

Testimony of my first encounter with God

I was almost thirty three years old, when I, for the very first time in my life, had an encounter with the ever living God. To this day it was not just my first but also my most powerful encounter with Him. After this I have been in the presence of God several times and in different ways... this is my testimony.

I was born in Bydgoszcz Poland, on 13th March 1947. I was the eldest in my family, with my brother, Czeslaw, being two years younger and my sister, Janinka, seven years younger, than me. My father was at a high and strong level of status, being one of the few engineers in the city after World War II. My family was quite wealthy, considering the times and strong practicing Catholics. Even I, until twenty years of age was serving as altar boy in a Roman-Catholic Church called "Gods Mother of Incessant Help" in Szwedrowo, where for many years parish-priest Czeslaw Rolski resided. For many years it was a normal custom in my home to invite priests from the parish for dinner, as it was during the reign of communism, my father was very brave to keep doing this.

I finished my studies of engineering at the College of Engineering in Bydgoszcz. I got married to a local girl, Miss Bozena Reszkowska, and we had an only daughter, Beata. After 10 yrs the marriage started to fall apart, even though I tried everything to fix it and held on as long as I could, unfortunately it ended in divorce. This consequently provoked me to deeply think about the meaning of life.

Day by day it occurred to me, with ever increasing conviction, that there were certain spiritual forces, some destructive and other constructive ones.

Around 15th September 1980, industrial strikes broke out in Polish factories, starting from shipyard in Gdansk, and quickly spreading through out the rest of the country. This resulted in the rise of 'Independent Workers Union Solidarity' (Solidarność). I was chosen to be a member of the Solidarity Committee at the Medical Equipment Repairs Plant, where I was working at the time. Many friends and colleagues that come from different social levels took part along my side in this "bloodless revolution"; the activity launch of the independent workers union was in a country ruled entirely by the communist dictatorship.

In December that year, two weeks before Christmas, around 9 pm, I had a knock at my door. I opened the door and there, standing, was man with tall boots, who introduced himself as an agent of the Security Department, demanding to speak with citizen Jerzy Maniewski. I answered it was me and invited him into my room I was currently occupying. Upon first conversation, I was handed a description of regulations for living in this city and on earth. It was demanded of me to immediately cease all political and union activity, to stop giving support to my Solidarity region, 'NSZZ' leader eng. Jan Rulewski, and to terminate all publishing information about the actual state of national economy. I was firmly reprimanded to cease all support and union movement with Jan Rulewski.

I refused and said we were fighting for justice in our country and for a better future for the younger generations, so my daughter does not have to wait twenty years for a flat to live in. the agent kept firmly persisting with the regulations, so I kept on firmly refusing. It came to a point where the agent told me, if I keep on refusing, they would have to terminate me, as they cannot have a revolution in the city, and at the same time, he was slowly reaching towards his top pocket, very carefully making sure I would notice. This was a very stressed and anxious moment.

Fortunately, it turned out only to be a metal cigarette case; he lit a cigarette and again reminded me that if I do not agree with the regulations, I will be terminated, than he left.

Closing the door behind him, I realized these could have been my last moments on earth, because as the agent was taking out the cigarette case, I really thought it was a pistol. In a quick flash, my life could have ended. Just as I was beginning to live, I saw death before my eyes.

Under normal circumstances, nobody thinks in such a way, but I hope you can understand the situation in which I found myself. Unfortunately, the rest of the population in the country was suffering the same way.

For a while now, I was the brain of the factory committee 'NSZZ' Solidarity and I had a say in the decision making to commence strikes. I taught others how to boldly, courageously, and in unity, stand up against the communist machine; I already at this time had experience in public speech at the town's headquarters of the Communist Committee 'PZPR' (Polish United Party of Workers). Several times by now, I had visits from the government military police at my home and I knew that I was carefully observed everywhere I went and everything I did. Such events only happen to those on the frontline and I realized I was not only fighting the system of a communist government but also the stupidity of people, their fear and corruption that had possession over them.

I realized that this was not a game anymore and that it has not been for some time.

During all this time, some activists of Solidarity were mysteriously disappearing i.e. for no apparent reason they would jump underneath a tram, jumped of the tenth floor of a building or suddenly jump of a train under another. I clearly remember that one of the activists' flat in Olsztyn, was burnt. In the night when all family was asleep, someone spilt petrol under the door and after it spread around the floor it was set on fire.

The situation in cities and the whole country was very tense, families everywhere argued and overall it was very nerve wrecking. Society was divided. Government's mass media campaigned strongly to misinform people and the only true information we had was from our union leaflets, which were constantly being confiscated, so information was few and far between. They also kept cutting off all other sources of information such as phones and teletypes. I found myself at times in a situation where I had to make decisions as if I was an officer in the army on the frontline.

I knew at this point, without a doubt that the time for me to die has come, and the only thought in my mind was that I had to go to confession. It was around 10 at night, there was snow on the ground, and the town was asleep. I realized if I went out now looking for a priest in the nearest parish, I might not come back. I intensely thought about what to do, upon leaving my apartment I had to prepare for death, which I don't think I was that afraid of just more saddened about loosing everything I have worked hard for, lived for and loved ... my education, my carrier, my marriage and daughter.

