

By Taylor Jordan

This is a face book post that was so inspiring. It encourages me to continue to witness of God's love to those who seem so opposed

[17 August at 14:09](#) ·

I used to practice witchcraft. I did spells, read oracle cards, did energy work, and used crystals as a means of healing, protecting, and manifesting. I was a reiki master and a yoga teacher. I believed in astrology, manifested under a new moon, and did shadow work under the full moon. I worshipped nature and worked with goddesses. I believed I was a starseed. I found my spirit guides and let them lead the course of my life. I would talk to “Spirit/Source/Universe” and believe that I was speaking to my “higher self.” I believed that I created my own reality and that I was my own god, in control of my own life. I was also trapped in a continuous cycle of healing and “upleveling.” Constantly needing the next healing session in various forms. Feeling good after each healing session and chasing that “feel good” high when it would wear off. I believed that my next crisis was just leveling me up and raising my vibration and cracking some secret code to the harmony of the collective planet. While I believed all of this, I was suffering and in a deep pit of depression. I longed to feel loved, heard, and understood. My soul lacked a sense of belonging. My body was in a constant state of fight or flight. There were lots of days I had wished I weren’t alive. I was being tormented, experiencing regular sleep paralysis. I thought I could burn a little sage, say a little chant, and put crystals in every corner of my room to stop it.

I was wrong about all of it.

What I was actually doing was laying down a welcome mat for darkness, deception and all that comes with it.

I felt so allergic to the G-word (God). I almost unfriended a New Age colleague who had recently come to Christ because she couldn’t stop talking about Jesus. I was

irritated by it. Angry. Repelled. I thought, “What HAPPENED to her?! Has she gone mad?”

But in God’s grace, He met me in my stubbornness. In my sin. In my depression. There was a moment in my resistance where I reluctantly watched a movie about Jesus to appease my boyfriend at the time. I watched and sobbed hysterically. I was overcome by an intense feeling of love. Something I had never ever felt before. The kind of love that I was desperately chasing in all the wrong ways. That’s when I knew God was after my heart.

I tried to deny it and ignore it. But I wanted to feel that feeling again. So I chased after Jesus. I started reading the Bible. I had never really done that before. And God’s character was revealed to me. I prayed. A lot. I had resistance to attending church but eventually I bounced around to a few churches until I found a biblically sound church that I loved. And this is how I started a relationship with God.

I never knew what it meant to have a relationship with Jesus. And now that I know, I’d never let that go. The chains of my depression have been broken. After praying in the name of Jesus, I have never experienced another sleep paralysis episode again. I find joy in the Lord. I’ve been made free by His Word, felt the power of His Spirit, felt the love of the Father, and I’m changed forever.

New Agers often think there are multiple ways to God. That you just have to find “your truth.” Or that you can access “Christ consciousness.” None of that is true. The truth is that there are not multiple ways to God. There’s One. Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No one gets to the Father except through Him. John 14:6

I know lots of you will think the same thing about me that I thought about my New Age colleague. “She has gone totally mad.” I’m okay with that. There’s nothing that compares to the peace, hope, and love that comes from knowing Jesus.

My prayer is that maybe this plants a seed in your heart. And that if you feel convicted by my words, you be open to the idea that God is chasing after you too. 🙏🌸