

Denise Jeter's Testimony

I was asked to write my testimony and share it with a friend of a friend, so I am going to attempt at this time to do that very thing without writing a book, smile.

I was raised in the 60's and 70's mostly by a single mom who had to work outside the home, so at no fault of hers I was a latch key kid before there were too many of us around.

As most of you know the drug culture was in its hay day around that time, and having plenty of unsupervised time on my hands I took advantage of that to an extreme extent.

But at the age of about 25 I had come to the end of my road and had a spirit of suicide on me from all the bad seeds I had sown into my life and attempted suicide three times within a short period of time. Until one day I was in the middle of my living room all by myself and I said out loud, "what am I going to do", the thought came very strong "Go to church", I did not know at the time, but I know now that was the voice of the precious Holy Spirit answering my question.

Going to church was a VERY foreign thought to me, but I was desperate and knew that that was what I had to do. I called my sister who directed me to a spirit filled church, where myself and my not so understanding boyfriend at the time went the following Sunday.

Long story short the Spirit filled pastor gave a word of knowledge about a young couple who were heavily steeped in the drug culture being in the congregation. My self and my boyfriend became pale and started shacking and were stood up by the power of the Holy Spirit, **We did not stand up by our own free will.**

I was just about to break and run toward the altar to get saved, when my boyfriend nudged me with his elbow and said in a scared voice we have to get out of here, we immediately ran out the back door, the opposite direction of the altar.

We could not speak to each other for a few blocks and then he suggested we needed to "go get high", which I'm sure we did. However after that day I was never the same, long story short I went from enjoying heavy metal music to country western music and from drugs to turning to alcohol. I would later, about 10 years later get truly converted, but for now, the Lord showed me later upon reflection on this that **"I was as the blind man whom Jesus touched his eyes twice and the first time he could see men as trees walking"** something had happened to me but I did not know what. Also the spirit of suicide was totally and forever gone.

Fast forward about 4 years and I had married the father of my only child, a son named Cody. It was only a few years into that marriage when things began to fall apart. I had begun to be convicted of my sins. I didn't even know what convicted meant at the time.