

My testimony

I want to start by giving God all the glory for the story of my journey. Many hours, days, weeks, months and years went by without me recognising that God had His hand on me the entire time. I thank God for the prayers of a mother, a father, aunts, uncles and other relatives, the men and women of the church I was raised in and untold others who lifted me up without my knowing, God answered every one. Many of these people left this earth without seeing the fruit of their prayers and I pray that God in His mercy somehow lets the spirits of these intercessors know that He did hear and answered their prayers as he promised in 1 Timothy 2:4 Who will have all men to be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth.

It never ceases to amaze me when I hear a testimony of a person who got saved when they were young, fell away for a short period of time and reclaimed their salvation in their late teens or early 20's and have been walking with the Lord ever since. I think how lucky they are to have developed a relationship with Jesus that has sustained them for the majority of their lives. This is not the way it went for me.

I was raised in a Christian home in Ohio. My parents were both believers and very active in the church. It seemed to me that every time the doors of the church were open, we were there. I had a sister that was 6 years older than me and from time to time we would get her Ouija board out and ask it questions. It never felt right to me but there was never any discussion in my home or in my church about the occult. We lived a 'clean' and 'normal' blue collar, middle class life style. We got dressed up every Sunday and presented ourselves as a well balanced and high functioning Christian family. I learned at a very young age to hide who I really was from public view and perform my role as a 'good boy'. I do not say any of this with a critical spirit, it was just the way it was.

My father was a hard worker, holding down 2 jobs and growing up I saw very little of him. It wasn't until I started working with him about 1970 that we would have the occasional conversation but never about anything spiritual, unfortunately lots was left unsaid. He ran his own general construction company and worked the graveyard shift at the railroad. He was a trustee at our church, taught Sunday School and was completely devoted to my mother. He always said he was going to live to be 100 and he did just that. 1 month before he died he shared his conversion story with me and my youngest son. He had been running moonshine in southern Ohio in the 30's and one Sunday morning he was made aware that a man that he had sold liquor to on Saturday had died of alcohol poisoning during the night. He was just coming out of the hollow with another run when he received this news. He said he heard the church bells ringing down the road at the Freewill Baptist church. He took all the jars of moonshine out of the car and broke them in the ditch and then went to that church and gave his life to Jesus.

My grandfather on my fathers side was also a railroader and a Mason. A newspaper article I have of him from 1955 says he obtained many high positions in the craft. These included the York Cross of Honor, Master of the Cheshire Blue Lodge, High priest of the Gallipolis chapter, Royal Arch Mason, Illustrious Master Moriah council, Commander Rose Commandery, Knight Templar, Patron Eastern Star, Watchman of Shepherds, member of the White Shrine, Alladin Shrine and the Gallipolis Shrine. This was all by the time he was 72 and he lived another 20+ years.

My mother was a first generation American, 1 of 6 daughters of a Hungarian Baptist minister and Hungarian mother. She never shared her conversion experience with me. My grandfather is said to have been a gigolo prior to turning his life over to Jesus, but his salvation story is also unknown to me. There was a spirit of death on this family that shows up in the deaths of a 21 month old brother in 1920 and another girl child who died during birth in 1921 and finally in 1944 when her oldest sister died at 32 after 7 bouts of pneumonia. The source of this spirit of death perhaps comes through my grandmothers, mothers mother (my great great grandmother). She was the daughter of an Earl. Interestingly Earls owe their title and their fealty to the Crown, which is clearly a legal relationship where oaths are spoken. Then there is the possibility that this Earl may have been directly related by blood to the King or Queen Regnant. This would have encompassed the reign of Victoria, 1837-1901 when she was putting all of her family members in place.

My mother was in and out of the hospital with major health issues when I was young and there was always a black cloud of death over her many surgeries. I remember having to wait in the waiting room and not being allowed to see her. The last major operation I remember was for her to undergo exploratory surgery, they had agreed to let the doctor operate and try to discover why she was losing so much blood internally. I really felt that she was not going to survive this one and was very sad that she had bought some cheap little Micky Mouse car toy from the hospital gift shop and was given to me to remember her by. The surgery was successful and she lived on to fight another day.

I grew up with a reoccurring nightmare of my mother abandoning me. I think emotionally she did abandon me but not physically. I can remember being in first or second grade and sitting at my desk and crying for being in fear that my mom would not be home when I got there. When the teacher wanted to know what was wrong, I lied and said some older kid was bullying me.

