

I grew up in a small town and my parents were together, we had a nice home, food on the table, quiet neighborhood, no crime. Yet as I grew up, there was emptiness within me. I always felt like an outcast, like I never fit in. I was depressed and lonely. I always felt rejected.

When I was a child, my neighborhood friend, as the bigger kid, always seemed to pick on me. He was always pulling pranks on me, beating me in whatever game we were playing and rubbing it in my face, and just wasn't a great friend.

Then on the bus to school, there was a group of kids that would constantly make fun of me and pick on me each day on the way to and from school. During this age, I was getting sick constantly with strep throat, every month for about a year. I also seemed very prone to infections, with a couple of staph infections nearly killing me. I eventually got my tonsils out around 4th grade. Then the following year in 5th grade, I was diagnosed with vitiligo on my forehead and scalp, which is a skin pigment disease, where the pigment of your skin simply dies, turning it very white, along with any hair that grew in that place. Which I now believe was a physical manifestation of self-rejection.

All of this seemed to further separate and isolate me from others. I felt ostracized and embarrassed that I had a bunch of patches of white hair that people would constantly ask me about, so I started dyeing it.

From 5th grade into 6th grade is when I picked up a skateboard and started heading further down the path of rebellion. I began listening to depressing emo music, going out to skateboard around town, and started having run ins with police for skateboarding where we were not supposed to be. This all continued into 8th grade, where I was called the prude in the friend group, because I was too nervous to make a move on a girl while everyone else was beginning to have sex. It seemed that I was the butt of the joke in whatever friend group I ended up in.

Through the new friends I had made skateboarding, I began to start smoking weed around age 15 entering into high school. Through smoking, I migrated to a new friend group, where yet again, I felt like the outsider. I began to experiment with other drugs and I began taking pain pills, and eventually tried ecstasy, acid and mushrooms throughout my time in high school. My parents were very strict and would not allow me out to parties or to stay over friends' houses, so I resorted to sneaking out, and lying constantly. I had been caught multiple times with weed, drugs, and booze and my parents were getting fed up with my actions.

During my senior year of high school, I got really drunk one night and decided not to drive home, for a change, but didn't call my parents. They had it with me sneaking around and rebelling against their rules. They left a newspaper in front of my door with apartments circled, and had ripped the posters off my walls and the clothes out of my drawers. I was given an ultimatum. Follow their rules, or get out. Being out of the house and being free to do whatever I wanted sounded way better than obeying their rules, so I packed my car and left. I spent the next 6 months sleeping on friend's couches, and in my car. I was selling weed, doing drugs, and working at dunkin donuts.

I thought I was living it up for a bit, until things started falling apart. I found out that the girl I had been seeing cheated on me. When I confronted her about it, she confessed to hooking up with someone different than I was told. I asked her what about this other guy, and she said, oh yeah him too. I gave her a pass, because I was spineless, and didn't want to be alone, and we 'weren't officially boyfriend and girlfriend'. She proceeded to hook up with a 3rd guy that very night. We were done after that. That completely crushed me, and I went deeper into drugs to numb the pain. I started getting caught sleeping in my car

a number of times by the police, and eventually my buddy convinced me that I should head back home and reconcile with my parents.

So around 18 or 19, I moved home, and started going to community college, and then found a job working at a beer distributor. At first it seemed like I was getting my act together but as I got into the new job, I continued to get into trouble. I started stealing the old beer that went into the dumpster and took it home with me to sell and give out to friends. Then I started selling weed. I was doing lots of pain pills as well. I thought I was on top of the world for the first time. I was driving around the company van, delivering beer for my job, delivering weed along the way, stacking up money, getting high while working.

Then I got a wakeup call, only it didn't wake me up. I was on my way home from work and I stopped off at a friend's house to sell some weed and smoke. On my way home, I hit some black ice and slid 40 feet or so, just barely stopping at the light. Then out of nowhere a car smashes me from behind and sends me flying into the main road. The light had just turned green so I was spared from being hit again from oncoming traffic.

My head whipped forward and then smashed backwards into the headrest, which for some reason had no cushion, just a metal rod inside that I nailed my head on. I got a major concussion. You would think that would have set me straight, but no, I continued to do pain pills and smoke weed throughout the entire concussion. It dragged on for over 10 months of headaches, lack of sleep, and sensitivity to light.

Around this time, I had already decided I was going to leave community college and go away to school to continue my degree. The accident solidified this further and I ended up leaving my job and taking some time to travel and "live it up" until I went away to college in the fall.

