

**Escape  
From  
New Age  
Deception**

Paul Simpson



Dove Ministries



*Escape from New Age Deception*  
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# *Foreword*

I first met Paul some years ago when he helped organise evangelistic healing meetings I was conducting in the Wellington area. He has always been a great encourager in the faith and a steadfast person in the Lord, and now my own faith has been stirred again as I read of the many miracles Paul has seen in the ministry God has granted him.

You will read of Paul's encounters with darkness: first the deception he entered into, but then how God in His wonderful love drew him out of these depths. It is a book written from the heart, with complete honesty and no holds barred.

The most wonderful part of the story is, of course, Paul's conversion and his reconciliation with his wife and family. What a wonderful God we have, a loving Father who, despite all of our weaknesses, still extends His hand to us to lift us out of the darkness and into His light.

*Bill Subritzky, International Evangelist and author of many books including "Demons Defeated".*

# *Foreword*

Many experience a supernatural touch in their lives. Sometimes this touch might be a fleeting impression of something we cannot fully understand and we might shrug it off as... "just one of those things". Sometimes this gentle touch is enough to bring us to an understanding that there is more to life. On other occasions that touch might come as a thunderbolt that will trigger off a chain reaction, resulting in lives being changed overnight.

Changed lives... that's what this book is all about. It is a real life story that will give hope to many who live in fear, mental oppression, hopelessness, and sickness in body and soul. The answer is within these pages. It is a book that can change your life too when you are willing to open your heart to the Truth. That special call from Almighty God might only come once.

*Rolf Hart, Ex-Police Inspector, Regional Director Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Wellington*



## ONE

*Hell on Earth*

"You're killing the one you love!" an urgent voice from inside my heart cried out. "Stop! You're killing the one you love!"

What a terrible night. My wife Alison and I had had little sleep since arriving home from the camp and when we got up together to get breakfast I suddenly thought that I saw hatred blazing in her eyes. Thinking she was getting a knife to kill me, I grabbed her by the throat and began to strangle her.

"You're killing the one you love," the voice kept insisting as I tried hard to pull away from her, fighting with all my strength against the murderous spirit in me. Yet something very powerful was making me try to kill my wife.

As she was nearing unconsciousness, another supernatural power (in hindsight I believe this was from God) came between us to help me, breaking the strength of whatever it was that was driving me to murder. All was confusion. There was the woman I loved, lying crumpled, unconscious on the floor, gasping for breath.



Our three teenage children had heard the commotion and came rushing into the room. Anne and Gill, my daughters, began dragging Alison out the door to neighbours. As I tried to follow, our son Phil courageously broke a wooden stool over my head. I fell back into a chair, exhausted, sore and confused.

As I sat there, stunned, I had a vision, rather like a dream, just as though I was watching a video movie.

In the vision, many aspects of love flashed before my eyes, but then a mocking voice said, "You have let down all these forces of love from throughout the centuries, especially the Lord of Love, Jesus Christ! Your personal Hell will be to have this murder scene replayed over and over again for Eternity, because you have killed the one you loved and terrified your children."

Then I saw the scene replayed several times of my children running from me out the door and up the path, dragging Alison with them. I began to weep, and cried out, "It's not fair! I never even knew there was a war between hate and love!"

The police and an ambulance arrived, and some friends and my sister-in-law came into the room. I was strapped, helpless, to a stretcher, put into the ambulance and taken to Wellington City Hospital psychiatric unit for evaluation. As I lay on a trolley and looked up, the joints between the ceiling tiles all seemed to look like Christian crosses. The people were kind, but their voices didn't match their faces. I would hear a nurse speaking and think it was the voice of a close friend, and yet the nurse was a stranger to me. I knew that I was hallucinating.

It was decided that I needed psychiatric treatment, so I was put in another ambulance and driven to the nearest psychiatric hospital at Porirua. After a few hours, I suddenly decided that if I wanted to be "on the side of love, in the war between love and hatred," then I must have courage and fight to overcome the forces of evil.

Not knowing where I was, I had the crazy thought that the hospital people were going to torture me, so I suddenly broke loose and, with demonic, superhuman strength, started throwing around several male nurses. They were unable to overpower me until they injected me unexpectedly in the right buttock with a hypodermic needle and I passed out.

I "came to" alone in a small cell. A rubber mattress was on the floor, a pink plastic potty in one corner and three keyholes in the solid-looking door which had a tiny square window in it. What was I doing here?

Something seemed to be holding me up against the wall. I wasn't secured by anything physical, but an invisible force (which I now believe was from God) held me with my arms stretched out in crucifixion. My knees were partly bent and I couldn't straighten them. I was held against the wall for what seemed like four or five hours, arms, legs, back and neck crying out for relief. During this time of intense suffering, a voice in my heart said to me, "This is a little of what my Son had to go through to provide a way of escape for you".

No-one came to help, but I heard the voice of a male nurse out in the corridor, as he looked through the small observation window, saying, "Oh, there's another one who thinks he's Jesus!"

Eventually, I fell to the floor, across the foam mattress, and slept.

When I awoke, I pulled myself up to the window and saw in the distance below, Porirua harbour and a vehicle assembly plant, and realised for the first time that I was in the psychiatric hospital at Porirua.

Crying out to God and asking why I was there, I had a flashback to childhood when I had phoned this same hospital to try to have my father committed there. Aged just 13, I'd been frightened by an angry outburst of his, and had grossly dishonoured him. I knew immediately that what I had wished on my father all those years ago had come instead upon me.