Spiritual matters were never discussed openly and there were only 2 hard fast rules, I couldn't go out with Catholic girls and if I got a girl pregnant, they would disown me. For the rest of the rules, I was just expected to understand what was acceptable and what wasn't, which I quite often didn't get right. Discipline was swift and in my young mind, severe with either a paddle, switch or a belt. I attended a Lutheran parochial school from kindergarten to sixth grade and had a text book knowledge (nothing spirit filled) of the bible from school and stood out at my home church. I knew my way around the bible but not what was in it. I never lost a 'look up the verse' challenge and was president of my Sunday School class for years. I had memorized many scriptures at school, could recite Luke Chapter 2 and the Apostles Creed including all the articles. We never missed a Sunday School picnic or ice cream social or any of the revival meetings coming through town that were hosted by my church. I remember attending a Billy Graham Crusade In Columbus Ohio in July of 1964. I liked to play preacher in my basement, issuing hell, fire and brimstone sermons using a cardboard box for my pulpit.

We were members of the Evangelical United Brethren Church (EUB) until 1968 when it merged with the Methodist Church creating the United Methodist Church. It was a confusing time for me. It was never made clear to me why my family was against the merger but my thoughts now are that it centered around the Central Jurisdiction issue within the Methodist Church and possibly the issue of ordaining women ministers. Regardless of the cause, there was a lot of evil afoot and I know people were receiving threatening and harassing phone calls. Our family car was broken into in the parking lot of the church one Sunday night and my fathers camera destroyed with a hammer. My piano teacher was on the 'other' side and she told my parents that there was no need to keep sending me to her for lessons. (I wasn't really very disappointed with this development at the time.)

Prior to the break up there was a husband and wife revival team that came to the EUB church in 1966. The woman would meet with the kids every night and preach to us. On the last night of the revival after getting us all together, she told us that we were going to attend the main service and at the end of the service when she called us, we were to come up to the front. That was all she said. Well I did as she said and when I got up there they asked us to kneel down. I complied and the next thing I knew, my father, who understood that this was an altar call and thought that I was up there because I wanted to be saved, came up, knelt down and put his hand in the middle of my back and started praying for me. This alarmed me made me angry that I had been deceived and now my father was being deceived. I never spoke about it with him but I was not saved that night.

Our minister pulled away with about half the congregation and rejoined with the United Brethren Church (UB). I attended Sunday School every Sunday, junior church until about 1969 when I started attending the main service, Youth Fellowship on Sunday evening, Sunday evening service, Wednesday prayer meetings, sang in the adult choir from when I was 13. I attended Summer Vacation Bible School until I was 15, which my mother ran. I attended church camp at both the EUB and UB camp grounds. I volunteered as a camp counselor for 3 years. Attended catechism classes that were offered through my church although I was already well versed in the Lutheran catechism.

In the summer of 1967 I had an encounter with Jesus at a church camp vesper service at Camp Otterbein near Logan Ohio. I was convicted of my sins and asked for forgiveness but did not have a grasp on what repentance was and could not really relate my life to the sins being spoken about in the bible. I was convicted to give my life to Jesus but had no clue what that meant. I found myself saying

that I was being called to be a preacher. I told my pastor and he gave me a bible and a book on public speaking. I do not recall any talk about Holy Spirit, His gifts or His fruits at my conversion or in my home or at church. Coming from a family with 4 uncles who were preachers, I see that I had been groomed to pursue that path and though I didn't have the words to express it at the time, there was no anointing on that perceived calling.

Once in a while I was used in the morning worship to read the bible verses my pastor was going to preach on and also open the service with prayer. Once I was asked to give the sermon at the Sunday night service, which I did. I told my dad shortly after that I no longer wanted to be a preacher to which he replied 'you chicken?'. That short, simple, spoken statement put a curse on me that I would spend the next 50 years proving to myself that I was not 'a chicken'. I continued to serve in the church until I had an experience in the pulpit one Sunday morning. While I was preparing to open with prayer I realized that I had the power to say anything to this congregation and I could influence them in any direction I wanted them to go in. This freaked me out, I didn't want anything to do with it any more. I was convicted to not be doing this. I was already running hard after the world. I stepped out of that pulpit and never stepped back into it.

In the midst of all this confusion, I hardened my heart. The world had gotten my attention and I wanted everything it had on offer. I was already in big time rebellion, drinking, drugging, smoking, lying, stealing, being deceitful, full of pride, running with the 'wrong' girls and having a heart full of lust. In Matthew 15:19 what Jesus spoke 2000 years earlier was exactly what was taking place in my heart. One of the first times I drank, I blacked out and the High School nurse covered for me. My first sexual encounter was with a girl from the big city (Columbus) at church camp. I taught myself how to sit still through a church service and not listen to a word being said but look like I was taking it all in on a deep level. No one was going to question my spirituality. God stepped aside and let me go but He never gave up on me during my years of rebellion. After leaving home in 1974 and moving to Colorado I abandoned all conscience contact with God and only attended church when I would visit my parents back in Ohio once a year.

