

Snatched from the corridors of hell



*The story
of a transformed life*

Preface

I have thought about it for a long time before taking the decision of writing my story, for the simple reason that it would take me back into a past I just wanted to forget, but I finally realised that I couldn't keep for myself this extraordinary and unique experience I had lived, and that I had to share it in order to help he or she who was living in appalling distress.

My experience has to be useful to others. I haven't entered into all the details of my life then, because some scenes would have been too difficult to describe and would have prejudiced the purpose of this booklet which is to give hope to the hopeless. I am convinced that after reading these lines, if you really long for a change in your life, expect something extraordinary to happen, a new birth, a new life, a new start.

"Enjoy your reading !"

Snatched from the corridors of hell

Through these few pages, I would like to share what my life was like until I finally found the truth and the true meaning of life.

It isn't easy to look back on the past especially when it has been a sorrowful and painful one, but lately I have been convinced that I had to do so in order to testify and express my gratitude to the One who has rebuilt my life.

But who or what could really rebuild a life that had fallen so low with no hope left, no one to help you up and when your sorrow is such that you want nothing else but death in order to be free at last ?

Very often I have asked myself why I was ever born to this world, what the purpose was of my being on this earth full of sorrow !! Since the day I was born, I had only met disappointment and failure, understanding too late I had been caught up in a system.



And as they say, we are either born under a lucky or an unlucky star. As for me, the answer was quickly found out. My birth must have happened under the most unlucky star that ever existed.

Just like many other women, my mother thought she had met the peerless man... who would wait on her hand and foot, who would more often than not, come home with a bunch of flowers.

But that was very far from reality, and very quickly my mother realized my father was a very nervous, and aggressive person and that he was becoming more and more difficult to get along with.

Life at home was tough and unhappy and things didn't go any better with time...day after day, month after month, domestic fights occurred, violence was our daily lot.



We hardly ever had any moments of peace and joy and the fact that our family was tearing itself apart could be seen in our faces so seldomly smiling. Tears frequently ran down our cheeks.

Many years after these facts, flashes of my past surface in my memories even though I was only a 4 or 5 years' old little boy at the time.

I still have these memories in mind because when a child is beaten up and sees his mother being abused, these are images that never leave his mind during his entire life, and slowly lead him to depression with very many deep traumas and various disorders.

It is at the age of 7 that my suffering was the worst and that period of my life I entitled **"in the first corridor of hell"**.

If I made the mistake of walking passed my father when he was on his nerves, he would systematically beat me up. I was never at peace, always asking myself how to approach him, how to talk to him, whether it was the right moment ... I was always under pressure and it had a very bad effect on me. Day after day, I was becoming a uncommunicative, angry and restless little boy.

I will always remember the day when my father, wildly angry, grabbed me by the hair, lifted me up from the ground and violently threw me down like a rag. Tears kept flowing down my cheeks, I was terrorized and at the same time, filled with such hatred... my nose was broken and **I couldn't lay my head on the pillow, such was the pain** because of an haematoma. That day,

looking my father in the eyes but still shaking, I told him, "Daddy, listen carefully, I swear that when I am 18, I will kill you".

Those words I said have been haunting me since then. Years passed and nothing had changed. Violence kept on repeating itself. It only when my mother ran away with her 3 children of 4, 8 and 9 years old that the first period of suffering came to an end.



But then, I had to struggle to put some food in our plates. My mother only had a couple of hours a week as a cleaning lady and we lived in great poverty with very often nothing to eat. Very young, aged only 11 or 12, I had to work long hours to bring some money home.

In spite of that and in spite of all the difficulties I had gone through, I was a fighter and wanted to succeed. These weren't easy times, full of sorrow and tears, but they have shaped me and turned me into a courageous

boy who wasn't afraid to work hard in order to provide for the needs of his family.

When I came of age, I decided to become someone important. I was hired as a salesman in a very important



House and Security Equipment Company. I rapidly became the best of them, succeeding so well that my salary was very high for the time. I won all the salesmen contests in my department of activity which allowed me to travel around the world and I discovered beautiful countries such as

Morocco, Switzerland, Spain and Grece.

