

I knew it, the prayer team surrounded me. As they laid hands on me and prayed, I physically felt spiritual entities leave my body—entities I now know were actually demons who, like Satan, masquerade as light (2 Corinthians 11:14). Feeling trapped, I fled out the door.

A Witch's Encounter with God.

Once outside, I realized I'd left my purse inside. Reluctantly, I returned to retrieve it, keeping my eyes on the exit. The pastor simply said passively, "You can't run from God."

He was right. My walls of resistance tumbled down. I surrendered my life to Jesus on, of all days, Halloween.

This brings me full circle to the day I discovered God is superior to all other spiritual powers. He took the most powerful day of the witch's year to prove that light triumphs over darkness, good over evil, and God's power over Satan. That was the day God's light pierced my hardened heart and set my feet to dancing!

Ally's Prayer For You:

"Lord, let Your Holy Spirit move powerfully upon the hearts of all who read these words. Open their eyes to see Your truth, convict them of Your love, and draw them into a deep, personal relationship with You. Let this message be a divine turning point in their life. In Jesus' name, Amen!"

Radio Interviews.

As well as other media appearances, Ally was interviewed on Eternal Radio by Laura, an Ex-Spiritualist on The Supernatural with Laura Maxwell – available online.

Ally Tower's Resources.

Ally's memoir: 'A Witch's Encounter with God'. Also, 'From the Craft to Christ, featuring 12 Former Witch testimonies' and 'Behind Enemy Lines', an integration of spiritual warfare, deliverance, and healing.

Ally continues to spread the Good News of Jesus' love by praying for spiritual seekers, healing and preaching deliverance from evil spirits to the captives (Luke 4:18-19), through media interviews, her website satower.org and beyond.

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More True Stories At
OurSpiritualQuest.com/Tracts

Witchcraft and My Spiritual Journey by Ally Tower.

Ancestral Beginnings.

From an early age, a battle between good and evil warred over my soul. My parents introduced me to the Episcopal Church, where biblical stories shaped my ideas on faith. Yet my grandmother introduced a competing narrative, often sharing stories of my great-aunt Gracie, a spiritualist reverend who relied on psychic visions and tarot warnings.

One story haunted me: a man ignored Gracie's tarot warning and died in a freak accident. Whether literally accurate or not, its emotional force suggested dismissing unseen knowledge carried terrible consequences. The supernatural felt both threatening and compelling. My later interest in Wicca grew from this exposure to contrasting spirituality—one institutional, the other psychic and hidden. Childhood had made a spiritual reckoning unavoidable.

The Dark Abyss.

I entered my teenage years immersed in the era's culture of peace, love, and marijuana. One evening, after smoking a joint, I passed a church sign reading, "Jesus saves, Jesus heals". The words overwhelmed me. A panic attack took hold, bringing suffocating fear and the sensation of being pulled into a dark abyss. It felt less like ordinary anxiety and more like an encounter with an active, threatening power. A friend stayed and calmed me until the episode subsided.

Spiritual Drought.

Years later, I attended a massive Jesus crusade at Giants Stadium. Moved by the worship, I prayed the sinner's prayer. It felt like a homecoming. I joined a local church, married, and welcomed children. But our stable future fractured when my husband's temper grew explosive due to untreated bipolar disorder. After years of pleading for divine intervention amid financial and emotional chaos, a cold exhaustion settled in my bones. Concluding that God had abandoned us, I decided that if the God of light wouldn't protect me, I would seek power elsewhere.

The Enchanted Path.

The memoir of a former Satanist served as the bait; after reading it, I went straight to the library. Shelves filled with books on magick, ritual, divination, folklore, and Wicca offered an expansive new world. I returned repeatedly, devouring one volume after another, consuming material with the urgency of someone who believed answers might be hidden in its pages. One night, beckoned by the full moon, I stood beneath its glow and called upon the Goddess. Energy surged through me. When I went back inside, my children stared at me in quiet awe, asking why my face glowed. Looking into their eyes, I knew I'd opened a passage to an ancient way of life. I began studying witchcraft under a well-known high priest, every morning I meditated to contact my spirit guide. After studying for a year and a day, I was initiated

by the high priestess and crossed the threshold to officially become "a Witch." We met on new and full moons to cast spells, develop psychic abilities, and celebrate the major Sabbats. We held drum circles, attended pagan gatherings, and participated in exclusive coven rituals in the mountains.

Who Do You Say I Am?

During this time, my former church family excommunicated me. Years later, the pastor invited me back after I shared a vivid, recurring dream. In it, Jesus looked right through me, asking, "Who do you say that I am?"

That question haunted me. For an entire year, I straddled the fence, caught in an agonizing tug-of-war between two conflicting realms. I tried to reconcile the loving, piercing eyes of Jesus with the empowering, intoxicating control I felt in Witchcraft. The church excommunicated me again. The rejection curdled into a bitter rage. I slammed the door entirely on God, delved deeper into The Craft, and even performed a banishing spell against my former pastor to permanently sever the ties hindering my occult advancement.

I later learned his house was for sale.

Second-guessing my actions, I contacted him. Surprisingly, a few weeks later, he called, inviting me to church to meet a visiting Ex-Occultist. I went purely out of spite. Though the woman couldn't come, tears rushed from my eyes throughout the service. This uncontrollable reaction

completely perplexed me. My mind was perfectly content in Wicca.

I will never forget that day walking into church after a high-intensity Samhain ritual the night before, convinced my occult power made me untouchable. Within hours, my resistance would crumble before a power far greater than anything I had ever channeled.

Inside, my control dissolved almost immediately. A familiar setting, yet strangely charged. As I sat among people worshipping, uneasiness turned into a profound internal disturbance. I felt exposed, as though barriers built through years of occult practice no longer obeyed my commands.

Still crying days later, I called the pastor. He said God was touching my heart. I asked if I could visit. He selected the date, which turned out to be, of all days, Halloween. I accepted the challenge to prove the crying was just emotion, convinced nothing would happen since I'd still be carrying the energy from the Samhain ritual the night before.

Once worship began, the tears returned, completely flooring me. A stranger came over and sat holding my hand, telling me God had sent her. At the "Halloween-themed" sermon, my jaw clenched tight as a sudden, sharp anger flared inside me. When the pastor announced they were engaging in spiritual warfare against the season, I stood to leave.

Before reaching the exit, a few women stopped me, introducing me to the Ex-Occultist I'd originally come to meet. Before