



WHO YOU WANT TO BE THE KING OF YOUR LIFE?

I hope that this testimony will comfort and speak to those who are in my same old conditions and will encourage those who have already tasted the grace of God in their life so they could pray for their unsaved relatives.

In fact, if I can write my story is only because of the prayers of my relatives and brothers in Christ.

My childhood

I've been brought in a Christian family and till eighteen I regularly attended the church, but I was only a visitor because I didn't accept what they preached: the word of God.

Day after day I felt attracted by the things of the world so I left the church and my parent's teachings. My relatives, of course, weren't impassible about this situation and they tried to make me understand that life without Christ is sad and empty.

But I didn't want to listen to them, I couldn't understand what they wanted to give me: the love and the presence of God.

I was 20 when I decided to leave my family to know the world; so I went to Zurich (about 250 km away from home) to learn German, but most of all to live my life without my parent's pressure.

My departure

Some friends took me to the railway station and just before to leave I said to them: **"The world is mine"**. Some weeks after my arrival in Zurich I was already well accustomed to the ways and the habits of the city. I made a lot of friends. My new world began to give me new emotions: I felt satisfied, happy, I had no time-table to respect and I didn't want to leave anything life could give me.

Everyday friends came with something new: the world opened its arms for me and there wasn't place where I wasn't well accepted.

My friends kept on inviting me: **"Come, come, come. Come on, let's do it, let's have fun. Life is one, let's enjoying it. You can live only one time"**.

I used to spend my nights dancing and having fun. I used my freedom and the trust my father gave me to harm others.

As time went on, I began to feel weak and unsatisfied. The more I received, the worst I felt. In the meanwhile I'd finished my studies and began to work, but money wasn't enough. Only then I remembered to have a family.

Many times, in the darkest times, my father had come with food, clothes but - most of all - with a lot of love for me.

Every time a member of my family came to visit me I always found a Bible or some liflets at home. And every time I threw them away.

Looking for "more"

After some years Zurich wasn't enough for me and, thanks to my friends, I began to travel abroad; my destination was: **I need more.**

But I wasn't satisfied as well, so I decided to come back in Zurich. One day my body rebelled: it was tired to be used with no regards. I didn't sleep nor eat, so I got sick with my lungs and I had serious problems with my liver.

My family, of course, found what was happening so they began to push me up. They wanted me to come back home, but I didn't want to. A very cold winter morning, while I was coming back home after a night in the disco, I found behind the door my brother and my father.

As soon as my father saw me, he hugged me and began to cry. I said: "Why are you crying? Don't worry for me, I'm Ok" but they wouldn't listen. They wanted to take me home, and were really decided to leave me not there.

I was forced going home with them, but I stayed only few weeks. The world was calling me: **"Come, come, come"**.

I would flee away living my life at the place of loosing it. My health was bad; nevertheless I went back to Zurich.

I didn't know it, but the church, my family and a lot of brothers began to pray for me.

The Lord was beginning to work in my life, even if I didn't realize it.

Doctors couldn't help but, thanks to God and to the natural medicine, after one year I felt better and I began to live a new life.

The problems were not finished

I changed my lifestyle and I began to treat my body as something to respect. It had become a reason of life, a religion: I paid attention to the food, the drinks and the hours I slept. My health was ok, but I was always looking for something else. I could not find peace, I was always sad and unsatisfied.

I thought that with the recover of my health I could find peace, but it was not like that!

In the meanwhile I got married and we had beautiful daughters. I began to read many books about natural medicine and I was surprised to see how it worked.

I began to attend omeopatic courses and I read many books about this subject, and they took possess of my heart.

I also attended an alimentation course, named "Alimentation and Meditation".

During that course I learned some fitness exercises that would have a particular influence on my spirit.

The Christian teaching

The Christian teaching I'd received in my family was so far from what I'd learnt during those courses, so I got very confused. I was not aware to be wrong. They spoke about peace and love... and I used to ask myself: "What's wrong in peace and love?"