After some time I was allowed to go out of my cell to the toilet and asked, "How does one get out of this place?"

An old man cleaning the toilets said, "Just keep asking." So I did.

- Since I was wearing ill-fitting pyjamas, I asked for another pair, and was given some that fitted properly.
- I asked for a toothbrush and was given one. It's amazing how wonderful clean teeth can feel in a situation like that. I asked if I could go to a better ward and was taken from the Craig ward for violent inmates to the open Ward Ten for further observation.
- I asked if I could see my wife, and she was allowed to visit. Amazingly, she was willing to.
- I asked if I could go for a walk outside, and was allowed to go with Alison for a stroll along the nearby Titahi Bay beach.

The doctors told me almost nothing when I asked what had happened to me, but, very kindly, one of the senior ward nurses said, "Off the record you've had a religious experience."

Two weeks later, I was called before a group of doctors who gravely said, "We believe that you are too dangerous to your family to be allowed home. We think you should stay here for the rest of your life. What do you think?"

Can you imagine what that feels like? Alison and a few other family members and friends had been to visit me a few times. I'd been allowed to have a small taste of home and normal things again, yet here I was being asked to stay in this place with stodgy food and crazy, unpredictable people for company, for the rest of my life!

However, by then I had learned that choosing love always overcomes hate, confusion and evil. After thinking deeply for a few minutes, I said, "If you really believe that, and if you're sure that I'm such a risk, well, I love my family and I don't want to be a danger to them. I'd better stay here then." Within one hour I was released to go home.

I have since learned that the doctors were trying on me a method of checking motives for cases of family violence. Unknown to me, Alison was also being interrogated by doctors and legal people to see if I had been violent towards anyone before. Since I have always released insects from the house rather than hurt them, she could easily testify, "Paul wouldn't hurt a fly!" Her amazing, patient, forgiving love has been the foundation for what was to follow.

## TWO

# *Searching for Answers*

I had been raised in the small suburb of Ngaio, in Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand. Born during wartime and surrounded by a lot of fear, I began projectile vomiting at four months, and was unable to keep any food down. My condition worsened so quickly that doctors gave me very little time to live, and so my mother, desperately wanting me to be healed, took me to a Christian Science healer (called a "practitioner").

After this person ministered to me, a healing took place, and as a result our family were deceived into involvement with Christian Science and Metaphysics for many years. Mum even went to Boston in the United States of America to record on radio her testimony of this healing.

Many years later, when I had children, one of my daughters developed projectile vomiting, the hidden problem having passed to her.

As children, my older brother and sister and I went to the Christian Science Sunday school and later I became the president

of the Christian Science Monitor Youth Forum. It was here that I met Alison, the Forum's secretary. We had lots to talk about, love blossomed, and we were married.

Having spent many happy days as teenagers boating on Paremata Harbour, about half an hour's drive from Ngaio, Alison and I moved out to Paremata to live in an old home with half an acre of bush and garden. We raised three lovely children and forgot about God and spiritual things in the bustle of everyday life.

I had several jobs in furniture retailing, container manufacturing and the retail motor business, where I was mainly involved with management and selling heavy trucks.

About this time my health started to fail. I developed kidney stones, gout and tennis elbow and my eyes, face and arms were burned in a vapour explosion at our service station. I had constant severe ear, nose and throat infections, resulting in partial deafness in my right ear. Life became pretty painful.

My brother was involved in Transcendental Meditation (TM), a Hindu method of (supposedly) reaching a state of peace. Feeling we needed some real peace, Alison, the children and I also became initiated in the ritual of TM. The first requirement was for us to bring money, fruit and a white cloth to a local teacher of TM who made an offering in front of a picture of Guru Dev, the dead "Master" or "Teacher" of the TM leader and Guru, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

The teachers of the TNI method of mantra meditation were sensitive people and we enjoyed being in the company of those who seemed to be seeking peace for the world. For a while we found TM beneficial. In fact we practised this

meditation for eight years, learning more and more about Hinduism, Yoga and breathing exercises associated with this religion. We also burned Asian incense and joss sticks in our home.

But despite the so-called benefits, my health got worse. My back was damaged lifting a large boulder while landscaping the frontage to our house, and I needed visits to chiropractors every three or four weeks for back adjustments. The local doctor was a regular visitor to give painkilling injections for my kidney stones. Nine different antibiotics could not control the ear, nose and throat infections, with their fevers and constant headaches. Life was full of pain and unhappiness, because business difficulties began to arise too.

We travelled some distance to Greytown to see if an Indian psychic healer could help me with all my health problems. He practised his "craft" in a garage behind his house and told me he called on the spirits of deceased "master souls" like Leonardo Da Vinci to help him heal people. As he spoke, suddenly a burning stick of incense flew out of its holder and snuffed itself out on the floor, just as though some invisible hand had deliberately done this. Neither of us were anywhere near it and I saw it happen very clearly. The atmosphere was spiritually charged and I was most impressed. However, I also saw a sad, ghostlike face, like that of Jesus, across the room. If it was truly Him, I can imagine that He was sad to see me and my family getting into even bigger spiritual trouble, submitting to the ministry of demon powers.

