

My name is Isabel Mendoza and I would like to share a little bit about myself. I can understand people's sincerity with regards to Catholicism. I was born and raised into a Catholic family. My parents were such faithful church goers. My father was an altar boy. I even have a relative who is a priest. Growing up, my mother would always make me go to confessionals to confess and get forgiveness for my disobedience and argumentative ways towards her. I was taught to pray to statues. I sincerely would do so, pouring out my heart to the Virgin Mary and Jesus. No matter how hard I tried to be good before the eyes of God, I would eventually drift away in a day or two. I have been to many Catholic masses, but most of the time I attended them they were in Latin. The only thing I understood was "Amen," and even at that, I didn't even know what "Amen" meant. After all my years of going to Catholic Church, I never learned anything. I had this knowledge that I was dead inside. I knew I was dead. I could feel it. I was very miserable, unhappy and wanted to take my life.

One day my mother and I went to a Catholic Church. While I was in the confessional booth just beginning my confession, the priest immediately interrupted and said, "Why don't you come in here and make your confession in here?" There was a little opening inside the confessional booth to go right in where the priest was. As I walked in, he greatly panicked and shook terribly and said that he thought I was a 6 or 7 year old little girl. I was 16. In my entire life I never had heard of any priest ever molesting any child or raping anyone, but when this happened, I immediately knew what he was up to. I knew beyond any shadow of doubt that he had full intentions of molesting me.

Sometime after the incident with the priest and myself is when I started hearing accounts of priests raping and molesting little boys and girls. The reports and facts were coming from left and right and since then, up to date, the accounts with its provable facts are insurmountable; you hear it everywhere.

Back to my personal life, everything I had ever gone through since I was a little child, and the tremendous suffering that I was currently going through—the only solution I believed I had was suicide. But thanks be to God who in His infinite mercy started dealing with me by dreams, signs and visions. In a dream I had, the Lord was sitting beside my bed. He was angry and with both of His hands on my shoulders, He was violently shaking me back and forth and reprimanding me for something I had just done. I was terrified and speechless. After He was done He stopped, and with a caring and a compassionate look on His face, He looked at me, then stood up on His feet, stretched out His right arm toward me, and said, "Do not be afraid; come to Me."

In my home we always had a family Bible. I had only opened it maybe two times in my entire life, but it mainly stayed collecting dust on a shelf or somewhere else. Sometime in the past I had obtained a King James Version Bible. During the time the Lord was dealing with me, every time I would walk past my King James Bible, I would feel a compelling to pick it up and read it, but would not do so, until one day I finally did.

After I did, I couldn't stop reading it. I was so hungry for the Word of God that I would read it for hours at a time. I was being witnessed to by the Word of God. It was some time after this that salvation came to me, and I gave my life to Jesus Christ. I asked Him to come into my life and wash me of all my filthy sins that I had ever committed with His sinless, pure blood that He shed for me on the cross at Calvary, and He did! The deadness I felt in my soul was now alive! I was truly alive, and I wanted to live! I had so much joy and happiness in my soul, and I was ready to face the world!

A little over a year-and-a-half later, the Lord STRONGLY COMPELLED ME to move into the Tony Alamo Christian Ministries. I had heard about this ministry over a year-and-a-half ago prior to this time. The Lord, in so many words, put His spiritual gun on my head and made me to know that I had to move into the ministry. He gave me an offer I couldn't refuse. He made me to know that if I didn't move in, I would go to Hell. And so I did move in. I did not hear His audible voice. The best way I can describe this is that He made this knowledge within me very clear by His Spirit.

My conversion to the Lord took place almost 26 years ago, and I am still pressing towards the Kingdom of Heaven. I am a true Christian, not a phony as so many see out there. The Lord spared me from an eternal pit of fire, Hell! I found out later in the Word of God that it is a sin to commit suicide. If you do, you will go to Hell! (Gen. 9:5-6, Ex. 20:13, Matt. 19:18, Rom. 13:9, Rev. 21:8).

It was the Lord who called me out of the Catholic Church because there is no life in any religion. The Lord is not a religionist; He is a Salvationist! There are so many sincere people (laymen) in the Catholic religion that are not aware of what is really happening behind the scenes in the Catholic "Church." This is why the Lord in His mercy tells them in the book of Revelation 18:4 to "Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." The Lord commands to preach His Word, not to hide it and keep people ignorant to the Word of God like the Catholic "Church" does. Love is the keeping of God's commandments. Love is telling you the truth. Search the Scriptures to see for yourself. Seek the Lord and you will find Him, who is the truth! Ask Him to come into your heart now. Don't wait another day, for it may be too late.

Sincerely,
Isabel Mendoza