

This powerful book is certain to change the lives of countless people, and we couldn't be more thrilled that it is now available to the public. Yvonne Grant's practical, biblically grounded steps for overcoming addiction, spiritual oppression, emotional issues, and many other kinds of affliction are based on her own personal experience. She now travels the world sharing the knowledge and wisdom God has given her to speak to others who are looking for genuine freedom from bondage. My wife, Kelli, and I give this book our highest recommendation.

—*Pastor Dan and Kelli Hamann*
Canyon Creek Church, North Everett Campus

TRANSFORMED

*Keys for Your
Supernatural
Journey
to Freedom*

TRANSFORMED

*Keys for Your
Supernatural
Journey
to Freedom*

YVONNE GRANT

REDEMPTION
PRESS 

© 2019 by Yvonne Grant. All rights reserved.

Published by Redemption Press, PO Box 427, Enumclaw, WA 98022
Toll Free (844) 2REDEEM (273-3336)

Redemption Press is honored to present this title in partnership with the author. The views expressed or implied in this work are those of the author. Redemption Press provides our imprint seal representing design excellence, creative content, and high-quality production.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any way by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or otherwise—without the prior permission of the copyright holder, except as provided by USA copyright law.

Unless otherwise noted, all Scriptures are taken from the *Holy Bible, New International Version*®, *NIV*®. Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.™ Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved worldwide.

Scripture references marked KJV are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

Scripture quotations marked ESV are taken from The Holy Bible: English Standard Version, copyright © 2001, Wheaton: Good News Publishers. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Scripture references marked NLT are taken from the Holy Bible, New Living Translation, copyright © 1996, 2004 by Tyndale Charitable Trust. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Wheaton, Illinois 60189. All rights reserved.

Scripture references marked NKJV are taken from the New King James Version, © 1979, 1980, 1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc., Publishers. Used by permission.

Scripture references marked AMP are taken from The Amplified Bible, Old Testament, © 1965 and 1987 by The Zondervan Corporation, and from The Amplified New Testament, © 1954, 1958, 1987 by The Lockman Foundation. Used by permission.

Scripture quotations taken from the New American Standard Bible® (NASB), Copyright © 1960, 1962, 1963, 1968, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1995 by The Lockman Foundation Used by permission. www.Lockman.org

ISBN: 978-1-68314-806-7 (Paperback)

ePub: 978-1-68314-808-1

Mobi: 978-1-68314-807-4

LCCN: 2018965758

*To my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ,
this book is your story.*

*One that reveals your fierce relentless love,
your unfailing forgiveness, your grace and mercy.
You transformed me and my life,
and I love you!*

*To my family who sacrificed so much for me.
You gave me the time that
I needed to complete the work,
and your sacrifice did not go unnoticed.
I love you beyond words
and thank God every day for each of you.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I'm so incredibly grateful to everyone who so generously invested in the success of *Transformed*. I love you dearly and pray the Lord Jesus richly bless you and cause you to prosper in all good things!

I would like to extend a very special thank you to:

Geoffrey and Janell Gilmore, Joe and Lisa Leonardi, Tony and Linda Morehouse, Earl and Charlene Johnsen, Josiah and Karlee Blake, Pete and Stacey Michel, Dan and Kelli Hamann.

Thank you for working so selflessly beside me! Your participation, your gifts, talents and treasures have made *Transformed* a reality! I'm forever grateful!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1: Supernatural Encounters.....	13
Chapter 2: The Internal Conflict.....	27
Chapter 3: Spirit Realm Revealed.....	37
Chapter 4: The Gospel.....	53
Chapter 5: Holy Spirit Introductions.....	65
Chapter 6: Hearing His Voice.....	85
Chapter 7: Faith.....	105
Chapter 8: Intimacy with God.....	121
Chapter 9: Yielded.....	135
Chapter 10: Trials, Transitions, and Changes.....	163
Chapter 11: Created for Purpose.....	189
Chapter 12: Preparation of a Warrior: Part 1.....	209
Chapter 13: Preparation of a Warrior: Part 2.....	221
Chapter 14: Winning in Warfare: Part 1.....	237
Chapter 15: Winning in Warfare: Part 2.....	245
Chapter 16: Conclusion.....	253

Chapter I

SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTERS

*How long must I wrestle with my thoughts
and day after day have sorrow in my heart?
How long will my enemy triumph over me?
(Psalm 13:2)*

A LIFE WITHOUT GOD

I grew up without any knowledge of God. There was no mention of him in the house. Church attendance was not part of my life. I had no understanding of God's reality. Unaware of his presence, I didn't know God has always been and that he existed before the universe was created. I didn't know his desire has always been to have a loving, trusting relationship with me—the kind of relationship that brings about a miraculous and eternal change within.