This was a first-class period. Things seemed to be going better and better at last. I had feelings of happiness.

In spite of all that, I was never satisfied with what I had. The sufferings of a abused child, the unsecurity and poverty I had known by the past, compelled me to want more always and ever ... I decided to create several companies.

In partnership I ran a Video Rental business successfully. The shop was very profitable and brought a lot of money in but it still wasn't enough. I created a Real Estate Company which rapidly grew and money



was flowing. I then created a gold and second-hand precious metals repurchasing company to sell them to foundries .

I leave it up to you to imagine how much money all this could yield.

My incomes were so important that today, I would be ashamed to tell how much I earned then.

Through all these firms I had built myself a real empire and had at last become someone important in the business world.

Because of that, I was able at only 20 or so, to get everything I wanted.



I had a beautiful car, a big house with a swimming pool, a boat and so on...

I went out a lot, throwing money around... enjoying life .

Without really noticing I slowly sank in the "***second corridor of hell***". You certainly know, that when you have a lot of money you have a lot of friends and I lived my life to the full. I then started to associate with a terrible world I wish no one to join or even know about.

My money and my reputation, my thirst of happiness and my going out so much were the reason I met a lot of people, but what kind of people !



My circle of friends was that of prostitution and homosexuality. I went out with young boys and girls who

prostituted themselves and took drugs.

Alcohol flowed continuously, our parties lasted several days and I was pretty sure it was the way I would finally be happy and that the gap in my heart would be made full.

I would come back home exhausted, with the only one desire of partying again in order to forget the worries and the stress of my life. My fall in the corridor of hell had started all right ...



I remember a night we were having a party in a nightclub, alcohol and drugs were at the first place. Suddenly people crowded on the parking area outside. I approached and there, lying on the ground was one of my friends. He had shot himself with heroin and was going through an overdose. He was there dying and we couldn't do anything for him. He died before my eyes, in extreme suffering.

After what had just happened, I felt so bad and distressed. I had no taste for anything anymore. Even

though I had everything I wanted my heart was sad and empty. I felt lonely and had this void inside me .

Have you ever felt like you were driving on a very long road, and you were driving and driving and driving not knowing where you were heading for ?

This situation lasted for years and I never really had a true moment of thorough happiness but only very fleeting sensations of joy. I was always looking for something new, something that could give a meaning to my life. I believed I had found it at last, when I met



my girlfriend with whom I had a baby girl called "Vanessa" but I very quickly became disillusioned.

I thought I had built myself a warm nest where I could be happy and when I came home from work, I would act out like a nice daddy and loving partner, although behind all this prevailed deep confusion and frustration. I was still living a double life with my acquaintances and friends from the world of darkness.

What was not my surprise when my girlfriend told me, on one evening of december 1991, that she was leaving me for another man... that was the fatal blow...

A couple of weeks later she actually left and I had to face this ordeal, another one, as if my life hadn't been tested enough, as if I hadn't suffered enough yet.

The days following this separation, were days of sorrow and deep loneliness.

After that, as you will read below, the empire I had built myself collapsed just like a house of cards !!

The first business in which I was associated met hard times and the major associate I had, chose to withdraw and that was the first step of a series of events that were to change many things in my life.

At the same time, my real estate Company made bad results and I had to sell it for nothing in order to avoid bankruptcy and my third gold and precious metals repurchasing business, in which I had associated with a majoritary shareholder, closed down when he was arrested for misappropriation of funds and and misuse of the company's assets. He flew abroad and then everything stopped.

And that is how I found myself stripped from everything I had. I was ruined and had nothing left. But as I was telling a couple of lines above, in spite of this disastrous and incomprehensible situation, something was arising in me, everything was taking place in an extraordinary and unexpected way.

One evening, alone on the terrace of my apartment, snowed down by anxiety and sadness, tears flowing down my cheeks, I was facing nothingness for the first time. I couldn't stop crying, my whole life passing before my eyes and I knew for sure my last day had come because I had decided to put an end to it. Nothing made sense and it wasn't worth carrying on.

My life was filled with such thick darkness, I couldn't see any way out. I was ruined, depressive and it was as if a wall was standing in front of me, standing so very high I couldn't see the light.



