Testimony of Bruno Ierullo

My only ambition in life was to become a minister of Jesus Christ. I was a teenager when that call was placed on my life. I ran from that call not understanding the true love of God as a Father. I spent much time before truly receiving salvation as a what describe as "pulling a Jonah". Running from the call!

Here is the story, but let me begin by saying that some of the details of my story are a little graphic. Much of it relates to my childhood, my upbringing, my background, and my past. While some parts may be difficult to hear, they are an important part of my testimony—my conversion, my journey to Christ, and my acceptance of Jesus as my Savior and Lord and understanding of who God is as Father and Holy Spirit is as the Life giver. This testimony is a testament to His grace and goodness toward me and, ultimately, toward you as well. It's about how He has taken me—and desires to take you—from a place of darkness into His wonderful light. That is what this is all about.

I make no apology for sharing the graphic details of my past. They serve a purpose: to help you understand the depths from which I've been rescued. The Lord has brought me out of the very depths of hell itself to where I stand today. I am grateful for this opportunity to share my story with you. I hope that the next hour will be a time of receiving all that God, the Father, has for you.

As a little boy, what I needed most in life was a father. More than anything, I desired to be loved. I was born anToronto, Canada, in the downtown area, and I come from an Italian background. For those familiar with different ethnic groups and cultures, you might understand some of the dynamics of growing up in an Italian household. I came from a very good Italian family. I'm one of five siblings, with two older sisters and two younger ones.

However, something happened to me at a very young age. For lack of better words, I'll say there's a battle—a battle that rages between light and darkness. While for Jesus, who is King, this battle is already won, here on earth there is one who prowls like a roaring lion. His name is Satan, and he holds many under his power. For most of my life—from birth until I gave my heart to Jesus—I was in that dark place, under Satan's dominion, ruled and reigned by him.

I think my earliest memory of things going downhill was in grade three. It was a year when I deeply felt the need for a father—the kind of dad I thought everyone else had. A dad who would play basketball with me, cheer me on at hockey games, and say, "Son, you've done a great job. I'm proud of you." Let me say this: my father is a wonderful man. I absolutely love him, and he loves me abundantly as well.

However, my father was absent in many ways. For various reasons—some of which were understandable—he wasn't there for me in the way I needed. As an immigrant to Canada, life was not easy for him. I'm a second-generation Italian, and my father came to this country with nothing. It wasn't easy for my dad. He came to Canada with nothing, and in just eight years, he managed to buy a home and pay off the mortgage. He worked very diligently, often putting in 80-hour weeks to provide for our family. Despite his relentless efforts, my dad faced significant challenges. He had suffered from meningitis as a young boy, which caused partial hearing loss. Later, while working so hard to support us, he sustained a back injury. These struggles made it difficult for him to be physically active or engage in activities like playing ball with me—things I longed for as a child. His absence left a void in my life, and I began searching in the wrong places to fill it.

By grade three, I found myself hanging around with a group of boys who were rambunctious and mischievous. We lived in an area of Toronto called Christie Pits, across from a park that truly lived up to its name—it was a pit. Our house overlooked the park, which was rife with gang activity, drugs, and violence. The environment wasn't

particularly safe, especially for young girls. Growing up in such a place, I felt a strong need for protection, not just for myself but also for my two younger and two older sisters. This fear of what could happen to them became very real, as I witnessed things I won't go into detail about here. It was a heavy burden for a young boy in the late 1970s and early 1980s to carry.

Out of fear and the absence of a father figure, I began aligning myself with individuals who could provide protection. At that point, I made an inner vow in my heart: my earthly father would no longer be my father. I decided my family could not meet my needs, so I turned to another "family." This new allegiance became my source of identity and security, a means to fill the void left in my heart.

This pattern of seeking belonging continued. At around 12 years old, I became deeply embedded in the street and gang life of Toronto, particularly in the Christie Pits area. I spent most of my time at a pool hall (Billiards) on Crawford Street, known for its ties to gang culture. This particular hall was notorious, alongside similar spots in Regent Park and Saint Clair areas, as a hub for some of the toughest individuals in the city, regardless of cultural background. It was here that I aligned myself with a man named Frankie (undisclosed last name). While I don't know where Frankie is today, I mention his name in the hope of his salvation. I gravitated toward him, dedicating myself to him and, in a way, to the life he represented.

At just 12 years old, I became the unofficial mascot of the billiards hall. With long hair that reached halfway down my back, I worked there, skipping school entirely. It was against the law to be out of school at that age, but I was absent for most of my school years starting in grade 7. Something pivotal happened in my life, but until then, my early teenage years were defined by this alternate lifestyle. I vividly recall a particular event when Frankie took me to a Maximum Penitentiary. We drove from Toronto, with Frankie—who didn't have a

driver's license. Frankie told me, "Bruno, if we get pulled over by the police, just say my name is Joe."

This memory, among many others, is a glimpse into the life I lived during those formative years.

In those early days of my life, crime seemed almost effortless. Simple things, like the absence of picture identification, made it easy to assume someone else's identity. For instance, if someone had similar facial features and claimed to be another individual, like Joe, an affiliate, it was difficult for the police to prove otherwise unless fingerprints were involved. The system back then wasn't as secure as it is today. This made engaging in crime relatively straightforward.

I recall a particular event when I went to a Penitentiary (place where murders served life time sentences) with Frankie. Frankie, a sharp-looking and charismatic man, was a master manipulator. He had a smooth, slick way about him that often worked to his advantage. Upon arrival, Frankie spoke with the guards. I vividly remember him removing a Harley Davidson lapel pin from his leather jacket and passing it through the glass to one of the female guards. That simple gesture was enough to gain the guard's favor, and the door was opened for me to sneak heroin into the prison—at just 12 years old.

