

This is my story, yet it is not mine but Christ's and the POWER of His grace

Thank you for requesting a copy of my full testimony. What you are about to read is true in every detail. I have written it that as John says in John 20:31 "that YOU may believe that Jesus is Lord and have life in His name". The content can at times be a little harrowing, but it is not meant in any other way than to give you the truth and I do not write it that people may feel sorry for me, but that in some way it may help others come to know the risen Saviour Jesus Christ.

My story really starts back in 1979 when I was four and a half years old. I am the middle boy of two sisters. Born to wonderful and very loving parents. I was diagnosed with "Hodgkin's Lymphoma" (cancer of the Lymph glands.) The treatment wasn't as readily available, if at all, as it is now, so all was a little experimental. Some say that "you were so young you probably can't remember it" well, that wasn't the case with me. I remember pretty much every detail. Even biting my Dad's thumb so much to alleviate the pain that he needed six stitches. Due to this, a lot of school was missed and I spent most of my growing years on my own. Being called - and thinking of myself as a "little lost sheep." Due to the intense radiotherapy my thyroid gland was burnt out, so I developed Hypothyroidism, causing me to gain a lot of weight. Kids aren't kind sometimes so the bullying was intense right through school. I never did have much experience of "church," apart from the odd Sunday school session, and the horrid, village vicar that used to teach at our primary school. So I never had a real understanding of god. If he was real, I couldn't understand how he would let only me survive out of the six children of the same age that were admitted to the new cancer ward at the local hospital. I started blaming this god for all the bad things that happened in my life, I thought he was punishing me for surviving cancer. The bullying I went through caused great internal, mental scars, as well as physical, taking sharp implements to my skin, this caused me at around the age of 12-13 to change things. I, stupidly watched a film that I really shouldn't have, and that night I prayed a prayer, not really understanding the full consequences, as we don't. I prayed to Satan, that he would change my life. Well he DID. Not long after that things got worse, my parents split up. Mum moved away leaving me with my Dad and it wasn't long after, that I took my first overdose and tried to end my life. The Doctors weren't quite sure how I hadn't had a cardiac arrest as I had taken my whole months' worth of thyroid medication.

As I continued to grow, I tried all sorts of things to fill whatever was missing in my life, my Mum was gone and my Dad was drinking. People came into my life - very good people - nobody really bad. I tried to mask over the emptiness, loneliness, isolation and low self-esteem by using pornography (sneaking a peak at my Dad's magazines and videos). I moved away to be with my Mum after the death of her partner from cancer, and again became isolated in a place where I didn't really know anyone. Drinking, smoking weed and porn all became the norm for me. Unable really to hold down a job, I ended up moving back with my Dad and now Step Mum. The drugs went but the drink didn't, I became quite an obnoxious and angry person. However the saddest thing for me was seeing my Dad, my SUPERHERO in the clutches of addiction to alcohol. This added fuel to the fire and again I tried to mask things with my own drinking, smoking, sex etc.

After a while I moved away to pursue an acting career being accepted to stage school. Then one night in 1998 the phone rang at 10pm, it was my Dad, so the screen said, on my primitive cell phone. I wasn't ready for the news I was about to hear. My Step Mum asked if I was sitting down, I said, "I'm doing one better, I'm in bed about to watch a film" - it was actually 'Event Horizon,' a film which even today I still haven't watched. She went on to tell me that around 4pm that afternoon she returned home to find my Dad dead on the floor in the kitchen, he was only 53. You can imagine how my heart just hit the floor. I didn't know what to do. I still remember it like it was yesterday. Even the words out of my younger sister's mouth that night, when we went to tell her - "No not my Dad." The funeral came and went, the emptiness grew bigger, and the anger and hatred in me built. "WHY? WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? I know" - the thought entered - "it's this (expletive) god that is punishing me for surviving cancer."

Nine months later I became a father to a beautiful baby girl. In the meantime, I tried to fill the emptiness with other things, one being random encounters with other males for sex. I hated myself so much I didn't even use protection because in a really morbid way I kind of hoped to catch AIDS or something that I may also die. The emptiness and hatred remained even after the birth of my daughter. Less than a year after my father's death, his father died of the same horrific disease that I'd had - cancer. Things got worse and worse, my daughter's mum left me, taking my daughter with her. All this within 18 months of my Dad dying. Where was this (expletive) god??