Our marriage had also begun to fail, imperceptibly at first. We continued to look further than TM for answers and for peace, and so became interested in the Inner Peace

movement (IPM). They taught seemingly effective methods of communication with the spirit realm and offered peace of mind and spirit. We joined up and got very involved as local leaders. It was exciting to practise psychic techniques, ESP, telepathy, divination and mediumship, but we were blissfully unaware that God totally forbids these practices in the Bible in Deuteronomy 18:10-13: *"There shall not be found among you [anyone] that useth divination, [or] an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer [one who talks to the dead]. For all that do these things [are] an abomination unto the LORD."*

IPM taught us about reincarnation and I noticed the ties between the IPM teaching and Hinduism and began to study the links between the two. Then we began to try to talk to the dead, mediums bringing us convincing (but deceptive) messages about the life after death. We also attempted to communicate with our so-called "angel/spirit guides", not realising that we were opening ourselves up further to demonic influences.

Because of my constant poor health we began to visit other psychic healers, seeking remedies, some of which seemed to work temporarily. I visited naturopaths, a colour therapist and also tried herbal, vitamin and flower remedies. Experiments with crystals, acupuncture, foot and hand reflexology, pyramid power, iridology and divination also provided hope, but despite temporary improvements, my overall physical condition steadily deteriorated.

For many years I studied how many alternative healing remedies were based on the Hindu belief in seven spiritual centres within the human body, called Chakras. Then one



day a chiropractor friend freely admitted that chiropractic (or chiromancy) was also based on the Hindu Chakras!

During one Inner Peace Movement session, where we tried out of body soul travel (called astro-soul), I suddenly found that I was having a vision. I was following Jesus through the crowds in Jerusalem, pushing to try and get through the people as He was being led off to crucifixion along a road on my left. The crowd were crying, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" It appeared so unfair, as I seemed to know that He was innocent, but I was just a helpless observer.

Later on I was to understand the meaning of this vision.

## THREE

# *The Subtlety of Evil*

"Paul, would you please ring around and book a local camp site for a national training camp for the Inner Peace Movement," I was asked by a national IPM leader.

So I inquired at various cabin and camp sites near Wellington and managed to book suitable accommodation at a Christian holiday park. The normal managers were away or I'm sure we would never have been allowed in. When questioned by the person taking the booking, I told them we sang hymns and meditated on Bible verses, which I'm now ashamed to say was only part of the truth. I lied (by my silence) about the other occultic things that we did.

When we settled in at the camp, we studied occult practices, ran group therapy sessions, sang a lot, studied Bible passages, meditated and chanted "AUM, AUM, AUM, and I AM, I AM, I AM."

In one of our free moments, Alison and I went for a walk and we began to argue. We had been asked to find something from nature which represented our home life. I went to a climbing rose and broke off a length of vicious thorn-covered

vine. After winding it into a circle, I told the group that it represented the "vicious circle" that our home lives seemed to be in. We never seemed to reach the peace that we sought.

Later we went for another walk and this time I began to have an out-of-body experience. I felt as though I was dying and in some other dimension, yet still aware of "beings" surrounding me in a place of darkness. I kept saying, "I want to go back! I want to go back! I want to go back!"

Some ethereal voice said, "It will be very difficult", but I replied, "I don't care! I want to go back to the dimension that I was in, I want to go back to the love in Alison's eyes." I seemed to realise the need to tune in to a specific dimension, rather like one would choose a TV channel. Again the voice said, "It will be too hard!" (Little did I realise the truth of those words.)

Suddenly, aware of the normal camp surroundings again, I was able to see Alison and the people I knew and loved. But now there was a difference. I understood that the IPM group were practising a form of witchcraft. Their faces suddenly looked very evil, like I was in the middle of a witches' coven, and then they flashed back to be the normal faces of the people I loved and respected. Again they would flash back to evil, witchlike, satanic faces. This flashing back and forth continued, faster and faster, and I wondered about how far apart evil and good really were. I kept chanting aloud, "Now I know how subtle it is, (meaning the fine line between good and evil). Now I know how subtle it is!" As this process speeded up, people's eyes would at one moment be full of love and concern for me, and the next instant leering hatred and malice.

I was trying to work out how fast evil moved comparing it with the speed of light, and how close love and hate seemed to each other. I didn't understand at the time what was going on; but I now know. God was opening my spiritual eyes and exposing the deception of what we were into.

Buckets of cold water were thrown over me to shock me back to my senses, because the IPM people around me thought that I had gone quite mad. But such was the intensity of my experiences that I wasn't aware of the water at all. Unknown to me, three other people in the IPM group were behaving strangely too. One had begun to kick and karate chop holes in the cabin walls, while a second had an "out-of-body" experience, and another had a vision of the Cross. We were told that phone calls were being made to America to the leaders of the Inner Peace Movement to ask for help, and a spiritist exorcism was arranged for me immediately in the Christian chapel!

The exorcism involved Alison, me and a medium friend, and an attempt was made to "remove a spirit oppressing me (supposedly a human spirit) from one of my past lives, who loved me and so was still hanging around me and causing me problems." All very plausible, but we know now that this process was a clever counterfeit of true Christian deliverance, or exorcism, from real evil spirits (i.e. demons, not human spirits).

I became lucid for a while, but our involvement in this séance really only made things much worse, though I am grateful to the people involved who tried to do the best that they knew how, for us.

I changed into dry clothes, now aware that I was soaking wet and very cold, and we packed up and went home to the beginning of our hell on earth!