This marked the beginning of my exposure to a world deeply intertwined with drugs, crime, and corrupt systems. There was a clear connection between those in authority—civil workers, government officials—and the underground network of crime. In the Christie Pits area, drugs were not just prevalent; they were in surplus. LSD, heroin, and other hallucinogens were readily available. Trafficking and manufacturing drugs became an integral part of that environment.

Years later, I spoke with the director of Teen Challenge, a drug rehabilitation center founded by David Wilkerson. I shared my testimony with him, explaining how God had miraculously delivered

me from the world of addiction without rehabilitation or relapse. He was astonished, telling me that such cases fall into the one to three percent range—an incredibly rare occurrence. He even suggested that I work with their program. To this day, I thank God for delivering me instantly and completely. Since leaving that life, I have never returned to addiction or that underground world. It's not even a concern for me now.

At 12, it was routine for me to see heroin and to witness drugs being administered intravenously. These experiences were devastating for someone so young. I remember a moment with Frankie that had a profound impact on me. Although I wasn't personally using drugs nor have I ever did drugs intravenously. I was present when Frankie asked me to help him inject speed. He handed me an elastic band and asked me to hold it around his arm as he prepared to inject. Watching him do this—and witnessing his reaction—changed something in me.

That moment left a deep impression. I can still recall sitting with Frankie, watching a Philadelphia Flyers and Toronto Maple Leafs NHL playoff game on TV. As the effects of the drug took hold, Frankie began to nod off. It was a jarring sight. Frankie was someone I had looked up to, someone I admired deeply, and seeing him in that state left me disgusted. Not only did the act of injecting drugs repulse me, but seeing the aftereffects on someone I cared about turned me away from ever wanting to participate in that lifestyle.

I began aligning myself with others in that sphere—people from the same area who were deeply involved in crime. I was the youngest among them. Frankie, for instance, was in his early 20s, but somehow, I found a place within that circle at a young age. As I aligned myself with Frankie and others, I noticed how people on the street began to fear me. My peers, my school friends—no one dared to touch my family. In a strange way, it felt good to have that kind of power and protection.

From the age of 12 to about 15, my life was filled with things that most teenagers couldn't imagine. Not only were my pockets full of money, but I also had people working for me. At the same time, I was being pursued by a probation officer for various petty crimes, a truant officer for skipping school, and my father, who was constantly after me for the length of my hair, which seemed to irritate him more than anything else. I didn't see the need to go to school—I had money, status, and influence. I barely came home except to sleep, and in the mornings, I was out again.

The bond I had with my crew was like that of blood brothers, and I was their leader. Their loyalty was unwavering. They would do anything I asked, no matter how extreme or risky. For example, if I asked one of them to go down a street, break into every home, and take all the gold, jewelry, cash, or anything of value, they would do it without hesitation. These weren't hypothetical scenarios; these things happened often. This was the life of a young teenager, immersed in a world of crime and control.

At 15, however, something significant happened. One rainy evening, a friend and I were riding a motorcycle, and we wiped out right in front of a police cruiser. Neither of us had a license—we felt we didn't need them. We had access to multiple vehicles, including high-end ones like Jaguars and Cadillacs. But that night, our crash landed us at 311 Jarvis, the juvenile detention center. We were taken into custody, and the next day we faced trial.

I remember that trial vividly. My mother was there, but my father wasn't; he was at work. For him, providing for the family was his highest priority, and he didn't see the need to attend the trial. I don't hold it against him—I love my father, and he loves me. He simply believed that his role as a provider was his primary responsibility.

At the trial, my probation officer pleaded with the judge and the Crown Attorney to lock me away indefinitely. At the time, there was

talk of strengthening the Young Offenders Act to impose harsher sentences on youth involved in serious crimes. The belief on the streets was that you should do as much as you could before turning 16, knowing the consequences were lighter. By the time I was 15, my peers and I had done just about everything we could get away with under that system. The word on the street was once you were 16 your where sentenced as an adult meaning you would do hard-time in a real prison.

The judge's decision at that trial marked a turning point in my life. It wasn't just about the legal consequences—it was a moment that began to unravel the path I had been on. I'll share more about the strength and influence of boys like us, and how, despite our age, we wielded an incredible amount of power.

You wouldn't want to mess with a gang of teenagers, especially not ours. We were a group of young boys, but we were strong and fearless. Physically, I was in great shape as a teenager, and our gang wielded a dangerous presence. I remember one particular incident when we entered Sam Park's Taekwondo Center on Bloor Street in Toronto. This wasn't just any martial arts school—it was a respected center with a master and his students. We walked in and challenged everyone, including the head instructor, to a fight. Despite being just boys, we were so violent and intimidating that even the police hesitated to intervene. The Taekwondo instructors and students were terrified, and the encounter turned into a bloodbath. It was shocking to see how much power we had as a gang of teenagers.

Looking back, I can only describe the strength we had as demonic. The mantra on the streets at the time was, "Do everything you can before you turn 16," because once you reached that age, the consequences were much harsher—as I said - real jail time. At 15 years old, I found myself standing in court, with my probation officer and the Crown Attorney urging the judge to sentence me without a definite term. They argued that I should remain in detention at the St John's

Reformatory School in Uxbridge Ontario, until I turned 16 and could be transferred to prison. Their recommendation was to hold me until I could demonstrate to the correctional system that I was fit to reenter society. The sentence they were proposing could have easily stretched to seven years or more.

Amidst this, my mom became the turning point. She came to my trial with tears in her eyes, literally falling to her knees before the judge, begging for mercy. Before the trial, she had received a prophetic word from a nun named Sister Carmelina, who was bedridden and prayed for others while often sharing prophetic insights. The nun told my mom to ask the judge to send me to St. John's Boys School instead of prison. When the judge was ready to sentence me, my mom repeated the nun's words, pleading, "Your Honor, would you allow my son to be sent to St. John's Boys School in Claremont, Ontario?"

