deserved something that he wasn't giving me. I asked him to teach me how to humble myself because his word says God resists the proud but gives grace to the humble. He says humble yourself and God will exalt you in due season. I asked him to forgive me of my unbelief and help me to truly believe. I repented and repented and repented. I asked God to forgive me of my double-mindedness. I asked him to give me a single eye. Because the Word says, if your eye is single, then your whole body will be full of light. I asked him to give me singleness of vision and purpose that was to do only his will. I repented of going my own way. I repented of murmuring and complaining about my life. I began to praise him and meditate on all his benefits to me. I was delivered and healed.

Habitual sin is evidence of pride. We do not have God exalted to his rightful place on the throne of our hearts when we keep returning to our idols. The Bible says there are only 3 root causes of sin. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. Just repent of all 3 for good measure. Addiction is a stronghold, a demonic stronghold. Strongholds are spiritual territory (such as our mind and bodies) which demons have authority over because they have been given repeated access by our sin. In other words, we have given them permission to take over by yielding ourselves to sin instead of to God. The only way to break a stronghold is to repent of the sin which allowed it to be established in the first place. For instance, I was addicted to painkillers (drugs). The sin which I committed each time I abused them was idolatry. I was turning to something other than God for comfort. There was also self-pity, ingratitude and rebellion (which is pride). As I repented of these things, the stronghold was broken. My heart was turned toward God and he is being established as Lord of my life. I could not make any of that happen. Only God has the power to change our hearts. He said no man can come to him unless the Spirit draws him. I pray all the time that God will give me a passion to seek him with my whole heart. In other words, that the passion I have for God will be greater than my passion for sin or compromise. Only God can stir that passion in me. I now pray that God will do in me what I could not do for myself. I used to just feel like a bum because I would compromise and take pills. Now, I pray that God will change my heart. It isn't within my power to change my own heart, but it is within my power to humble myself before God in prayer and ask him to do it. And the Bible says whatever we ask in prayer, if it is in line with God's will, we know we will receive it. Therefore, I know God wants me to turn from my idols and worship him alone, so I know he will give me the grace to do it. And he has. To God be the glory! Amen.

**Re: - posted by rookie (), on: 2005/1/28 12:37**

Your testimony brought these Scriptures to my mind.

Job 33:

- 14 For God may speak in one way, or in another,  
Yet man does not perceive it.
- 15 In a dream, in a vision of the night,  
When deep sleep falls upon men,  
While slumbering on their beds,
- 16 Then He opens the ears of men,  
And seals their instruction.
- 17 In order to turn man from his deed,  
And conceal pride from man,
- 18 He keeps back his soul from the Pit,  
And his life from perishing by the sword.
- 19 "Man is also chastened with pain on his bed,

And with strong pain in many of his bones,  
20 So that his life abhors bread,  
And his soul succulent food.  
21 His flesh wastes away from sight,  
And his bones stick out which once were not seen.  
22 Yes, his soul draws near the Pit,  
And his life to the executioners.  
23 "If there is a messenger for him,  
A mediator, one among a thousand,  
To show man His uprightness,  
24 Then He is gracious to him, and says,  
"Deliver him from going down to the Pit;  
I have found a ransom";  
25 His flesh shall be young like a child's,  
He shall return to the days of his youth.  
26 He shall pray to God, and He will delight in him,  
He shall see His face with joy,  
For He restores to man His righteousness.  
27 Then he looks at men and says,  
"I have sinned, and perverted what was right,  
And it did not profit me."  
28 He will redeem his soul from going down to the Pit,  
And his life shall see the light.  
29 "Behold, God works all these things,  
Twice, in fact, three times with a man,  
30 To bring back his soul from the Pit,  
That he may be enlightened with the light of life.

My heart cried as I read of your pain and then of the Light of Life. Thankyou sis.

In Christ  
Jeff

**My testimony - posted by Jimm (), on: 2005/1/28 13:22**

Greg and Dian

Your testimonies are the most human and amazing things, I have read on this forum! I thank you that you took the time to pour out what must have been difficult to do. Such testimonies shed light on the lies in the lives of many.