## FOUR

# *Separation*

It was the next morning that I attacked Alison, followed by my spell at the Porirua psychiatric hospital.

When I finally came home, my medication caused a terrible itchy, allergic reaction on my skin, so I was up all through our first night back together, scratching and lying in a hot bath to try and ease the irritation. Can you imagine how Alison felt about that, on top of all that she had been through and without any victim counselling at all for her emotional needs?

Both of us were scared about my potential for another violent outburst.

Alison, while forgiving and loving, was always on edge. Our three children were bewildered. I was afraid that I might go insane again, and knew there was still something violent and very powerful inside me.

Most of our friends were non-Christian, so we foolishly got back involved with the Inner Peace Movement. For months the tension in our home grew. I asked for help from senior people in the movement and attended another séance in

an attempt to get free from the murderous spiritual force which Alison and I both knew was still in me. It didn't work, though for a while I felt better as it "played dead" to fool us. We got more deeply involved in the psychic techniques taught in IPM, and continued to have group meetings in our home at Paremata. We were slow learners!

In the midst of this, I became infatuated with a married woman (we'll call her Angela), who was in one of our groups. Her marriage was in trouble too and it seemed such a perfect answer, to leave home and remove the danger from my family. Stupidly, I believed that I wasn't a risk to anyone else but Alison.

Meanwhile my two daughters, Anne and Gill, went to Youth For Christ Christian rallies in the Wellington Town Hall. Both gave their lives to Jesus Christ, and invited Him into their hearts. They were wonderfully calm and helpful in the midst of all our problems and they began to pray for us. But sometimes when you pray things get worse before they get better. Well, for Alison and I things got very much worse. We separated!

The word separation was pretty meaningless to me till then. But the night I had to tell those I loved, Alison, my children and my elderly dying mother that I was leaving them all, it seemed like we were all dying.

I went off to live with Angela in a little bach. After three weeks, unemployed and in tremendous spiritual distress, Angela and I decided that too many people were being hurt by our selfishness, so we returned home and tried again with our respective spouses to make our marriages work. However, things got steadily worse and worse.

Finally Alison heard God tell her to set me free, so she decided to move out of our house and buy her own town house in the nearby seaside suburb of Titahi Bay. So I was left alone in our Paremata house with a FOR SALE sign outside.

Angela had again left her husband and was living nearby in a little flat, so we got together again. We were happy, or so we thought, and things finally seemed to be working out for us. Angela and I were very compatible, and she was seeking God too. We loved discussing spiritual things and could read each other's thoughts telepathically. We went to a psychic healer together and helped run an IPM psychic fair.

I started a new job as a tutor at a polytechnic, having decided that I wanted to be a teacher and hoping for a new start, but emotionally I was in turmoil. In desperation one day, I phoned a well-known local spiritualist medium and asked for a reading of my future. I had already tried I Ching sticks, tarot cards, astrology, phrenology, palm-reading, past-life therapy and all kinds of Buddhist meditations, and so I blindly took this step too, blissfully ignorant of the danger of consulting a witch, even such a charming one as this.

"Don't tell me anything about yourself!" this lady immediately said. "You are separated at present and your marriage, whilst it was like a priceless vase, has been cracked... and a cracked vase is valueless. Just give your wife some Rudolf Steiner books and she will find her soul at peace. She told me other amazing things but somehow, deep in my heart, a voice was saying, "It's not true!"

Then Angela and I realised we would have to take legal action against her husband for custody of their three children if we were to have any real happiness or family life. The



papers were drawn up, but when it came time to begin proceedings to take his children from him we decided that we couldn't be so cruel and we finally cried, "Enough!"

At this point in our search the two of us had decided that the only way to ever find peace with God was to surrender everything to Him. True surrender to God's will must be the only way to get to paradise, or to heaven. Certainly these places sounded much better than the stress-filled life that I was experiencing at the time.

And so I prayed from the depths of my heart, "Oh God, my Creator, the Father of Jesus Christ! Father, I don't know what to pray any more! I guess I am a sinner because I'm living in adultery, so... You please pray for me!"

With this prayer, I surrendered my future to God, my will to His will.

I had prayed for many years, without much apparent result, and now, with my life in a mess, I was making a last desperate cry for help, giving up my own plans. I had decided to surrender to God all those I loved. For the first time I admitted I was a sinner.

Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, I saw a vision, rather like a dream, except that I was wide awake and it was very, very, real. I was walking up a road towards a cross on which a man hung with arms outstretched, nailed to the wood, crucified! An irresistible supernatural force pulled me towards that cross. I was in agony of spirit, drawn towards this horrible sight of a bloodsoaked body, covered in shocking wounds and dark congealed blood. As far as I could tell, he was dead.

A block of wood was placed underneath the feet of the man and I found myself stepping up onto this block. I had to lift my arms to get through the body and the cross itself, there being no room for my arms to go through this strange "door" if I kept them by my side. Through on the other side of the cross I experienced a sense of awesome peace; sudden, unexpected peace, a "peace that passes understanding."

The experience stopped and I found I was just in the small room where I'd prayed that prayer of surrender to God. I looked around and knew without doubt that God's will for me was back with my wife and family, from whom I had been separated for several months. My life's future direction had been set by God forever, in answer to that prayer.

Like many people, I had spent years searching for God and for the meaning of life. From childhood I had been interested in God, life after death, and in spiritual things. I had been involved in several interesting spiritual experiences, in several religions, but this was the most significant of my life. Jesus said; *"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."* (John 10:9)

Could the Christians be right, after all?