I began weeping, desperately wanting to be resurrected after death. I asked myself do I even know anyone who has been resurrected? I realized I didn't. I thought for a moment maybe Marry did, but I was not sure.

I wanted so much to be resurrected after death that I began praying to Jesus. Lots of different thoughts were running around in my head, I was mainly searching for someone who could help me. Maybe my teacher from school – no, my doctor – no, my director at work – no, a priest – no. I found emptiness as I realized that no one could help, even my advocate couldn't help my now. Sadly, I continued to search my mind for someone who could help me, anyone who could take me away from my death and at the same time help carry the weight of the responsibility of the union, which was the sole reason for my path of death.

Unfortunately, once again I concluded that I knew not a single person with the authority to help me in the matters of death or to give any kind of help or advice, and so I began crying harder and louder than ever before.

I knew that I had done many wrong things in my life, for which I had to carry the punishment, but it was very hard for me to come to terms with the thought that fighting for justice, I would have to die. There was no sense in this world.

I suddenly remembered that Jesus was resurrected. I so much wanted to be resurrected myself, that I began praying to Jesus. I badly wanted Jesus to understand me, that while praying I began confessing everything to Him and saying how unfair it was that I had to die just because I wanted a better life for my people.

At this time He, Jesus appeared. I saw him in the garden of Gethsemane, in a kneeling position, bending over and sweat with blood running down His forehead.

This was very strange for me as I instantly realized that Jesus was under similar stress as I was.

I said to Jesus: *“did you fight with death in the same way?”* He looked at me and replied, *“You cannot fight injustice, obscurity and stupidity on your own. These forces will destroy you. Hide behind me, go after me”*. Even though I did not here a voice in my ears, I knew that that’s what He said to me; at least that’s how I perceived it.

I began crying even louder, asking Jesus to forgive all my sins, wrongdoings and allow me to follow Him. I begged Jesus to rescue me.

A thought came into my mind that Jesus in the garden was praying to our Father asking to be rescued from death. So I began praying, *“Lord my Father if you want me to die than I shall die, let it be your will not mine. If your will is for me to drink from the cup than I shall, let it be your will not mine”*.

This was all in the depths of my heart and as honest as I could ever be with myself.

All of sudden it became very, very bright in the room. This brightness cut across me, it went through my bones, my skin and my entire body. I was still crying.

Slowly I began to calm down. In the next couple of minutes something was coming out of my body. I think more like leaving my body. I glanced at my hands and my spread out arms on the couch and saw a grey, shapeless mist; I realized these were some kind of forces inside of me leaving my body. First, I thought it was cigarette smoke, but realized that it was much stronger; these were dark forces that resided in me.... escaping. Soon after I became very calm, soothed and peaceful. I began to feel the positive force in me, something that was bringing me out of a deep depression. I then knew that I stayed alive, even though I saw Jesus. That He was the only one that understood me, didn’t call me any bad names, and didn’t reject me, only accepted me just as I was.

Now I felt good, more peaceful, all fear disappeared and I became sleepy. I went to lie down in bed.

I could not stop thinking, though, about where they came from and how did these dark forces reside in me? The more I pondered, the more I was convinced that they came through my sin and the longer they were in me I turned into an animal.

After this realization I felt more relaxed and safe, calmly I laid my head to sleep.

With my room dark and my eyes closed, I was still able to see and feel the brightness inside me; this very much intrigued me ... light inside me, what is this?

It was pleasant even though it was unbelievably powerful and illuminating. Falling asleep, I could not help myself but keep looking into the light, very interested in it. I became totally convinced that Jesus gave this to me. My interest held me from completely falling asleep and I had full recognition of what was happening to me. I understood that Jesus was a teacher, but why did he give this light inside me?

Suddenly I found my entire self in the light; it totally surrounded me and began to elevate me. I left my body and then found myself surrounded by darkness, as if the entire earth was surrounded by darkness.

In a couple of moments, I moved from this darkness into a beautiful, wonderful brightness. Now there was a ray of bright light surrounding my entire body, which had no shadow or any kind of darkness whatsoever. I began looking around; searching for my shadow as if I was on earth, but it was not there. In fact, it was quite the opposite, the surrounding rays of light multiplied around my entire body. Then a voice came to me *“what are you looking for?”*

I replied *“my shadow!”* the voice answered, *“there are not shadows here, and no darkness can enter here. This is heaven”*.

I felt fortunate as the voice told me I was here to meet with God. I thought to myself, - Ach! So, this is how it is, I have already died and now I am here for my judgment by God. At least I got to heaven, than it's not so bad. I wanted to show God my entire life. I wanted to bring to him all the best deeds of my life in my hands, but as I looked at them, I saw my life like butter melt through my fingers and consequently there was nothing left.

Moving towards the throne of the Almighty, I felt and saw abundant glory radiating. The radiating increased, strengthened, and was very intense at its source.

