

November 19, 2012

][anon]

Well I thought before I go to bed I'll open up with a little bit of my testimony from the start of what brought me to be part of what is now the Church of Wells. I met a certain member through facebook back in 2011 when I was going through a very dark time in my life and I was very vulnerable and depressed and hurting that I was looking for love in what was all the wrong places and well the church failed me so that is what drove me to this "last resort" it seemed in the Church of Arlington.

Little did I know what I was in store for but I thank God now that I have went through it and overcame it all by His grace and mercy because He used it to bring me to where I am with Him now and though the devil meant it for evil in my life, God used it for good and ultimately His glory and honor.

See I started talking to this guy on facebook and I remember one Saturday being really depressed and I just started to pour my heart out to him and well told me that a few of the members of the church and him would love to come up and meet me where I am and pray with me and help me through my struggles.

I was so blown away by the "love" he was showing me (I say love in quotations because that's what it seemed like at the time and I didn't keep my guard up, but thought he had what I wanted) that I remember laughing and thinking this must be of God and that this is what I longed for all along. [I thought this was] what the church failed to give me and others as well I ended up coming down to TX from OH on the weekend of Thanksgiving of last 2011, and well what unfolded after that was totally the opposite of what I expected this church to be.

I ended up staying with the same guy and his family through the weekend and it all started to unfold from there. That night he did a good job of cornering me and convincing me at the time that I was not saved and well his reasoning was that I had a few habitual sins that I struggled with (I guess these believers don't struggle with some sins like everyone else does) and some other reason I'm unsure of and well that was sufficient enough to show that I was never truly saved. So he ended up calling up two more "brothers" in the Lord who came over and this is where the verbal and mental abuse started for me. They all cornered me the whole night and began quoting random verses of what my job was to do, now that I wasn't saved and well I really do not remember verse by verse what they said because I was quite stunned that I wasn't saved and since 2001 when I gave my life to the Lord that all was a lie, according to them.

Well I ended up going home and coming back three days later to be a part of this church because well they held the "keys" of salvation, I blindly believed, and I had to move about 1000 miles south and sell almost everything I owned and quit my job and close my apt. down just to be where I thought God wanted me to be. I'm sure so far my testimony is a lot like the other survivors and well my intention is to bring to light what happened to me because I can not speak for everyone else but only myself and what I endured in hopes it doesn't happen to anyone else. God Bless and I'll continue tomorrow from here.

November 20, 2012 10:04PM

][anon]

Hey everyone I'm back, and [explaining more of what happened before I moved from Ohio] I left off from the friday night of Thanksgiving weekend, 2011. After that night on Saturday [when I poured my heart out with that certain member of the group], I got to finally visit the church [the next day] which was in a home in a neighborhood not too far away from the apartment I stayed in for the weekend. Well this is when the verbal and mental abuse really got heated, because now that I was convinced I wasn't saved, I met another few guys who decided to tag team on me, and one of them was so blatant that he kept telling me God was ready to throw me into the pits of hell because I was a wicked and disgusting sinner who was bound of hell. One thing I remember him saying is that he was talking about God's wrath, and well he [God] was an archer with his bow stretched he had the arrow pointed right at me, ready to let go and let it pierce me right through the head. He said this without truly flinching and that is what bothered me most about these people is they would sit there and condemn you to your face without even batting an eye. He also said that there was a time in the past few years that God showed me the truth (whatever that is according to them) and well I wanted nothing to do with it, so he gave me over to a "strong delusion" telling me I wasn't saved and God decided to let them go on believing that "lie".

A lot of what he said still is unclear because well it was him and another guy and the guy I stayed with all decided to drill through my head the sense that I wasn't saved and that if I where to get saved I'd have to move down with them and become part of their church and "seek the Lord" (I heard that phrase so overused and abused while I was there ... they used it for every question I had that they couldn't answer). Also I was told ... by the same guy who told me God was ready to shoot me with an arrow ... he said that when I go back home, now that I know the truth, the devil would try and tempt me with anything my heart truly desired and well it was up to me to stand firm and not give in to what he wanted because my eternity depended on it. Can you start to see how they use fear to get you to go along with their plans?

Since they aren't operating in the Holy Spirit and clearly don't evidence the fruits in their life, they keep you in fear so you'll obey them (one of the devil's oldest tricks in the book). Just remember, everyone, if your afraid, it's because that is from the enemy (satan) and God hasn't given you a "spirit of fear but of love,peace and a sound mind" so take authority over that spirit in Jesus' name!

Well after the mental abuse stopped for one night, I remember going back to the apt. just emotionally and mentally floored because for several hours straight I was mentally beaten to a pulp, and well I remember literally zoning out during that whole meeting because I couldn't believe half the stuff they where trying to pass off to me as being "divinely spoken" and well I was still floored that I wasn't saved, so I'm sure you could imagine how emotionally numbing it all was.

Well the next few days after that weekend, I went home back to Ohio and gathered up all my belongings that I could fit into my small car and got rid of the rest and quit my job and moved out of my apt. because I was afraid and convinced that I wasn't saved, so I did just as they said and that next Wednesday, if I remember correctly, I took the 1000 mile trip south again to be a part of the church and hopefully get saved. The next few weeks are probably some of the most tramuatizing weeks I've ever lived, and I know it was God who brought me out of it and brought me back to being at peace with my life and with what happened.