As I went away to school, I was just turning 21 a few months into my first semester. Not to mention that the Uconn Huskies won the mens basketball championship so I arrived at school to nothing but partying. I was introduced to cocaine and ketamine here. I began selling again because I didn't have a job anymore and I didn't want to deplete all of the savings I had made. I dove deeper into drugs and alcohol, trying to fill the ever growing void inside of me. Enjoying myself at times, but also having this deep sadness and loneliness within myself. Having many run in's with the police, getting pulled over constantly, and somehow never getting arrested despite being under the influence of either drugs or alcohol most of the time as well as holding drugs in my car.

My second year in college my cousin and both grandfathers passed away in a pretty short time span, which sent me deeper into drugs, looking for an escape and a way to cope. Life consisted of squeaking by in school, doing and selling drugs, and partying. I was completing my junior year of school while all of my friends were doing their senior year, so I decided to move home for my last year of college and took a thai chi class here, and eventually got into yoga to help my back, which was the introduction into new age practices.

Around 23 or so, I started working for a startup company that was a liquor rebate phone app, which of course included lots of drinking. I was out one night working a promotion and my coworker was managing the event and serving drinks, so I end up quite drunk very quickly. I am driving home after working a full day in the office and then the event as well, exhausted and drunk, I went on my phone to look at the gps and I swerved off the road, hitting a telephone pole and flipping the car off the highway into the woods. Miraculously I got out of the car with barely a scratch on me. I called my cousin to come and pick me up, and somehow the cops, firefighters and paramedics allowed me to walk away from the scene without even being checked out. I knew that if I got checked out, I would be getting a DUI, so I left the scene, went

home and went to sleep. You would think this would have been a wakeup call for me, but it still didn't seem to set off the alarm for me. Looking back, the only explanation as to why I am still alive is that Yeshua was looking out for me every step of the way.

Eventually the startup company starts going downhill and I begin looking for something new. So I start a new job at a data company, and at this point I have heavily slowed down on drinking and stopped all of the hard drugs. This is when I started on the health journey, eating healthier, lifting weights, and practicing yoga. I see the yoga practice as physical, and I enjoy the hot classes to get a good sweat in, not realizing that yoga is primarily spiritual.

After a while I get fed up with the job, and am seeking something deeper. I don't know what it is that I am looking for, but I know I am not finding it at the job. I decide to quit and go on a road trip around the country to explore. I end up on the west coast, going from hostel to hostel and eventually land in Kaua'i, Hawai'i. I absolutely fall in love with it there and set it in my heart that I am going to go and live there some day. I meet some very interesting people there and start getting introduced to more and more of the new age.

After the roadtrip, I land in Asheville, North Carolina with my uncle. For the next 10 months, I begin working with him renovating properties, working at a brewery, and practicing hot yoga on a daily basis. I also began fasting, and focusing on eating healthy.

After a while, I am not able to find the work that I need to get sustain myself anymore, and I decide to move back to Connecticut right when my parents are selling our childhood home. I helped them to get rid of everything and then I moved into an apartment with a friend of mine and started a new remote job. Then at the end of 2019, I take a trip to Colorado and then on to Kaua'i. While there, I start speaking to some

people about the United States and how the nation is not what we were told. I am beginning to question the world that I live in. Then March of 2020 rolls around and the world gets locked down. After about 2 months of fear and panic like the rest of the world, I decide that I need to do some research into what's going on. I said to myself (which I know recognize was the Set Apart Spirit), "if I am going to be locked in my home, I need to know why. Is this really what they say it is?" I start researching for months, going down every rabbit hole I can find, waking up very quickly to the truth of what's going on in the world. Even thinking for a brief moment that socialism is the way out of the tyranny, only to quickly realize that this was just another layer, another trap to keep you away from the truth.

At this point, my roommate moved his girlfriend into the apartment without asking me and I was about done being there so I decided to move to Cape Cod and rent my parents' house up there.

When I get there I start going to the local herb shop that I had visited in summers past while vacationing on the Cape, and I meet Donna there and start helping out around the shop a bit. I eventually take a trip down to New Jersey with this girl I met on a dating app to do my first Native American sweat lodge. Step by step, slowly creeping deeper into the new age.