I did not see God's face alone, just the centre of the radiant light and glory. Perhaps that is because I was concentrating solely on the overall object from which the light was coming out. The rays of light were moving, radiating in and out of Him and from this moment, I understood the sense and meaning of the word "glory". The radiance itself is what we call glory, but I suppose, explaining it in terms of any language on earth, is still very difficult, it is something that really needs to be experienced by oneself. At this time I was moving very close towards God, and I think this was only possible because I had the radiant light, as well within me, moving through me without resistance. I realized that my inner light was not a source by itself, but part of the light radiating from the source, and in me was not any obstruction to the light.

The Almighty was sitting on His throne in the centre of all the radiance.

I stopped and was able carefully examine the phenomena surrounding Him. The radiant light entered Him, and then as they were passing through Him gained enormous energy. The strength of the rays leaving Him was greater than upon entering; they penetrated and spread through the vast area of heaven. They had to have some restriction to space because they repeatedly returned to Him. I engaged in my analysis of the light flow process for along while. I knew I was not allowed to stop the process of the radiance, but to succumb to it so it can flow freely through me. This allowed me to stand so close to the source of the radiance that I saw this whole process in complete detail.

This light had in itself an enormous energy of condensed power, and in that energy was life. It worked on a very, very high frequency that would be impossible to measure with any instrument on earth. Here, I wondered why nobody on earth bothered to work on building any instruments to measure the strength of this light or gather facts behind its existence.

A small amount of this light had more power than an atomic bomb. It moved with great speed, greater than the speed of light on earth that I had learned in school about the "theory of light". Where I know this from? In school we learned only about the light in the solar system, which seems is only to be the derivation of this light. Only small amount reaches the earth, the rest must reach some far away screens or filters and rebound back to the sources. The lights' source worked on the principle of complete self-recharge. Because the rays continuously returned and charged the source, the source itself was a perpetual system – a self powered mechanism. It looked like the running process of the light in its source, had no beginning or end. You could not stop it and did not have to restart it.

The light beaming from the source had the highest form of energy, and each light following made a different and lower form of energy. The light itself could never disappear; just transform itself onto other energy. For example the uranium particles used for building atomic reactors were once a part of that same lights' energy.

Now standing in the stream of the light I was learning, that all knowledge from the beginning of time came from the source of this light, that is the Almighty.

Mathematics and scientific mathematics along with quantum physics have led us to a mathematical grasp on processes that took place in the highest form, in the formation of light, in times measured by units of light counting backwards or calculating into the future. The light which flowed from the Almighty was the highest form of light; it could split resulting not only in different lights but, in the end process, also build new elements that take up a material form coming from the countless processes of polarization of light.

Continuing to stand in the streaming light, I experienced a flow of large amounts of information on the creation of the world and formation of life; living forms existing now, future

ones, as well as about the development of sciences. I did not possess any of this knowledge myself; it all flowed into me from the streams of the light that carried information about the current changes in the universe that took place owing to that life giving energy of light.

The closest form of light, on earth, to the brightness of heaven is that of fluorescent or neon light. Where inside there are no wires, just confined space glowing, insulated from the outside

It is hard to illustrate a live spiritual process, being put in the perceivably static realm of matter, your tongue in the middle is very limited to realms of another world, “world of everlasting brilliance”.

From the throne of the Almighty the radiating illumination spread in every different direction. This light holds life in itself and we call it brightness. The brightness was expending filling the whole universe and the earth. There are nations, people and individuals on the earth, who know how to receive that brightness, which gives growth. However, there are nations, which do not want to receive it and they resist that brightness and as result they cannot attain a development. Those nations do not allow to be converted by that light. It was the answer to my question where the differences in progress in particular nations come from.

At this point I comprehended the “secret” of the one God in three persons. They are forever three individuals in one Spirit. The son Jesus led me to the Father and the Holy Spirit joins everyone together in one whole inseparable and undividable entity. The Holy Spirit illuminated through the Almighty God and had His personality.

Being in His presence I was able to inundate myself in Him, which allowed me to move freely around in heaven. I saw people dressed in white. Having white clothes was necessary for being in the pure brightness. Thus all had white outfits and their clothes only increased the brightness of heaven, which spilt everywhere. I wanted to talk with certain people, as I knew them from different times of my life on earth. This made me realize the unbelievable communication existing in heaven. If I desired to talk to a certain person, no matter how far away they were, that person turned in my direction ready to talk. The Holy Spirit within us all was the same, all you had to do was think and give your inner desire permission and the person I want to make contact with senses that desire.

I noticed and observed many things and was very interested in them all, at certain subjects I devoted more of my attention. Some things I remembered I was told about on earth, but never realized they really existed and here in heaven could be actually experienced. Certain details about what I saw or experienced, are very hard to completely recollect, especially after 20 years, but being there was one amazing and never ending enjoyment. I felt such pleasure and contentment that I decided to stay there. Time did not exist there, I saw no clocks, and I did not even know how much time I had already spent there. Time became lost to me; it could have already been an hour, a month, a year, a thousand years.... I did not feel it.

I yearned to see every corner of heaven, as my goal was to stay there permanently. Here I did not have to pay rent and was able to move around effortlessly and without any limitations. Then a voice spoke to me, “*you have to return to your loved ones*”. I replied, “*no, I don’t want, I feel so good here*”, but all of a sudden I received a very strong desire in my heart to return to earth and tell all my family about life after death.

