

By Maria Gutierrez  
Translated by Juan Valdez

# I Was a Teenage Roman Catholic



I was raised in the darkness of Roman Catholicism. Even when I was a baby I was forced to be baptized as a Catholic. My parents forced me to go to catechism classes to be brainwashed into the Roman Catholic way of thinking. There I was taught over and over again that Jesus is a small round wafer and that I have to worship that piece of bread.

They tell me that the Pope is just as infallible as the Word of God. They train me to say prayers to saints instead of God. They tell me I have to confess to the priest instead of

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to God. They tell me that the Holy Spirit is given to me when the bishop slaps me in the face. They lie to me.

I did not know the right way. I was doing the things that every teenage Roman Catholic does. I played cards. I went to movies. I was always drinking wine at every family meal. I was smoking cigarettes and praying to Mary. I was lost.

I used to go to the church with my rosary and kneel in front of the statue of the immaculate heart and use the kind of vain repetitions of the heathen that Jesus warns against. Sometimes I would even cry trying to get

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Mary to listen to me. But she couldn't because she was dead. I was involved in the sin of witchcraft, talking to the dead, and didn't even know it.

When I got saved I told the priest that he was involved in the sin of witchcraft and he told me that Jesus talked to the dead too. He tells me that Jesus spoke with dead people and tells them to rise up, but I knew that it was only for the purpose of raising them from the dead.

Then the priest told me that Jesus speaks with Moses at the transfiguration even though Moses was supposedly dead for centuries. That priest used every excuse in the book to try to persuade me to return to the

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bondage of the Roman Catholic religion. He even tells me that a

**I see the man with the red necktie touch people on the head and they fall down. I know it is the power of God. Not like in the Catholic Church.**

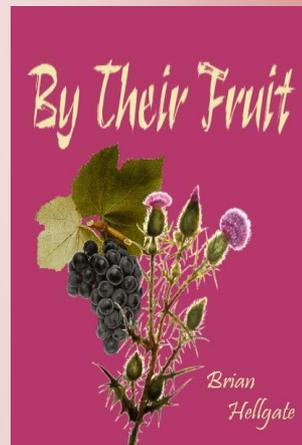
dead man was brought back to life through the relics of the bones of Elisha. But I know better than to believe what he says about the Word. I am saved now and I don't read my Bible like a Catholic anymore, but as one of the saved.

How did it happen? How did I get saved? I want to give my testimony. Praise the Lord! I was walking from the town to my house one day when I hear a man shouting. I look over and see a tent over by some trees. I walk over and look inside. I see people there from my village. There was a man wearing a red necktie. He was hollering into a microphone in another language and then another man was translating. They were talking about Jesus and getting saved and getting sins forgiven.

I felt so guilty. I know I am going to hell because I am doing bad things with one of the boys in my neighborhood. We are touching each other in very bad places. I feel a tremendous shame. I go to confession and the priest scolds me and tells me to stop, but I can't stop because I don't want to because I am a sinner and I love my sin. I am a sinner that needs a Savior.

The men keep shouting and I want to be saved. Then I see the man with the red necktie touch people on the head and they fall down. I know it is the power of

God. Not like in the Catholic Church. God is really here moving and I am afraid. I start shaking and crying and that's when I get saved. Hallelujah! Thank God for the ministry of Brother Bob Dinkins. God saved me from the Catholic Church and now I am a Christian and a minister of the Full Gospel. ☩



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