When I was a little girl, my parents had a band. I remember running around dancing and singing with them in a blue cloud of smoke as they spent hours during the week practicing for their gigs in taverns on the weekends. My weekends were spent with babysitters.

Alcoholism became a prevalent invading part of my parents' lives, and as a result, it affected mine. On many occasions, they returned

home in an upheaval of emotion after their gigs. I would lie in bed listening to them yell and argue with one another. Their arguing scared me, yet I was too terrified to get out of bed and make my presence known.

My father had always told me growing up, “I want the very best for you,” and he guided me with a firm hand and strict rules. If the rules were broken, the consequence was quick to follow. That made getting out of bed when I was supposed to be asleep out of the question.

Las Vegas, bands, and bars were a backdrop for part of my childhood. Many nights I was placed into other people’s care. This opened my young life to the lustful, fleshly deeds of others. Without sharing graphic details, I endured the perils of physical, emotional, mental, and sexual abuse. I was also exposed to the loveless disdain of prejudice, based on the color of my skin, from someone who was bound to me as family.

When I was eleven, my family moved from Nevada to Washington. My father did not believe in God at the time, and he dove further into a quest to find spiritual power. This search led him to seek power in witchcraft and magic. Misguided, he became fascinated with occult practices, and he read books on black magic, witchcraft, and casting spells.

Unusual and mysterious things began happening in the house. The furnace began turning on by itself. The lamps would turn on and off. I heard sounds of creaking doors when everyone else was asleep. Sometimes when these strange things happened, what happened next was just as strange. For example, when the lights would turn on by themselves, my father would open the attic door and yell up, “Gus, turn the lights back off!”—and the lights would turn off!

With this becoming a normal lifestyle for my dad, I was ushered into all sorts of demonic situations in the guise of innocent childhood games. Ouija boards, tarot cards, horoscopes, hypnosis, and

transcendental meditation became daily activities for me. This gave the devil a stronghold in my life.

At the age of fifteen, I dropped out of high school, ran away from home, and headed for Portland, Oregon. My hope was to find independence, freedom, and love. That didn't happen. Without any purpose to my days, I drank, smoked, and stayed stoned to avoid the emptiness.

One night I was abruptly awakened as police stormed into my bedroom. Shining a bright light in my face, they began accusing me of stealing firearms. I had no idea what they were talking about. I didn't have any guns. In stern voices, they demanded to know where I put them.

Once cleared of the allegations, I began thinking, Surely this can't be all there is to life. I decided to return home and go back to high school.

Back home and in school, I didn't want to graduate a year behind my classmates. My goal was to complete my junior and senior years in one year. In order to do this, I had to obtain permission from the student counselors and the school board. They were not sure I would be able to accomplish this, but they granted my request.

I had an arduous schedule that year. I took my junior classes during the day and worked on my senior classes at night. At the end of that year, I graduated with my class with a 3.8 GPA. My dream had come true, and I had succeeded in my academic goals. This gave me a sense of stability. Finding acceptance and love from my classmates, I felt I had successfully turned my life around. Life felt very settled and peaceful. Nothing could stand in my way now.

At a party I was having for a few friends, I found myself face-to-face with cocaine. I felt an incredible sense of fear. When my sister asked, "Do you want to try it?" I said, "No way!" Then the guy who

had declared his love for me leaned over my shoulder and said, “Go ahead, baby; I would never let you take anything that would hurt you.”

Reluctantly, I did it.

It only took ten minutes for the drug to convince me that “This is bliss!” I quickly asked for more. The drug filled me with an increased sense of confidence, joy, and security. I made one simple choice that day, but I didn’t realize that one choice would unleash such a destructive force that would change life as I knew it.

With one single snort of cocaine, I entered my own internal prison. I was held captive, chained to a full-fledged addiction that spiraled into the use of other drugs, alcoholism, and the immoral life that went along with it. I had wanted a better life, but instead I found myself plunged into a horrible prison cell of my own making because of my poor decisions.