Soon I felt I was re-entering my body, which was cool. When was completely back inside, I felt very limited by my own body and began moving it and then I woke up. It was morning already, and about 15 minutes before the usual time to get up. I had a one hundred percent certainty and realization that I was just in heaven and saw divine things. It was not a dream, but a reality I just experienced throughout the whole night.

I felt completely different; I realized that the person residing in my body now is not the one that was there previously. I recognized everything else in my room, my furniture, everything was just the way I left it the night before. I went to the hall way to look in the large mirror to see if I could recognize my own face. The reflection was the same, me Jerzy Maniewski, but on the inside I was different... godly. Who was this godly one? What was his name? I did not know.

The time was nearing for me to go to work, so I got dressed and went. The entire time I kept thinking, would everyone at work recognize me because I was different. As usual, in Personal Office on a table, there was a list of present workers names and you had to sign next to your name. I looked at my name and saw the same as usual, but I knew that this morning the Jerzy Maniewski that came to work was very different than the one that worked here previously. The one that was present today was a new person and the old one had died last night. I had a hard time dealing with all this and therefore did not sign next to my name.

An hour later the secretary called for me and says, "*Mr. engineer, you did not sign the list yet*", I answered, "*I'm not an engineer anymore, I was until yesterday, but today I'm not anything*", she replies, "*so what am I supposed to call you? - master?*" and I answer, "*no, that's worse, only in heaven sitting on a throne is the one and only master and engineer of this world, (at the same time pointing my finger towards the sky) I just saw and spent all last night with Him, He is truly the one and only ... God*". I looked around at the faces of the rest of the people in the office, they were bewildered and shocked at the things I was saying. I knew they all thought at this moment I was completely insane.

From the moment my conflict with this earthly living began.

People in this world, which listened to what I was saying, regarded me as a person without all the right marbles upstairs. I, on the other hand, regarded those without any faith in existence of the Lord, as crazy and those they descended away from the light a long time ago.

This is how I spent my first couple of days living on earth after my visit to heaven, in the influence of a heavenly shock. I, to myself, could not explain many certain things let alone explain anything to anyone else. Walking the streets, riding the trams or the buses, I looked upon the women that I used to be attracted to, and found nothing appealing in them anymore, nothing that would rise even a little bit of my desire. I felt as if I have been demagnetised.

Real beauty was in heaven. I walked around in love with heaven and desperately wanting to return there as soon as possible. I realized now that if people knew and felt this way, they would not go to a friend's funeral after they have died but have a celebration and rejoice in his or hers return to the constant God's presence. I knew thought that I had to put all these thoughts into perspective in my mind. These were new dimensions I had never in my life experienced and no one had ever given me any kind of information about. The problem in all this is that the Holy Spirit can very quickly pass information to a person and open his soul, but time has to go by before the mind can embrace it. In edition I don't even remember if anyone has ever talked about such a direct contact with God. In all my education, including religion, nobody ever mentioned than a man can spend time with God whilst being still on earth in our present time.

As you can imagine, each new day brought a hundred new questions and worst of all I had no one that I could share with so there was only one thing to do, by myself go back to the God I met and ask Him everything.

The next day, after my heavenly encounter, I returned early from work around four in the afternoon, sat in my room on my sofa and prayed to God something along the lines, "*God I want to know more about you. What kind of God are you? Are you the genuine God?*" Meanwhile inside me something was telling me "*I AM the everlasting, ever living God, the one and only, you will find out about Me in all the ancient scriptures of the world*".

I glanced at the rows of books on my shelves and in the corner of one shelf was a book titled 'The Bible – Old and New Testament'. Ach! Off course, these are the oldest Jewish scriptures – I almost said out loud. I picked it up and began looking through it. I remember glancing through it some time ago, but it did not awaken any great interest. Now, however, I was very excited! Would I find even a small piece of confirmation about what I had experienced? I found the section 'the book of Acts' and began reading and when I reached the second chapter, in which describes how the Holy Spirit came over the apostles, the same Holy Spirit that I spent time with in heaven overwhelmed me. I immediately understood that this Holy Spirit was the same one that came over the apostles, around two thousand years ago.

EUREKA! I shouted from excitement.

This, for me, was like a found treasure, a strong origin that I can show everybody; protecting myself with, and most importantly for me to be convinced of where I am. This was my strong reassurance about everything that I had experienced. It strengthened me in the fact that it was not a dream, as God Himself that I met, confirmed His existence through the Holy Spirit, the one I just uncovered and that stayed with me here on earth.

I decided to go to the nearest parish and discuss the matter of my visit to heaven with a priest. As soon as this thought occurred, the Holy Spirit stopped me, convincing me that I really did not have to go. That most of the Roman – Catholic priests talk about God, but have never really met with Him or even been in heaven. If it were otherwise, I would have definitely heard about it in Sunday sermons. The Holy Spirit persuaded me that I myself have the knowledge; since I spent time with God himself, and can ask Him anything... my whole education was as good as the priests'. I felt totally convinced that my intentions of going to the parish were of no consequence.

