

New Age Testimony

September 1st, 2021



Hi to all the Heart Dwellers and listeners,

This is Brother David, here to share my testimony about a difficult time in my life, and how the Lord Jesus pulled me out of a trap that eventually led me to Him.

It was towards the end of my 20's that I realized this life was going to be much more difficult than I had imagined. Anxiety and depression had begun to manifest in serious ways. By the time I was 30 I was living in a permanent state of agonizing pain, mental anguish, and dark nights of the soul.

I had decided to leave San Diego and moved to Charlotte at that time, which happened to be during the economic downswing of 2008-2009. I had just acquired a Masters in Accounting and was studying to pass the CPA exams so I could begin a career in financial audit. I was job-searching in a sector that was undergoing massive lay-offs, and I found myself in a dead-end situation.

I guess during those days when I was totally aimless, without purpose, and running off fumes in my self-esteem tank, I realized I needed a serious life change. I can't explain this switch well I started to make, but I do remember once when I was driving, I paused at the Christian channel. I remarked to my sister how it was weird that the best music seemed to be coming from Christian artists. I thought they were a little bonkers for being so enthusiastic about their religion, but I couldn't deny that something was contagious about it.

Christmas 2009 came around, and for the first time in my life I had the luxury of a television in my bedroom. And just like the Christian music, I found myself stopping at the Christian television channels. Dr. Charles Stanley in particular, really caught my attention. He had an authority that was sincere. I began to wonder if Christianity could fix me. I began also to stop in at a local church with an unlocked backdoor, so that I could sneak into the quiet refuge of an empty church sanctuary. I would just sit there in the silence. It was very comforting. I didn't read the Bible or open a hymnal, but I would often stare at the stained-glass windows and knew I was experiencing some undercurrent of peace.

One night, or maybe early morning, I woke up with an incredible sadness, a strong emotion, and for some reason I decided to get down on the floor, on my knees, and pray to God. "If you're real I desperately need your help ... please. are you real God?" And so much sadness came up out of me and I cried for the longest time there on the floor, until I was an empty void. I didn't hear from God, but my spiritual seeking had earnestly begun.

Soon after this I would pass the 4th and final CPA exam. The temporary high of having accomplished this soon subsided, as I remained stuck in a tough economy. By the advice of my Dad, who had made his career in financial audit, I applied to a firm in France since I had already spent a few years going to school and working there, and could sell my resume as a bilingual auditor. To my surprise, I was offered an interview. Long story short, I was offered a job and found myself moving back to France for a third

time, in June of 2010. This time I really didn't want to go back, but after a year of unemployment I didn't feel I had the choice.

Well, unfortunately, at my year-end review in 2011, both the employer and I came to a quick conclusion that it wasn't working out. I had chewed off too much in my ambition to risk such a job move, and inwardly I was falling down a dark abyss of misery. But honestly, I was also so relieved that I didn't have to go back to that job.

I've taken a lot of your time to paint the picture of my state in life because I hope to give a clearer picture of what happened to me in the aftermath. How it went from worse ... to worst.

I ended up taking a job at a Japanese restaurant in Paris. What?? An American, with a master's degree in accounting, is working at a sushi restaurant for a Japanese chef, in Paris? Did I lose my mind? Well, maybe, but I knew I was done with office jobs.

In the time leading up to this career change, I had begun to pursue the practice of meditation in the hopes that I could fix my anxiety. I had been spending many evenings in meditation and found the still darkness to be a welcome escape. Strange things happen in that place and it was quite amazing to see hours pass by in a flash while in a comatic state.

It was during one evening on a business trip in Paris when I was still with the firm that I stumbled across the Japanese restaurant in question. It was actually right across the street from my hotel, and I was a huge fan of Japanese food. I was the first in the door at 7pm when it opened. To my surprise the greeter was actually the chef. When he later brought me an appetizer, we had a chance to talk, and somehow it was shared that we both appreciated meditation.

The conversation was nice and the food was amazing, so each time I was in Paris I returned to dine there. One evening I was sitting at his chef's table, to chat while he cooked, and when a big group came in, he thrust a few menus into my hands and asked me to wait on the guests. And so, when I lost my job at the firm, he offered me one instead, as his apprentice and waiter.

So, I began working there, and it was usually just the two of us working as a team to serve on average 15 to 20 guests in this small restaurant. We would often stay late after the restaurant closed, to have a bite to eat and wind down. The co-owner would often stop by. The conversations would always turn to spiritual matters. Not having gone to church as an adult, I didn't know what spirituality was meant to look like. The sermons of Dr. Stanley were a long-gone memory. The co-owner, who I will call "Paul", asked me right away the date of my birth, and from that he calculated that I had a life path of 39, therefore I was called to be an artist. Paul would ask the chef what aura he thought so-and-so had, and the chef would reply, "white", or "green", or "gold", etc. I was told my aura was really white, and that my life path was a special one! He was impressed by my French speaking skills and explained that I had ended up in a very spiritual place, that this wasn't just a restaurant.

"This was a place for the 12 to meet," he said. What's that? I asked? "A group of 12 individuals who would be guided by God to end up at this restaurant," and who would work together to usher in the new millennium. We were chosen souls, "very special", and I in fact, was told, we were the

reincarnations of souls who had previously fulfilled a similar mission to us. We were ... the reincarnated apostles. And I was John. Jesus had chosen us, and I had made it to the “headquarters”. The chef was elated.