Looking at the skies, I shouted at the top of my lungs, saying, if you exist my God then, I beg you to do something for me, help me or I will jump off the

building, please, please, please, and for a long moment I kept on repeating do something for me, I beg you ... Nothing could comfort me and I couldn't stand the pain. I was enduring torture and I had to take the decision of putting an end to it.

Suddenly, I felt deep peace overwhelming me. My tears stopped flowing and I knew I had been heard. I had this incredible and unexplainable sensation that something had just happened. I felt light as if I had received good news and after regaining my mind I went to sleep.

From then on, my life changed, something had happened to me. It seemed to me that my cry of plea and distress had touched the heart of God and what I will tell you now will certainly surprise you, and you will find it difficult to believe, the first thing I experimented, even though the terrible circumstances I was facing, was peace. I was at peace.



Soon after, I spoke on the phone to some members of my family who lived in New Caledonia. They had heard of the difficult times I

was going through. They insisted that I should come and spend some time with them. Which I did a couple of months later.

A hut had been made available for me in Dumbea (a small town a couple of kms away from the capital) and I moved in. Believe me, there was a big difference with the luxury I was used to. ***There was no toilets, no shower and everything took place in open air !!***



I used to live in a lavish apartment of the most fancy area in Perpignan, south of France, with a beautiful car and with money not to know how to spend it, former

company owner and share holder , I was now living in a hut with no modern convenience in the middle of *niaoulis* and *bois-de-fer* (New Caledonian species of trees).

But I adapted and accepted the situation because nothing could ever be worse than what I had already known.

I would very often go by the river about thirty meters from my place, and looking up to the sky I would ask

God to guide and transform me and above all to put my life back together.

Things started changing. I went to church and met Christians who all seemed so happy. There was such a peaceful feeling there and I felt good but I was still a slave to many things. I still smoked two or three packs of cigarettes a day and still had this wounded heart because of the devastating past I came from. But God was working at my heart day after day.

I then asked for forgiveness to He alone who can forgive, he who gave his life without hesitation in order to save mine. I am talking about Jesus my savior to whom I surrendered and who has, at the day I am writing this testimony, transformed me and did put my life back together. He has freed me from all the addictions that kept me prisoner and I can tell that he snatched me from hell where I was heading.

Today, because of this beautiful encounter with Jesus, I am completely free from the chains that were drawing me to death.

"God gave me back what I had lost"

God gave a new meaning to my life. He gave me a wonderful wife with whom I have two other daughters.



I've been living in New Caledonia for 20 years now, and I serve God in my church. But I had another commitment to meet. God called me to witness about everything he did for me and to proclame it everywhere, at all times.

What I have written reflects only a part of what I have gone through, because the misery I had fallen in was terrifying but God has done so much for me, he preserved me from eternal death.

In 2008, as I was travelling around France, I visited my father, whom I had threatened to kill, when I was only a 7 year old little boy, do you remember ? Instead, when I saw him I embraced him, kissed him and forgave him wholly. Now we stay in touch and I have no more hatred or anger towards him. On the contrary, I love him in spite of all the suffering I can still remember.

God alone can implement such changes.



He changed my hatred into true love. Who could have predicted the change of events I have been through ? But I know for sure, that if I hadn't accepted Jesus in my life, you wouldn't be here today reading my story because life had become unbearable for me, too much oppression and injustice, and I would have put an end to it.

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Now, I would like to address all those who will be reading me and especially he or she who is going through deep suffering, extreme loneliness, who feels death coming slowly, who is bound by some vice, **you won't be able to get out of it alone** , *as the Bible says in Ephesians 6:12 "For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms"*.



If we don't belong to God we won't have the strength or the means to fight against the forces of darkness, and then only physical and spiritual death awaits us.

But if you sincerely turn to God and ask him to lead you and show you the way, to take your life in hand and free you from whatever enslaves you, then you can be sure that God's arms will be open to you and His hand will grab you out and set you free. Don't lose hope, what has been hell's hold on your life will become God's victory over you.