I became fearless towards death and people especially the ones who threatened me with death; I became completely convinced that if they hurt me they are hurting the live God that is within me. They cannot kill Him with in me, because He has the strength of resurrection.

In following times the situation in the entire country became more agonising. Communism “concrete” was reaching new heights with their new progressive social movement – the union movement. Each new week there were fresh political kaleidoscopes.

I continued to work as a designer and voluntary as a Solidarity activist. On my desk there always was a Bible so I could in free moments read it or if I needed help in resolving the latest political and social problems. Knowing that God was with me, I gave myself to the needs of people and through this process became aware of Gods' excel.

One particular day, after work, I felt the need to visit my parents who were both already on an old age pension, and tell them about my visit to heaven and seeing God. Well, that was the intention of my visit anyway.

My mum set the table for dinner while my dad was trying to convince me of the hardship in the fight with communism and that I can lose my life, which he definitely did not want. I kept silent. After the first course my mum asked “*Jerzyk, darling, why aren't you saying anything today?*” and I replied “*You see this is how it is: he comes to his own and his own did not recognise him, he came to his own town and they did not receive him; but those that did receive him became God's children....*” After this introduction I want to continue but was interrupted. Mum dropped onto a chair, dad moved his dinner away, they looked at each other and dad said: “*you have to go to the doctor, you're thinking has mixed after the divorce and now because of the Solidarity union*”, mum added: “*Jerzyk, darling, you really have to get some professional medical help, you don't know what you're saying anymore We haven't had anyone in the family mentally ill, but I think your getting close*”.

With such a turn in events, I soon left, saying nicely goodbye to my parents knowing there is no sense in talking further as they would not be able to accept anymore. I would only wreck their nerves.

In fact, a couple of months later, in April 1981, I received a referral for a psychiatric examination. To this day I don't know who really wanted to help me so much.

I knew one thing; I had to learn to talk to people. As each time I said something, a conflict arose. I noticed that the simpler I tried my words to be, the larger expression of amazement was on the listeners' faces. I decided then to speak more with God than with people, not realising at the time the consequences of this resolution.

Since then nearly everyday, signs and miracles in the supernatural form were shining through.

One following day, returning from work on the bus, I started to pray to God. I was saying to Him how I know now that He is my Father, who cares for me and protects me. I than began the prayer of “Our Father...” I began intensely thinking about each and every word in the prayer realising how now they had a whole new and deeper meaning for me. I also noticed that I can

pray, with an unexpected easiness, in other languages, Russian, German, and Latin. All these languages I learned a long time ago, and now they were flowing easily from my tongue, as if there was a pre-recorded tape of my life inside me playing. It poured out from inside me without any strain of the mind. This amused me and I played with this new 'skill' all afternoon.

Nearly everyday, something unbelievable was happening also around me, as if by coincidence forcing me to talk about Him, the Almighty One. One evening I arrived home from work exhausted, the day was very hard. Normal working day turn into daily factory crew meetings and resolve newly arisen conflicts with the corporation's management. Getting ready for bed, I remembered I had to trim my moustache, it was too long and I was looking a bit shabby. All this time I was talking with my inner hidden God. I stood in front of the mirror in the hallway trimming my moustache, apologising to Him that I could not clean up after myself as I was very tired and even falling asleep standing up. The trimmings were falling to the floor. I went to the bathroom to wash my face at the sink. Leaning over, I saw the trimmed hair that landed on the floor now lying in the sink ready to be flushed down with the water. I thanked my God for His concern and helping me with even my small personal matters, and then went to sleep.

I must confess that such one on one experiences with the supernatural have always scared me a bit. I myself sometimes did not know if I was human or an angel i.e. a heavenly entity, as the presence of an open heaven was an everyday occurrence in my reality. I tried to keep myself in balance as much as I could, reasoning with my self that Adam also must have been walking on Earth in this way with God.

At the time the atmosphere in my workplace was altering, following the tension in the whole country. Workers in my factory could receive their monthly bonuses based on then present system assessing appointed task. The result of that assessment qualified for a share in the bonus divided among workers. One such month, I spent majority of the time working on organising newly formed independent workers union 'NSZZ' Solidarność and help for people. Later on when the bonus list was declared, I was the only one who did not get anything, this mean "0". Everyone had their share in the bonus that made up around thirty percent of the base earnings. Deep inside my heart, I counted on someone taking up a collection for me, but it did not happen. I felt heavy and deeply grieved because of this. I felt like Jesus who fed the people, and then they themselves participated in His sentence.

It was, though, very good spiritual lesson for me. I realized that the Evangelistic Spirit of Jesus is forever the same, unchanged for two thousand years and roams in an unstoppable cycle on earth. I left the matter in God's hands, hoping that He himself one day will even out this temporary loss and unmindful of the costs, I continued to help people with the wisdom given to me by God.

Shortly it turned out that I was not mistaken.

