

MY TESTIMONY

January 12, 2021

My life was not always filled with the great love of the Great I AM. Many in the circle of people I have known would never have considered I went through the details I will give you. Some are hard to believe. Some will make you think less of me if you embrace that way. But most important to note is that it could be the will and the grace of the Great I AM for me to speak of these details. This is so you would turn to King Jesus and will come and bring those details in your heart that would hinder a relationship that could grow into a full way of life through the Great Holy Spirit.

I have not attained any perfection, nor am I righteous due to my own way. I am in Christ as His servant, His daughter. The Great I AM has given me an eternal way of living through the blood of His Son, King Jesus. Here are the detailed accounts of a way of living that would come and be made new by the power of the Great Holy Spirit through the blood of King Jesus.

The abuse started at a very young age. I was no more than the age of six when the demon first came to live within me. This demon would be the first of many due to the way I would be within. The youth would take a wrong turn within and embrace many other sins. Some details could not have any way to remain hidden, but I did my best to take care of myself.

The first man to touch me in a plan that led to a demon living within did not care that I was a relative, nor did he care that I was but a young child not even done with any elementary school training. It was a demon who controlled this person to do such evil against me. I would have wanted to hurt him, and the reason would have been due to the loneliness of not being able to speak of something I knew so little of. My parents were Christians, yet I could not say what had taken place.

I hoped the time would come where there were no thoughts about what had taken place, but the demon brought more to me. This invasion led to another moving of this sort, where another family member tried to have sex with me in one of the rooms in my great-grandmother's house. I did not know what to do. I did not know what the reason was for this to take place. I was not even a

teenager, yet grown men were manipulating me. No one knew what was being done. Even though both tried to carry out the full act itself, they did not reach the full way. But it was enough to cause a series of events within my life that shaped the course of it. Others, including females, also touched me in ways that I did not want to share with others due to their way they would say it was all my fault for what had taken place.

The details of my teenage years were no different. A male relative tried to get me to embrace love in inappropriate ways. I couldn't tell his lover what was taking place due to getting him in trouble. I could not understand why the men who were related to me would do these details. Was I not worth more than this? As if the abuse through sexual means didn't take its harm on me, I went to experience physical and emotional abuse, to fully bring on a way of separation from the true me within.

The amazing detail that I will speak about is that the Great Holy Spirit was with me during these painful events. He would allow me to see King Jesus in visions. He would call out to me and would speak to me through various details. I had a hunger for God even though life was hard and the pain was deep. I knew there was more, but I didn't know what I needed to do to reach God, the Creator of the world. Deep within, I thought I wasn't good enough for what God would want me to do. I thought He would not want me due to being mistreated and abused. I just didn't know who would understand this without judging me. I needed love, but I didn't know what this love would look like even if it were to come. I didn't know there were ways to reach peace, not through me but King Jesus. God is peace, and He was showing me the ways He would bring His peace through.

Now to continue. I tried to do tasks to get people to like me. I tried to excel at something so others would say I was worth something. I tried sex with different guys throughout my high school years, hoping to be accepted into the group. Surely that's what I thought would make them like me. I wanted to show them that I was good at something, even if it was sex itself. This was the detail within that no one understood. It's not that I longed for sex with them. Sex became the tool used to try to get love from others, even at the pain of hurting others, including myself. I did not share this with any close to me. They would not have understood, so I kept it within.

There were details I could not share due to being a pastor's kid twice over. Those in the church would have said I was a whore. Those in the world would have said I was a hypocrite. So I just hoped that God would come and fix me. This is my thinking as a young child, as a young Christian teenager.

It has been many years since the early part of the story of my life. Now, I grew up hoping the love I had for God would overturn the details from my young childhood, but it did not. I didn't know that I had to release the pain and hurt to Him. I thought coming to Jesus would erase these feelings of hurt and abuse, just as my sins. But this was not so.

Over those years with my first husband, I became addicted to pornography, to stronger cravings of sexual details that I will not mention. There were many cravings within I could not control to the point where I began to act on them. I became a predator, wanting to take and control all who would dare try to intimidate me. I did not want to be hurt anymore, so I used sex as a weapon to manipulate—to get what I wanted at that moment. I didn't care about the problems I caused. This hatred was the doing of a way within that I could not control.