Once I gave part of my testimony on this forum but, I have feel compelled to give a fuller version of the details of my conversion, which, by the way, was all brought about by the power of God through the Sermonidex ministry...

My name is James Dziya, I am 20 years old and I am from Africa (I currently stay in Texas).

I grew up in a Christian home, where my father would often lead us in bible study. We went to church and Sunday school every week. I went to schools where bible lessons were taught as part of the curriculum. My mother prayed for the family everyday, waking up at 3 or 4 in the morning everyday. She was involved in several church programs and prayer meetings. I sang in the church choir. I went to bible study meetings on Wednesdays out of my own free will (there was a girl). I often witnessed to my friends about God. I prayed everyday (usually the same prayer). I had what seemed on the surface to be a normal Christian life but underneath, not all was well.

I was molested by a close (female) family friend when I was between the ages of 7-12. To this day, no one knows about that. It did not seem to me to affect me at all, I was "normal" in every way with no deviant behavior, but the seeds of the devil had already been planted. I was exceedingly charming with the girls but I exercised a lot of self-control. It was I who would have to stop them when they got too close. I made great grades in school, performed well in sports. I was involved in public speaking, debating and acting. I was popular with just about everyone. I looked older than I was and I socialized with older people. I would go to bars and to clubs and no one ask me for ID (the drinking age in my country is 18)

. I drank occasionally but never got addicted. I knew that I could drink 6 units of alcohol and still look and act sober. I did drugs for a short while and never got addicted and I smoked cigarettes for a short while and never got addicted. All the while, I watched many others spiral into oblivion. I was well versed in many subjects and I could talk to anyone, everyone loved me. When my friends were going out at night, all they would have to say was, "I'm going with James" and all would be well. Then I met a girl...

Her name was Sibongile and I met her at a bible study class when I was almost 17. She was walking in holiness and innocence and I could tell that I did not have that. She made me nervous, I could not look her in the eye, and I would stammer and become self-conscious in her presence. I tried to impress by talking about the bible and it only revealed that I knew nothing about God. The more I talked about God, the colder I felt and the guiltier I felt. I could tell she was not buying it because I was not buying it. I was suddenly in a panic. I would call her everyday and I would feel as if I failed every time I talked to her.

Everything in my life began to look very empty and bleak. I suddenly could not perform in anything, my grades fell, my sports performance fell, my charm fell and even my tolerance for alcohol fell. Pornography found its way in my life and suddenly I was addicted to something. This was depressing. I tried to stop and I had no power...this affected my self-esteem (though I still acted cool and confident) and brought into remembrance the incidents of my past. My conscience condemned me and allowed me no peace. From a human standpoint it looks like nothing was wrong with my life and it was I who began to fall apart. In retrospect, it seems as if all the lies in my life were being removed. This girl was used to initiate the work of God in my life. I genuinely began to seek God.

Churches began to fail to impress me. Being a deceiver myself, I could pick up performances very easily. People were pretending and I found it repulsive because I could bear witness to that. I began to speak out against this very casually and this upset many. They could not believe I would be so cynical of the church of God. "Surely", I said, "We have not been called by God to be pretenders. Are you telling me that you cannot see that this is an act? It is false joy, false excitement, false zeal, false tears, clever phrases and speeches. I can do this all day and all night without the power of God."

There is something about the truth, which is undeniably convicting. It is not in words, self-will, and performances... Sibongile had shown that to me. She did not speak eloquently or quote scriptures mechanically, but there was something vitally real about her walk. I could not counterfeit this, nor can anyone else. I was still deep in sin however and I was still looking at churches and pastors. I began to have the attitude of, "unless you can convict me like Sibongile, I do not want to hear it."

I came to the US for university and I still had a sense of longing, now even more because I was apart from the one figure I had of the truth. I discovered to my horror that I still did not know God. One year ago I could only recite from memory one verse from the bible (James 2:26 As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without deeds is dead). I was without the spirit or deeds; I was dead. I began to try to plug the holes. I read my bible and bought a collection of CDs with the bible books. I would listen to them daily, at every spare moment I had. I joined a Christian forum (Sermonidex) and confessed that I did not know much about "real Christianity" nor did I know any bible verses. Within months, I was well versed in the bible and I had an opinion on just about everything... I was still dead! I began to pray and listen only to Christian music. I stopped watching a lot of TV and started fasting. To my utter disbelief, I actually seemed more frustrated than I was before I started seeking God. I started to feel very disappointed with myself and I often felt it would be easier if I were not a Christian. I hated the hypocrisy in my life. My efforts were destined to fail because they were by the letter in the flesh and self-will.

