

# How Jesus Found Me

(Testimony of a former Catholic, Atheist, Thief, Alcoholic, Occultist, Satanist, Evolutionist, Homosexual, Bisexual to Christian)

Brother Victor

I didn't grow up in a "Christian home" like most people think, but in fact grew up in an **ultra Roman Catholic home**. My home was very religious and we went to the Saint Ignatius Roman Catholic church every Sunday. I was baptized as an infant at the Saint Ignatius RCC! However, I never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ presented from the Scriptures at that RCC.

It was so mechanical and dead to me like I had to do rituals, religious observance and performance of good works just to be "right with God." Every year I did Lent and Ash Wednesday. (I hated when the RC priest put ashes on my forehead.)

I would pray the Rosary, suffered Meatless Fridays, Easters and Christmas Masses. (On December 11, 2008, my late father died of advanced lung cancer he went flatlined right in front of me and my mother he is now with Jesus in Heaven.)

As a child, almost every night my drunk late father will come home and beat on my mother mercilessly. He caused the most trauma in my life because early in the morning he would kick the front door breaking the lock and broke windows with his fists.

**(Now before my late father came to Christ by faith he was into the occult, Black witchcraft and Satanism. Later on he got locked up for domestic violence and God saved him in prison!)** So me, mother and older sister would barricade the door from our room so he wouldn't hit our mom.

One day me and sister came home from school and found our mother on the kitchen floor with blood pouring out her head. **I hated my late father and over time my hatred towards him grew and I wanted to kill him.** I still remember my mother lighting candles with images of the Pope (during that time John Paul II), saints and angels she bought at the supermarket and would throw "Holy Water" through out the house.

(Every Sunday at Saint Ignatius RCC she would fill her jar from a tap near the entrance way.) One night my late father came home drunk and threw one of the candles at my poor mother. My father was a dangerous narcissist! Thank God he missed and hit the screen of a heavy TV in the living room. (In her own mind she believed the holy water protected us from the evil in our home and it would go away.)

Now there was a Pastor by the name of Mr.Court. Every Friday night he would come to our house and invite us to his church home for Bible Studies. I truly believe that's where the seeds of the Word of God were planted in my heart. But without my parents and him knowing I was really

an emotional atheist. **I was very angry at God and hated Him** especially because I was molested by a next door neighbor and later by a family member from the side of my late father's family. It messed up my sexuality. May Abba Father forgive them! **I was also a homosexual and later bisexual! I practiced both sexual immoral practices that were sending me straight to Hell.**

Fast forwarding! In my teenage years, I'd hang around with the wrong crowd of people and from there began going to parties: **drinking, doing drugs and got into the occult.** I broke the law and paid for my crimes it went as far as **robbing booze from supermarkets** while my so-called friends distracted the manager.

By that time I was **addicted to alcohol and drank strong drinks.** I still remember downing bottles of Vodka, Whiskey, Tequila, Gin and others like water. (Probably by that time my liver was dissolving and dying, but I didn't know it.) Later on I threw up blood and stopped for a short time, but it started all over again.

Now I loved going to the library. (I'm a book worm.) But it **lead me to the occult** because I was curious about magick, Wicca, Casting Spells, Curses, Hexes, Jinxes, Voodoo, Tarot Cards, Palm Reading and Satanism. **I was a strong follower of Anton LaVey and Alester Crowley.** Crowley said: "Do What Thou Wilt." **I lived that Satanic philosophy for years!**

I still remember as a Satanist tearing a Bible into pieces and spiting and stomping on it as I was blaspheming God, Jesus Christ, born again Christians and the Bible. So I put into practice those things and **invited demons into my life and they would torment me each night and had nosebleeds.** (I can sometimes hear their ugly voices, but I'd rebuke them IN JESUS' NAME.)

This went on until I was 16-21 and later **left the occult for Evolution and the Big Bang Theory.** That was when **I became a harden intellectual atheist** and each time God's servants crossed my path I'd ask them questions that would make them think and question their own faith. I would mock God, Jesus Christ, the Bible and Body of Christ. So they would walk away each time and if I saw them today I will forgive them.

Now this is my preconversion: It was one late night, my mother and younger brother were sleeping in her bedroom and I was in the living room sleeping on the couch. It was pitch dark and laying down on the couch and **started praying to God** - (strange right?). I don't recall the exact words, but when I ended the prayer "In God's name, Amen" I heard the most beautiful voice out of nowhere whisper: "Jjjjjjeeeessssuuuusss"

I got so freaked out that I pulled the covers over my head and frighten said: "Okay God, you win you win. **In Jesus' name I pray Amen.**" After I couldn't sleep that night and later **I began reading the Bible and did research on it if it was true. I read about archaeological discoveries, Biblical Prophecy and Jesus' Resurrection. I was convinced, but only intellectually not internally.**

Internally came later at the apartment my older sister once lived at. At age 21, my sister would

come over every Friday to my home and would invite me and my younger brother to her house to stay for the weekend. She is a very nice woman of God that loves Jesus!

Every time she would put on Christian music and I would listen to it, but one summer afternoon on June 1999 I heard a preacher come on. (To this day, I know God wanted me to listen to the Christian song, a nameless preacher then another Christian song. Sorry I don't know his name.) The preacher started talking about Jesus Christ how much He loved me by dying upon the Cross for my sins, being buried in the tomb and resurrecting on the third day in bodily form.

(Now in my atheist mind I thought it was stupid for a man named Jesus Christ to suffer a beating from evil men and then get nailed upon the Cross for my sins.) Later, he talked about the burden of guilt and shame that is upon our shoulders and that only Jesus can remove it. **It was as if God was talking directly to me, so I continued listening.**

He offered an altar call, but I resisted the Holy Spirit. My sister was with me and said: "**Give your life now to Jesus Christ,**" and I told her: "Maybe this is all a lie since God created Satan they are in cahoots. They're on the same page."

She told me: "God didn't create Satan, but Lucifer. Lucifer was a good angel in Heaven, but decided by his freewill to become evil and God changed his name to Satan." She kept on encouraging me to leave my life of sin and come to Jesus by faith. I denied Jesus twice, but **at the third time the Holy Spirit touched me in a very powerful way I'll never forget. So powerful that I fell on my knees with my face to the ground and began crying out profusely to God. I confessed every sin to God I can think of and asked Him to forgive me. Then I repented of all my sins. I believe what Jesus did for me upon the Cross was for my sin debt - taking the just punishment we deserve upon Himself. His burial in the Tomb and His resurrection on the third day in bodily form. To filled me with the Holy Spirit and to make me the person He wants me to be all the days of life.**

**That I want Jesus to be my LORD and Savior and to put my faith and trust upon Jesus Christ for my salvation alone; to give me a clean conscience and write my name in the Lamb's Book of Life. I don't know what happened next, but it was like a huge rock weighting tons lifted off my shoulders and a strong sense of peace came upon me. I still have that peace with me today because I'm at peace with God and no longer His enemy like I once was.**

I'll never forget that day for the rest of my life because **on that day I surrender my life completely to God.** I forgot the song after the preacher ended his message it was Christian song that goes something like this:

Jjjjjeeeeesssssuuuuusssss....there is power in His name  
Jjjjjeeeeesssssuuuuusssss....there is power in His name"  
**Just looking back at it now brings tears to my eyes!**