## FIVE

# *Reconciliation*

Within three days I returned to Alison; this time to her little townhouse at Titahi Bay, feeling a new strength and hope for the future. Miraculously she was willing to take me back and to forgive me and Angela.

Alison had had her own encounter with God's love and she must have sensed some significant change in me, although I was still pretty confused.

Two different friends had given each of us the name of a local Baptist pastor, Ross Pilkinton, a man of integrity who they felt could perhaps help us resolve our problems.

We went along one Sunday to his little unpretentious Baptist church at Titahi Bay. However, the devil doesn't give up easily, and as we went up the path a voice said very clearly in my ear, "You don't know what a Baptist is. You're going right into the hands of the devil!" But I thought, "Well, I've got nothing to lose by just listening to a sermon by this guy. I don't know what a Baptist is, but I'm going to hear what he has to say."

As we carried on up the path and through the door, God's love and the "peace that passes understanding" swept over me again. The people were lovely, warm, friendly and welcoming, but we still slipped cautiously into seats towards the back and tucked ourselves away as near to the wall as we could get.

However, we sat next to a lady who, even before the service started, warmly invited us home for lunch. She turned out to be the pastor's wife, Marcelle. We were welcomed into the Pilkinton's home and an eternal friendship began.

Two weeks later John Fuller, a visiting lay preacher from Lower Hutt, came to the church to preach on "Becoming a disciple of Jesus Christ." He prayed aloud and "bound the power of Satan" at the beginning of the meeting and as he did so I felt something happen to me spiritually. When he invited a response by those who wanted to become disciples of Jesus Christ, I found that I was walking forward. I talked to John, but wisely, he wouldn't pray for me just then as he could tell that I was very bound up spiritually. Instead he arranged for Ross and two other experienced Christians, Danny Jones and Cordon Baker, to fast for a few days, and for them all to pray with me three nights later.

## SIX

# *Deliverance*

On the following Wednesday night, I went from Alison's townhouse around to the Baptist church, walking slowly. It was hard work. It seemed like the devil and every demon on earth were trying to prevent me from going. Spiritually, I felt totally exhausted. It had been a hard three days but when I got to the church I made light of it; pride is hard to beat!

One of the three men got the wooden cross down from above the church altar and put it beside us. I clutched my Bible firmly.

Then they began to explain to me that I needed to renounce (turn away from) many of the things that I had been involved in, like Christian Science, Hinduism, the occult, talking to the dead, adultery, and divination. The list of my sins went on and on.

I agreed to stop sinning, to surrender to Jesus Christ and to make Him the Lord of my life. I told God that I was sorry for all my sins, so they prayed with me and commanded the evil spirits to leave me in Jesus' name. I coughed a few times

as the spirits inside me left. My heart thumped and I trembled but Ross, Dan and Gordon reassured me and in response to their prayers, Jesus Christ set me free! The strength of many of the most powerful spiritual forces that had bound me was broken and I knew it! I went home to Alison a changed man. She has testified to thousands of people that I came home that night as the man she'd originally married, the person she'd loved, who as a teenager had always wanted to serve God. I wasn't completely free, but the major evil spirits that had attacked Alison, through me, were gone. At last we both felt safe.

We began to attend that little Baptist church regularly and ten years later I was made the pastor there.

Twice more I had to have prayer over the next few weeks. I would spend nights awake, unable to sleep, shaking with those spiritual forces still in me. But despite these hiccups we were learning to trust in God's love for us and knew that we were on the way to freedom.

We began to read the Bible and rely on God's word to bring us peace. In the middle of the night during that first month, unable to sleep, Alison would read Psalm 91 to me and I would read Psalm 23 to her. We discovered again and again that God's peace came as we read His words from Scripture: *"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the LORD, [He is] my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust. Surely He shall deliver thee..."* etc (Psalm 91, verse 1 onwards). *"The LORD [is] my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul..."* (Psalm 23, verse 1 onwards).

After a while we decided we should move back to Paremata. We felt that God wanted our old neighbours to hear of Jesus' power to reconcile people. We were fairly well known there, as I had been president of the local residents' association for several years, and Alison was secretary of the local primary school.

In the meantime we had been water baptised in the Baptist church, together with Gill, our younger daughter. Anne, our older daughter, who had earlier been baptised in a river, prayed for us. After the service, one of the members of the church gave us a little note to read. It was Psalm 40:1-3: *"I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."*

Only as the months passed did we see all of the truth of those words for our lives. Gradually, victory came in our Christian life. We began to make many new Christian friends and to be at peace with God and with one another.

During this time I had another vision. This time, Jesus was carrying the Cross through a street which I knew was in Jerusalem. It was very clear. I wanted to help him, but as I went towards the Cross to try to take the weight from his torn, wounded and bruised back, I felt such terror emanating from him that I could not get near. Since He is the Saviour, He was bearing all our fears, knowing the dreadful death that awaited Him up ahead and carrying all the torment that we deserved for our sins. No one could help Him, and much as I wanted to

I couldn't get nearer to Him than five or six metres. It broke my heart that He was all alone in His pain.

I learned clearly that only Jesus Christ is the Saviour of mankind, not me. It helped me to stop striving. I also learned that Jesus will set us free of the fear of death and all other fears.