I discovered the sermons of Mr. Leonard Ravenhill and I was suddenly back to a point of reality. He convicted me many times, especially with his sermon, "sins of Laodicia". You say I am rich increased of goods and have need of nothing...you are blind naked miserable and poor. I was like the disciples in Ephesus (Acts 19) who when asked if they had received the Holy Ghost they responded, "And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." And Paul said unto them, "Unto what then were ye baptized?" I began to cry at the abomination of lies in my life...I was still in my sins. Months went by and I prayed for the Holy Ghost and received nothing. I sang hymns and fasted and still nothing.

Then my mother came to visit me in America I told her of my plight (not in explicit detail). She too told me that for all those years when she prayed she did not have the Holy Ghost! It was utterly horrifying, and a tragic waste of time and self-effort. As we spoke, it was more and more apparent that she was now a changed woman. We prayed and she was in the

Spirit, and groaned and spoke in tongues and wept. I said to myself, "yes, I defiantly do not have that". She came back the next day and as we prayed, again the Spirit fell. I was filled with the Holy Ghost; I spoke in tongues and prophesied. I immediately forsook my studies in Chemical engineering and now I have a prophetic ministry to take home to Africa, yet not my ministry but the Lord's. To Him be, glory majesty and praise forever. Amen.

James

**Re: - posted by phebebird (), on: 2005/1/28 14:54**

I'm Phebe and I'm 26 years old. Glad to see I'm older than James and Greg. Cool! This "older" thing isn't so bad afterall! :)

Dian and James, thank you so much for posting your testimonies. So REAL!! Not just, "I accepted Christ and afterwards everything is roses". I think one of the most confusing things to a person is when you are a Christian and yet struggling with sin...

My own testimony is very complicated and not completely finished yet, I hope... It doesn't involve drugs or alcohol or anything like that. Most of it is internal pain and despair and striving and defiance of God.

I accepted the Lord as a young child. I do believe I was truly saved then because I clearly remember the joy and the longing after God. To this day, I have a burden for children, because I know that that was the one time in my life when I was really close to the heart of God. I was baptized when I was 8 years old. That was also about the time we moved to S. Korea, where my dad worked as a civilian employee for the military. I loved Korea so much! We attended great churches and I saw God really be God. I saw people healed and delivered and I was involved in ministry. My parents never shielded us from the realities of life. I saw people addicted to drugs, drunk, messed up, prostituting. We ministered in refugee camps, and orphanages. We went to China and Mongolia and saw people begging and Christians in difficult situations. And God was so real... And there was nothing between He and I... I remember when I was 12 yr.old, sitting up on top of the flat roof of our house in Soyosan, Korea, and meeting with God, feeling His presence, talking to Him face to face.

Then we moved back to the United States and everything just crashed. I went from all of that, plus attending a Christian school, to public junior high school in El Paso, Texas, and I could not stand the test. I never did anything horrible, I didn't have the guts to, but I hung out with everyone who did. I was so far from God, and He made me so miserable. I would raise my hands and praise God on Sundays and talk and live like the devil Monday through Friday. I remember crying myself to sleep every single night that we lived there. I knew I'd sold out to be popular...and I hated myself for it.

Then, I was invited to a crusade event. I don't remember anything that the preacher said at all. I just remember sitting there and realizing that God knew, God saw everything I'd done. I could fool everyone but Him. I don't remember crying or praying, but just coming to this realization. A month later, we moved back to Korea and I turned back to God again. I got involved in missions and outreach. I spent a summer in Sierra Leone, West Africa, and another summer in China. I felt called to China and planned college and my whole life around becoming a missionary to China.

In my senior year in high school, I met my husband, Mark. He was 19 yrs old and in the Army. Korea was his first duty station. He was a wonderful man, sold out for God. We started dating, and God was in it every step of the way.