Something shifted in the atmosphere of the courtroom. The judge, moved by her plea, granted her request. He said, "Be it as you say, Mrs. Ierullo. We will allow you to send your son to St. John's Boys School and monitor his progress." Instead of being sentenced to indefinite detention at the , I was released from court and enrolled at the school. At the time, I had no idea what St. John's Boys School was, or what it entailed.

The school, located about 10 kilometers south of Uxbridge, Ontario and northeast of Toronto, was a highly disciplined boarding school run by the Company of the Cross, an affiliate of the Anglican Church. It was designed to teach boys how to integrate into society with dignity, focusing on outdoor activities, athleticism, and discipline. On my first day, I was dropped off at the school with my long hair and gang-like appearance. Outside the dorms, I saw tents set up, giving the school an outdoorsy, almost military feel.

St. John's Boys School emphasized rigorous outdoor activities. The students participated in canoe trips and month-long brigades in the

wilderness. The school was rooted in a mission to teach boys not just survival skills, but also manners and respect, preparing them to reenter society as respectable young men. At that moment, I didn't know how much this place would impact me or the changes it would bring to my life.

At St. John's Boys School, the environment was rugged and disciplined. There were snowshoe races that stretched 35 miles, rugby games, and a mix of academics, sports, and outdoor activities. When I first arrived, I saw tents set up in front of the school, meant to showcase the "Voyager life" the school modeled. I found myself in one of those tents, smoking a cigarette I had brought a carton of cigarettes with me. Upset about being there, I smoked away while a cloud of smoke billowed out of the tent.

One of the masters—a term we used for our teachers at the English boarding school—approached me. He called me by my last name, "Ierullo," and said, "Smoking, are we?" I replied, "Oh yeah, we're smoking." He then asked if I had any more cigarettes, to which I gladly admitted I had an entire carton. He promptly took the carton from me. Then he asked, "Do you have any money?" I showed him a wad of cash, and he said, "Thank you. I'll hold onto this until the end of the school year." Finally, he instructed me to go up to the third floor for a haircut. By the time I returned, my long hair had been cut into a crew cut, and I felt stripped of everything. I was furious, but something began to shift in me.

As I adjusted to life at St. John's, I noticed that many of the boys came from affluent families. Notable names like John Turner's son, Prime Minster of Canada's son and the son of Scott Warren, chairman of the TTC, were among my peers. Compared to them, my background was far from prosperous. Despite the differences, I began to learn the system. I discovered opportunities to profit from contraband, realizing I could sell a chocolate bar for $2 when it cost only 15 cents. This led me to develop my own "underground economy" within the school,

selling contraband and eventually sneaking drugs into the system. I had recreated the world I left behind, only this time it was within the walls of the boarding school—and it was lucrative.

By my senior year, I had adapted to life at the school. The structure and opportunities for profit made me appreciate the place. Each morning began at 6:30, followed by chapel at 7:00. Though I didn't truly believe in God at the time, I had a Catholic and Pentecostal background. My grandmother's constant prayers and devotion to the rosary stood out in my memory, but they hadn't influenced me deeply. I had been baptized, confirmed, and even served as an altar boy, but none of it shaped my life. Yet, as the Bible repeatedly says, "While we were far from Him, He loved us." Unbeknownst to me, God was beginning to work in my heart.

The school ran from grades 7 to 10, preparing boys to transition back into regular schools to reintegrate into society. In grade 10, my headmaster gathered the senior class as we approached snowshoe season. Snowshoe races marked the winter, and each senior boy was asked, "If we made you captain of a snowshoe team, who would you choose for your team?" The question held more weight than it seemed, as it began to reveal leadership qualities and relationships among the boys.

I had a lingering question in the back of my mind: "Oh God, if you really exist, I want to see you. I want to believe that you are real. Life is good right now, but I'm not sure I believe in you. If you're real, if you can prove yourself to me, I'm willing to consider you as my God." With that thought, I found myself often in school chapel. While with my classmates and the headmaster posed a question to us, I felt it was the moment God could prove himself to me. Wow, what pride!

As the headmaster proceed with his question he went to the first team leader captain waiting for an answer. The leader naturally chose the best athlete in the school. The second boy followed suit, choosing

another top athlete. This pattern continued with the third and fourth captains picking the best of the remaining boys. When it came to my turn, for some inexplicable reason (it could only be a God set up), I chose the worst athlete in the entire school. The headmaster moved through the second round of selections. Again, each captain picked another strong contender. But when it was my turn, I chose the second worst athlete. By the end of the draft, the other teams were evenly matched with good athletes, while my team consisted of the school's worst performers—boys who could barely walk a mile, let alone run or snowshoe. They were the laughingstock of the school athletically.

In snowshoe racing, your team is only as fast as your slowest member, and my team had all the slowest boys. The race structure began with preliminary runs to build up to the main event: a grueling 35-mile snowshoe race. During the first preliminary race, we left in the dark early in the morning and didn't return until evening, with lanterns lighting the final mile. We came in last, hours behind the other teams. Despite this, something in me believed God might use this as an opportunity to prove Himself. I worked with my team tirelessly, believing that if they somehow won the 35-mile race, it would be undeniable proof of God's reality. I even made a silent vow: if we won, I would surrender my life to Him. In my limited understanding of devotion to God, I thought this meant I would have to become a Catholic priest.

The night before the final race, all the captains gathered to discuss their predictions. They speculated on who would win, each confident in their own chances. At one point, someone remarked, "Well, one thing's for sure—we know Bruno isn't going to win." I didn't respond, but deep down, I held onto a belief that something extraordinary could happen.