Eventually I became a small-time drug dealer, a liar, and a thief. I did whatever was necessary to sustain the lifestyle of an addict. This vicious cycle continued for eleven and a half years. No matter how hard I tried to escape, the strong chains that the drugs had crafted would abruptly yank me back into my internal cell. This cycle left me completely bankrupt of any hope for change. With each attempt and failure to escape, the black hole of emptiness grew within me—until one night I encountered an unfamiliar man.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER

That day in 1988 began like any other summer day. The flower beds were in full bloom, and the air was full of their sweet aroma. A cool, gentle breeze made its way through the house as the open windows allowed the scent to fill the rooms.

But that evening’s events would be anything but ordinary.

As twilight approached, I went about my typical routine: dinner, dishes, and getting my five-year-old ready for bed. Then I walked

through the house making sure all the windows were closed. Before going to bed, I took about an hour to sit back and relax, basking in some peace and quiet after another full day with my busy five-year-old. Then, completely exhausted, I climbed into bed and quickly fell asleep.

I'm not sure how long I had been asleep, but I was suddenly awakened by a touch on my big toe. I opened my eyes to see a man standing at the side of my bed. I didn't know who he was, but I wasn't startled or afraid, which seemed bizarre to me.

He stood silently, cloaked in a robe that looked like burlap, with a hood that covered his head. Without a single word, he placed his left index finger over his lips to signal me to be silent and not to wake my husband. I instinctively understood and complied.

I looked over at my husband; he was fast asleep. Turning back, I looked at the man who was still standing at my bedside. As I watched, he silently raised his left arm and pointed toward the large picture window in our bedroom. Intuitively, I knew he wanted me to go to the window so he could show me something. Without any questions or feelings of mistrust, I got out of bed and took small steps toward the window to see what he was pointing at.

Though this happened almost thirty years ago, I can still vividly recall the moment that I stepped before him. He stood about two feet from the edge of the bed, giving me just enough room to walk between him and the bed itself.

As I got close to him, I suddenly became aware of a light that emanated from him. The closer I got, the more radiant he appeared. The moment I stepped in front of him, I was enveloped in a luminous white light that exuded from him as if he himself were light. His robe no longer appeared to be burlap. It now looked like it was made from glorious rays of white sunlight, yet I could look upon it without pain from the glare of its brilliance.

As I passed in front of him to get to the window, I felt tremendous warmth that exuded from his very being as it gently touched my left cheek. Standing there, encompassed by the light and warmth of his presence, I felt a tremendous sense of peace inside.

When I looked out the window, I saw a single bright star hanging in the sky that seemed to light up the entire sky by itself. Amazed and curious, I looked at the star and wondered, *What does this all mean?* As I turned to ask the man that question, he was gone.

Where did he go?

Back in bed, I gazed around the room wondering who he was. *What does the star mean? Where did he go?* My thoughts began to fade as I slowly drifted back to sleep.

When I awoke the next morning, I wanted to share my experience. My dad was the first person I saw that day, so I quickly shared my experience with him. I stood in disbelief as he chuckled and said, “See what doing hallucinogenic drugs will do to you?”

I thought, *I will never share this experience with anyone again.*

To this day, it amazes me that while I was awakened from a sound sleep and saw a man I did not know standing at the side of my bed, not knowing where he came from or how he got into the house, nothing in me was afraid of him. How could this be? How was it that I did not freak out, scream, or immediately wake my husband? No matter how many times I revisit that moment, I find nothing but peace.

In the midst of my sin, there was nothing threatening about his presence. As he laid his finger on my big toe, stood at my bedside, and pointed out the window, I was at complete peace. Having this experience attributed to drug use, however, made me choose to put the memory away and never speak of it again. Sadly, the destructive cycle of addiction continued to gain momentum every day.

Though drugs had such a strong hold on me, no one would have ever guessed this was going on behind the closed doors of my home.

The toll of addiction was kept under tight wraps, and a good appearance was everything. Although appearance might have communicated to outsiders that my life was grand, behind closed doors hid the complete opposite.

As others saw things, I was married to my high school sweetheart and we were incredibly happy. Behind closed doors, though, was the devious working of the unceasing grip of addiction that placed a heavy strain on us and our relationship. When the euphoria of the high faded away, we went from being high school sweethearts to champions in the fighting ring. We no longer knew how to relate to each other outside of being high. We had created a great façade on the outside, but we were being devoured on the inside.