After high school, I went to nursing school in Springfield, Missouri. Mark and I continued a long distance relationship for two years and then got married when I graduated in 1999. I moved to Colorado, where he was stationed. Six months later, his time in the army was up and he didn't re-enlist. Instead, we fulfilled a life-long dream and moved to China.

It's hard to explain what happened in China. It was "the best of times and the worst of times" so to speak. I loved it, and I hated it. I had lived overseas long enough to think that I knew what to expect. I thought I would live a perfect witness, lead dozens to Christ, and save the orphans or something. It didn't happen that way. We had great opportunities to witness, but never did see anyone accept the Lord. We had a lot of trouble with the school we were working for (they held our passports, etc.) and there was a lot of miscommunication. It made me angry and it showed I'm afraid. We knew two people in the whole city that spoke English for the first few months. It was great for learning Chinese, but I had not expected the loneliness and isolation. Then, in May of 2000 I found out I was pregnant, and then miscarried a few weeks later. It was an intensely painful experience. I was hospitalized and treated for some infection (still



mysterious to me, as no one could explain it in English). I was taken to a room marked "abortion room" for a D&C, done without anesthesia. Returning to my room, I so alone. And then, I can't explain it, but God was there. There was no explanations, no questions, just God--there with me. I slowly realized in the days following that the women all around me in my room and in the rest of the rooms on the hall were in pain far greater than I could ever imagine. Most of them were there for abortions that they did not want to have (due to China's one-child policy). I will never, ever forget them and what they were going through...

We decided to leave China so that I could get checked out by doctors here to ensure there was nothing terribly wrong that might hinder having children in the future. We returned to the Los Angeles area (where Mark's family lives), and found jobs. It turned out that whatever I'd had was fine and I was medically clear. We've been here ever since and had a daughter, Cassie Joy, in November 2001. We are now expecting another baby in September.

I have been in such spiritual turmoil ever since China, though. We have found a good church and friends, but that isn't enough. I left China feeling utterly crushed, devastated by God. I realized that all of my missionary dreams were just that--my dreams. They had more of me than God in them. I still believe that God has called me to China, but I dare not go again in my own strength. I realized I don't know God really. I know about Him, I know the Bible, I know I used to know Him, I know His character, but I don't abide in Him, I have no victory over sin, I don't walk in His presence. Somehow, as a teenager, I was able to be a very good Christian and Christian leader whether I was really close to God in my heart or not. But somehow that has been ripped from me. I cannot bear the farce. I cannot witness when I don't know the One I'm witnessing about. I went through a period of being ragingly angry with God that He didn't do it for me--deliver me from sin and into His presence. Then I went through the "I'll just keep trying" phase. But, as Dian said:

Quote:  
-----And the worst part is, when I realized I didn't believe, I couldn't just try harder. I had already done all that. There wasn't anything left in the "try harder" bucket.  
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I've more or less gotten past that now. Now I'm just frustrated. I can't go on and I can't go back. I listened to a lot of sermons on this site and they helped a lot and you guys have helped a lot, but there are things that only God can do. He is calling me to just leave it all (my worries, the world, my plans, my dreams) and run away with Him--just be with Him. How, though? How? So, that's where I am now.

Phebe

Okay, since everyone else was so wonderfully honest, perhaps I will be too. There is only one or two people I've ever told this to, but I have struggled with an eating problem/disorder since college. That is my habitual sin, and I have never been able to really be free. It drags me down, it pulls me from God, and it's still there. Thanks, Dian, for your encouraging words on this point. Thanks for listening.

**Re: - posted by moreofHim (), on: 2005/1/28 14:59**

Phebe,

You're not the only one who has struggled with eating disorders.

In His love, Chanin

**Re: - posted by phebebird (), on: 2005/1/28 15:03**

Thank you, Chanin. I know that, and yet the devil can often deceive so much to make me feel that I am alone on this point. I am truly so ashamed. I have set up an idol (an inanimate, everyday thing, no less) in front of God and refused, or been unable, to break it down. I hate myself for it more than you know... Or maybe you do know?

Re: - posted by moreofHim (), on: 2005/1/28 15:16

I am more than aware of idols of the heart! and yes i do know this one as well. And it can be broken. It is a matter of surrendering that area of your heart to Christ. That need for approval or whatever your specific reason for having this strong hold.

