

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.

For two years, I convinced myself I could go to church and visit my psychic. My Christian friends urged me to stop this practice, but I was deceived.

When I finally got the courage to talk to my minister, he didn't condemn me but asked me to consider how many times the psychic had been wrong about a prediction. Tears streamed down my face as I asked God to take away the confusion.

The Holy Spirit opened my heart to the errors and the evil that had entered my life. He also showed me a pattern of misfortune and sickness that coincided with my involvement in the New Age movement.

That night, I accepted Christ as my Savior and the only counselor I needed. Initially I was ashamed of my involvement in the occult, but now I can share my story openly, letting others know that they too can be free, that Jesus will show them the way and that He is never wrong!