

## Jessica Smith with her Story

I spent nearly a decade immersed in the study of meditative traditions from Buddhism to Yoga after slowly slipping away from my childhood foundation in Christianity during my rebellious popularity-seeking teenage years. I was a yoga teacher and master level reiki practitioner before the Lord revealed the truth behind these spiritual practices to me in the most loving and terrifying way.

My path toward New Age spiritualism began in my early twenties when a friend was killed in a drunk driving accident. Confused in my beliefs after years of partying and compromise, I found myself seeking answers from a psychic relative. A spirit claiming to be my recently parted friend revealed incredible and impossible details about my friend's life and death that only she could have possibly known—and also spoke of what it was like in the realm she claimed to be now after death, referencing things like reincarnation that the Bible said weren't true. But something else seemingly miraculous distracted me from any unease about that; it had begun the moment the spirit began to speak: A physical, esoteric energetic sensation that felt like a surge of overwhelming and euphoric love shot through my feet and flooded my body in peaceful waves. After the experience, I struggled with what to make of it all. I knew that the Bible clearly and repeatedly warns against communicating with spirits, but I decided that if it was evil, it wouldn't have *felt* like love. I decided that parts of the Bible (just the parts that didn't fit with how I wanted to believe) must not be from God, but had been changed by man over time for some self-seeking purpose. I made the decision to trust my feelings and experience over the word of the Bible.



This decision opened up a whole new world to me, a world of metaphysics and other realms, a world where communication with spirits was real and possible, a world where I could discover truth beyond what the Bible outlined. I felt this encounter had brought me such peace and clarity. I wanted to learn how I could help people the way I felt my relative had helped me to reach understanding. I wanted to know how I, too, could communicate with spirits.

I begged my relative for instruction and discovered that meditation was the key to opening to the spiritual realm. I dedicated the next ten years to discovering spiritual truth and deepening my meditation practice and my spiritual, energetic abilities. I studied and practiced many meditation-based traditions and philosophies. I studied intense meditation practice in South America. I lived at a Buddhist center in Berkeley and an ashram in India. While in India, I became a certified [yoga](#) teacher and master [reiki](#) healer.

After returning to the United States, I began plans to open a center for training in meditation, yoga, and reiki. But the Lord had other plans. I had grown to loathe Christians, believing them to be a tie-wearing, gay-joke making, hideously hypocritical, naive bunch—with horrible taste in music. Not a person on this planet could have convinced me that the Bible was true. But the Lord knew he didn't need a person. His Holy Spirit knew how to reach me in a way only he could. Strange spiritual things began happening. The Lord softened my heart, orchestrated conversations with a couple Christians that prompted me to actually miss the relationship I had with Jesus as a child, and prepped me for what was to come. Then one night the Lord opened my eyes to the demonic forces behind these spiritual events, behind these seemingly good practices, and behind what I had invited into myself in a horrific and terrifying

way. But he had prepared me for it. When he opened my eyes to the shock of it, he was there. He guided me immediately to a Christian Ranch in rural Oregon to help deal with the spiritual turmoil. This was the same couple he had used to soften my heart to him in the first place just a month prior. They knew the Bible. And they knew Jesus. Suffice it to say, I experienced the saving power of his name in a way that made me know "Jesus saves" is not just a cute saying.

The shock of the reality that the Bible is real and every word in fact TRUE shattered my life paradigm. It changed everything from my heart to the words I spoke to the way I viewed the world and the way I wanted to live in it. I even found myself listening to Christian music—on purpose—and liking it (there's some REALLY good Christian music out there now!). With immense difficulty and pain, I did not return to my boyfriend, whom I had been living with in California.

After leaving the ranch I went instead to my parents' house on the Oregon Coast. I was thirty years old, but felt like a child returning home, broken and traumatized by what had just happened, but overwhelmingly grateful to the Lord for saving me from what he just had. It was so bizarre to be broken but grateful for the breaking. I needed silence to be with the Lord and learn what was truth not from other people's interpretations of his word or what had happened to me, but from seeking him and his word alone—by praying to him myself—by learning the Bible myself.

I could not get enough of it. The Bible was the only book from the Creator of all that ever was and is and will be. It outlines the truth of the reality of the universe and life and what comes after and the real truth of the spiritual realm—what could possibly be more fascinating!? My hands would search for the Book (often still right by my pillow) before I even opened my eyes in the morning.

After venturing out to a little Christian coffee shop, I discovered they had a Bible study on Monday nights, so I went. The guy teaching didn't fake laugh or anything. He just taught straight through a passage, pointing out depth, background, and how it tied into our lives and other parts of the Bible. When something was unknown, he said it. When something was his opinion, he didn't try to pass it off as scripture. Just Bible. It was awesome. I asked him where he went to church. This is how I found the church I now attend and love. At first, I sat tentatively in the back. After awhile, I even started talking to people. And you know what? I haven't heard one rude joke about anyone. They are actually some of the nicest, most loving and genuine people I have ever known. They showed me that it is possible to disagree with someone's

choices and still love them. The wisdom I see in many of them as a result of studying and practicing God's word amazes me. And you know what else, I rarely see them wearing ties (but when I do . . . they actually look pretty nice. I don't know what I had against ties ).

I immediately experienced an urgency to share the truth behind these deceptive practices of yoga, meditation, and reiki that I had been involved in with a society and even Christian church falling prey to this same darkness masquerading as light. But the Lord first pulled me into a cocoon of awesome—living and serving at a Christian camp and retreat center on the Oregon coast, where I spent two years serving, growing, and learning in him.

In the spring of 2013, Jesus gifted me with an amazing, God-seeking, love of my life husband. Our marriage and love story is a result of the Lord's incredible orchestration, patience, protection, and grace. I am blown away by his goodness when I think about my life. But beyond the physical gifts (my husband, and the way he always provides what I need) is the gift of a relationship with the Almighty God. That is what provides what I truly need—just straight him. It is the gift of peace I have from knowing he saved me from darkness after I die and knowing that while I still live, he—who lets me call him my Father—has power over everything—even darkness. That is so awesome to me. He is in charge of everything. And he loves me. He lets me know him. He delights in me knowing him. Incredible. Life with the Lord is simply . . . incredible.

I have shared the intense story of my testimony on numerous occasions with both individuals and varying groups. Feedback from these encounters have prompted me to produce a full written version of the story of my testimony, including a section specifically addressing the spiritual reality of yoga and modern meditation.. *The Shattering* is now available to [order](#) through both the publisher and on Amazon.

I pray the Lord continues to guide you to Him as you seek truth.

With Much Love,  
Jessica Smith