In my free time at the house, I continued to research and dig for truth at the same time, being terrified about what I was learning. I eventually was led to videos about the book of Revelation, and hearing about the end of the world being just over the horizon terrified me even more. I couldn't handle that reality, so I slowed down on my research and took a break. Around this time, businesses started to open up again and I head to a yoga studio and even before go to the class and I saw this girl's name on the schedule, and I get this feeling, like there's something about her. I show up, and I am immediately captivated. She's a beautiful

girl who practices yoga, and is into health and wellness. Everything I thought I had wanted.

We hit it off right away, speaking after class a few minutes here and a few minutes there. A few minutes turned into 30 minutes, and an hour, and eventually 3 hours after class. I worked up the courage to ask her out on a date. She tells me that she is in a relationship but they are separated and she isn't living with him anymore, but she wants to respect the relationship so she can't go out with me. Typically I would be crushed, but something told me this is going to work out. I left excited somehow.

A week or two after this, I went to class, and after we spent a while talking, I left the studio and forgot my yoga mat there. I got a phone call from her telling me I left my mat, I told her I would be back for class in the morning and she hung it up for me. I questioned if she had called me from the work phone, but when I looked up their number, it was different. Well that's interesting I thought. Then I got a text shortly after.. "your mat is hung up, see you in the morning!" I was beyond excited. Shortly after this we decided to get together for a dinner date at my place and we spent all night talking and hooking up. At that point, the devil had completely diverted me off the path of truth and away from Yeshua, and I had no idea. The jezebel to my ahab had just entered.

Around the same time I met my ex, I also met a guy at the gym, who began speaking to me about Jesus. However, I could not hear him at all. My spiritual ears were totally blocked, and I was ready to chase this woman I just met and nothing was going to stop me.

I continued to see my ex in the following weeks and months through the winter of 2020 into 2021. It was like a dream come true, more like a

delusional fantasy, I had finally found the woman I was supposed to marry, or so I thought.

I felt really good at this time, and I thought this was the answer to all of the emptiness and searching I had been doing, however things became rocky as she had just split with her ex-boyfriend, who had planned to marry her as well. I kept bouncing back and forth in my head to telling myself I would just enjoy the relationship while it lasted and deal with the pain if it ended, and that we were meant to be together and that I would marry her. We both decided to move to Kaua'i around January 2021, and then split up just before leaving but as soon as we both got there, we got right back together and went even deeper than before.

At first things were great, I was living on a beautiful island, working remotely, with a beautiful woman that I think I love. We got a place together and began building a life there.

In Kaua'i there is a huge new age community and we began getting into all kinds of practices, including drug ceremonies, ayahuasca, peyote, kambo, juice fasting, yoga, kundalini, meditation, sweat lodges you name it, we were getting into it. Even with my ex, I still knew something wasn't right deep down, and I was seeking healing and wholeness to fill the void inside of me.

Many new people came into my life over the course of the next year or so while living there, and at least 3 or 4 of them mentioned Jesus to me. One of them even presented a deliverance video to me. Most of them were not speaking about the true Jesus or Yeshua, but His Name was coming up over and over nonetheless, and yet I still didn't get the hint. I even went to the store to purchase a journal at one point, and the only journal they had in the store, was one with a flowery pink cross on it, which I promptly covered up with stickers. Another nudge that I completely missed until years later.

All along something just doesn't feel right to me. Most of the people in the community feel very fake to me, and through all of these practices I'm still not healing or changing. I just couldn't put my finger on what was wrong. Something deep down just didn't feel right, but I continued dive deeper into the new age practices in hopes that they would be the answer.

Then around October 2021, my ex starts working with this 'super spiritual' wealthy guy as his health coach. The first time she comes home after meeting with him she seems withdrawn, her voice sounds different, and she is saying all kinds of weird things about how she just wants to be free. I have a bad feeling about all of it, and looking back I believe a spirit entered her that night.

We travel to the Cape in December and it's a disaster, everything begins falling apart. My luggage gets lost both ways, they change our flights on the way home so that we have an overnight layover in the San Francisco airport while I was very sick, and I hadn't been sick in close to a decade. When we get home I find out that the person I had rented my car towrecked it, causing over \$2000 in damages that would not be covered and then I have back-to-back guests coming for the entire month of February. I decide to buy a little island beater car to get me through until my car is fixed so I can show my friends and family around the island.

Then just before my sister arrives, my ex tells me she wants to explore an open relationship with her client. I can hardly believe this. I am about to host my family and friends for the next 4 weeks and she dumps this on me. I tell her I need time to think about it. It completely shocked me and an open relationship was nothing I had ever considered.