You can visit my website sometime and see some of the strongholds I have had. Not that they just disappeared or anything. It is/was a struggle. But the Lord knows we desire to be pure and He is the overcomer in us. :)

In His love, chanin

Re: - posted by Jimm (), on: 2005/1/28 16:25

Phebe

Quote:

-----I'm Phebe and I'm 26 years old. Glad to see I'm older than James and Greg. Cool! This "older" thing isn't so bad afterall! :)  
-----

Are we really the youngest people here? Hmmm...

Well I have a few thoughts, not that I have already reached the ultimate but these are things which I too am learning.

Now these are real issues. I could write all kinds of testimonies and exegesis of scripture from the bible and quote some of the greats but you and I both know that this is not what you need. What you lack is not information Phoebe, but revelation. Revelation gives life and reality to information. As long as what you know of God is in the head and not in the spirit it will never be vitally real. Revelation is so vitally important that Paul prayed often for the Ephesians in this way:

Ephesians 1: 16 Cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; 17 **That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him:** 18 The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; **that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints,** 19 **And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power,** 20 **Which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places,** 21 **Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come:** 22 **And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church,** 23 **Which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all**

The mental knowledge is wonderful a comforting but the spiritual knowledge from revelation is the difference between reality and death. Paul is praying, **without ceasing** for something that these people lacked. He is not praying that they will memorize his lessons and be able to quote him backwards and forwards, he is praying that God Himself will do something according to his grace. Revelation comes by grace and in some cases grace and petition. James 4:2 Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, **yet ye have not, because ye ask not.**

And as far as asking goes, you may ask for the same thing many times before you receive word from God.

Luke 18:1-8 1 And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, **and not to faint;** 2 Saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: 3 And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. 4 And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; 5 Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. 6 And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. 7 And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? 8 I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. **Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?**

God's grace brings salvation not our works or "worthiness". Are you truly at the **grace of God** that bringeth salvation hath appeared **to all men,** 12 Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; 13 Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; 14 Who gave himself for us, **that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself**



elf a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

James

**Re: - posted by Spitfire, on: 2005/1/28 16:28**

Dearest Phebe. As my friend, Paul, says, here's a hug from me to you. I wish I could hold you as I pray for you, but know that I am praying. Lay yourself out before God. Cry to him for mercy. Don't be afraid to beg. He will come to you when you seek with your whole heart. Run away with him. Tell him how much you love him and long to be faithful. His eyes run to and fro across the whole earth searching for hearts that are perfect toward him. He is scanning the earth, and humble hearts are like strobe lights. I'll be praying. Love, Dian.

**Re: - posted by phebebird (), on: 2005/1/28 19:53**

Dian,  
Thanks for the hug...and the prayers. You brought tears to my eyes. He is merciful and He is loving and He will not walk away from me...

Phebe

**Re: - posted by phebebird (), on: 2005/1/28 19:59**

James,

Quote:  
-----Are you truly at the  
-----

I think I am there. I certainly hope so; or if I'm not, I pray He brings me there quickly. I know for a fact that I feel utterly helpless. I used to think that God wanted me to just keep trying and not give up. After years of that, though, I have realized that He wants me to quit trying and give up--that it's useless. Not that He just wants me to lay down in my sins. He wants me to believe in Him, His love, His mercy. Pray that I am able to take the time I need with Him...

Thank you, James...

Phebe

**Re: Testimony - posted by PreachParsly (), on: 2005/1/28 22:29**

Wow these are some awesome testimonies of the power of God! It is so encouraging to hear what is going on in others lives even if it is confession of struggles. Jam 5:16 Confess faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

I am 20yrs old. I will have been a Christian for 2 years this June. I doing all I can to soak myself in the Word, prayer and solid preaching. God has even convinced me of not going anywhere with out a new testament in my pocket so at any spare minute I can read. (yes even the bathroom! Don't act like you havn't read or prayed while sitting on the "throne".. we will be kings and preists!) And I always try to play the Bible on Cd while I sleep. I have found that even in the middle of the night the scripture can be washing you. Here is my testimony. Sorry if it is long.