The day of the race arrived, a snowy morning in Huntsville, at a place called Sprucedale in the northern woods of Ontario, Canada. We were up at 5:00 a.m., preparing in the freezing cold. As the race began,

something incredible happened. My team, the supposed weakest of all, surged forward like a bullet. They moved so fast I struggled to keep up with them. My slowest runner was faster on snowshoes than I was. It felt like an unexplainable force was propelling them. By the end of the race, we finished a full two hours ahead of any other team.

I remember the second-place team coming into view as they completed their last quarter mile. Normally, teams would wait at the finish line to cheer others on, but this time, there was shock and disbelief. The look on their faces was unforgettable. Against all odds, my team of misfits had not only won but had done so in a way that defied logic.

After finishing the race, you'd typically have a warm drink, clean up, and then return to cheer on the remaining teams. My team had come in so early that we were already showered, shaven (hairy as I was at a young age), and cheering for the second-place team as they finished. I can still remember the look on the face of their captain as he approached me, exhausted from the race. He asked, "Who won the race?" With a straight face, I replied, "You're looking at us." At first, he thought I was joking, assuming we were the last-place team. When he realized we had actually won, his jaw dropped. "You guys? Are you serious?" he said in disbelief.

That night, back in my dorm, I prayed, "God, you got me. You absolutely got me." The miracle of that day left no doubt in my mind that God was real. Word soon spread that I was going to become a Catholic priest. The news even reached Italy: "Bruno is going to be a Catholic priest." I had made a pact with God, and in my limited understanding of serving Him, I believed the ultimate path was to enter the priesthood. However, despite my newfound commitment, I faced internal struggles.

The first issue was that I wanted to get married and didn't want to choose celibacy. Secondly, as the only son in my family, I felt a strong

obligation to carry on the family name—a deeply rooted Italian tradition. These conflicts created a war within me. Although I had experienced God's presence through a miracle, I didn't truly know Him. My decision to serve Him was based on a sense of duty rather than a personal relationship with Jesus. This lack of understanding led to rebellion within me.

By the time I was 19, my juvenile record had been cleared, and I technically had no criminal record as an adult. However, I was deeply conflicted about becoming a priest. While attending Father Henry Carr Roman Catholic School in Toronto and considering seminary, I couldn't fully commit. Rumors circulated that Catholic priests might eventually be allowed to marry, but others dismissed the idea, especially during Pope John Paul II's tenure. I also considered becoming an Anglican minister, as they could marry, but it felt like a betrayal of my Italian heritage and Catholic upbringing. This internal struggle—fueled by religious strongholds and cultural expectations—left me in turmoil.

Unable to reconcile these conflicts, I spiraled further into rebellion. My involvement in the underground drug world intensified. I became merciless, dealing primarily in cocaine, often in large quantities like kilos. By this time, I had accumulated wealth, vehicles, and properties. In 1987, I purchased a brand-new 1988 van, fully paid off. I lived with my parents but also maintained my own apartment. Despite my material success, my life grew darker.

The underground world was consuming me. I began sleeping with one eye open in my apartment, constantly on edge due to the dangerous people and situations I was involved in. My associations expanded to include gang members, particularly those connected with Satan's Choice, a notorious biker gang. I aligned myself with various biker clubs and clubhouse networks, further entrenching myself in a life of crime and darkness.

At this point in my life, I was heavily involved with various biker gang chapters, including the Toronto, Oshawa, and Keswick chapters. My connections extended beyond them to Colombians, with whom I was deeply entangled in the drug trade. Whenever someone fronted me a large stash of cocaine, I never intended to pay them back. To me, it was like a gift, and this put many people after me. The environment was dangerous, and gun violence was rampant. Guns were everywhere—like a dime a dozen—and could easily be smuggled across the border, mostly from the United States. While security has tightened since 9/11, I can only imagine how much worse the proliferation of guns might be today compared to back then.

For me, carrying weapons was second nature. I had knives in every pocket and access to guns, and taking someone's life didn't faze me. I had grown numb to violence. This period marked the climax of my descent. Not only was I dealing drugs, but I was also heavily addicted to them. My addiction was so severe that it devastated my family. My mom cried constantly, calling anyone she could—ministries, prayer lines like 100 Huntley Street—desperately seeking help for me. Many people were afraid of me, and my notoriety spread.

In September of 1989, One incident stands out vividly, I was involved in a Colombian drug deal in the Jane and Finch area of Toronto, an area notorious even today for drugs like crack and crystal meth. At that time, cocaine was the drug of choice. While partying and working out deals with the Colombians, things suddenly took a dark turn. One of the Colombians approached me and stabbed me in the stomach. I was so intoxicated and high—on the third day of a cocaine binge—that I barely registered what had happened. The thick leather jacket I wore, a gift from one of the biker gangs, shielded me somewhat, but I felt the knife's impact as I held my stomach.

As he stabbed me, the man held me at gunpoint, saying, "I should blow you away." He had his gun hidden under his shirt or jacket, and his anger stemmed from his suspicion that I intended to make the deal

go sour and rip him off—which, in truth, I likely was planning. But in my drugged-out state, I tried to convince him otherwise, calling him my brother and claiming loyalty to him. I pleaded, saying that I wouldn't betray him because of our supposed bond.

As he held me there, I heard an audible voice. It was clear as day, and it said, "You live by the sword, you die by the sword." I didn't know at the time that these were the words of Jesus to Peter in the garden of Gethsemane, but I knew it was the voice of God. I was stunned, trying to process what I had just heard while continuing to talk my way out of the situation.