As you process this part of the story, know that I didn’t even know what an apostle was, or the millennium, but I knew I was suddenly someone very special, and I bought it, hook, line, and sinker. Things seemed to start making sense. Why was I seeing 11:11 on the clock all the time? What was the point of all the weird coincidences happening all the time?

I thought maybe this was the answer. The Japanese chef had far-out stories. He claimed to have been invited by an angelic being up into a spaceship when he was a young child, and when they were lifted up into the sky, he was shown the future – an apocalyptic scene of the world being hit by three nuclear bombs going off at the same time. His favorite story was that of being fetched by a horse that belonged to God, “Pegasus”, who would whisk him away into a stellar ecstasy. He claimed to have even seen me in a vision and knew that one day we would meet.

But as my imagination was being fed, I was enduring the reality of a work environment that was traumatic to say the least. The co-owner “Paul” had a temper-fueled opinion that would put everyone in a terrified straight jacket. I was suffering from paralysis, and not knowing up from down anymore, I stayed. I was too ashamed to go back home to the States, and compelled enough to stay because I thought God wanted me there. I worked there through a couple of years of mental, emotional and psychological abuse. I submitted to the knowledge and opinion of others and treated it like God’s doctrine.

The most confusing aspect of the New Age spirituality that I was drowning in during this time, was the talk of “Christ-Consciousness”. We spoke of Jesus through this jargon – not the Jesus who is truly God who became man so He could die on the Cross to redeem us, but the Christ who was an ascended master. I fell for a counterfeit Jesus because in my pride I thought I could work my way to God, ascend to the heights of some spiritual mountain, get to God intellectually or with secret spiritual tricks and powers. All of this turned spiritual seekers into competitors with each other. We totally missed out on the fact that when Jesus rose from the grave and ascended into Heaven, the Holy Spirit descended. Instead we took Holy Spirit out of the picture and tried to do the spiritual stuff on our own so we could show off. I think this is the crux of my testimony concerning the New Age deception. That same person who thought he could become someone in this world through Masters degrees and impressive office jobs is the same person who boasted of spiritual things based on how much I knew, or how special I was, how exclusive my spiritual walk was compared to others. The focus was not on Jesus, but on me. I think that I found some redemption from getting fired and turning into a real burnout, by letting this reincarnation myth nurse a sorely wounded ego.

In the most bizarre turn of events in all of this mirage, because I thought that I was the reincarnation of St. John the Apostle, I started to read the Bible because I was interested in finding out more about who I was in my “past life”. So, when a friend, also caught in this group of people at the restaurant, handed me the Gospel as depicted by Maria Valtorta, I learned who Jesus actually was, and the story of His Death and Resurrection finally entered into my understanding of God.

But there was still so much missing. The seeking within me did not go away. It wasn't until began watching near death experience testimonies on the internet that something really came alive in me. I was absolutely awestruck when people would describe their accounts of meeting Jesus in heaven. My heart was so moved by hearing the NDE survivors describe how wonderful it was to meet Jesus.

For the first time, I consciously acknowledged that Jesus was not only God, but also a person that I could interact with, and meet, and that in meeting Him all the desires of my heart would be met. Deep down you could say, I bore witness to the truth... the truth that carries its own anointing. I knew, that I knew, that I knew I had found what I was looking for. And I no longer wanted any special spiritual knowledge. I just wanted to be with Jesus.

And I would eventually get down on my knees and cry out to Jesus to come rescue me, to be My Savior, and He answered that prayer by leading me to the Heart Dwellers channel, the very next day He answered that prayer where I could learn how to be with Him – not in Heaven like in the NDE stories, but here – on earth!

Looking back, I am thankful that I wasn't aware of how dangerous those times were to me. I can recall those memories from the safety of Jesus' protective care for me. I can even find myself in the stories of the Gospel, and God helps me to understand what He was doing at that time in my life. In the Gospel of Luke there is a parable that says:

“What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he loses one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness, and go after the one which is lost until he finds it? And when he has found it, he lays it on his shoulders, rejoicing.” Luke 15:4-5

Jesus seems to be saying, there is an urgency to finding a lost sheep; it is dangerous it is for a creature to be lost and alone, wandering outside of the fold. I sure can testify to the eagerness of Our Lord Jesus to search and rescue the one lone sheep.

And the sheep in this story might not only be a backslidden Christian finding its way back to God after difficult circumstances. It is anyone seeking the Truth. Someone following along a path that seems dark and confusing.

In my personal experience, the time between setting out as a “spiritual seeker”, until the time I found Jesus, were absolutely the most dangerous and confusing times of my life. I was definitely the 100th sheep.

And it was that personal encounter with Jesus that brought me to safety. If you would like to learn more about how Jesus rescued me and the aftermath of my salvation moment, I suggest listening to my conversion story, title, “How the Lord made a Priest out of me”.

And I do pray that everyone in this world will be blessed with a hunger to know the truth, and that God will guide them to meet the Truth – Jesus, He is the light of the world. God bless you all, all Heart Dwellers and listeners Godspeed to you. Amen.