

Anyone can
receive a personal,
special witness of
Jesus Christ

By anonymous except to the people
who know me

ANONYMOUS

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SEEING GOD'S HAND

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my God who is mighty to save, the God who is the Father of our salvation, the Father of creation, and the Father of our reborn souls, Jesus Christ. I am anonymous because I want to fight the temptation to share my testimony for fame or fortune. I only want to share for the Love of God. I dedicate this book for charity for the love of God, for his glory. That's why it's free just like salvation is free; all God asks is our heart so he can change it and our lifelong commitment so we can live more abundantly.

I am thankful to my wonderful wife, parents and siblings who have always been there for me.

ANONYMOUS

SEEING GOD'S HAND

CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|--|------|
| | Testimony summary | i |
| 1 | Haven't you already seen me? | 1 |
| 2 | Baptism by fire | Pg # |
| 3 | Overcoming addiction, parents' divorce/absence | Pg # |
| 4 | All the times Jesus saved my life | Pg # |
| 5 | Finding my calling | Pg # |
| 6 | Christ comes in a dream | Pg # |
| 7 | Let's all see God's hand in our life, | Pg # |

ANONYMOUS

receive a personal,
special witness of
Jesus Christ and
share our witness

SEEING GOD'S HAND

Testimony of Jesus Christ Summary

On this Valentine's day, 2019, I want to share the love of God, the greatest gift ever, of his son Jesus Christ. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whoso believeth in him might not perish but have eternal life."

John 3:16

I love how John chapter 4 shows the evolution of faith. One woman at the well (a sinner like us all with whom Jesus wanted to share his love and salvation like us all) testifies to others of her personal witness of Christ from the well. Many in her town believe her to the point that Christ is ready to manifest himself to them so that they can receive their own special witness.

So, to follow her example and to give God glory, I want to share my own special witness of Jesus Christ today in hopes that all of you will receive your own special witness of Christ as well. In October, 2017, Jesus Christ, by the gift and power of God, came to me in a dream after I had fasted and prayed a few days to receive a dream like my ancestor Sanford Porter did.

I talked with Jesus face to face and I know He was and is the Messiah, the Son of God. He hugged me and I felt a burning in my heart from the Holy Ghost that the dream of Jesus Christ was true. Jesus filled me with the sweetest, indescribable, brightest love, peace and joy

beyond compare. I cannot deny it or I would be lying to God and all of you. I also feel that if I did not share it, I would be denying it. It is my greatest hope that you may also receive a special witness of Jesus Christ so that you may experience that which words cannot do justice.

I know that Jesus suffered for all our sins in Gethsemane and died for us on the cross because the Holy Ghost witnessed this to me starting as a troubled teen when I read the Book of Mormon and as I watched the Testaments [of Jesus Christ] video my whole body was filled with pure light and energy, warm tingly sensation as the Spirit's witness. And so I knew Jesus Christ is my saviour in my heart by the Holy Ghost before Jesus visited me in a dream.

It is my hope and prayer that many of us, if not all, may receive a special, personal witness of Jesus Christ from and because of Jesus Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost, and that many of us, if not all, may be saved in the kingdom of God at the last day.

Happy Valentine's day! I love you all! 

Reference:

42 And [the townspeople] said unto the woman [at the well whose testimony they believed], Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

ANONYMOUS

John 4:42

<https://www.lds.org/scriptures/nt/john/4?verse=42&lang=eng#p42>

SEEING GOD'S HAND

1 Haven't you already seen me?

Alone. Silent, sitting, seeking. In about September, 2017 I was in my room looking up at a gold-framed picture of the one, Jesus Christ, who had saved my life over the past three years while recovering from a mental breakdown and coping with a new diagnosis of bipolar disorder and other major life events.

I ask, "Can I see you Lord?"

"Haven't you already seen me in your life?" the impression flowed gently, peacefully piercing my mind and heart.

I was astounded.

When I had received such direct answers from the Spirit a few years earlier, I remember feeling troubled at first like someone else was in the room unseen. But then I was filled with that same wonder and astounding feeling that I had now. How God is able to be so close to each of us that He even knows the thoughts and intents of our heart, gently

SEEING GOD'S HAND

guiding all along, is beyond my wildest imagination. How amazing is our God!

What wise counsel from God, “Haven’t you already seen me in your life?”

My thoughts then were drawn to the times in the recent years I had seen Jesus’ hand in my life.

2016 was the worst. Ever. I couldn’t even muster the desire to pull myself out of bed. Every minuscule task of getting myself ready in the morning seemed like a mountain of a chore. The Lord’s Spirit and my wife’s sweet compassion guided her to know how to help me.

My wife would start the day ever so gently, baby-stepping me along: “Okay, let’s open the drapes... okay, now let’s pull the blanket off...okay, now your legs off the bed...” God sent my angel wife to keep me going through the worst trenches.

I also remembered being in a crisis recovery unit twice in 2016 after not being able to be safe living alone because of the suicidal depression. The place was a simple building as a refuge for those with mental health that were currently too weak to withstand the storms of life.

The suicidal thoughts constantly bombarded me. It got so bad I remember praying that my life would end.

Despite this intense mountain suicidal depression, I kept reading the Book of Mormon and praying, just holding on to any spark of joy left in me.