For 20 agonizing minutes, I tried to convince the Colombian of my loyalty. But finally, I'd had enough. I was still holding my stomach, bleeding and drugged, and I moved right up to his gun. At that moment, something changed. A fear—what I now know to be the fear of God—came over him. Without warning, he turned and started running, and the others followed. They all fled from the back of my truck, leaving me there.

I climbed into the driver's seat, dazed and detached from the gravity of what had just happened. Despite being stabbed and held at gunpoint, I was so entrenched in my lifestyle and so numb to reality that I brushed it off as though it were just another day in that world.

The thick leather jacket I wore that night saved me. The knife didn't puncture my skin; it merely cut through the jacket, or perhaps the zipper absorbed the impact. For some reason, I was unharmed, so there was no need to go to the hospital. Despite what had just happened, I found myself reacting strangely. As the Colombian ran away, I got into the driver's seat of my truck and tried to follow him. I even shouted out, "Hey, don't walk! Come on, I'll give you a ride!" But he kept running. It was as if I couldn't comprehend the gravity of the situation or my own state of mind.

That early morning I woke up my mother and said ma that is it I am going to become a Catholic priest. She immediately saw this as the opportunity as I was at the "end of my rope", it was time to pursue the new path. Before this happened the struggle within family was intense and earlier on I had a doubled minded pull in both both directions, would I be a priest or not, would I live up to the promise. So one day I returned to St. John's Anglican Boys School and sought out Rod Voss, who had been one of the teachers during my time there and was now the headmaster. My mother mediated on my behalf, and Rod graciously opened his home to me. He told me, "You are staying in this house until you find out what you want to do in life, until you find out the meaning of life." He and his wife, Alita, gave me a bed and welcomed me into their family, which included their six children.

Every morning, Rod would wake me up and say, "We're going for a run, Bruno." It was winter, and we would run a half-mile or a mile through the snow before kneeling in the snow to pray. Rod would cry out to God, asking Him to reveal Himself to me and to give me a plan and a destiny for my life. This went on for six weeks. Despite their kindness and prayers, I was still addicted to drugs and continued my destructive habits even while living in their home. I was a threat to their family, yet they never gave up on me.

During this time, Rod mentioned a former student, Colin Kirkshank, who had attended a Christian university in New Brunswick. He suggested that I consider visiting the university during their March Break open house. I wasn't initially interested, but when March arrived, I decided to attend. The university welcomed me, and I was accepted into their program for the following September school year. Although I didn't know it at the time, this decision marked the beginning of a new chapter in my life.

Before heading to New Brunswick, it was very unlikely I was going to go to university but that night where God spoke to me clearly, saying, "You live by the sword, you die by the sword." But this supernatural

encounter shook me to my core. When I woke my mother at 4 a.m. and told her, I was going to be a priest and so "We're going to New Brunswick." She called my cousin and my second oldest sister, and we drove 17 hours straight along the Trans-Canada Highway. They dropped me off at St. Stephen's University. Reliving the drop off as a teenage at St. John's but this time would different! Despite my encounter with God, I didn't yet know Jesus personally. I was surrendering my life to a God I didn't fully understand.

At St. Stephen's University, I began to see something in the students that I didn't have. They had a sense of peace, joy, and purpose that was completely foreign to me. Despite my lifestyle, I had always considered myself to be a Christian, believing that I had some kind of moral code, even in the drug world. However, my version of morality was far removed from true ethics or obedience to God's laws. I was starting to realize that my life lacked the real transformation I was witnessing in others. This marked the beginning of God revealing Himself to me through visions, dreams, and the lives of those around me.

At St. Stephen's University, I began to notice something profound in my fellow students. They were studying Christian education as believers, and they had something I lacked. They were filled with the Holy Spirit, and that realization birthed in me a deep hunger and thirst for God. I had left everything behind—no drugs, no old lifestyle—and was now fully open to seeking Him. One night, as I sat in the university's common room, the conviction of sin overwhelmed me. I was weighed down by guilt, condemnation, and the heaviness of my sins, and I felt an urgent need to release it all.

I turned to two girls I knew, both pastor's daughters. One was from Wallaceburg, Ontario, a small town, and the other, Charmaine, was from Grand Bend. These young women, raised in sheltered Christian homes, had no idea what I was about to unload on them. I kept them up all night, confessing every sin I could remember in graphic detail.

Looking back, I realize how overwhelming and unprepared they must have been for such an experience. Yet, at that moment, I was desperate to pour everything out—to God and to someone who could witness my confession. I felt as though I was crossing a line, leaving my old life behind, and moving toward God.

While the conviction of sin and God's presence were heavy upon me, I also felt the mocking presence of Satan, the enemy of my soul. I heard an audible voice, a sinister laugh that mocked my attempts to turn to God. It was a taunting voice, saying, "I've got you. You belong to me." It felt like an intense spiritual battle was raging. Fear gripped me—a fear unlike anything I had ever experienced. I had always been fearless, challenging anyone and anything, but this was different. It was a deep, ungodly fear that made me feel like the enemy wanted to destroy me.

One particular night, I was climbing the grand spiral staircase in the university's main hall. I hugged the wall as I ascended because I was terrified. I believed the enemy would physically throw me over the railing to kill me. It was a fear so profound that it consumed me, and I felt like my very life was at risk. Yet, I knew I needed to pour out everything before God and leave my old life behind.

That same night the two girls went to Naomi, now my precious wife, who was in her third year at the university, and explained to her what happened. She came to me early in the morning and said, "Bruno, you can't keep pouring out your sins to young girls and scaring them. They're terrified of you, and now the entire school is scared to death of you. You need to find a man, a mentor—someone who can understand your background and help you."

Naomi suggested I speak with Tom Knox, a wonderful man of God from New Brunswick who would later become a lifelong friend. Tom took the time to meet with me and help guide me through this tumultuous and transformative season of my life.