The homosexual side of me continued as did the 'normal' side, seeking sex wherever I could get it. Male, female didn't matter to me. Even moving away pursuing a career as a Professional Wrestler didn't help. I tried to maintain a good relationship with my daughter but even this was strained because of her mother. Unbeknown to me, I had become something I never wanted to be - an addict! My drug of choice: prescribed painkillers (Codeine -Phosphate). It wasn't until I ran out of the painkillers over a Christmas period that my partner whom I was living with at the time, thought, and so did I, that I was having a heart attack. I was sweating and had pains in my chest etc. It turned out all these were withdrawal symptoms. When I went to the clinic about this they calculated that I was on nearly seven times the recommended daily dose. It was a sheer miracle that I was still alive. After Methadone and Subutex, (the same as a smack head would use - I thought at the time) I was off it - but had gained so much weight again. Another blessing happened and my son was born. You know the most disturbing thing about both of my children being born? Due to the intense radiotherapy for the cancer I had, the Doctors had told my parents that is would be only by miracle I would be able to have children; this was how blind I was! But inside of me was still this self-destructive, emptiness. No amount of sex, pornography or anything could fill it. Why was I feeling like this? Yeh I know, I thought - I was being punished for surviving cancer. Things didn't get any better; I ended up committing some crimes and was arrested. The already strained relationship with my son's mother ended and I found myself alone again. It was pointless even trying to keep a relationship with my daughter. I was desperate; my only hope was to end it. One day I wrote a note and left it in the kitchen. I took at least 60 Prozac and over 100 paracetamol. Within less than 10 minutes of me taking the last one, my Mum arrived home to find the note. SHE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO FINISH WORK FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER 2 HOURS!!!! She had been let home early. So it was 999 and an ambulance to the hospital, followed by induced vomiting, I can't really remember if I stayed in that night or went home.

A month or so later I was before the Court, standing in the dock, my future in the hands of the Judge I stood there not just morally bankrupt but financially bankrupt! He was lenient on me and gave me a suspended sentence. You would think I would have learned from this? No - I still tried to fill this feeling of shame, guilt, hatred and emptiness with everything I could possibly think of. The sexual encounters with other males grew as did sex with multiple female partners. Pornography was just a daily thing. It didn't need me, I needed it. I was again an addict! It wasn't long before I was back before the Court and this time I got what I deserved, I was sent down for a little over a year. This was the end. SO I THOUGHT!!

I had an underlying urge to "confess," I didn't really know anything about anything so tried different ways to do this. Then, one Sunday I decided to go to the Prison Chapel, I'd heard about the GOOD coffee and CHOCOLATE biscuits they gave out! "Better than this prison stuff," I thought. I sat down and I picked up as directed, a book called the Bible. "Ok," I thought, "this ain't so bad." The guy at the front kind of threw me a little as he didn't have on the long dress I was used to seeing churchy people wearing. He began to read and I followed from the book I was holding, the passage - Luke 15:4-7, it was a story this guy called Jesus told, (I only thought His name was a swear word). It talks about a Shepherd who has 100 sheep and one goes missing. What he does really confused me; he goes after this ONE LOST SHEEP. Never mind the others, just this one. I began to get angry with the book and with the guy at the front because he was talking about me! What else did he know? How did he know? Who told him? He carried on, "the Shepherd, when he finds this little lost sheep, puts it on his shoulders and carries it back to the flock!" This was me, I cried in my mind. "I am that little lost sheep." Everything started to make sense, this emptiness I had been feeling my whole life was because I was a sheep without a Shepherd! I had come to an end of myself and gotten stuck, just like sheep do; This Shepherd had been looking for me my whole life! I ran away again that day, back to my cell, and I fell to my knees, crying out to God to come and be the Shepherd of my life. I found myself confessing stuff I didn't even know was wrong - but it was in the eyes of Almighty God. I realised it was this Jesus, whose name I'd used as a swear word, who was looking for me! Why me? Who was I? I wasn't anyone special! But I was to Him! I was as special to Him, as we all are and that He died on the cross for ME! Not just for me but the whole world. The next day I woke up in the same cell, same bed, same dank, dark jail but something was different, I felt completely free. In the Bible in John 8:36, Jesus says "If the Son makes you free you shall be free indeed."