In the midst of the addiction, with the fighting and the chaos, I would put on a smile and carry out my daily responsibilities in an attempt to keep most people from finding out about the secret life I was living. The addiction was ugly and ruthless as it held me captive to its calling and cravings for eleven and a half years. Often I would wrestle in my mind, concluding that I didn't want to live like that anymore, and I would set out to change things. Unfortunately, I made the same mistake over and over again as I would foolishly think, I have not used for a month; surely I'm in control. In the foolishness of this mindset, I was deceived into believing that I could do a little bit and be okay.

It only took one time of using again for the addiction to take back the reigns of control. For the next three days, the drugs would force me into a darker place, and I would use enough to make up for the thirty days I had gone without. I would make several failed attempts to escape the snare of addiction—only to find myself back in its destructive hold.

Every effort to get free from the addiction only led to an increase in use. An insatiable desire demanded payment, and dealing drugs became a necessity for me to maintain the addiction. Stealing quickly

became another devious way to meet the requirement of my own desire for the drug.

Years passed by as I wrestled with my thoughts, creating an internal frustration. I desired to escape this life of addiction but could not overcome the seduction of euphoria, no matter how temporary it was. With more failed attempts to escape the vicious cycle of destruction, my lying, cheating, and stealing continued so that the incessant craving could be fully satisfied as I got high for the day.

SECOND ENCOUNTER

In October 1992, I planned a special weekend for my tenth wedding anniversary by organizing a three-day drug fest. To be honest, this really was no different than any other weekend, except there was a special reason to celebrate. To ensure that our ravenous appetites would be fully satisfied, I stocked up in advance, making sure that the drug supply would not run out. Little did I know that my experiences after this particular celebration would change the course of my life.

Filled with anticipation, I decided not to wait for Friday, but we began our celebration that Thursday evening. We continued through Saturday night without a care in the world. I was with the love of my life, and in our minds we were having a great time together. It is only now that I can clearly see the deception of the drug. It gives the user an empty promise of a euphoric life, lasting as long as the drug's effect.

At the end of our three-day celebration, I woke up Sunday afternoon crying from an excruciating pain down deep in my belly. As I was writhing in bed, I thought, *I'm dreaming!* As I wiped the tears away, I looked at my hands and realized that I was awake. This intense pain that seemed to be coming from the very center of my being could not be ignored or dismissed. Cradling my stomach, I frantically asked myself, "Why am I crying? What is this pain I feel deep inside me?"

Suddenly I heard a voice from the side of my bed! I turned to my right, fully expecting to see someone there, but I saw no one. Turning to my left, I looked at my husband, who was peacefully sleeping next to me. Settling back in the bed and staring at the ceiling, I heard the voice again, saying, “You have been calling me. Here I am! Now what are you going to do?”

At that question, I turned again toward the voice. To my surprise, I saw that man—the same man who had come to me before and stood at my bedside. This time he was kneeling on one knee at the side of my bed. Without any fear, I just laid there staring at him. There was something very different about him in this second encounter. I thought it was very odd that I could see him, yet I could also see right through him as if he were a ghost.

I now understand this experience to be “seeing in the spirit.” When I ponder this event, it leads me to ask, “How was I able to see the Lord with my eyes if at that time I was spiritually dead to God?” This is still a mystery to me that offers no other explanation than to say, “It was simply the goodness and grace of God!” Regardless of my inability to understand, this one thing I knew for sure: he was definitely the same man who had appeared to me three and a half years earlier. This man, whom I still did not know personally, had indeed come to visit me a second time.

As I was looking at him, he placed his elbow on the bed, gently curling up his fingers into a fist as he tucked them up under his chin. He looked me straight in the eyes and asked again, “What are you going to do?” Immediately I began to wrestle with this question, asking myself over and over again, “What am I going to do?”

I knew exactly what he was asking. Somehow I clearly understood the unspoken question that was being asked: “Will you choose a life with me, or will you continue to choose your life of addiction?” How I answered this question would determine the course of my life.

Psalm 107:13–14 says it like this: “Then they cried to the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them from their distress. He brought them out of darkness, the utter darkness, and broke away their chains.”