Then, I remember, in my crisis recovery unit room, alone, I had a vision of Jesus’ hand reaching down to me. I felt like Peter, near drowning, reaching up to Jesus extending His

hand.

What hope that gave me! I knew Jesus was aware of me and that deliverance was nigh. In the upcoming weeks, after trying everything for severe depression--diet, exercise, medications, sleep, etc.--I was begging my wife that she would let me do electroconvulsive therapy (ECT). The deliverance started as God sent a feeling of profound peace to replace her great anxiety for putting me through the procedure.

ECT is a simple, 30 second shock that is administered near the temples which triggers seizures, which somehow reignites the spark of life back into the brain. It's like getting a jumpstart. I know God was with me because I didn't feel afraid of the procedure; I was excited because I knew it helped my mom out of deep depression, too.

My wife, ever encouraging, held my hand as I drifted off to sleep before the shock therapy.

Checking my coherence as I was waking up, the anaesthesiologist pointed to my wife and asked me her name. I said, "Wife."

I was all smiles and laughs.

Tears of joy streamed from my wife's face as she saw me wake up out of the shock therapy. She finally had her husband back.

2 BAPTISM BY FIRE

Back to Fall, 2017. My mind continues to trace

God's hand in my life further.

It was Summer 2014 to January 2015 in the scorching oasis of Lake Havasu City, AZ. I had been in a whirlwind of mental breakdown in the middle of a problems at work that it turned out I dreaded, job loss while trying to support my wife and three kids. On top of this was a genetic mental health vulnerability which would soon become a mental breakdown and bipolar 1 diagnosis.

At the peak of my inner conflict I had some questions about my existence. It was a faith crisis and identity crisis. I thought, if this life is infinite then I don't wanna live it because I'm having a hard enough time with finite life. And I started to think, if I wasn't infinite, then what would I start or finish from, nothing?! Then I started to drown in the thought of what it would be like to be nothing or to be deleted, to be lost for all eternity, in the void. The thought flooded me with darkness, despair and fear, falling into the abyss.

Such intense anxiety led me into a panic attack when I was taken to the lake havasu hospital. I felt I was being stripped of my identity as I was admitted to the ER. I had nothing left to hold on to, not even myself. In my panic before given a tranquilizer, I saw my name Steven on my sweater and I started crying out to my wife, "I'm still Steve right?!"

During my terror of losing my identity I willed myself to believe God and his love were still there for me. As I did I thought of the words to Mary "nothing shall be impossible with God" and I was flooded with love, light and unspeakable joy which lasted for the next several months and even after that remains its lasting impression. Now it all makes sense, the words from Jesus "lose yourself to find yourself."

I had never felt such peace in my life. Symbols of that peace

ANONYMOUS

was a moment it seemed time stood still as I gazed at the desert paradise seen of a saguaro standing next to a palm tree, sublime symbol of eternal stillness to me finding my paradise-sure testimony of Jesus Christ's love for me- in my darkest hour.

Becoming fully aware of Jesus Christ's awareness of my very thoughts and feelings, sufferings and rejoicings; I had never felt so close to God, such pure and sweet love, joy and peace beyond compare.

I felt God so close that I remember sitting in a room at work and despite the turmoil there, He was so close that I could write any question down and the answer would come to my mind and heart right away. I still have that paper I wrote those questions and answers on.

So I experienced like what Alma the younger of the book of Mormon described as "my soul was racked with eternal torment" before he called on Jesus' name and was filled with light and joy, which sweetness was as exquisite as was his pain.

Then during my spiritual rebirth/awakening, the following months I saw evidence of Christ and his love for me and each of us personally everywhere, with my spiritual eyes e.g. symbolism in nature. It was hard not to look for him everywhere in everything because I knew that Jesus was the only one who could snatch me out of that abyss. So I wanted to keep finding him.

I was spiritually reborn with a new, bright perspective on my life and the world. No matter where I looked, I saw symbols of Christ's love and sacrifice and I was filled with pure love and gratitude. Whether it was in living things like bugs and plants, even weeds, or in natural surroundings or skies; symbols of their creator, Jesus Christ, became obvious to me

SEEING GOD'S HAND

everywhere. Like that thing you were looking for that was right under your nose the whole time.

That's why I describe it as an awakening or rebirth, because I saw people and the whole world in a new, beautiful, and glorious light. And it seemed like something that was within me the whole time, it just took those experiences to bring it out to the surface. And I thank God for helping to bring out His divinity from within me to turn me into who I am today, a more dedicated disciple of Christ.

3 JESUS GAVE ME THE POWER TO overcome addiction and parents' divorce/absence as a teen and bipolar disorder as an adult

My mind drew back to my teenage years up to adulthood. Out of all the books I've read, the Book of Mormon has increased my faith and brought me closer to Jesus Christ more than any other book.

When I first started reading the Book of Mormon daily as a teenager, it was for 9th grade seminary. The more I read, the more I was drawn to it, to not just read the minimum. That was my first testimony of the book, the fact that it was hard to put the Book of Mormon down, even though it was scripture. It began to be "delicious" to me as Alma says in Alma chapter 32 of the Book of Mormon. I began to "feast upon the words of Christ". I started to understand that God could speak to me personally through His Spirit which came through reading Christ's words in the Book of Mormon. Certain

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