My days were very, very busy. I worked almost sixteen hours a day. On day I finished work normally and decided to go for walk through the town. Passing through the 'Old Town', I stepped into a store called 'Gentleman' locating at the corner of Mostowa and Farna Street. Looking for a pair of new trousers, as my current pair was completely worn out. I need urgent new trousers. At that time all the stores were nearly empty; there were practically no goods on the shelves. You had to buy food as well as socks on coupons. Therefore, in this instance this store contained only one style of trousers, jeans produced from Yugoslavia, and unfortunately two sizes too big for me. I really had no choice; I bought a pair to have at least one good pair of trousers. When I arrived home, I tried them on, sat on couch in my room, and started to cry out to God. My words were something along the lines of *"God, you who sees all and knows all, I helped people as much as I could, all who had various kinds of needs, and now I myself don't even have anything to wear. My life has led me to such a point that I do not even have a pair of trousers, and the ones I have, I cannot show myself with in public."*

I began to remember my religion lessons from when I was a child; God clothed Adam and Eve when they were naked. I added these words to my prayer, *"God, you yourself clothed*

Adam, please do the same for me." In my heart there was sadness and I felt like the most insignificant person on earth. In the mean time, I began to feel a delicate radiance surrounding my body, as if I just found myself in an electromagnetic field. At first it was soft, but grew stronger as each moment passed, and I knew that God had heard my prayer. My eyes were closed, but I was feeling everything quite clearly... how the radiation increase. The air was vibrating around the trousers and each atom i.e. the smallest parts around the material, all vibrated in the highest frequency. This energy kept growing stronger. I had nothing else left to do but completely surround to it, as it was from God and He was all I had. Soon the material of the trousers began to transform, and I said to God *"if you are transforming them for me, than could you make them fit to my size and modern, please"* In that moment, I felt another surge of energy much stronger and the material of the trousers took on one last transformation. I thanked God for all he had done. When the radiance around me finished, I still for a long time did not open my eyes. I was thinking: maybe I was dreaming, or it was some kind of apparition or just my imagination, it would have been too good to be true, a miracle even, for the things that I felt to have come true. As I opened my eyes and risen from the couch my doubts were extinguished and everything I had felt confirmed, the trousers were transformed completely and exactly to my measurements, even the length.

I walked out into the hallway, where the large mirror hung, had a close look at myself in the trousers and with out a doubt they were perfect. My ex-wife entered the hallway at that moment, looked at me, then at the modern trousers, and said *"well, well, he sewed them very nicely for you"*.

She ofcourse meant a tailor, I on the other hand considered God. It was sad that I could not share with her all these wonders and thoughts that were of above earthly understanding. In between us, there was an invisible spiritual wall and every interpretation was turned around.

The next day, I went to work in my new trousers.

It came to be the end of February 1981 and the directors at work started a wave of firing workers. At this time almost everybody belonged to the newly begun workers union. Workers looked for help with the law and for protection at the 'NSZZ' Solidarity commission, and the commission in many cases sent them to me. These actions resulted in me, instead of finishing my daily work responsibilities, I only doing work for the commission. One day directors stopped accepting this fact and put upon me very strong restrictions. They demanded of me, by the end of the day, work finished on a whole stack of construction drawings, which were supposed to be checked in the past weeks. I knew this was deliberately arranged so I would not be able to show these results and they would have some reason to fire me.

I prayed with a deep sigh, *"God help me, save me"*. That was the only prayer that I was capable of. I began checking the pile of drawings, which were put in front of me and after a couple of moments I noticed that I could see certain measurements written in a darker font, with a darker pen. I checked one of these measurements and it was a mistake, then I checked another and it was also wrong, a result of incorrect calculations. I checked one more, and found it was incorrect as well. I realised without any more doubts that God was showing me, through the light inside me, where all the hidden mistakes in the calculations were on the drawings. In normal circumstances it would have taken me approximately one week to conclude this task. I was totally convinced that God, who is the light, was showing me how through the organs of my body, such as my eyes, He can work out problems in seconds.

I took the rest of the drawings, and one by one, as I looked at the measurements, in an instant I received information on the mistakes. I marked all the incorrect measurements, and the entire pile of drawings had taken me no longer than one hour to do.

"You are an amazing God" I heaved a sigh of relief, thankful for what He had done for me, and then handed the pile of drawings for a further analysis. The management was dumb founded and embarrassed, what was set, as a trap for me became redemption. Not only were my work made easier, but others as well, and pay managers saved costs on time spent on a project. I

myself could not stop being amazed at what God can accomplish for someone with such ease and simplicity.

Half an hour later after the incident I was once more able to return to doing work for the workers union, Solidarity commission.

It became a time that God's blessings were abundantly pouring over us.

Also during this time, glow-discharge tubes in fixtures on the ceiling of the office were burning out constantly one by one and had to be replaced nearly everyday. This brought amazement and several comments from many workers, and soon there was open talk about God.

During one day at work, col. Zbigniew a chairman from the workers union commission, come up to me and said this *"you know... I need to talk with you, because something supernatural is happening at our work place."* I asked spontaneously *"what, something new again?"* and he answers *"we already had a conversation among the commission about this matter when you were absent, and even the director at work has pointed this out to me. At work there are weird things happening, some kinds of forces not of this earth are at work, causing weird coincidences to occur, resulting in us becoming a point of interest. For example: at the regional chairmen of the workers union commission meeting col. Jan Rulewski, made us the example for how the rest should be organised and fighting for their rights. Some of the decisions that were taken up in the union were not everyday ones, but were correct, up to date and smart. We came to a conclusion in our workers union commission that everything is happening among us but mainly and strongly around you. Do you know this?"* I answered: *"I know"*. *"If you do know...."* he asked further *"than what is it?"* I simply answered, *"I am with God, and God is with me."* He answers, *"that's what I thought"* and walked away.