I gave death many opportunities to over come me. I was not afraid, I was not a chicken. There was very little that I would not do and or places I would not go. Black out drinking was the norm along with excessive drug abuse and I would not hesitate getting behind the wheel. I survived rolling my jeep on 3 separate occasions. I woke one morning sitting in my jeep along a mountain highway with no guardrails, engine running and my front tire inches away from a drop off leading to a mountain reservoir. My reaction to this was to start drinking again that morning. There were nights spent in the stockade, jails and the drunk tank complete with padded walls. I was in an unhealthy, unfaithful relationship with a woman and the debaucheries only got darker. Drugs were everywhere and I always had plenty. I was several house payments behind and work had just about had enough of my shenanigans. I can remember crying out to God to help me, but I could not stop doing the things that were killing me. I called a help line from a local church and when the 2 men got to my home, they took a look around and left telling me if I ever wanted to get serious, give them a call back.

In 1981 a very good friend of mine at work told me about a girl named Annie he thought I would like to meet. Little did I know this was the beginning of God answering my cry for help. I soon found myself working a night shift with Annie and asked her if she wanted to meet up in the morning after work. The normal meeting place for railroaders getting off the graveyard shift in Denver was a little dive bar just a few blocks from the rail yard that opened at 7 am. She agreed to meet me there. When I saw her, I was definitely smitten. She was pretty, smart and witty. I was drinking beer and she would not let me buy her anything other than soda waters. She told me she was in AA. I had been around the railroad long enough to know what that was and was quite intrigued by the thought of someone who didn't drink, I did not associate with anyone like that. Not really knowing anything other than people in AA don't drink, I tried to get her to smoke some pot with me but she refused. Being that we had so little in common, it surprises me to think that I went on to pursue her. I was not really clear what her motives were at the time but we started hanging out and engaging in fun activities together without alcohol. One thing led to another and by August I was sitting around AA tables in smoke filled rooms full of drunks trying to stay sober saying 'my name is John, I'm an alcoholic'. A little over a year later Annie and I were married.

This was the beginning but by no means the end of me coming back to God. I got a sponsor and worked the 12 steps to the best of my ability although struggling to become completely honest with myself. I was seeking God as I understood Him which led us to a Southern and then a Northern Baptist church. I found no power and no program of attraction in either of these churches and gave up the search and rested on my laurels.

I continued in AA for about 20 years. I wasn't drinking but I also wasn't happy, joyous and free. God tried on many occasions to get my attention. I was stopped at a red light at a crossroads and the light had just turned green. I felt a pressure on my chest and remained stationary. While I was sitting there experiencing this pressure, a car shot through the intersection at a high rate of speed. It would have broad sided me had I pulled away when the light changed. Around 1986 it was discovered that I had blood in my urine. The doctor told me that at my age and these symptoms I did not have a bright future. He wanted to run some more tests. The test he had run were very invasive and painful, this was not a good time. The Credit Union crash had just happened and we were forced to sell our home and move into a rental with 2 small children. One night I was laying in bed in between sleep and being awake. I had a vision in this dreamy state of standing before God in a court room and begging for my life to be extended. I sensed something else in the courtroom besides God and me. The verdict was handed down, stay of execution granted. When I returned to the doctor for the additional tests, the urine test I provided contained no blood. The doctor was amazed and confused, he was at a loss to explain what was happening, but I knew and I still didn't give God the glory. I was sent from his office with a clean bill of health.

I threw myself into my work. Sobriety had paid off and I was receiving promotions and moving up the corporate ladder. Work was taking a toll on our marriage as I had only swapped one addiction for another and had not done the work on my other numerous defects of character. We made various corporate moves, we tried therapists and self help groups. I was not getting better. Our last move was to Omaha Nebraska where in 1999 I left my railway career and went to work for an engineering consulting firm. In December of 99 I was asked if I would relocate my family to England to work on a infrastructure renewals project with a 2 year contract. We said yes and have been here ever since.