I stepped out of my cell that morning on 'unlock' and someone shouted to me "why are you so (expletive) happy? You're in jail." Before my brain could engage, my mouth opened, I found myself shouting back - "because I have God in my life!" Now that is something you don't hear a lot in prison! Time progressed. Through study of the Bible, I grew bit by bit.

Just to back track to that day in the Chapel, we'd had a visiting ministry, i.e. people from various churches coming in and just being with us. Well, two of those people are still very dear friends of mine to this day and are even Admin to this email account. So if you are sceptical, there are people who can testify to the transforming power of God in me.

I was released a few months after this life changing event happened and I found a good church to attend, with help from some of the prison visitors and I settled in. Both myself and God, wanted me to do more with this new life I had been given. One of the guys who came into the prison went onto the streets of local towns and cities telling people about Jesus. I joined with him and off I went. It

was the very first time I had shared my faith openly in that way, so I listened intently to what he said to others.

That first time on the streets, really had an effect on me. I heard that because I had lied, stolen, looked with lust (which God sees as adultery,) hated someone or gotten angry with a person for no reason (which God sees as murder) used His name God/Jesus' Name to curse with then I was a lying, thieving, adulterous, murdering blasphemer at heart. If I was to have died IN my sins I would have to stand and plead guilty to a God who is infinitely holy and receive the just punishment for what I had done. This is a place called hell, a place I can assure you, you do NOT want to go but along with the bad news there is good news, this is what God did so we could be restored to Him and forgiven of our sins. God, Himself came to earth and lived as a man; this Shepherd who had been looking for His sheep was ALMIGHTY GOD! GOD PURSUED ME as He does each and every one of us. He lived a perfect and sinless life as Jesus Christ, fully God but fully man. He then died a cruel and painful death on a cross to pay the debt that we owe for breaking His laws. We've broken His laws but He has taken the punishment. Then on the third day He rose again, defeating the power of death and sin, and proving who He is. We, by repenting (turning away) and putting our faith in Jesus Christ and His payment, can receive forgiveness of sins and live eternally in heaven WITH Jesus! Well that night I again ran, I went home and I cried out again to God. "THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME, THANK YOU JESUS FOR SHEDDING YOUR BLOOD, FOR TAKING MY PUNISHMENT, FOR THE NEW LIFE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME, LET ME SERVE YOU FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE." Something happened that night that I can only describe as, like train carriages running through my head and seeing that it was me, us, not the Jews or Romans, 2000 years ago, but us, right here and now that had put Jesus on the cross. For all who say "I've never killed anyone, then we are lying because we in fact put the nails in Jesus' hands and feet." It was for what we have done that Jesus did what He did. The next time I went out on the street with our group I felt like something or someone grabbed the back of my jeans, lifted me off my feet and before I knew anything I was on the microphone in the middle of the Town Centre telling people that Jesus died for us.

Things were going great, I even started wrestling again and really getting fit; fitter than I had ever been; a lady came into my life and I was telling people of Jesus. However, the wrestling started to come before God. I was spending most of my time in the gym and training and less and less time with God. I compromised; I even began taking steroids to get to where I wanted to be quicker! Well, we cannot compromise with God. Where I thought I was wrestling for God's glory, it was actually for my own glory, to make MY name famous and not His. Come the end of a match one night, on a Saturday a 'Tombstone Pile Driver' went wrong, my head hit the mat and I heard a rather sickening click in my head. Unfazed I actually wrestled the very next night in an 8 man tag - elimination tag match even getting the pin on one of the opponents. A week later after thinking something wasn't right, I went to A&E and it was there I heard these words "Congratulations, you have broken your neck and we don't know how you are still walking." I had actually broken it in two places, the C1 Atlas bone, a Jefferson fracture (in technical terms). This was the same break as the late Christopher Reeve, who played the original Superman. I nearly crumpled to my knees to thank God for sparing my life, for His protection - but also His chastising to wake me up. Literally four weeks after, I was married to the lady I mentioned earlier. I was even able to take off the neck brace for photos! I really realised just how close I had come.