Why did I have all these visions? Well, now I can look back and see that God, throughout my life, was trying to speak to me and to get my attention. "God is a Spirit" and so He speaks to us in spiritual ways, if we are seeking Him and are sensitive to Him. He promised through the Prophet Joel that in these last days people would have visions. *"And it shall come to pass afterward, [that] I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh;... your young men shall see visions..."* (Joel 2:28) *"And it shall come to pass, [that] whosoever shall call on the name of the LORD shall be delivered:"* (Joel 2:32)

Each vision showed where I was at the time that they happened in my spiritual walk. But, more importantly, as I became established as a Christian, I realised the reality of the power of what happened at Calvary to still heal and set free today anyone who will believe in Jesus and in His awesome sacrificial love for them personally. No terror is too powerful for His love to overcome, for *"perfect love casteth out fear... he who fears has not been made perfect in love."* (1 John 4:18)



## SEVEN

# *Healings*

By now Alison and I wanted as much of Jesus Christ and His word, the Bible, as possible. We went to nearly every local Christian meeting and one day some Christian friends, Rolf and Elme Hart, told us there were some healing meetings in Upper Hutt, a city not far from home.

Since they were being run by Tom Marshall, a Christian I knew, Alison and I decided to go and learn what we could about Christian healing. We had always been interested in supernatural healing, particularly since I had been so sick. And I had always had a desire to be involved in the healing of others, so off we went.

After quoting many Scriptures demonstrating God's desire to heal us, Tom said, "Well let's try it out. All those who have trouble with their eyes, ears, heart or back come forward." And so people went out to the front of the room.

"Now," he said, "those of you who feel led of God, and who have the faith, go and pray with people in each of these groups."

So various people started to get up and go forward and pray. I thought my faith was about up to praying for people's hearing. It seemed the lowest level of faith, and as new Christians we had no experience. So I went and prayed with two old ladies. They were very kind and said they felt warmth go through their ears but feeling rather embarrassed, I headed back to my seat.

On the way I remembered I was partially deaf in my right ear and thought, "You silly twit, you should be at the other end of the queue, getting prayer for your own hearing!" Suddenly there was a "pop" and my right ear opened fully. There was noise all around and it sounded so loud that I knew I had been healed. My ear was also unexpectedly quite sore and this soreness lasted a couple of days but my hearing was perfect. My ear had been partially deaf for about eight years from all the infections and I had had to strain to hear faint noises in the distance, using my left ear to pick them up. Now all of a sudden it was my right ear that was very sensitive and every time I had to listen to a faint noise in the distance I would turn my head to use my healed right ear and say, "Thank you Jesus!"

The following Saturday night the healing meetings continued, but this time my back (after about eight years of physiotherapy and chiropractic treatment) was so painful that I could barely get to the meeting.

"I've got to be selfish this time and get prayer for myself, as my back is just so bad!" I said to Alison.

This time, when Tom Marshall asked at the end of the teaching for different groups to come forward for prayer, I went to the front, but no-one came over to pray with me.

Being a tall man I felt rather conspicuous until finally Tom himself came over. "Isn't anyone praying for you, Paul?" he asked, and when I said "No" he said, "Well then, I will!"

What a blessing. As this lovely, Godly man prayed for me, a very hot feeling like fire went down my back and I knew God had touched me though it was still very sore. God withheld the full healing for a few days and the very next day my back was so painful that I went back to visit the chiropractor who had been treating me for years. I told him how wonderful Jesus was and of how He had instantly and completely healed my hearing the previous week. I realise now that I shouldn't have gone near the chiropractor, remembering the links to Hinduism, but at the time I was new to Christianity and did not know how to hold on in faith after healing prayer.

I believe that God's fire stirred up some spirits of infirmity and Kali spirits of Hinduism in my back and it just took a day or two for them to leave and for the full healing to come. And come it did! Soon I was totally free of back pain. One of my favourite songs now is called, "To Get a Touch from the Lord is so Real!" His touch is never to be forgotten.

That was the last time I saw the chiropractor for three years. Then I only went to tell him more about Jesus and how He had healed my back.

I am incredibly grateful to Jesus for this healing. It is so wonderful to have had, for many years now, a spine that no longer gives pain at every movement.

Through these healings, my faith had now risen enough to encourage me to ask God to heal my eyes. I had worn photosensitive prescription glasses for fourteen years, my eyes having been burnt in a white spirit vapour explosion,

and they were also affected by hereditary astigmatism. A travelling evangelist came to the Assembly of God Church in Wainuiomata, and we went to his meeting with some friends.

When people were asked to come forward for prayer for healing, I decided to go up and ask the man to pray for my eyes. Firstly, though, I took off my glasses and put them down on the floor beneath my chair. Just before going forward, a still, small voice quietly said, "Tread on them!" But I didn't have the faith to do that. What if nothing happened? However, I went forward, and when the young man prayed for me, something did happen. My eyes felt very strange and I knew they had changed. God had overruled my doubts and graciously touched my eyes anyway.

When I got back to my seat my eyes were still a little blurry and so pride and habit made me put my glasses back on to drive home as I was too proud to let someone else drive. I should have broken those glasses then and there, because for three months I struggled, knowing my eyes had been healed and yet still wearing them. Of course, the prescription lenses now distorted the healed vision - very confusing!

