

Testimony of Trent Windsley Sailor

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I was 5 or 6 when my mind started to function with memory. With few memories available I do remember attending a little church of the brethren with my parents but it was sadness and fighting between parents most Sundays. Reason for was divorce was in both of their hearts and adultery was ever present in my father, truth be told. At the time I had/we, my brother and I, no idea that it was going on but that showed up while everyone was playing church. I remember my Sunday school teacher chasing me around the table trying to catch me and tell me about Jesus. She was a kind spinster, never married, woman in late forties that was a professional teacher as well. She was always sweet, kind and fun. But she was always trying to teach me about Jesus and to accept Him.

A few years later, when I was 8, and a divorce had hit our house I was in church and the preacher gave a call to repentance and to join Jesus. Even though I had rough grandparents and pretending love Christian people in my life I was purely sick of the hypocrisy and at the age of 8 I knew that meant. So I was going forward to meet this Jesus and find out why I needed Him so badly because my heart was breaking every day for some reason. There were several other adults that came forward too. I did not know them but when they walked all of us into a room to deal with things privately and confirm our decision by asking us questions. No adult spoke to me, as a matter of fact, they just let me go. I said that I did ask for Jesus into my heart and that was it. No dialogue, no big addressing, boom, done!

But it was real because right away I started to learn what it was like to suffer for His name's sake. I would share Jesus with others and my brother and my mother persecuted me immediately. One day she kicked me out of the car and made me walk home after church because I was saying to her and my older brother that they shouldn't cuss anymore. "Well mr. holier than thou you can just get out and walk home!" said my mother. 3-4 miles wasn't far but the rejection hurt worse because now I had NO people on earth that would advocate for me. Except for my great grandmother which spent limited time with me because my mother persecuted her too. I became an angry little boy. It wasn't until 4 years later and a camp meeting that I renewed my commitment to Jesus but that too was hampered because I loved being around girls and touching them inappropriately as they were graciously receiving of my touching. Soon I thought that all girls and women favored this because of my training by my Dad who had me look at playboy and six to sixty books as a small child. This became a real stumbling block for me.

When I was 15 I renewed my life again to Jesus and this time it did stick! But I still had encounters with lovingly beautiful and touching young women just a few years older than myself. I still repented up and until the day that I married the most perfect woman for me at the age of 19.

At the age of 17 I was street preaching, bible fellowshiping and teaching others the ways of Jesus. I learned how to heal the sick, cast out demons, and get words of wisdom and knowledge with which to tell other people, complete strangers, about their own lives as a demonstration of the power of Jesus. At the age of 37 I stopped calling Jesus Yahshua because as I was prone to hate lies and hypocrisy therefore I couldn't support the notion of calling Him by the wrong name. Now at the age of 60 I search for Yahshua through the straight gate which I passed through 2 and ½ years ago. I've been looking for Him down the narrow way ever since and still have not found Him. (Once before He did unequivocally appeared to me and my wife but He picked her up and comforted her as He left me completely alone-that was not for me but for her benefit that He appeared because she was so grieving and looking for Him. He was, if I could read His face accurately, pissed at or annoyed with me.)

I've battled Babylon and beautiful limited clothing women images through the years in my heart and mind. Still seeking Yahshua's full deliverance from the sin which so easily entangles. NOT giving up the battle is the key, until He delivers fully!