My grandmother had my mom when she was 20yrs old. My mother had me when she was 20 yrs old. Now I am 20 year s old and will be breaking the chain (or curse). My grandmother had my mother out of wedlock. My mother and father divorced before I was born. The reason my mother divorced my father was that she didn't want me raised in a drug infested home because my father delt many drugs. When I was 5 years old my mother and her boyfriend(and I) moved in together. At 5 years old demonic activity was manifested to me. Not in a shape or form but in sound. I would hear loud moaning and screaming going on. The only way for me to get it to stop was to do something violent or begin cursing. Also not too long after this I was attacked by a spirit of fornication which would provoke me to do very shameful things in private. Now I see this was all due to the fact the adults in the house were living in fornication and verbally fighting alot. Please watch your family life and get your home straight. It will affect your kids.

When I was about 11 my mothers boyfriend moved out of the house. God saved him mightly! He was delivered from alcohol, pornography, hate and many others. He came back to my mother and begun to tell her all what was done in his life. Mom thought he was crazy. But he eventually got us to come to church with him some. I remember the day he was baptised in water. It was not even planned. There was a young girl getting baptised and after she was done the minister asked "Would anyone else like to be baptised?" By the way this is at a river. I remember my (now step-father) ripping his shoes off and emptying his pockets and seemingly floating down the bank. He was baptised and at that same moment my mother seen God work mightly in him and was saved.

After this my mother and my step-father got married and we moved into a house that he had built. We now went to church very regularly. He ended up teaching a sunday school class and my mom was secretary of the church. I remember going to the alter several times and praying. I would always feel a sense of God in services, but one thing would always pound in my mind. And that was that I must confess Him as Lord. I never verbally confessed that or even confessed it with my actions or anything of the like. I knew this is what I should do but I never did. Shortly after me continually putting off this conviction I had no more conviction about it. I just felt comfortable in the church and it was just a habit for me to go since my parents would go.

As I began to get older I started going out with friends. At first I would not go to parties or drink or do anything "bad." But I eventually gave into it. I first started out drinking here and there. Then it turned into a constant thing. I would do it whenever possible. After that, I started smoking pot and being around drugs. Then I moved to college. I thought the party scene was great.. drugs, sex, alcohol. My whole first year of college was a complete waste of everything. I then came home for the summer. I partied and worked as usual. I also would sell weed on occasions. On the last weekend of June 03, my parents went to a gospel singing (for those of you that dont know thats just a concert..those from the south know!) I was so glad they were going off cause that meant I could do whatever I wanted. As soon as I got my pay check I bought alcohol and called up a girl. We went over to my parents house for awhile. After I got bored with that we went over to a friends house and I bought a quarterpound of weed. I took the girl to her car and then went back over to my friends house. I passed out shortly afterwards. The next day I woke up and sold some of the weed and called up a friend. My friend at the time was inhaling air in a can (the stuff you clean keyboards with). Yeah quality friends huh.. I came over and passed out over there.

I woke up and drove home and dressed up nicer than usual that sunday morning. I was going to church because my parents asked me to and I would usually comply. We were going to a church where there was a group going to be there. In the middle of the concert the main singer pointed me out of the congregation and said "God is working with you today". I was in utter shock! I didnt know what he was talking about. The next song was called Thats God. The conviction begun to sweep over me hard. I broke down like I had never before then broke down. God changed me! I never actually said a prayer or anything. I just knew I was changed. I had the witness of the spirit. God would not let me go. I went home and gathered up all the condoms, weed, and rolling papers I had and drove down to a river and sit on the bank and cried to God as I watched everything, including the old me, drift off to be gone forever.

Now that I was so mightly changed by him I knew I could not go where I once went and be with who I use to be with. I made it through that summer almost cutting off all relationships I had with friends except for times when I witnessed with them and told them that they needed to change. I then went back to college. I now had no friends whatsoever. All I had was Jesus. About 2 or 3 months after I was saved God put the thought in my mind that I needed to know something about tongues because it was a hot topic of controversy. God lead me to a book that explained the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I had never heard of anything like this! I remember calling a Pastor from back home and asking him "Is this real?". He replied "Oh yes it is for you!" That whole week I could do nothing but think of the desire I had to receive this from God. I knew He wanted me to have it! A week later I went into a church that I had been to once before. They were having a water baptism service that night. I went up to the Pastor before the service and told him " I know you are having a water baptism service but i want the baptism of the spirit" Wow was I full of faith that night! He said great and told me when the praise and worship was going on to just step up to the front and he and a few others would lay hands on me. I was speaking in tongues in what seemed to me in moments.