The relapse

After few months I began to feel sick. This time it wasn't a physic sickness, but a spiritual one. I was very unsure, I had fears and I asked myself: "If I do all these practices, then why I do feel so sick? Why am I so confused?"

The turning point

One night, just before to sleep, it happened something very strange. I was in bed and I felt clearly that I had to kneel and pray. A voice spoke directly to my heart: "Stand up and pray as you know".

Since childhood I had learnt how to pray. I knew Who and how to pray, even if I didn't do it before. I stood up and I knelt - I didn't know what to pray but I knew Who to pray: to that God I heard about when I was a child, to that Jesus my father always spoke about.

My prayer was very simple but it came from the heart: "**Lord, show me the right way**" and it ended up in the name of Jesus.

Since that night, every night I knelt down and prayed God to show me the way.

Unfortunately I was not changed. I remember one time I did something wrong and, few moments later, I felt frozen. I didn't know what it was, but I knew I'd sinned against God.

Even if I prayed, my thoughts and my heart were somewhere else. I used to attend to other courses about internal energy and I thought to be on the right way.

Day after day my knowledge grew. I thought to be near the solution of my problems. I was almost sure to be on the right way. I attended another course in which I learned other daily exercises to find peace, armony and love: I had to smile to convince myself to be in peace.

I thought these were harmless exercises, but strangely I kept on praying God to lead me on the right way.

Someone told me that this "energy" was also good to cure depression. Since I needed peace, I took an appointment and I began to follow a therapy and to assume some drops. After few days I began to feel good: everything was wonderful - clouds, trees, nature - it was all fantastic. I thought to be in paradise. I felt this energy surrounding me. Even I believed to be fine, even if I took drops, even if I did daily exercises, every night I knelt before the God of Israel, the God of the Bible, in the name of Jesus asking to find **the right way (John 14:13,14; 15:16; 16:23,26)**.

One night my daughter woke up crying with fever; I tried to do all my best but nothing helped. I began to pray and asked God with all my heart to keep His hands on my baby, while I was thinking: "Why all this is happening just now I'm praying?"

The doctor gave her some antibiotics, but instead I gave her some omeopatic medicines. Since fever was still very high, I had to give her the antibiotics. I never prayer like that. After three or four days, my daughter felt better. Our doctor sent us to a specialist to check up. The specialist said that the infection was very dangerous but fortunately nothing had happened. In that moment I realized that God had heard my prayers.

After few days my daughter began to feel really ok and as usually I forgot how the Lord had been good to me. I resumed the therapy thinking that everything would go for the better...

In the meanwhile I applied to a Taoist course (a Chinese religion of the fifth century related to Lao-tse and founded on no-action and magic arts).

My conversion

Next week I went to my father with all the family. That night I woke up and heard a voice: "Tomorrow morning you have to go to church with your father" so I thought: "If I'll woke up in time, I'll go to church".

Even if every night I prayed, I didn't want to go to church. Next morning I woke up in time and, after few seconds, my father came in and I said: "Dad, I want to come with you in church". My father was shocked, not believing to his ears. During the service there were testimonies and I heard again that voice: "Stand up and testify what the Lord has done for your daughter".

My legs trembled and I was so ashamed, but I had to stand up and tell what God had done. After the testimony I closed my eyes and the Lord touched my heart. I was surrounded by an incredible peace and I repeated loudly: "Halleluya! Halleluya! Halleluya!" It was a vivid experience and I had the assurance that God had touched my life with His love and His peace. I'd never felt like that before.

The last struggles

In the next days that wonderful experience was always in my mind and for the first time I spoke about Jesus with a friend. He was shocked about it. From that moment on I began to read the Bible.

As days went on, fears and doubts surrounded my mind. I struggled inside and I heard voices: "Yes, God has touched your heart but you can keep on doing the same things as before. You found God only because of those drops".

Inside of me there was a fight; I suffered a lot, I was confused and unsure, but I kept on praying asking God: "Jesus, help me to understand!"

As I stood after the prayer, I had the same thoughts and sometimes I fought also while I prayed.