I prayed a few months later, after receiving healing from the immense pain that I was getting, asking God why He did what He did. I knew it had to be something serious, as stubborn old me would have carried on if it was just an arm, leg or rib etc. Having still not read the Bible in entirety, He took me to Psalm 118:17-18 "You will not die but live and declare the works of the Lord, I have punished you until sore but have not handed you over to death" I couldn't ask for a more direct answer and guidance in what God, not me, wanted me to do. I joined an evangelical ministry and was able to visit prisons and other places telling my story and helping other Believers to effectively share their faith. I would like to say this is the end. Unfortunately it isn't.

Sometimes people can claim to be something they are not and I found out the hard way that this was the case. My wife, I found, was committing adultery. I was devastated; it was like my heart had been ripped out. Marriage is forever I believed. Not once but three times I found out and everything that had been promised, spoken, was a lie. This caused an underlying mental illness to rise up again, and I reverted to harming myself and attempting suicide, I really did lose my mind. I reverted back to the same thought pattern as a child, "I was being punished for surviving cancer." When she left I was alone, I tried still to continue to evangelise but it was all empty, my heart was completely shattered. Even the ministry I was a part of, closed. What was going on Lord? I hadn't a clue. I reverted to my old patterns and habits, even breaking conditions I was under from my previous imprisonment. Even leaving all to go to South Africa didn't work, even though I was greatly privileged to see God performing miracles before my eyes. (I won't go into detail here about the miracles but please do ask me!) However, even this went wrong and I returned only to be arrested a few weeks later for what I had done. I completely turned my back on God, even after I saw and experienced all He had done. I still believed and tried in my own strength to be "good" but it was useless. I'd spent so long running away from things in my life that it was just engrained into me, so I ran again, skipping bail and leaving the country, trying to carry on. I couldn't, I had previously met a lady whom I had fallen deeply in love with and I missed her so much that I came back to England. Only by sheer chance, getting myself arrested at the coach station before I could get on the coach to be with her. That was the end of my running.

That night things really got worse for me. This voice I was hearing called for me to hurt myself and being in a police cell I had nothing to do it with so resorted to punching myself, in and around my eyes. They were so concerned they took me to A&E and found I had cracked the bridge of my nose and chipped my eye socket. I was remanded and sent to jail again. That was it I was finished, my whole life, family, God, everything would be gone. I thought I could NEVER go back to who I was. The voice got worse and I ended up slashing myself so many times I bear the scars today. Even trying to end my life and receiving stitches. I had nowhere to turn, by sheer 'Godincidence' one of the people in jail was having a visit the same day as me and lo and behold, his visitor was the one who is my dear, dear friend still, and was there that day when I gave my life to Jesus, the Admin of this ministry account. I was so ashamed I could hardly speak to her but she committed with her husband, where possible, to come and see me.

Worse news came when after only four months of being inside; I found out that my Mum had been diagnosed with breast cancer. What more? Come on, hadn't I been through enough? I tried praying and kept up rather an empty prayer life, acknowledging God but not really thinking He could love me still, after all I had done. I was listening to the voice that I named "it" and just doing enough to get through each and every day. I ended up on anti-psychotic medication along with strong anti-

depressants, which eased some anxiety but left me more like a character from the “Walking Dead” than a living person. I received a four year sentence, and not long after, just a few months, was moved to another jail.