Tom at the season of my life became a pivotal figure in my journey. He ran a home for severely handicapped children and adults, which was his passion. Tom met with me weekly, then monthly, and simply listened. He had a prophetic gift—after letting me talk for an hour, he would speak words from God, directly addressing where I was in life. He had a remarkable way of loving me to life, gently guiding me through my struggles. Through his mentorship, the overwhelming conviction of sin that had burdened me began to lift. I started feeling a sense of freedom, but I knew something was still missing—I didn't have the Holy Spirit.

I could see and sense the Holy Spirit in the lives of my fellow students. They carried something tangible, a presence that I couldn't ignore. That awareness drove me to seek God intensely. For three days, I retreated to a room called the Norman Lee Room, named after one of the university's founders and greatest supporters. Every free moment I had, I ran to that room to pray and seek God. On the third day, something extraordinary happened.

It was as though scales fell from my eyes, like a veil being ripped away. I was filled with the Holy Spirit, and for the first time in my life, I began praying in an unknown language—speaking in tongues. It startled me because I had never seen anyone speak in tongues before, and no one had laid hands on me. Yet, I knew without a doubt that I was being filled with the Holy Spirit. It was a powerful and transformative experience.

Shortly after, someone gave me a New Testament published by the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. Enrolled in university straight off the streets, I devoured that New Testament, reading it in just two nights. As I read, I started seeing my experiences mirrored in the Bible. One passage, in particular, stood out: Acts 9:18, where it describes the apostle Paul—then Saul—being struck blind and later having something like scales fall from his eyes when he encountered Christ. He regained his sight, was baptized, and began his new life. That was

exactly what happened to me. The scales had fallen from my eyes, and I could see clearly for the first time.

Before that moment, I had no understanding of who Jesus truly was. When people spoke to me about Jesus, I dismissed it, thinking it was either cultish or something outside of mainstream Christianity. While I was familiar with the crucifixion from Catholic imagery, I had no idea that Jesus was God. In fact I had an experience in while during the dark days of my life where, I helped an old lady walk across the street light because she was carrying a number of bags while helping she invited me to bible study so I joined her. When the people in the bible study saw me they kept talking about Jesus, Jesus, they must I thought what a moment of evangelism. I was wearing a Harley Davidson motorcycle t-shirt with a siloette of a naked lady on to of motorcycle with the captions saying put something exiting between your legs. At the end the bible they offered to pray for me and invited me accept Jesus I said sure thinking they were going to light a candle or something instead they asked to sit in the middle of room while they laid hands on me and prayed in strong voice, praying some weird language. Once they finished I nicely excused myself saying I had forgotten I had to go somewhere, thinking all along let me get out of here, they are Jehovah witnesses they believe in Jesus only!

But now, the veil had been lifted. I could see. Jesus wasn't just a figure on a crucifix; He was the living God, and I was overwhelmed by the reality of His presence.With my newfound clarity and hunger for God, I knew I needed a full Bible. Within 30 days, I read the entire Old and New Testament, devouring every page. My singular focus was to find Jesus in the Scriptures. I prayed, "God, reveal Jesus to me in Your Word," and I searched for Him relentlessly. As I read, I began to develop a personal relationship with Jesus—the beautiful one, the precious King. He became the center of my life, the one I wanted to align myself with entirely, the love of my life, the one I had always been searching for.

For so long, I had misunderstood Jesus. Growing up in a Catholic tradition I recognized Christ on the crucifix, perhaps as the Lamb of God, but I had no idea that Jesus was God Himself. From the pentecostal roots my previous rational discussions about Jesus had left me dismissive, associating such conversations with cults or groups like Jehovah's Witnesses as I had witnessed with the bible group. But again, now, the veil had been torn. The scales had fallen from my eyes, and I could finally see Him clearly.

One night, as I lay on my bunk in the dormitory, something extraordinary happened. It was like an IMAX theater—before IMAX even existed—playing out before me. A vision opened up, and in my spirit, I knew I was witnessing a battle for my soul. I saw angelic beings —some demonic, part of Satan's army, and others from God's heavenly host—locked in combat. The battle raged fiercely, and I knew that I was at the center of it. The forces of God were fighting to set me free from the strongholds of darkness.

The outcome of the battle was clear: victory. God's angels and Jesus Himself had gone to war for me. They overpowered and defeated Satan's army. I knew in that moment that I was being set free, liberated from the chains that had bound me for so long. The vision brought incredible clarity—Jesus had fought for me, and He had won.

Later, I came across Francis Frangipane's book, The Three Battlegrounds, which described exactly what I had experienced. Frangipane, a former Catholic priest, explained this spiritual battle in a way that resonated deeply. He referenced Luke 11:21-22: "When a strong man, fully armed, guards his own house, his possessions are safe. But when someone stronger attacks and overpowers him, he takes away the armor in which the man trusted and divides up his plunder." Before salvation, I had been an undisturbed possession of the devil. Satan had guarded my soul as a strong man guards his house. But on the day of my salvation, someone stronger—Jesus Christ —attacked, overpowered Satan, and stripped him of his armor.

This born-again experience transformed me completely. I had confessed my sins, been filled with the Holy Spirit, and received Jesus as my Lord. Reflecting on my past, I realized that I had given 100% of myself to the darkness when I lived in that world. That was my nature—to fully commit to whatever I was doing. But now, having been saved, I resolved to give 100% of myself to Jesus. There was no in-between for me anymore. My life belonged to Him.

Now that I had met Jesus, my heart and soul belonged to Him alone. I was born again, experiencing a profound spiritual transformation. Francis Frangipane writes that while our born-again experiences may differ in the natural realm, in the spiritual realm, a similar war is waged and won for each of us. If we could see into the spiritual world, we would witness the Holy Spirit working with God's angels to destroy the enemy's front line of defense—his armor. This spiritual battle is real, and the enemy's armor consists of the thoughts, attitudes, patterns, and strongholds that keep us from salvation. These deeply ingrained ways of thinking and generational influences are the tools the enemy uses to keep us bound, but God has a destiny for each of us.