It was not long after our move here that I started drinking again. I began opening doors to all types of demons. Before we left the US, I toured a newly constructed Mormon temple in Centennial Colorado. I worked with many Mormons at the railroad and do believe that they have preformed a baptism ceremony for me. I spent a couple of nights in a Zen Buddhist Retreat and Practice Center in Jemez Springs, New Mexico. I paid a witch doctor in the Gambia to sacrifice a goat in an effort to cure Annie of her migraines. I climbed to the top of the Pyramid of the Sun in Teotihuacan Mexico. I have visited Stonehenge numerous times. I have been inside Rosslyn Chapel. I have visited many Druid Megalithic Ancient sites in England and Wales and been inside Roman temples along Hadrian Wall. I have visited the Vatican, Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneum. I have stood in the center of the Colosseum and climbed Mars Hill. I joined the Masonic Roman Way Lodge. I attended meetings for about 6 months and did allow myself to go through the First Degree or Entered Apprentice ceremony. I have used guided meditation that I got on line. I have practised Qi Gong using lots of visualization. I have also had my DNA potentiated, this was a lengthily process taking place for over 27 months with the administrator speaking in the tongues of Satan into this reality once a month. I have read and believed many of Zecharia Sitchins books. The drinking only got worse over time. I had no control once I started and my character defects were running away with me. The blood returned in my urine and I was diagnosed with prostate cancer in 2007, I underwent a full prostatectomy. I sustained a head injury in 2019 which resulted in the need for bilateral haematomas to be removed with skull surgery. I experienced 2 seizures after this surgery and found a source for real CBD oil, which I started abusing. God was working hard to get my attention but I still wasn't paying attention.

My last drink was at a family gathering at home and I was in a black out again. The next morning Annie told me what I had done and said. The truth that I was functioning under the control of a spirit that was living in me and speaking through me finally hit home. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I was now broken and willing to do whatever I needed to get free. I confessed to Annie that I was an alcoholic and that I was going to have to stop completely, no half measures this time. By the grace

of God the desire for alcohol was removed from me and a short while later, the desire for drugs. This however was just the beginning, God started immediately to restore in me the years that the locust had eaten.

Annie and I had joined a private members association in 2017 that focuses on the principles outlined in Revelation 18:6. We are addressing the overreaching tyrannical agendas of wireless radiation (5G), geo engineering (aerosol injection), trespass technologies (SMART meters) and vaccines. We stand on biblical principles and the Law Merchant, filling their cup and handing it back double. One of our co-founders, when giving a presentation, posed to the audience the question 'How many of you have an opinion about the Bible?' Almost everyone in the room raised their hand. Then he asked 'How many of you have read the Bible?' and less than 10% raised their hands. The next question he asked was 'If you have an opinion about the bible but you haven't read it, who's opinion is it?'. That got me to thinking that I had been around the bible the first 19 years of my life but I had never read it from Genesis to Revelation. I was lucky enough to get a hold of my fathers Bible and I started reading it.

It wasn't until the summer of 2021 and I was listening to an old J Vernon McGee *Thru the Bible* radio show where he was speaking about revival. Holy Spirit spoke to me, I stood right in the middle of the room and prayed that God would bring revival and start with me. I got down on my knees and broke down weeping. I was brought to the full knowledge of Gods love, patience and grace that had followed me all my life. He had been there the whole time and it was me that had hardened my heart and moved away. He had stopped Satan from taking my life on many occasions and He just waited for me. I was convicted to the core of my being and asked for forgiveness of every debauched sin that I could think of, I let it all out and I let it all go. Holy Spirit entered me that day and has been teaching me all things ever since, slowly, gently.

Today I live as a man washed in the blood of Jesus, seeking Gods will for my life and the power to carry it out. I have searched and received deliverance from all the doorways I have opened and all the generational curses that I was carrying, God has repaired the broken hedge around me. I want no dark corners left in me for Satan to hide out in. When another demon is revealed in me, I do not hesitate to call on Jesus' name and break it's power, tear down it's stronghold and command it to go from me. I want to be truly free, full of Holy Spirit and flowing in His gifts and the fruits. When it's not a demon but my rebellion of letting my will, mind and emotion dictate to my natural tendencies, I have to recognize it and ask for forgiveness. This is truly the hardest part of this journey and I thank God for Annie's patience as this battle with my pride goes on. I can feel Holy Spirit in my chest. He lets me know when He wants me to speak and when He wants me to be still. My faith is getting stronger and discernment is returning. I have been partnered in prayer groups and seen healing happen and miracles taking place. The gift of tongues was given to me in 2025. I use it regularly when in my closet, especially when I do not know how to or what to pray for.

I am still a work in progress. There was no Damascus moment and no light switch was flipped to change me completely all at once. I know I am a new creation in Christ and Holy Spirit works with me every day to adjust to this new heart I have been given. Some days it's one step forward and two steps back but I pray and don't give up. God has given us this ministry and we are building it as He directs.

If you have found this encouraging or want to discuss having your own personal relationship with Jesus, please reach out to me or Annie at ChooseTodayMinistry@proton.me

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Joshua 24:15 ...choose you this day whom ye will serve;...