I continued in this state for at least two and half years, and then one night I cried out to God, I asked Him directly “Can you still love me after everything I have done? After shaming you and throwing everything you did for me back in your face?” God, straight away - there was no delay, sent me to Jeremiah 31:3. Again I need to emphasise, I had still after all these years never read the Bible in entirety. The book of Jeremiah was a stranger to me, never having read it before, the verse said, (I use caps to emphasise) “THE LORD HAS SPOKEN OF OLD, SAYING, I HAVE LOVED YOU WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE AND HAVE DRAWN YOU WITH MY LOVING KINDNESS”. I don’t think I stopped crying all night, even as I write this my eyes are filled up with tears. When I thought that God was as far from me as He could possibly be, He was actually that Shepherd, carrying me, on His shoulders, through all of the trials, tribulations and pain I was going through, He carried me through it all. It was me and the enemy (the devil) that had kept me from turning back to Him. When I turned away from God I had extreme pain again in my neck where I broke it; after this point the pain disappeared. Remember the Psalm I told you of? Well when I go away from God He reminds me of how He rescued me from the jaws of death or paralysis and uses it to bring me back to Himself. He sustained me miraculously through a 40 day and night fast from all food, like Jesus did in Matthew 4. Even causing the Healthcare Staff in the prison to recoil in amazement when my blood sugar levels NEVER dropped below 4.8 - the norm! I have now completed the study of the Bible multiple times since this happened.

Since this day He has shown me so much, namely about Him, who He is, His character, His nature, His love, grace and compassion. But I think the most important part about God is His Holiness. This has led me into a life of living, by His grace, holy to Him. No - I am not perfect, and yes - sometimes bad things happen, but it is this understanding of God’s Holiness that brings me back to Jesus and His blood. I have since been released and whilst still under limitations, I am living how God wants me to live. The very next day after my release HE, by His grace, had me proclaiming the Gospel on the street again. Within a couple of days of obeying Him, He brought more brothers and sisters into contact with me, and is still increasing that. Upon release I ended up in an area far from anyone I knew and from family, but He, God, has directed my steps.

Proverbs 3:5-6 says this “Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding, in all your ways acknowledge Him and He will make your paths straight.” This is true, the Bible is true, and how do I know? I am living testimony to it.

God has not finished with me yet, there is still a lot He will do, and I will let Him, and so can you. My story is not unique, there are other stories out there the same, if not even more miraculous than mine, but one thing I want to emphasise is that NOBODY is beyond redemption. NOBODY is beyond restoration. One thing to remember is that the universe we are in DOES NOT contain God, God contains the Universe. And when we come to this realisation, we know that there is no mountain too high, no valley too deep, no gap too wide, no wall too high, no bars too thick and no lock strong enough to keep God out. All who call upon Him with a humble heart desiring to find Him WILL find Him, He will answer, that is His promise. May God bless you and bring you to the knowledge of Himself that you may “Taste and see that the Lord is good.” Don’t listen to the enemy he is a liar! I

am now completely med free, sealed by the blood of Jesus and free from mental illness, you also can be free. Call upon Him today.

My Mum? She is still with us and now free from cancer! Glory to God!

If you want to find out more about the Christian faith, note I said faith **NOT** religion as that is what Jesus offers us. Please use the references below.

For information on and scientific proof for Creation use the link below:

www.crt.org.uk This is a Creation ministry run by Geoff Chapman and other fully accredited scientists from all areas of Scientific research. They will answer any questions you have on Creation/evolution.

For historical evidences for the Bible and Jesus Christ use this link:

www.LeeStrobel.com Lee was an investigative journalist for the Chicago tribune and devout Atheist. It was his investigation into the historical evidence for Jesus Christ and reliability of the written records of His life that led him to the conclusion he had to make when faced with the evidence.

For archaeological evidences the Bible confirms use the link below:

www.biblicalarchaeology.com This compelling site gives ground breaking excavations confirming people/places etc once thought to have not existed. This has been a nail in the coffin for sceptics and liberals alike.

For answers to some of the most frequently asked questions, within a biblical response use the link below:

www.rforh.com Carl Kerby is a well renowned speaker and Christian apologetic and founder of 'Reasons for Hope Ministries'. Carl and I connected through a mutual acquaintance within the U.S wrestling scene. Isn't it amazing how God can work!!

For a short 'promo' video of the match where I broke my neck see the link below:

www.cinedownloads.com/video/67944075 Please note, I do not endorse any of the other videos on this site, although they are friends and kindly made the video for use in this manner.

For any other enquiries please do not hesitate to contact us at restoredbygrace5@gmail.com.