After that vision of the spiritual battle for my soul, I realized that God had defeated the enemy and was delivering me from these strongholds. This deliverance wasn't a one-time event but an ongoing process of being brought closer to Jesus, transformed, and made more like Him. Each step was a movement away from bondage and toward His glory. I began to share my experiences with my fellow students, and for the first time, I felt truly united with them in the Spirit. We were now in covenant together, walking in the light and sharing the same hope.

One day, during class, our professor read from C.S. Lewis's The Weight of Glory. Afterward, we gathered in a circle to pray, holding hands. As we prayed, something incredible happened. I felt all my physical strength leave me, and I collapsed to the floor. While lying there, I had an experience of heaven. I felt drops of blood pouring down from

above, and it was as if Jesus was letting me know that His blood had been poured out for me. It was so vivid and real that I could almost taste the blood. This wasn't just a symbolic experience—it was a powerful reminder of His sacrifice, cleansing, and healing.

I lay on the floor long after the class had ended. My classmates, filled with awe, eventually left, and later, my professor returned to ask what had happened. I shared my experience with him, and he encouraged me to continue seeking the Lord and pressing into His Word. That moment deepened my hunger for God's presence and His truth. I went back to my room, eager to hear from Him.

As I lay on my bunk, I felt as though I were dozing off, but then something extraordinary happened. I saw my body lying there and felt myself rising out of it. It was as if I was shedding my old self. Instantly, I heard God's voice say, "Put off the old self and put on the new man." I realized in that moment that I was being transformed. A spiritual metamorphosis was taking place—I was leaving behind my old life of sin and stepping into something new and incredible.

These encounters with the living God were life-changing. They showed me that His Word is alive and transformative. Each experience deepened my understanding of His love and my identity in Him. If you've ever had such encounters, you know they have the power to change your life for years to come.

After my first year at university, I returned to my family a completely transformed person. Years of visions and revelations of God had continually reshaped me, one after another. When I came home, people on the streets didn't even recognize me anymore. Former friends who used to call me no longer reached out—I was completely off their list. I remember one particular encounter vividly: a man I had ripped off for thousands of dollars in a cocaine deal recognized my vehicle, or so he thought. He and three other cars pulled up, cutting me off. When he approached me, looked me in the face, and realized

who I was, he didn't recognize the change in me. Instead, he began apologizing profusely and left.

My family's reaction to my transformation was one of pure joy. They were shocked and amazed by the changes they saw in me. They recognized it was nothing short of a miracle. Even my voice had changed—before meeting Jesus, nearly every third or fourth word out of my mouth was profanity. But after my conversion, my tongue was instantly purified. I couldn't speak a single curse word anymore. One day, before reading this in God's Word, I had an overwhelming experience where I felt the Lord take hold of my mind and literally pluck it out while saying "I'm giving you a new mind", the mind of Christ! That moment solidified my transformation, and my family could see it clearly.

As I shared my testimony, some of my family members came to Christ, moved by the Holy Spirit working through me. Others acknowledged my experience but dismissed it for themselves, saying, "You needed Jesus because of where you came from, but I'm okay." Still, the witness of my transformation was undeniable and brought glory to God. For three years, I was consumed with sharing about Jesus. Every conversation I had, I felt compelled to turn it toward Him. If I missed an opportunity to talk about Jesus, I felt like I had failed.

However, over time, the Holy Spirit began teaching me an important lesson. He reminded me, "Bruno, you can't throw your precious pearls before swine." After those initial years of witnessing, I began to feel hurt and frustrated by the rejection and excuses people gave for not receiving Jesus. I realized that it wasn't my job to convince or convert —it was the Holy Spirit's work. My role was to share the truth and let Him do the rest. It wasn't about me; it was about Him and the miraculous work He had done in my life.

To this day, I've never looked back at my old life. The desires for sin and darkness have been completely eradicated from me. The

transformation was so profound that it was as if God ratified it in my heart, making the pull of my past life utterly powerless. As my friend from Teen Challenge once told me, "Bruno, you're within the one to three percent rate." I believe in miracles, and I know the Holy Spirit's work of transformation is real. It's about having a heart that's willing to press in—to go deep with God and to refuse to compromise with sin.

I've been taken out of darkness and brought into the light. You can't mingle with sin while walking with God. As the psalmist writes in the book of Psalms, "Search me, God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts. See if there is any offensive way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." That remains my prayer: to be purified, to lay down every wicked way at His feet, and to be continually filled with His Spirit.

There's a wonderful passage in 2 Corinthians 5:17 that says, "If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come." This truth is something we are invited to walk in daily—putting on the new man every day. As I reflect on how God has transformed my life, taking me from glory to glory, I eagerly await the day when I see Him face to face. This incredible journey isn't just for me—it's an invitation extended to you as well. If you're struggling with anything, whether it's addiction or a heavy burden weighing on your conscience, know that God has given you a moral compass, an inner voice that tells you when something is off. This conviction isn't to condemn you but to draw you closer to Him, the lover of your soul.

The way to respond to that conviction is to embrace Jesus. One of the most profound things I've learned is that sin is what separates us from God. At its core, sin is selfishness—putting yourself first, placing yourself in control of your life, and making yourself king. It's missing the mark, like shooting an arrow and failing to hit the bullseye. When we put ourselves on the throne of our lives, we fail to acknowledge what Jesus, the lover of our souls, has done for us.