REVEALED TRUTH

God is in love with those who are his. He created us and has always desired to walk with us in relationship. This truth is revealed in the creation of Adam and Eve. They were perfect in form, a genuine reflection of their creator. They were righteous and blameless, placed in the garden of Eden. Without affliction, adversity, and anguish, they were free to enjoy lives of unbroken fellowship with God. This is a picture that is far from reality today.

While Adam and Eve were in the garden, God revealed one thing to them. He told them not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for if they did, they would surely die. This warning was not a threat from God but was a statement of love. He knew their choice to eat from that tree would open their eyes to evil, breaking their relationship with him and unleashing the chaos of evil and death into their world.

The serpent in the garden used lying, manipulative words to deceive Eve into eating from the tree. He implied that Adam and Eve could be more than what they already were. The serpent implied that God was withholding good from them. Eve began to question their position and who they were. After much deliberation, Eve chose to eat the fruit, and then she gave some to Adam.

Immediately their eyes were opened to the knowledge of good and evil. They now saw things differently. Ashamed, they sought to cover themselves with fig leaves. Their decision to eat the fruit separated them from God and ended the pleasure of an unbroken relationship with him. This tragedy left all mankind separated and without God, struggling in their own efforts to survive.

Relentless in his love for mankind, however, God provided a covering for Adam and Eve through an animal sacrifice and the shedding of its blood. Today God offers us the gift of redemption and the covering of righteousness through a greater sacrifice—his Son, Jesus Christ. The shedding of his blood, when we accept him as Savior, removes our sin. This grants us the undeserved opportunity to be clothed in the righteousness of God in Christ Jesus. We can never earn this gift or work hard enough to accomplish it on our own. It can only be received through Jesus Christ. Salvation is a free gift from God himself. The only thing we must do is accept and receive it.

I know it can feel like we are the only ones struggling to survive in the grindstone of hardships and sufferings, but we are not alone. Hardships and hopelessness have been experienced throughout history. In the Bible, the children of Israel had lost hope, being bound by Pharaoh. Forced into slavery for hundreds of years, they cried out to God to save them. God heard their cries for help and set a plan of deliverance into motion to bring them out of their despair.

As I was bound, a slave to addiction, I felt like there was no hope of freedom. In my hopelessness, my heart cried out for help, and Jesus Christ responded and delivered me.

Are you faced with challenges today that lead you to believe there is no hope? God loves you and desires to save, rescue, and deliver you out of your trouble. Psalm 103:2–4 (ESV) says, “Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgives all your iniquity, who heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the pit, who crowns you with steadfast love and mercy.”

A firm understanding of this truth will empower you to overcome the deception of hopelessness that says, “You are all alone!” “God doesn’t care about you!” “You will never have a better life.” This is far from the truth. We need to recognize and understand where these deceptive words come from and who is behind them.

Revelation 12:9 says, “The great dragon was hurled down—that ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, who leads the whole world astray. He was hurled to the earth, and his angels with him.”

It is the devil who whispers lying words like, “There is no God! If he were real, you wouldn’t be suffering through all these hardships!” These lying whispers cause us to focus on our troubles, leaving us feeling hopeless!

I’m here to tell you, though, that God is real and he has a plan to deliver you and set you free! He has a plan that can transform your life. God is for you! He will hear your cry for help. He loves you. You can trust him.

When it appears as if God is not listening to your cries for help, be assured that he is. He alone is God. He knows all things. He sees all and hears all, especially your cry for help. When you call to him, be willing to surrender all to him, and he will break the chains that hold you captive. He will transform your life!

KEYS FOR YOUR FREEDOM

- Know that God loves you and desires to save, rescue, and deliver you out of your trouble!

Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgives all your iniquity, who heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the pit, who crowns you with steadfast love and mercy. (Psalm 103:2–4 ESV)

- Believe that God will answer you when you cry to him for help.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. (Psalm 91:15 KJV)

- Understand that Jesus knows your struggles, so you can approach him confidently, knowing that he will forgive you if you ask him.

For we do not have a high priest who is unable to empathize with our weaknesses, but we have one who has been tempted in every way, just as we are—yet he did not sin. Let us then approach God’s throne of grace with confidence, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help us in our time of need. (Hebrews 4:15–16)

- Trust that God’s love and intentions toward you are always good. You can trust him.

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the LORD, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.” (Jeremiah 29:11)