



HE'S ALIVE

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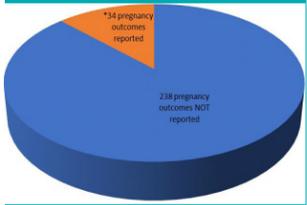
"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen" -Revelation 1:18



Hello June

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My Journey from the Old Order Amish to Christian

By Brother Samuel Miller

July 17, 1974, I was born into an "old order Amish" family and expected to be Amish my entire life. The first 19 or 20 years I did so. But along the way I began to have questions and wanted answers. My mom and dad were devout Amish and expected the same of me. But my Uncle Dave was Christian and used to come visit us along with my cousins, his children. They were different than us. It was very obvious, and I became curious. Uncle Dave and his family would do things like hug one another and they were loving and happy. They displayed a freedom I longed for. My father passed away in 2005 but my mom is still living and still Amish. I was rejected by them at first, maybe the first two years or so. They were upset at me for leaving and I was uncomfortable going around them in my English clothes and driving my car. A good Amish wears black with a white shirt and black hat, not these modern English clothes I now wore. Some families require their children to still wear traditional dress when they come visit from outside the Amish ranks, but my mom and dad did not. Phones were not permitted either, although it has gotten a little more lenient today. There were lots of questions due to the strict governance by condemnation and force. So much so that it finally pushed me out. The final straw came when I went to the horse races, which was taboo, and they wanted me to confess in front of the church my sin. I was unwilling and felt condemned and pressured. Instead of helping me to get closer to the Lord, they in essence drove me away with their strict



Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller

requirements. There was just no freedom. Ended up I told them I was going to the bathroom and took the opportunity to walk through the barn and then across the field. I never looked back. I called my friend to come pick me up and off I went. Like a calf let loose that had been corralled way too long, I was free!! Or at least I thought I was. Then came the rejection by the local folks for leaving the Amish. I was ostracized and made to feel very alone. It seemed I was being judged everywhere I went, and I was becoming more and more confused. However, in the confusion I began to search. Search for something more, something real. Uncle Dave and his family invited me to their church, Grace Christian Fellowship. My first impression was amazement. These people were joyful in church and not angry or judgmental. They were raising their hands and praising God with smiles on their faces. Some even danced in the Spirit as they wor-

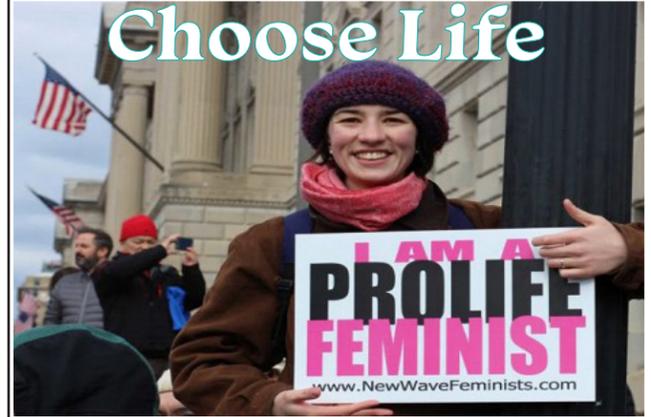
shipped. I thought to myself, "the Amish don't do this!" These church people told me how happy there to see me and I did not even have to wear my tradition black and white clothes with my black hat! Uncle Dave's wife, in persuading me to come, informed me the Amish traditional clothes were not necessary in Grace Church. The people were so loving. What a contrast to what I had always known and experienced in the Amish faith. They seemed to always be scolding and punishing. What a difference I experienced, and I enjoyed it. Still, I was searching, even though I enjoyed the church services, there were many times of rejection as I went about my life otherwise. Some people would not even say hello as I passed. I still needed answers. My typical routine was to go to work, come home, watch TV, which I never was able to do before. I would watch the news, then Jerry Seinfeld and then the 700 Club. It was

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She Used to be Pro-Abortion But Now She's Pro-Life and Helps Women Choose Life

Patty Knap | Lifeneews.com

ends with her now pro-life mother. Gradually Ariel got involved with the occult and tarot cards, "creating her own reality," which lasted at least seven years. At 24 she dated a lukewarm Catholic who had a Bible and took her to Mass. "The Lord was working in me through him," she said, "showing me a different way of life with Jesus at the center." While that relationship ended, Ariel found herself curious about the Bible and went and bought her own. At first, she'd look up Scripture for certain things, like psalms for sadness. "There was something about the Bible that I'd never felt before that attracted me," she said, "although I didn't know why at that point." After a while, the Bible reading fell by the wayside, but Ariel was left with an uncertainty about the way she'd been living. "I was feeling hesitant about my abortion convictions and the promiscuous way I'd been living," Ariel said. Then two years ago, she hit a real low point. A period of anxiety, fear, and depression along with friendships falling apart left her feeling she was mentally deteriorating. "All the guys I thought would be "it" – weren't," she recalled. "I had no sense of self, no identity, I felt useless and hopeless, and like, 'what am I doing, why am I here, who am I?'" She spent hours crying in her room. "I realize now I was being called to something," Ariel..



Pregnancy resource centers exist thanks to the gift of time and effort of our volunteers. At Women First Pregnancy Options on Long Island, I'm often the one to interview people who express interest in helping out. I've always found it interesting to ask new volunteers what prompted their interest in pro-life work. Rarely have I heard that it's just for something to do, or that it was a random pick of charities or non-profits to give time to. Every person I've asked this has a reason, and some of those reasons involve very interesting journeys. A few months back I met Ariel, a bright and friendly young woman of 26. We chatted about how she learned about our centers, all the various ways we help pregnant women, and her available hours. Then she shared her dramatic conversion story. Growing up, both Ariel's parents were Christian, but faith and moral issues weren't a topic of conversation. She remembers her grandmother sharing with her that she'd had two abortions, "for medical reasons," and that left an impression of general acceptance of abortion. In middle school and high school, "everyone was sexually active," she said, and chats with her friends included the assumption that if one of them got pregnant, they'd naturally "just abort it because it's just tissue." After high school, Ariel's mother recommitted herself to Christ. With Ariel having absorbed all the pro-abortion rhetoric a few conversations about the abortion issue led to dead-

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