I started to lose my Christian way of living, and this way of sinful living took a deep hold within. I could not tell of this way of living due to not wanting others to reject me. During this time in my marriage to my first, details started that had a deeper way of bondage. Adultery led to deep sin, and the sin led to divorce and deep hate. I hated men to the point where I didn't want others to live in the way of peace and love. I sold all of my human ways for the demonic by transferring demons through sexual activity. I didn't think some acts would influence me, yet casual sex still transferred many demons.

I had filled my life with things that were occultic and didn't know it. I filled my life with perversion and excused it as a way to get to the true living I longed for. I did my best in my fleshly way of living to make me believe I was worth something. The price was high as the way to the dreams that I pursued were harder to reach. I was on a path of death and didn't really think it could happen to me due to once knowing the Lord. I thought He would understand. I think of those days I could have been murdered or robbed.

Only this day do I see God's restoring of the details of sin, even from this point. I didn't know that the Great I AM would still love me—I mean truly love me, where He would think I was worth something. I knew of the stories. I knew of the "Jesus Loves Me" songs, but this was different in my heart. I needed more than just words. I needed true power from God Himself to shake me to the core of my being, and this is what He would do in His sovereign way. Through a dream, the Lord spoke and gave me a great warning of my life if I chose to stay on the way of living that I entertained. He gave me a choice at that time, yet I still think that I would not have embraced His will if He didn't come and bring the second dream, which He did.

I chose Jesus. It didn't take place as you would hope, where the angels would come and you would see Him there with you, smiling. No, I did not have a visit from King Jesus in my spirit in a vision as I'd hoped, but I knew God was calling me in such a way where there was no denying it. God was with me. The Great Holy Spirit was with me in the lonely car where I prayed and asked God to save me through His blood.

That day I gave my life to King Jesus—that was not the end. I went to a church women's meeting dressed in stilettos and a miniskirt. I know most would shun that, but you have to know that I thought I was wearing a lot of clothing for the occasion. I am so glad God didn't care. He came after me and sent this dear woman, a seasoned Christian, to speak with me, even though most would have judged me. I will never forget Suzie.

You have to know there was nothing good that I saw in the world, yet I knew there must be more, and God was beginning to release me from so much within. I went to the altar during a church service, and there I thought I would just pray. Instead of this way of quiet "respectable" praying, I yelled out the loudest screams that were within me. Another dear friend who knew me was there to hold me as the demons left me. I didn't know what was taking place, but you have to know I didn't think there were any demons within me. This was due to the thinking of the people who taught me. They would make it look as if you could tell a person is a demon influenced by how they dress or the way they look—"un-Christian."

Now the part came where I had to embrace the Great I AM's will for my life. I was not a person most would want to be around. But God took me and began to change me with His Spirit. The

works that I tried to do were not the answer. It was the Great Holy Spirit Who changed me and showed me what would bring a release within. By the power of the Great Holy Spirit, I learned how to release the pain of those details. The hurt, the bitterness, the youth taken—I had to give these details to the Great I AM so He could bring full healing.

Over the years, as I spend time with the Lord, He would show me details within that still need to be released. Then I would come and release this to Him, where He would heal me from that painful detail. It didn't happen in one time of prayer where you would hope, but eternal life did come as quickly as the way was made. God saved me. He gave me an awareness of who He is in those moments of me calling out to Him, and over time, as I released the pain within, He healed the wounded places. Some would be healed at that moment of salvation. For others, they may have to release a greater measure of their way, where they would choose to give their will, hurts, and pains to King Jesus for Him to heal and restore.

Now I see why the enemy wanted to destroy this life. God called me, even before I was born, to serve Him, to take His Good News to the people, to preach the Kingdom, and prepare the world for the return of King Jesus. Now I will serve this Great King Jesus with even more force than when I served Satan, for one chooses to serve either. You cannot serve both.

And from this day onward, you will know that there is true redeeming grace and power through the blood of King Jesus. Live, but live a way where you will truly live forever. This is a true testimony to the Great Holy Spirit's transforming work in His servant's life. This is Susanna's testimony that you have just read, and I will pray this moment, you will truly have an encounter with the One True Moving known as the Great I AM, where there is a change within.