

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2015

My testimony

A reader sent me the following:

I just came across your blog the other day and I have really enjoyed reading it. I appreciate your insight and honesty that are reflected in your posts. They have been very helpful in my journey for further truth.

In your last post you said:

*"Those of us who have met Him — who have seen His light and heard His voice and felt His love — know what it means to be filled with light and love unto the consuming of our flesh. It is akin to walking on clouds, being in love, devoid of *all* ill-will, contention, displeasure or desire to commit sin of any kind. It is to be filled with light. It is euphoria and clarity and peace beyond comprehension — until one experiences it. And, even then, it remains unspeakable."*

From those words, I was left with the assumption that you had the opportunity to meet the Savior? If so, I would love to know everything about that experience that you are comfortable sharing. If you have shared more about this experience in a previous post, I'd love to read it. What an incredible experience that I yearn for. What path did you follow to have that experience? Did he say anything to you? What did he look like?

I hope I am not being too nosy in inquiring more information and I respect your privacy. I am trying to find as many first hand experiences from people that have been in the presence of God and I'd love to hear yours.

Thanks you again and I hope you have a great day.

I responded:

Thanks for your inquiry. I'm happy to share my experiences with you. Bearing witness of Christ is almost *never* "too sacred"!

I've written about my experiences in my blog. (Forgive me, I don't know where and don't care to look.) I was at BYU, doing my best to keep His commandments, slogging along, trying to be "true" to the Church, etc. I was a convert to Christ at 14, the LDS Church at 15. Loved the Lord before I ever *heard* of "Mormonism". Took Brother Avraham Gileadi's *Book of Mormon* class at BYU my first semester as a freshman. Loved it. Immersed myself in the scriptures. Tried to live the gospel with all my heart. Bore witness of Him and His words at all times and in all places (though I had never seen Him) -- and was persecuted for it. (I guess I mentioned some of that [here in a post](#) written shortly after my excommunication.)

This was the "crisis" that precipitated my supernal, life-changing event. My BYU roommate (and EQP), Eric Anderson, asked me at dinner "Don't you just *love* the Savior?"

I had to confess I didn't.

"What?! You, of all people! I would have thought you loved Him more than anyone else!"

"I *did* love Him. I *used* to love Him. But now I don't know Him anymore. I don't know what's happened to me. I've tried and tried to get closer to Him, but nothing's working. I feel so alone, so sad."

That night I bawled my eyes out in distress. I confessed I didn't know Him anymore, even though I was trying to do *everything* in my power to come unto Him. I got off my knees that night after prayer and went to sleep, wetting my pillow with my tears.

In the visions of the night, in a dream, He appeared to me. I saw Him sitting on a rock, along a path outside the walls of Jerusalem. (I just realized He was sitting on the Mount of Olives, there being a smallish valley separating us from the city beyond.) He was facing me, almost directly, as he taught a gathering of people -- old and young, "religious" types and common folk (like me). I was in the middle, some on my right and some on my left. I heard Him tell a story that made the "religious" types angry, the children laugh, and me cry.

He was so *good*. He was so *mild*. He was so *kind* and *clever* and *good-natured* and *funny*! And *down-to-earth* and just plain *peaceful*.

But He was not "handsome" to look upon. There was nothing about Him that would cause you to say "Hey! Now *there's a 'born leader'!*" No, quite the opposite. He was not attractive at all. Just a man. And not a "good looking" man at that. (NOTHING like the pictures the LDS Church now paints of Him.)

A tattered, sickly, filthy, *smelly* boy of about eight years old, dressed in gray, stood near that rock upon which the Man sat. The boy listened to the Man and watched Him intently. A beautiful young girl, dressed in pink, stood a few meters away from the boy, farther from the Man.

As the Man spoke, I saw this boy climb up on that rock and put his arms around that Man's neck! The boy practically *hung* on the Man and bent upward and kissed Him on His cheek! The Man did not move a muscle or say another word.

But I saw golden undulating beams of light come out of that Man and fill the immensity of space! I saw that light pierce the body of that boy! I saw that light go into me and I was FILLED with overwhelming, unimaginable love! I HAVE NEVER FELT ITS LIKE BEFORE. (I am weeping even now as I type these words. My son is asking: "Daddy, what's wrong?" Absolutely NOTHING is wrong.)

I saw the God of heaven and earth that day. I heard His voice. I heard His *accent*. I saw His mannerisms. I felt His love. (He looked to me a lot like the man pictured in the Harry Anderson paintings you see at Church.)

Jesus has spoken to me on other occasions. I have heard Him as clearly as you would hear any man speak to you. I was not asleep but awake when He spoke to me. He *sang* for me a song...a song, apparently, which is sung by *all* righteous priesthood holders foreordained to come to this world. (See Alma 13.) He showed me what I -- I assume it was me -- accomplished before I was born. I was blown away! I had created *worlds*. (This all happened in my dorm room at BYU.)

I jumped up off my bed and tried to write down the *notes* of the music I heard Him sing! I wanted to keep it forever! It was *marvelous*! But when I took my pencil in hand, I said to myself: "Hey! I don't know how to *write* music! I don't know a single note!"

And *immediately* the music stopped. (Until then, I was "in the Spirit" and still hearing it! I was "Peter", *actually walking on water!*) I started *whistling* the tune, trying to "capture" it, trying to keep it! But within 10 or 15 minutes I couldn't remember but a few combinations of notes and it had lost all its power and persuasiveness.

I was sorely persecuted for my teachings at BYU and was never allowed to serve in the Church thereafter in *any* "significant" (as the Church sees it) leadership or teaching capacity. I was a "nut job", I think they thought.

It didn't help that I was pulled to and fro by "every wind of doctrine" -- the LDS Church has *plenty* of them! -- leading me astray from Christ, who introduced Himself to me. (All along He was ministering to me. This time He was more *personal*, more *direct*.) I walked on clouds for *weeks* thereafter, sobbing and sorrowing (with gratitude!) for the love I had felt and known...and lost. I wanted to be with Him again! To feel that love! To see His face! To *be* with Him!

That love -- or the *memory* of it -- has been with me ever since. Oh, I have been "tried"...and I've failed...many, *many* times. I have fallen repeatedly. But I have *gotten back up* because of Him! My love for Him! Or, rather, His love for me. He brought me back. He showed me what was at stake. He showed me what I could have...and who I could be...if I followed Him.

And I loved Him more than *anything* else!

That's why I'm here. That's what has brought me to this point. That's what I know and have experienced.

There's more to the story, but that's not important. What is important is *doing all you can* to come unto Christ. Cast away all sin. And *cry unto Him* with *all* your heart. When you do so, He hears and answers prayers. I know. He has ministered to me.

Posted by Good Will at [9:29 AM](#)