Then 2 days after my sister had arrived, my ex comes home from seeing her client and tells me that he came onto her, and she didn't stop it. At this point she gives me an ultimatum of agreeing to an open relationship or she's going to leave me. I can't process what's happening. I thought she was going to be the woman I married and now she wants to have an open relationship because that's the cool thing to do in the new age. Everyone is so "loving" that they can sleep around with each other and pretend they are so healed and full of love that it doesn't bother them. They say that love is about being able to share each other.

Having no spine and being so afraid to lose her I end up agreeing to it after a few days. I have absolutely no idea what I have agreed to. Not only what it will do to me, but the covenant I have agreed to and the sin that I have committed against our Father in Heaven and Yeshua.

I go through a month of complete despair, hosting my friends and family while she goes off to be with this other man. I began seeking any means possible to heal and become okay with the situation. I start trying all kinds of psychedelics thinking they would bring healing and wholeness. Some of it would seem to help for a little, but it would never last. Finally, I just can't do it anymore and I tell her I am done and I break it off completely.

Over the next few months, I dive deeper into the new age practices. Sweat lodges, peyote, bufo and ayahuasca ceremonies, anything I could do to find healing and purpose. I began having experiences that I had never had before in the spiritual realm. Then I stepped on a coal in the sweat lodge, and it became badly infected with staph. This put everything to a halt. I was homebound for weeks until I went back to Connecticut for my sister's wedding. A few days before the wedding I went to Cape Cod to see Donna and a few other friends for the day.

Donna tells me about the Dark Light book she read that talks about Yeshua, the Narrow Way and the path of repentance. The scales instantly fell from my eyes. I knew without a doubt that it was the Truth and everything I had been practicing and believing in was a total lie and deception. I could see all the times Yeshua had been brought up over the past 2 or 3 years glaring me in the face. He had been trying to reach me over and over, and I ignored Him. I didn't even stop to question or consider what it meant or if I should follow Yeshua. I knew within my heart of hearts, that He is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and that was the direction I was going now. I was going to follow Him. Everything else completely fell away in a moment.

After the wedding I immediately went back to Hawai'i to move off the island back to the US. At this time, I felt this heaviness come over me, like I was moving through quicksand almost immediately after learning the truth. Then after about 2 months, around the beginning of November 2022, I start getting severely attacked by demons in my sleep. Every time I begin drifting off to sleep for a moment, I would go straight into a demonic dream and then I would instantly be woken up and I then would be awake for the rest of the night. For months, I got almost zero sleep. I was a total wreck in complete despair, thinking there was no hope for my salvation and that I was surely headed to hell. I even expected to die a couple of times and be brought straight to hell for eternity. I was also determined to be saved and get baptized with the Set Apart Spirit, so I would spend hours upon hours inviting Him in, and even spent an entire night standing in the basement to stay awake asking Him to come in.

I was so new to the faith, I did not understand spiritual warfare. The first two months I was hardly seeking, praying, and reading the scriptures but I was gradually strengthened. Around March things start improving, and in May of 2023 I decided to get a cabin and spend a few weeks fasting, seeking, praying, and reading scripture. Things began to shift

after that, I didn't feel quite so heavy and the despair was receding. I didn't realize it at the time, but Yeshua was working on me.

I spent the next 4-5 months seeking Yeshua and praying as much as I could. Then in November, in the Temple, we discussed James 5:16. "Confess your sins to one another and pray for one another that you may be healed." I start thinking about this for a few weeks and at this point my mindset is that I don't care what it takes and that I am ready to do whatever it takes to have a relationship with Yeshua, reconcile with the Father and be healed.

I wrote down a list of sins and confessed these in front of our assembly in the beginning of December and as I read off the list, I feel some emotion coming up and I'm thinking there must be something to this, because I have felt almost no emotion in the past 14 months aside from fear and despair. It felt like my heart had softened a bit.

That night in prayer, it came to me that I needed to make a list and start confessing to others and asking for forgiveness. I wrote a list of my parents, sisters, and a couple of friends. I had put my parents through a lot in my teenage years and I wanted to come clean about all I had done. I didn't want any secrets between us anymore. I called my parents and we made plans to meet in two days.