Finally, I decided that I would have to obey that still, small voice and get rid of the glasses. So one Friday evening I took them off, deciding not to put them back on again. That was a hard weekend, but worth it! It seemed like Satan himself was trying to blur my vision at every turn.

However, on the Sunday morning I went to church without my glasses. Iran Jones, now an elder in the church, saw me at the door and asked, "Are you wearing contact lenses Paul?" I said " No!" and walked in to church, a little puzzled at his interest.

That night, in the evening church service, I was reading a psalm aloud from very fine print in my Bible. Dan leaned across to Alison and asked, "Is Paul believing God for healing for his eyes or are they healed?" She replied, "I think they are healed," and Dan began to weep quietly. When she asked him why, he explained that on the previous Wednesday night he had cried out to God, "If healing is really for today, God, if you really are in the healing business, then please heal Paul's eyes." Dan had known I'd been praying for my eyes to be healed and, sure enough, God had answered us. My faith, and Dan's, increased.

A few weeks later I went to the church elders and asked them to pray for my eyes once again because there was still a little blurriness in my right eye. Even before they began to pray, I suddenly realised that I needed to confess and repent from my fear of seeing Satan and his evil spirits in the supernatural realm. I was afraid of it and I had previously quite deliberately chosen not to see demons. However, now, as I prayed, "Lord, if you want me to see those things, then I am willing to..." something went from my right eye and the blurriness was gone. I learned then the value of submitting in trust to the elders of the church for prayer in accordance with James 5:13-16: "*Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the gayer of faith shall save the sick...*"

So that was the end of the glasses, never to be worn again. I smashed the lenses, keeping the frames as a trophy of God's love. I have shown them to many people when publicly testifying, to encourage their faith too.

## EIGHT

# *God's Financial Provision*

Because of our separation, Alison and I were struggling financially and in overdraft at the bank when we came back together. One day, sitting in the lounge reading the book of Psalms in the Bible and praising God aloud, I heard that still small voice say quite clearly, "What about the rates?" I supposed that it must be God, so I said, "Lord, I'm in sin because Your Word says we should *"Owe no man anything but to love one another."* (Romans 13:8) and I owe one of your local government agencies money. So I'm sorry for my sin. Please forgive me, in Jesus' name! However, Father, you're Jehovah Jireh, my provider, and I ask you to provide somehow for this need so that I can stop sinning in this and be obedient to your Word!" I have discovered that God loves that sort of prayer.

The next morning the telephone rang. It was my late father's accountant.

"A strange thing has happened," he said. "I've received a cheque from the Inland Revenue Department for \$1500. It's strange because they have reviewed a three or four-year-old

tax return without being asked to. They have decided they owe your father's estate this amount. What should I do with it?"

I replied, "Well please split it into three and send \$500 each to my brother and my sister and five hundred to me."

I ran to my cheque book to write out a cheque to the local council for the rates - you guessed it, for \$500. God's central government paid me the right amount to pay God's local government. Scripture says, *"And the Government shall be upon His (Jesus') shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."* (Isaiah 9:6)

On an earlier occasion we had a lot of bills, totalling about \$600 and had no way to pay them as our bank account was already in overdraft. Alison and I finally decided to pray about this, instead of worrying about it. We knew the Bible said, *"Cast all your cares on Him who cares for you."* (1 Peter 5:7) So together we confessed our anxiety and cast this care onto the Lord.

Only five minutes after we prayed, our daughter Anne went out to the letterbox and came back with two envelopes. The first one we opened had a final notice giving us seven days to pay the creditor, or else! The second envelope had an unexpected cheque in it for about \$600. Enough to pay every outstanding bill. God is faithful!

## NINE

# *Witnesses for Jesus Christ*

We began getting invitations to testify to people of the miracles that had happened in our lives. Good news spreads, and we were asked to speak at many different meetings; at churches, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings and house groups. What a joy it was to give glory to Jesus for what He had done for us.

We began to pray with people for deliverance from evil spirits and for healing and saw many miracles. We knew it upset Satan and his "seed" because we got some opposition. We were told by several people we shouldn't be doing so much deliverance ministry, but we just knew that Jesus had said, "*Preach saying, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give*" (Matthew 10:7&8)

We wanted to "*Go into all the world and preach the Gospel,*" and so the Lord opened the doors for Alison, our girls and me to go to Canberra in Australia to a Christian Healing Explosion. We had a wonderful time learning how to pray for the sick and saw many amazing healings as Jesus' name was lifted high.



Next, Alison and I went with two friends, Val and Merva Joyce, to Mindanao Island in the South Philippines. The 1989 armed forces coup broke out against the Government of Corazon Aquino before we left New Zealand for Manila and many people tried to discourage us from going. However, God had told us very clearly, in many different ways, to go, and we were thrilled when only half an hour before landing at Manila airport, the voice of the pilot came over the intercom, "You'll be pleased to hear that the coup is over. The military forces have returned to their barracks!"

Once again, the Lord had gone before us to prepare the way, and He continued to do so in amazing ways.

Once we settled into our Manila hotel we decided to go to the huge peace celebrations at EDSA Plaza, where Corazon Aquino was to thank the Lord for a peaceful end to the coup. We went by taxi but on our return we could not find any transport because there were over a million people on the streets. We all got very tired walking along in the heat and dust, until finally Alison approached a young Filipino girl standing at an intersection watching the crowd. Alison asked if there was any way we could call a taxi to get us back to our hotel and the girl just shook her head. I felt to say to her, "We are born-again Christians from New Zealand, and we are going down to Mindanao to preach the Gospel."