I then continued to separate myself to God. I felt God calling me to a 40 day fast. This was crazy to me! He showed me that Jesus fasted for 40 days before He really got started in His ministry and thats what He had planned for me. Those next 40 days were heaven on earth. He revealed to me that I was called to be a minister for Him.

I have preached in the church 8 times. The praise goes to God that not one time have I had to beg or ask to preach. God has always placed it in the heart of the pastor of whichever church to ask me. Pro 18:16 A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men. I am in a preparation for the calling of God right now. I know that Paul spent 3 y

**General Topics :: Testimony**

ears in the wilderness after he was saved seeking God in preparation for the ministry. (Gal 1:15-18) I thank God for what He has revealed to me about the TRUE GOSPEL and how much of today is man's wisdom and not from God. I thank God that SI has been a true blessing from God because of all the resources here. I thank God for children of obedience.

I have tried to just give a brief overview of everything. If you want to know more just ask.

**Re: - posted by phebebird (), on: 2005/1/29 2:15**

Hey PreachParsly,  
Wow! Thank you, Jesus! He is so amazing! Thank you for sharing...

Phebe

P.S. I am really glad you started this thread. Come on, guys, who's next? It is so amazing to hear what God has done and is doing...

**Re: - posted by Spitfire, on: 2005/1/29 7:48**

Quote:

-----At 5 years old demonic activity was manifested to me.  
-----

Wow, Josh. I, too, had demonic visitations that began at about age 5. You know what? I didn't used to believe in predestination and divine election, but I do now. I think satan must be able to tell when we are born that we are called by God. He knows, so he begins his scheme to ruin us before we are even able to defend ourselves. But, Oh the joy it brings me to read John, chapter 17. To know that Jesus has prayed for me, and he has never lost even one that the Father has given him. I know I'm going to make it, and there's nothing the devil can do about it. Here is a verse from my favorite hymn, A Mighty Fortress Is Our God...

And though this world, with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The prince of darkness grim  
We tremble not for him,  
His rage we can endure, For lo! his doom is sure  
One little word shall fell him.

Them's shoutin' words! Love, Dian.

**Re: - posted by Jimm (), on: 2005/1/29 15:05**

PreachParsly

That was an amazing testimony! It is great to see Jesus still working in lives of people today, even as he did in the days of the Apostles. You know my friend something that staggered me months ago, "We are so privileged to have the Bible you know. Do you think the church of today would have any kind of services if we did not have the modern canonized bible? I mean, the early church certainly did not have one. How did the likes of Steven and Philip (in Acts) evangelize without John 3:16? They would certainly have had to rely on the real experiences in their own lives and the word of their testimonies..."

Testimonies are so shunned these days because we Christians do not trust each other. We have the "who are you to have God speak to you" attitude. Does not the scripture say we overcame him by the word of **our** testimony? The testimonies of the Apostles are wonderful but some people on the street today, really cannot relate to Paul of Tarsus. We would be more effective ministers if we had our own testimonies to add to our arsenal of knowledge. I suppose all would be well if God revealed to us all that the Word is a person and not a subject or, as Mr. Ravenhill would say, "it's alright to know the word of God but do you know the God of Word?" All your testimonies are vitally real and valid points for ministry. Thank you!

Spitfire

Quote:  
----- Wow, Josh. I, too, had demonic visitations that began at about age 5. You know what? I didn't used to believe in predestination and divine election, but I do now. I think satan must be able to tell when we are born that we are called by God. He knows, so he begins his scheme to ruin us before we are even able to defend ourselves.  
-----

You know you are not the first person I have heard say this. I have heard two others with similar testimonies and sentiments...