The Taoism

Just before to make that experience with God in church, I'd applied to a Taoism course (energy exercises in contact with nature).

The Lord told me not to go, but as I decided to call and cancel my application, some voices told me: "There's nothing wrong; you can go". Struggles inside of me were increasing and I could not decide what to do. At the end I decided to go and I took the Bible with me.

On the first day the trainer told us: "I'm glad to be here with you and I have so much love to share with everyone of you". I thought: "What's wrong in this course? I trust the trainer" (she was also my therapist).

That night I spoke about the Lord with a lady in my same course. During the following days I compared what I felt in my heart after my divine experience, with the things I heard in the course.

The exercises were mostly in contact with the nature. Every exercise corresponded with a physic organ and every day there was a different practice. Everything was presented with peace and tranquillity. Even if I did these exercises, my experience with the Lord was always present in my heart and that's why I barely succeeded them.

None of those exercises could be compared to the experience with the Lord. Nevertheless, every night just before to sleep I prayed God.

Totally delivered

After the course I went to Mendrisio to visit my father. On Sunday morning I went to church there and in the evening I went to Mendrisio. After the services I felt a perfect peace in my heart. Everything was clear. The Lord revealed in my life and every doubt went away.

It has been my prayer to God and not the drops, the exercises or the therapy.

My decision

Now I had to take a decision: "Who did I have to fear? Who did I have to worship? Who did I have to belong to?" (Joshua 24:15). I didn't hesitate and I said to myself: "**I want Jesus to be the King of my life**". I was delivered! Halleluya!

I took the drops, all omeopatic and Taoist books and threw them away (Acts 19:18-19). I was sure that those things would not help me but drew me away from Jesus. I began to attend

the church and the prayer meetings, but mostly I began to pray at home, asking God the forgiveness and the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

One evening as I prayer in my room (Matthew 6:6), I cried God to forgive me. His answer was immediately. Jesus came in my heart, He delivered me from the evil that avoided me to serve Him completely. I realized that if I wouldn't let Jesus work in my life, I would be lost forever. **I knelt down as a sinner and I stood up as a new man, born again in Jesus Christ.**

I began to understand, to see and recognize only Jesus as Savior and Master of my life (Jude 4).

The tempter tried again

Struggles weren't finished. Some voices told me: "What are you doing? God can't be real; just go on as usual, take again the drops". This time I was stronger, I didn't lose my struggles and I wasn't alone in the war: Jesus was by my side.

One evening I went back home and my wife, with a very strange expression, told me: "Your trainer called and she wanted to know if you've paid the drops you received". Not only I'd paid, but I'd threw them away. She was anxious about those drops. Where did it was her trust and love for me? Did her love had a limit? Did it had a price?

Being obedient to the commandment of Jesus

On 9th November 1997 my father, an evangelic pastor, dipped me in the waters in the church of Mendrisio, according to the commandment of Jesus (Mark 16:16).

For one year I asked the Lord to baptize me in the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:38,39). In my heart there was a little desire: to be baptized in my father's presence, and so it was.

On 13th July 1998, after a four-day campaign in the Bible School of Germany (NEAT), I went back home. In my room, grasped to my father, I received the Holy Spirit (Acts 19:5,6).

Now I can say with all my heart: I'm saved by grace. Thanks to God!

A word to the Reader:

Dear friend, I don't know in which situation you're right now; maybe you're confused and you don't know the right way. In whatever situation you are, don't worry. Kneel down and pray with all your heart, asking Jesus to be the King of your life.

God is love and His love has not price. God doesn't betray, He's faithful. Because of His enduring love He gave His only Son to redeem our sins (John 3:16).

Jesus Christ: a message of love, hope, salvation, peace and eternal life. Pray God in the name of His Son to receive forgiveness.

I would like to thank with all my heart my father, my family and all the brothers and sisters who prayed for me; but most of all I thank God for listening to the prayers of His sons, giving me **a new life.**

*In Christ,
Giuseppe La Placa*