She almost jumped for joy! "I'm born again too! Come with me!" She conducted the four of us around the corner to her home, a magnificent, gracious, cool sanctuary for us. Her father was an elder in their church and the girl's parents provided refreshments and chauffeur-driven, air-conditioned transport back to our hotel. The young girl who helped us

was named GillAnne. Our daughters' names are Gill and Anne. Our caring Heavenly Father sent GillAnne to our aid when we were lost and tired. Do you wonder why we love Him?

Next day, we flew to Mindanao. When we reached Midsayap township the pastor of our host church and the elders were amazed that we had come during the coup. "Why did you come?" they asked. "Even the phones don't work or we'd have told you not to come!". We replied simply that God had told us to. We talked to them for a while and then they made us lie down and rest. After a short time, we were asked to come downstairs and sort out a debate as to how many people there were from New Zealand. We told them that there were just the four of us, Alison, Val, Merva and me. "No, no," an elder's wife and son-in-law insisted. "We shook hands and spoke to five people in English, two white men, and three white women. Where is the third woman?"

They were reputable people, totally convinced that they had seen and spoken to an angel. Apparently, very few white women ever go to that part of Mindanao, as it is considered too dangerous.

The word spread that we had an angel with us and so there were plenty of people at our crusade meetings!

We were thrilled with the response to the Gospel, with people being saved, healed and set free. Even when I did a teaching session, in Nicaan mountain village on "Surrender to God brings Healing" six people gave their lives over to the lordship of Jesus Christ for the first time, and many received gifts of the Holy Spirit. During this journey to Mindanao over 100 decided to follow Jesus Christ (and so were saved from hellfire) which sounds quite a lot until you

consider that 27 million people live on that one island alone! As we flew out, I found myself in tears looking down on the beautiful island of Mindanao. "Oh Lord, only 100 out of 27 million... it's so few!"

My next trip was to India, without Alison or the family. What an adventure! We had read of the "Jesus Heals" teams' success in preaching the Gospel there with miracles confirming its truth, and I wanted to be obedient to Jesus' command to "cleanses the lepers." We don't have lepers in New Zealand, so that meant I had to go where they are - India! Well, I saw lepers receive their feeling back into numb limbs and smiles of joy on their faces as they were cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ and delivered of the evil spirit causing the leprosy in Jesus' wonderful name! We filmed this on video to show the sceptics back home that Jesus heals!

Two blind people received new eyesight when two different team members obeyed the inner voice of the Holy Spirit and spat on the ground, making clay which they put on the blind eyes. These miracles proved to us that Jesus, who made us out of dust, can still make new eyes out of dust as He did, nearly two thousand years ago! He is "the same yesterday, today and forever." I saw two very crippled ladies and a man with a withered arm instantly healed as I prayed for them in Jesus' name and I saw many other wonderful healings too.

We are continuing to see miracles of His love; far too many to tell here.

Our daughter, Anne, has been in Christian missionary work in the Philippines, Borneo, Hong Kong, Vietnam and Cambodia. Gill has served her Lord in Malaysia, Indonesia and India.

So, we have come **out of the darkness** of Satan's deceptive kingdom of sin, sickness, and many counterfeit healings and have entered into the real Light and genuine healings of the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of Jesus Christ is a Kingdom of love, truth, and amazing peace. Jesus explained in Luke 7:43; that those who are forgiven much will love much! We love the Lord with all our hearts and I give God all the Glory for this true testimony of His Grace, patience and pardon of our sins. "To Him be Glory, and Honour, forever, and ever."

## TEN

# *How do you Receive Eternal Life?*

Entering into a personal and intimate relationship with God our creator, through Jesus Christ, is the most satisfying thing anyone can do. He treats us each as unique and different. We all have different experiences.

Please reach out to God through Jesus Christ and find the peace we've found. Find joy and faith in God. If you do want this, you may like to pray the prayer which follows, and may God bless you as you do.

## SUGGESTED PRAYER

"Father God, I come to you in the name of your Son Jesus Christ and ask to be forgiven of all my sins. I renounce my sins, in Jesus' name. I ask to be cleansed by the blood that He shed in love for me at Calvary's cross.

Heavenly Father, I believe that Jesus was raised by your Holy Spirit from the dead, and is alive right now. I ask you

to fill my heart with the same Holy Spirit, so that I too may be raised from the dead to eternal life with you. I open my heart to you now to receive Your Holy Spirit by faith and to be "born again" as Jesus said I must be. I confess with my mouth aloud 'Jesus Christ is my Lord!'

Thank you Father for the gift of your Son to me. Thank you Holy Spirit for renewing my spirit. Thank you Jesus for your willingness to lay down your life for me. I love you Lord."

When you have prayed this prayer and received God's gift of a reborn spirit you should:

1. Tell someone that Jesus Christ is now your Lord and Master.
2. Read the Bible and pray daily.
3. Meet with other believers often.
4. Resist the devil.
5. Be baptised in water.

We would love to hear from you.

Remember... **Jesus Christ is alive...**  
nothing else really matters!

**This true life story** is also available on DVD and CD (under the title "Out of Darkness") featuring interviews with Paul and Alison Simpson and an introduction from Evangelist Bill Subritzky - available from Dove Ministries, PO Box 48036, Blockhouse Bay, Auckland, New Zealand.

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