

“Darkness to Victory”

Unanswered Questions. All my conscious life, I sensed something was wrong. I didn't feel like I was real. I'd wake up some days with a blank mind. I had no creative thoughts and no feelings except fear, anxiety, and depression. Confusion, loneliness, and spiders followed me. Inside my mind, there were walls, rooms of darkness, and voices. My oldest sister continually abused me, and no one stopped her. I frequently experienced minutes or hours of lost time. I believed that I was crazy, or that I was another person. Who was that staring back at me in the mirror? It wasn't me, and I didn't like her. *Unresolved Identity*

Shhh-Secrets. Once a month, we were taken to our maternal grandparents' three-story house for the week-end. They were cold, unloving, and wouldn't allow us to talk. Eyes followed us wherever we went. There were locked doors, hushed whispers, too many rules, and ice cream if we were “good.” *No Love.*

Unanswered Prayers. During my adolescent years, I contemplated running away many times, but living on a ranch in the middle of no-where made it seemingly impossible. I had no one in whom to confide; my parents, priests, and teachers were friends. After years of praying to a Catholic Jesus, I gave up because the madness never stopped. *Hope Deferred.*

Marital Betrayal. My husband and I were not compatible, but every time I packed my bags to leave, I heard a soft voice say, “*Jillian, forgiveness begins in the home,*” so I remained. After his early death, I left Catholicism. *New Journey.*

Blocked Memories. For the next twenty-eight years, I sought help wherever I went, but no one was trained in Satanic Ritual Abuse ministry. I had been programmed to forget everything connected to SRA, so I was no help. Something blocked me from remembering almost anything Biblical. At a conference, I met Sharon from Restoration Gateway Ministries. She invited a group of us to learn about Virkler's journaling method of hearing from God, and things began to get clearer. *Sharon, thank you for pointing me in the right direction and for being my friend.* *New Hope.*

Real Jesus. For eight days, I fasted, journaled, and prayed to the Creator Who spoke the Universe into existence; the One Who made the stars sing, then named them all. Jesus Christ of Nazareth, born in Bethlehem, healed the sick, the blind, the deaf, and the lame. He calmed the storm, cast out demons, and raised the dead. ***Thank You, Jesus; You came as an innocent lamb and allowed Yourself to be scourged and crucified for my sins, iniquities, and transgressions.*** Jesus took the keys to death, hell, and the grave, then rose on the third day. He ascended into Heaven, is now sitting at the right hand of The Father, and will return to reign as the Mighty Lion of Judah, our Lord of lords and King of kings! This is the Jesus to Whom I began praying. *Real Truth.*

Answered Prayer. With pen and paper in hand, I asked Jesus if there was anything He would like to say to me. I wrote as I heard, “***I am your Kinsman-Redeemer. You are the one I died for and all that it implies. All will be revealed soon in due time. Stop worrying. Everything is in My hands. Know you are Mine and I am yours My beloved. Rejoice!***” Three days later, Sharon introduced me to Pastor Kay Tolman, Minister to SRA victims. As Sherlock Holmes would say, “The game is on!” *War Games.*

Shocking Truths. Each session, Pastor Kay prayed for spiritual safety and invited Jesus to be with us. My documented ancestry revealed many evil bloodlines. My German grandparents worked with Nazis. I was mentally, physically, and emotionally tortured and mind-controlled, Hitler style. My programmers used fairy tales and nursery rhymes to program me the same way Hitler programmed children. I was trained in marksmanship, then programmed to be an assassin in the anti-Christ's end-time army. I carried short wooden bars with written codes for those who were targeted. Horrific Kabbala rituals began

when I was an infant. With each torture, a new alter held the pain so my mind could survive; but my body also bore the brunt, resulting in painful scar tissue in my neck, shoulder, and hip joints. *'Altered' Pain.*

Battle Weary. Betrayal by family members was the hardest issue I had to deal with. I spent weeks at the batting cages releasing pent up anger and trying to resolve broken-heart issues. I pounded away at a heavy punching bag for days, asking forgiveness for bitterroot judgments, an essential component to healing. *Emotional Healing.*

New Name. One day, I asked Jesus, "What is Your name for me?" He immediately answered, "***You are My victorious warrior. You are victorious over your generations. This is why I have named you Victorious.***" I was astonished! Jesus knew I was going to win! I needed this encouragement because of what was to happen later. *Game On!*

Real Truth. Throughout every session, I felt the presence of Jesus working in my behalf. Answers were revealed through *His* Truth, not man's false truth. Jesus' Truth produced permanent healing. Pastor Kay's faith, humility and loving compassion led me to fully trust her. ***Thank you, Pastor Kay; you were the first person I trusted and felt safe with, and now I can trust Jesus, too. Real Trust.***

Staying Alive. On a Satanic holiday, a large city bus sideswiped me and totaled my car. I heard a voice say three times, "***You should be dead.***" I had a serious concussion, and I was unable to listen to music for over two years. I couldn't drive, so Pastor Kay ministered to me by phone. Under difficult conditions, she continued to make remarkable progress. ***Pastor Kay, thank you for not giving up on me, for listening to Jesus, and for loving me when I wasn't loveable. Gifted Anointing.***

New Heart. Jesus changed my stony heart to flesh, then transformed the broken pieces into a beautiful kaleidoscope. One afternoon, I was in church when Dawn sang, "It Was Me," by Michael Combs; I couldn't stop crying. That was when I started loving Jesus and listening to music again. (https://youtu.be/GpTb_tRFBhk -- *such passion!*) When I look in the mirror now, I like who I see. I can love others as I look at them through Jesus' eyes. Like the velveteen rabbit, ***I am becoming real...***the real person that God created me to be. *New Love.*

Answered Questions. I asked Jesus why He waited so long to help me. He was waiting for someone trained in SRA who would let Him have an active part in the healing and restoration process. How did I find anyone to fill those shoes? I've lived in twelve cities in three states. Three years ago, I met Sharon who introduced me to Pastor Kay, who was less than an hour from my home! Now Pastor Kay is writing about Jesus' method of SRA ministry and teaches it in many other countries. The world needs more SRA ministers like her. Everything really was in Jesus' hands, just as He said. The rest is *His Story.*

His Timing. It is the glory of kings to search out the truth of a matter. God's Truth and His Timing are perfect--yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Jesus is our Bread of Life and our Living Water. Thank You, Beloved, for Your *Unfathomable Majestic Love.* ---Jillian

Your turn! Seek, ask, knock! Jesus is waiting with your answers and victories...