In a couple of days all the workers of our factory were informed that there will be a special mass for everyone hold before work, next door at the Roman-Catholic church of the Holy Trinity. Nearly everybody attended and quite clearly you could feel the heavenly atmosphere and God's presence.

It was during this time, that the country was going through rough transformation it was completely destroyed. There were many talks of restoration, and revival, in governed circles as well as in church.

You could never know what would end each new day.

Community structures built by the communism were not handling the test of time. Newly made workers unions were overweight with political, community, economy, law and financial problems. New people chosen by workers from different factories were trying to deal with the overflow of these matters, but with great difficulty. I myself was becoming more exhausted, still working 16 hours, still going from one meeting to another.

Through the country moved a bloodless revolution.

In order to eat, you had to buy the food at the shops; the catch was you had to stand in line for many hours. This also included many every day products such as bread loafs, bread rolls, butter, cheese, eggs, sausages, meat, vegetables, etc. I didn't have anyone to shop for me, so my fridge stayed empty and I didn't have anything to eat.

One day, already from the early hours of the morning, conferences were running in which I had to take part. I looked at my watch, and the time was reaching eleven o'clock. With a raised voice I announced *"maybe we could take a break for some breakfast, hey!"* I had been thinking about some breakfast with the hope I could maybe pop out to some nearby shops and be lucky in purchasing something quickly, like: hearing and bread loafs etc. Groceries like: sugar, salt noodles and rise you could buy only on coupons. After my loud announcement one of the others taking part, turned around and said: *"there is no time for eating, anyway you look great as if someone is giving you extras"*. I bowed my head and thought in my heart that time has reached a point where one person can not understand another, so high divergence of opinion exist.

In this moment something warm began flowing into my stomach, some kind of mass, which was surely filling me up. I quickly realised, that which has flowed into my stomach was

from the Spirit and the process that just took place was similar to that of Maria, mother of Jesus, when she became pregnant by the Holy Spirit two thousands years ago.

The nourishment received from heaven was sweet and warm, I clearly sensed it. Comforted by God in this way, I was able to continue at the conference without a break. After a while I began to taste in my mouth an intense sweetness, so incredible that I don't know anything on earth that could be as sweet. Honey, which is considered the sweetest product on earth, in comparison with this what I received from Spirit was bitter – sweet.

I could not tell anybody about what was happening inside me, as they would not understand. I was in love with God, a God that was concerned about me. I, in return, cared for the people and kept peace with fairness, making sure the leaders served people in need and did not become pushers of law. In spare moments I asked God to give me wisdom, so very much needed at the time of this bloodless revolution.

One day I have received a blessing and as result I felt clearly a presence of something some sort of matter on my head. I myself did not know what it was. I started tugging the top of my head with my fingertips. After that check I came to the conclusion that between the skin of my skull and the bone of my skull there is a thin layer of something, which I could not explain in the first stage. All of this was pointing out to a thin spiritual layer but I could not compare it to anything. I was checking myself many times touching the top of my head with my fingertips and comparing it to the reaction of the other parts of my head. There was a big difference between the receptions of the touch. It lasted for few days. The longer I was in that state the more troubled I was. Many days later that which was on my head moved itself inside of my body, close around my heart, in the place between my rib cage and stomach. I knew then that it was the Holy Spirit, which can change into and across any matter.

When I so strongly felt the presence of the Holy Spirit, more things that are unbelievable began happening, especially when I opened my mouth to speak. Depending on the importance of an issue or situation, I could speak with a voice that reached far with the strength of thunder, without any effort whatsoever.

At my work, for the first time under the communist system workers carried out a one-day strike, and shortly after gathered for a meeting. There were very large law controversies and they asked me to voice my opinion on the topic. After I began talking, they requested that I move away from the microphone because it was too loud. I spoke without the microphone and could clearly hear how my voice vibrated through the Spirit and reached to the far ends of a very large hall. I could see that the people sitting in the back rows heard me equally as good as the people in the front rows. Continuing to talk, I noticed that the middle column of the hall, a piece that belonged to the construction of the building, was undulating and the back wall was trembling. My voice was so strong, like thunder, that certain people were covering their ears. I began to understand that God was working spiritually among everybody.

At the time many other weird wonders occurred among the workers in that company.

After that event, each time I stood in defence of the workers, an enormous amount of love flowed into my heart. Love for people that were at some point lost, without a shepherd, someone that would be concerned for them. Shortly that love in my heart turned into a burning blaze with very high temperature. The high temperature was not destructive to my organs but created burning love in me. I could feel a high fever existed inside thin film of protection so that even was burning didn't harm my inner physical organs. During this time I had in my possession enormous wisdom, I could work out the hardest puzzles as well as the hardest mathematic problems. I also, with enjoyment, put together my own riddles. For example, after reading the "Workers' Union Award Book" I could quote, just for fun, any text, the paragraph and the page number from which it came. Certain documents I did not even have to read to know what they were about, it was enough I just flick through the pages and the Holy Spirit filled me in on the entire contents. My thinking worked with great efficiency and it had a large potential. In comparison to that potential of light bulb, my normal thinking ability would be at about 40 watts, but during this blessing, it was at the capacity of about 500 watts. Many times when asked a

question, before someone finished I already had, inside me, the answer. No one, during this time, could even oppose the wisdom and knowledge that was flowing out of me like water.