The next day, I am doing work in the yard and this thought comes to me, "what does it mean to cast down strongholds?" I come in from working in the yard and youtube is open on my computer and the video right in the center of the screen says Spiritual Warfare – Casting Down Strongholds. I think, well that's interesting, so I pull it up and start listening on the drive to go for a hike. The preacher mentions jealousy when hearing other people's spiritual experiences as a stronghold. I start confessing this to the Father and I feel something breaking off of me. I start to feel a total peace come over me. On my hike, I felt like a new

man, I was so excited and joyful. I got on top of a large rock by the water, and screamed out praises to our Father and Yeshua.

Then the next day, I go to see my parents and as soon as I finished confessing my sins to them, I have this weird burp and then peace and joy came over me. I knew Yeshua and the Set Apart Spirit had just delivered me again.

The next night in prayer, it comes to me that I need to write another list because my first one was very short. I write down 10 names, and then immediately my hand goes up to the very top of the list and I start to write XELA. XELA is ALEX spelt backwards. The man that my ex had cheated on me with was named ALEX as well, but he called himself XELA. Talk about irony.

As soon as I wrote this name down, my heart started beating out of my chest, I went into a cold sweat and my stomach knotted up. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. I was prepared to do whatever it took to reconcile with the Father and have a relationship with Yeshua so I knew this was not nerves about speaking to him. I had also just watched a video on deliverance, so I knew without a doubt that this was a demon manifesting inside of me. It hits "I still have unforgiveness, hatred, and bitterness towards him". I immediately make an Instagram account, find XELA and send him a message asking if he can talk.

It's now about 11pm at night and he's on Hawaiian time, so he's 5 hours behind. I start crying out to the Father asking Him to please bring this conversation about tonight. I knew there was no way I was going to sleep with this demonic presence manifesting in me so I knew I must talk to him and forgive him. 40 minutes pass as I continue to pray that prayer over and over but I don't hear anything back from XELA.

Then it hits me, this is what I have been asking for. I have prayed many times and told our Father that I didn't care what it took, how painful, how difficult, I would do whatever it took to reconcile and have a relationship with our Father in Heaven, Yeshua and the Set Apart Spirit. I begin offering up thanks and praise to our Father for this uncomfortable experience. 20 minutes go by, and then it hits me again, they do not know Yeshua..I need to pray for XELA and my ex's salvation.

I start crying out for them to be saved, from the depths of my heart, probably some of the most earnest and genuine prayers I have offered up. This is the woman whom I thought I loved the one that cheated on me while I was hosting my younger sister, a sister whom she was very close with, and the man that she cheated on me with and I am crying out for them to be saved. This was, without a doubt, Yeshua and the Set Apart Spirit working through me because I am not capable of that love and forgiveness.

Then I start balling my eyes out, and then I burp 6 or 7 times in a row. An overwhelming peace came over me and everything went totally quiet. And when I say it went quiet, it was dead silent in the room, throughout the entirety of this experience, however in the spirit there was absolute chaos as this demon made itself known. The peace and quiet that came over the room was in the spirit realm. It all happened so quickly, but looking back, I know the Set Apart Spirit had been leading me through each of those prayers, all the way from James 5:16 and confessing my sins to the temple all the way through this deliverance. I knew I had just been delivered and healed by our King Yeshua.

I wasn't sure if I was delivered from everything, but I just knew I had to speak to him directly and tell him that I forgive him. I did not hear back for two days, so I finally reached out to my ex and got his phone number. I was able to call him, and speak to him for the first time ever,

and I tell him everything that had just happened to me, and I forgave him without wavering. I pray that he turns to our King Yeshua.

All praise, glory, and thanksgiving belongs to the Most High God YHWH, King Yeshua, and the Set Apart Spirit for all that They have done for me. Through all of my sin and rebellion Yeshua has been there every step of the way, and has been nothing but loving, patient, gracious, and merciful with me through it all. I am nothing without Him.

There is still much that needs to be changed within my heart, and much more of me that needs to die, but I continue seeking our Father in Heaven through Yeshua to reconcile with Him and make peace. There is so much more that the King has done for me, there are so many ways He has taken care of me and had my back when no one else did. Not just since I turned to Him, but throughout my entire life even before I began following Him. I should be a complete wreck in terms of my health and mental state. I should have been arrested and in prison a dozen times over. I should have died a hundred times throughout the course of my life. I should be burning in hell right now. But Yeshua.

I declare Yeshua is my King, and my Savior, and I hope one day that He will call me His brother and His friend. I declare that YHWH is my God and I hope that one day He will call me His son and His friend. I declare that the Set-Apart Spirit is my Helper, and I hope one day that He will call me His brother and His friend.