I remember living in the same apt. for the first week and well getting preached at here and there by the same guy, saying I wasn't serious enough about "seeking the Lord" and I didn't seek him long enough because I was distracted or too lazy or some [line] like that (which I kept hearing throughout the time I was there). So the elders, I believe, decided to move me into one of the other apts. with six other single guys and this is where it really starts to get intense.

I remember going for like four days without food, water and a shower because well I had to "fast" and seek the Lord to get saved and also one guy told me a couple of times that well I didn't have the "fear of the Lord" because I was so relaxed and not paranoid, and I kid you not, he said that I could very well slip and fall in the bathroom and bust my head open and die and then I'd go straight to hell.

They kept telling me the wrath of God loomed over my head and that I needed to seek the Lord till he would decide to save me. See their god (notice the lower case g because it's not Jehovah of the bible) was this bloodthirsty, sadistic god who delighted in my screams for mercy and that he was happy to throw me into the pits of hell. He also was this kind of god that well, no matter how hard I sought him and pleaded with him to save me, he didn't have to and would have been justified in throwing me into the lake of fire. Their god was worth of me suffering and not eating or drinking anything to "seek him" to save me and eventually seek him my whole life and die and go to hell as well. That's another lie they tried to drill in my head ... that I had to seek the Lord my whole life because like I said he is worthy of it and well he still would have been justified and worthy to throw me into the pits of hell if he decided to not save me.

I'm sorry but where in scripture does God almighty revel in throwing lost sinners into hell and listening to them agonize for mercy?!?!?! That is so disgusting ...

Well it all eventually came down to I guess "God spoke to them" and the elders concluded that I wasn't serious about seeking the Lord, and I guess I didn't want to get saved, so after about a month of being emotionally, mentally, and verbally tortured, I left to come back to Ohio. I had no where else to go and well I was already emotionally spent and destroyed, so that if you saw me you would have thought I had just witnessed a gruesome murder or something like that.

I remember one night during one of the times that they would all gather around me and start quoting random verses out of context, driving it in me that I need to get saved and that I was headed to hell and any moment god could have taken me out of this world. I broke down and practically soaked my face in tears. This was the time I hadn't taken a shower for about four days, and well my face and hair were soaked and after I cried enough and was tired from it, they told me to go to my usual "prayer closet" (which was the closet where the hung all their clothes and stuff) and get on my knees and cry out to God like I tried to do before and ask him to save me. I remember being so physically and emotionally drained, that my I remember trying to muster up strength just to cry out to God because I was so spent. Eventually after about six or so hours of that (which they weren't happy I stopped, of course because you know, I wasn't serious enough about getting saved, but I was concerned more for my safety rather than getting saved at the time being) ... I pulled myself together and climbed into bed with what strength I had left, and I slept till like 10 am or so the next day, and one guy by the name of Eric (I'm not afraid to use names so I'm going to do so) came in and told me to go seek the Lord again, even though I was physically exhausted and well I remember him as being one of the coldest and nastiest out of the whole group. I have to wonder to this day what he's been through and what he went through to get where he was then.

For the next month or so after I got home, I literally had no job and like no money to my name because I didn't work when I was there, and I had several bills that where overdue and thank God He had mercy on me [concerning my unpaid phone bill]. I remember while I was [among them, in Texas] well they told me, like they have everyone else, to cut ties with my family and I'm sure they are using the same verse as they did me ... it is where Jesus told his disciples that whomever loves father and mother,etc. more than me is not worthy of me.

I remember my mom calling me, at times. She called me one night worried about me not paying my bills, and well, this was one night I was crying my eyes out to God and it really shook her. None of my family is saved, by the way, and so I really didn't consult with them on this and I haven't had much of any relationship with them, leading up to being in TX, so it was more of a burden on my mom than anyone else, because no one else really cared enough to ask why I went to TX, and well since I am a believer, my family has turned their back on me because they don't love Jesus Christ. It's obvious they don't respect my faith, but I love them anyway, and I will not forsake my Lord Jesus to go back and have a superficial relationship with them when they cannot and do not respect and love me for who I really am.

So all in all, God had His hand on me the whole time I was there, and He was the one who led me out of that God-forsaken place, and no elder or man had a part in God's plan, because God is sovereign and He'll use the works of the devil to bring His children into a right relationship with Him.

I know that's not a popular view today, but it is scriptural, and God oversaw everything that happened to me and He knew that it would break me of my pride and my wicked ways to where I would remain humble and broken or finally headed towards a right relationship with Him.

..... God Bless and I hope that something I've said will resonate with those who are suffering in the church there [in TX] and wondering if this is really of God and those who are fami to those still bound in deception by the devil. May the love and light of the Lord Jesus Christ open your eyes to the truth where ever it may be and may He lead you out of the clutches of the enemy and into His loving arms where you as a child of God belong. The Lord Jesus loves you and I believe His heart breaks knowing your current situation, and there are many people praying that the grip of the enemy will be broken from you and you'll be bound no more in the lies of the enemy, and that you will come to know God as a loving God, and not some tyrant that all those around you call him to be.