

Rescued from the Occult

Growing up in the Roman Catholic Church, I attended parochial schools and sometimes went to Mass six days a week. But I lost faith in the church when, later in life, I found myself divorced with two small children and excluded from communion and the other sacraments.

My twin sister urged me to attend her church and gave me a copy of The Book. At age 31, for the first time in my life, I began reading the Bible.

At the same time, a close friend persuaded me to see a psychic, and I soon became hooked. I was enchanted with the New Age movement because it made me feel as if I had special powers and was in control of my destiny. At church, I felt like an outsider—a divorced single mom in the midst of all those happy families.