Members of the 'NSZZ' Solidarity factory committee decided that I don't have to take part in all the meetings anymore, instead just to work on the hardest society problems and be an adviser for the directors and court affairs. The permanent lawyer of the directors could not keep up with my blessed thinking.

Also during this time the police was hanging around trying to solve the case of missing machine tool. Workers in factory were being questioned and I was their councillor of law. Eventually the proceedings had to be transfer direct to City Policy Headquarters. As I was informed the reason was because the current detectives could not handle things with me around, they nicknamed me "Walesa". In reality it was God who was causing all this to happen and I was only a tool in His hands at the time.

Under many different, obviously made up reasons, the police kept visiting me at home. One Sunday they even came around the midday on the siren. I interpreted this as a way to frighten me, not only physically but spiritually as well.

Easter of that year, 1981, was nearing and I deeply desired to rest and spend some time in church, or just talk with someone spiritual. Someone who would be able to understand and support me, there were amazing things happening around and inside of me that were hard to grasp all by myself. Eventually I decided to go to a Roman-Catholic 'Jesuit' church near the "Churches Square" for the reason that they were just starting services on the subject of "Revival of the Spirit". They were showing a film on Jesus according to the book of Matthew, the pictures from that film renewed me and gave me strength. Everything stood fresh in front of my eyes. That which happened 2000 years ago, in Jerusalem, was happening now among us. After the first meeting, I found myself in a group called 'Oasis' i.e. a charismatic movement in that church. It was much later that I found out that this movement was also known as 'Movement, Light, Life' and was established by a priest Joseph Blachnicki, whom I got to meet in Germany.

I realised that, at that time, it was the only lively circle of Godly people. I took part in many prayer meetings at which God impelled me for prophecy. Many years later I found out that the group reached a point of climax where there was a profuse outpour of the Holy Spirit over all the participants in that gathering.

At that Roman-Catholic church priest John, from Wroclaw, was now running the retreats and from his very first he declared that God will send a person who will talk to us about the Holy Spirit. The next day, on Wednesday, after a service, the Holy Spirit told me at home to prepare myself for an appearance tomorrow because He wants me to speak.

On the Thursday evening service, after the first part of the ceremony, I got up and walked onto the pulpit. I introduced myself and told them what the Holy Spirit had said to me. I was actually allowed to speak and I remember the fact that I spoke with great ease. The priests were sitting close to the pulpit and along with the rest of the auditorium were listening very attentively. During my speech the presence of God was pouring out through the Holy Spirit. For the tradition culture of the Roman-Catholic church it was at the time a revolution.

It was the evening of 19th March 1981, around eight o'clock. On the other side of the walls of the church, in the distance, you could here sirens wailing. Squadrons of military police and the military were circling the town, patrolling the street and controlling people. You could feel the grim atmosphere, as if a state of war was enforced.

It became the day of a spiritual shake up of the town.

Earlier in the afternoon, during a meeting of the Provincial Council, the 'NSZZ' Solidarity region leader, John Rulewski along with others members from the region such as Tokarczuk, were severely beaten. At the time they were all holdings hands and singing the national anthem "Poland has not yet vanished" and special squadrons of the military police charged into the building and began striking union activists with brutal force.

I specifically keep recollecting these moments in these situations, so as to give you a feel of the atmosphere in which I found myself and a picture of the spiritual shake up of the town's residents.

After those days, I received from God a prophecy that He will use Lech Walesa and the church for conducting changes in the country and these changes will spread and affect the rest of the world. I passed this prophecy to the 'NSZZ' Solidarity commission in Bydgoszcz.

In the mean time God made other wonderful things happen, but I am unable to write all of them down. You could definitely make a book with it all. That which I have described does hold an actual place and my experiences with God are not made up and are all true. I described and wrote these events to show what God can do through Jesus Christ who lives in us and is among us.

For the believers, may my testimony develop in you a greater need to attain a larger spiritual wealth, which was given to us through the Almighty God's Son, God of Israel, and The Lord Jesus Christ from Nazareth. All these spiritual riches are called Gods graces.

For the unbelievers, may my testimony be a reason you open your heart to Jesus Christ who saves many people from the road to hell and will transform you from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light.

In conclusion, shortly after my experiences written above and as a result of numerous persecutions, I fled Poland two weeks before they brought in a state of war. From that time I am living in Australia, in Sydney and am a member of Christian Charismatic Churches. I will never stop in the work on institutions of the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth, doing whatever I can and to do however much is given to me by God.

Knowing well that forever where the Kingdom of Heaven exists in its might, oppression and persecution also exists.

These are the basic golden principals of the spiritual world.