The Bible says sin creates a separation between us and God, but through Jesus, that separation is bridged. When you confess your sins, Jesus becomes your mediator. He took every sin upon Himself, nailing it to the cross. Imagine the sound of those nails being driven into His hands—every sin of yours, past, present, and future, was taken upon Him. Jesus willingly bore the weight of sin so that we could be reconciled to God. If you imagine a great chasm between yourself and God, Jesus becomes the bridge that allows you to cross over. His sacrifice fills the gap, giving us access to God through His precious blood.

Romans 3:23 says, "All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." That's why I call this my glory experience—because I, too, had fallen short of God's glory due to my sin. But through Jesus, the mediator who fills the chasm, I now walk in His light and have access to the Father. When I confess my sin, I experience His holiness and goodness. Many people, including some of my family members, have said, "Bruno, you needed Jesus because of how far gone you were, but I'm not as bad as you—I'm okay." But the Bible makes it clear: "There is no one who is good, not even one." (Romans 3:10) Even a single sin is enough to separate us from God, and through Adam, sin entered the world, affecting us all.

The good news, however, is this: through the death and resurrection of Jesus, many are made righteous. Through one man, Adam, sin entered the world, but through one man, Jesus, grace and salvation have been made available to all. Today, you have the opportunity to take that step—to confess your sins, be reconciled to God, and receive His Holy Spirit. This is His promise to you, the greatest gift of all. Would you take that step today and embrace the life and freedom He offers?

He is faithful and just to forgive your sins, to cleanse you, cleanse me, cleanse all of us from our unrighteous ways, and to heal us, making us one with Him. The Apostle Paul wrote in his letter to the Romans, "If you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord,' and believe in your heart

that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved." It's as simple as that. Confession is an act of surrender—acknowledging Jesus as Lord and committing to walk with Him daily. It's about placing Him on the throne of your life, giving Him control, and believing in His resurrection power.

For many of you reading my testimony know this is serious because it carries eternal weight. Dears one there is a joy that surpasses all understanding when you take this step. In fact, when a single soul turns to Jesus, all of heaven rejoices. It's like the story of the shepherd in the Bible who leaves the 99 sheep to find the one that is lost, rejoicing more over the one found than the 99 who were safe. If you take that step today—confessing your sins and believing in your heart—you will be filled with His love and the Holy Spirit, bringing inexpressible joy and fulfillment.

Invitation to Accept Jesus

If you feel separated from God or burdened by sin, know this: Jesus bridges the gap between us and God through His sacrifice. Sin separates us from God, but when you confess your sins, Jesus Jesus is Faithful and Just to forgive your sins and cleanses you, 1John 1:9. Through Jesus, we are made righteous and can experience a personal relationship with God.

Today, I invite you to take that step. Confess your sins, believe in your heart that Jesus died for you and rose from the dead, and make Him the Lord of your life. Heaven rejoices over every soul that turns to Jesus, just as the shepherd rejoices over the one lost sheep who is found. Taking this step will fill you with His love, peace, and joy, and you will experience the life-changing power of His Holy Spirit.

I invite you to join me in prayer. Let's take this moment together. If you're ready, just repeat after me:

Prayer of Salvation

"Jesus, You are the lover of my soul. Jesus, I have been far from You, but You have been so near to me. Jesus, You paid the ultimate price for me. You went to the very depths, even to hell itself, to rescue me and purchase me back from the enemy's hold. I now confess my sin before You. Father, I confess [insert specific sins], and I ask for Your forgiveness. Wash me clean, Lord.

I thank You and receive Your forgiveness now, based on the work of Jesus on the cross. I invite You into my life to be my Lord and my Savior, to guide and control my life completely. Help me to walk with You daily. Thank You for dying for me, for doing what I could not do. I surrender my life to You, Jesus. Amen."

Let me pray for you now:

A Blessing

Father God, I pray for all those who have made this first-time commitment to You. I ask that You seal them with the Holy Spirit. Thank You for knocking on the door of their hearts and welcoming them into Your feast, to dine with You in fellowship.

Father, I pray a blessing over each one—those who are committing for the first time and those who are returning to You, the prodigals who are coming home. Just as David prayed in Your Word, "Do not take Your Holy Spirit from me," I ask that You create in each of them a new heart. Help them to put off the old and to put on the new, to walk in freedom and glory. Let this be more than just an emotional experience; let it be the start of a deep and abiding relationship with You.

Father, fill them with Your Spirit, transform them, and guide them from glory to glory. Let Your presence dwell within them, making them new creations in Christ. Thank You for this glorious work, Lord. Amen.

Now, Jesus, I want to thank You for the wonderful work that You've done. Thank You for Your grace, Your mercy, and for drawing us closer to You. Lord, we are so grateful for the way You welcome us with open arms, no matter how far we may have strayed.

I just want to say this: if that prayer meant something to you—if it was the first time you've given your heart to Jesus, or if you were away from Him and have now come back—it's a powerful and life-changing moment. It doesn't matter how long you've been away; what matters is that you've returned. If you feel refreshed, renewed, and reconnected with Him, that's the beginning of a beautiful journey.

Jesus has done an incredible work in your heart, and I encourage you to embrace this new chapter fully. Stay in His Word, seek Him daily, and walk in the newness of life that He has given you. Know that heaven is rejoicing with you, and God is with you every step of the way.

Now that you have accepted Jesus I want to introduce you to the Father through of the Holy Spirit by Reading my book The Overflowing Heart of the Father: Embracing His Boundless Grace!

Final Encouragement and Contact Information

If you've made this commitment or returned to Jesus, I encourage you to reach out. I would love to hear your story and support you in your journey. You can email or call me at bruno@brunoierullominstries.com 416-674-8463. Thank you for joining me in this journey, and I pray that God continues to bless and guide you as you walk in His light.