James

PS: looks like I'm not the youngest here after all :-)

**Pastor Willie Mullan's Testimony - posted by Jimm (), on: 2005/2/2 1:38**

Okay, we have some new sermons on the site by Willie Mullan, and upon doing some research on the fellow I discovered a very powerful testimony. I pray that the God of truth will bless you with it as much if not more than he blessed me with it. We have the sermon on this site and it is well worth a listen! It is entitled "my life"....hopefully someone who is more efficient with the computer can paste the link here.

**Re: Pastor Willie Mullan's Testimony - posted by DezCall (), on: 2005/2/2 3:58**

Quote:  
-----We have the sermon on this site and it is well worth a listen! It is entitled "my life"....hopefully someone who is more efficient with the computer can paste the link here.  
-----

Here you go...

(<https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/mydownloads/visit.php?lid3706>) Testimony Willie Mullan

**Re: - posted by Jimm (), on: 2005/2/2 8:24**

Thank you Paul. That's efficiency! :-)

**Re: - posted by PreachParsly (), on: 2005/9/22 15:06**

I started this thread ages ago. I thought I would bring it back up in case someone wanted to add theirs.

**Re: Testimony - posted by beenblake (), on: 2005/9/22 17:00**

I am 27 years of age. My Testimony is listed in the "Miracles that follow the Plow" section.

And...

Praise the Lord for all of you!!

**Re: Testimony - posted by Gery, on: 2005/9/24 14:31**

Dear Brethren,

Most people tell of how lost they were, then they sought God and got saved. Like a happy ending story. I have had a long and windy road with the Lord thus far.

Here are parts my story:

My mother got saved and while she was expecting me, she gave me to the Lord out of thankfulness for saving her (1972). It always reminds me of Hannah with Samuel. Samuel was marked from birth, and so was I. Not because I am special, but because God is faithful. At the age of 5, I gave my heart to the Lord at a Children's Meeting and desired thereafter to become a preacher. Because of memory and time, I cannot tell exactly what happened from there onward, but by the time I left school I was involved with drugs and false religions, and very far from God. It all came to a climax one night, after being married and without peace or hope, at the age of 20 that I found a Bible among my books, which included the Bhagavad Gita (Hindu scriptures). That night I called out to God, and turned to that Bible that I did not even know was in the house I lived in. As I opened the Bible with an expectation to hear from God, I read Revelations 3:20, "Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he will be with me". It was as if light shone into my dark soul. I experienced floods of joy and peace, like I never new even existed. For days and weeks I was walking on air, testifying of all that God did for me. Then, the following happened. Within 3 months I lost everything! My friends, my wife, my belongings, my job - all for the sake of Christ. With nothing, I went to a mission station in my country. No plans, no future, just that what the Lord had done in me. For the next 6 years, I lived and worked on that mission station and preached the Gospel around Southern Africa. Then, the worst thing that could ever happen to anyone, happened to me. I allowed sin in my life and became a backslider. I turned my back on God. I fell back into all the old sins, and even more terrible ones. My second state was a lot worse than the first. I hardened my heart beyond the point of any hope. I became callous and denied the Lord Jesus and the fact that I ever even knew Him. I exchanged a life with God for a life of debauchery and sin. Got married again and sought after satisfying my being outside God. Like David I walked out of battle, like Jonah I started running from God and like Peter I denied my Lord over and over again.

After 5 years of living such a life I started seeking Him again, but there was no hope for me then. It was as if I faced a dead end. Then the Lord did the impossible. He sent one of His children who wanted to ask for forgiveness for something from the past. That night, God met with me once again. The presence of God was so overwhelming and my sin and failure so clear, that I left the room and broke before God. Like Peter, I wept bitterly, sobbing before the living Christ. Like David I saw that my sin was against God in Heaven. My heart was shattered and broken.

This is my testimony of how God restored me, in a time that hope was lost.  
His love is so great, how can we ever fathom such a Redeemer?

Pray for each other that His grace may abound in us, for evermore.

In His unquenchable love,  
Gery (33 yrs old)

**Re: - posted by PreachParsly (), on: 2006/2/10 15:15**

I just thought I would bring this up for all the new folk.

**Re:, on: 2006/2/10 15:43**

I've been always afraid of giving my testimony because I don't want to give my inlaws heart failure, plus I never know where to start.