I would now like to address you who are suffering because of an illness. You too, have to hand in your life to God. Of course, we are not in control of our future and of the day we will leave this earth, because we are only passing and we have to accept it, but God has made us promises and if your time hasn't come, then you must hold on to the word God spoke in **Isaiah 53.4-5** *"Surely he took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows yet we considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted"*

And also : *Psalms 103.1-6*

"Praise the Lord, o my soul ; all my inmost being, praise his holy name. Praise the Lord, o my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the pit and crowns you with love and compassion, who satisfies your desires with good things so that your youth is renewed like the eagle's. The Lord works righteousness and justice for all the oppressed"

Ask Jesus to visit your body and set you free from this illness. Believe it confidently because these are promises that you can actually witness in your life. Just wait for God to achieve his work for it is written **"It is good to wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord"** *Lamentations 3-26.*

I can tell you this with conviction because I have experienced miraculous healing several times in my life. And I would like to close this book by sharing this testimony.

In 2005, I got seriously ill. I suffered from severe neckaches and I stayed in bed several days without being able to get up. I was exhausted and the pain in my brain was getting so bad that I couldn't even open my eyes any more, because of the light that dazzled me and increased

the pain. I spent several days without eating anything.

I started having important memory losses, I couldn't remember the day we were, I was confused and found it more and more difficult to speak.

My eldest daughter called our family doctor who immediately came to my bedside. He suspected a brain tumor and evacuated me right away to the hospital where I underwent many examinations (scanners, lumbar punctures etc...)



Hours later, a doctor came as my wife was beside me and he gave his diagnosis, a "herpetic meningoencephalitis ". He wished to speak to me openly and told me that it was very serious and that he would prescribe a very heavy course of antibiotics for 15 days. He couldn't give his prognosis yet and declared that there could be severe aftereffects.

Before the discovery of antivirus, this type of meningitis was mortal up to 70% and those who survived were affected by severe neuropsychologic consequences.

My wife and I had always thought that our family doctor as well as the neurologist hadn't told us all the truth. The total isolation they put me in speaks for itself concerning the seriousness of the illness that affected me.

Then, the doctor put me in this little room a couple of square meters big, in total isolation. Nurses and auxiliaries would put on masks and gloves to come in. I felt like I carried radioactivity.

I was alone for long hours, so I made the most of it and insistently asked Jesus my savior to help me. I was at peace whatever occurred around me.

A couple of days later, they moved me to another service and put me in a room of the neurology department with, by chance, a doctor I already knew because of my job. He took good care of me and explained every treatment I was going through and their use. He did not conceal his concern about the diagnosis that had been made, because so many points weren't clear at all.

But as the days went by, my family and the Christians were praying for me.



In the department where I was, I was getting better and better and the medical team was stunned to see how quickly I was recovering. After two weeks of medication, I was feeling good. It was like nothing had happened at all and I knew, and my family as well, that the Lord had totally healed me.

But the doctor didn't want to let me go. He demanded that I go to Australia to take an MRI to make sure there were no aftereffects and that the healing was complete.

Neither my wife nor I wanted to go, there was no doubt for us that the healing was complete, but he insisted and didn't give us the choice.

So, a couple of days later we flew to Australia, and took all the tests and then, with no surprise at all for us, the Professor who had us in his office to read the results of the MRI, declared that there were no more signs of meningitis nor of any aftereffects. His words didn't surprise us as we already knew, deep in our hearts, that God had totally freed me. The one thing I wanted to do, as I was sitting in this office was to shout "Thank you Lord... how good you are."

This is how we can be set free even from sickness. If you trust Him and ask Him believing that He listens and if so is His will, then God can move.

If God allows, I will soon share in another book how God brought my daughter back to life when she was dying in my arms. And many other miraculous and divine healings.

And to close these moments together, I would like you to talk to God as simply as I will show you.

If today, you are suffering, if you are bound by passions and vices, it could be by drugs, alcohol, homosexuality,

prostitution or any other chain, I invite you to turn to Jesus, simply, just as I have in the darkest moments I have gone through, and invite Him to help you, give Him your heart, and ask Him to forgive your sins that separate you from His love and His presence.

And I can tell for sure that Jesus is going to change your whole life.

Say this "God of mercy, Jesus, my savior, come and help me. You know me better than anyone, since You created me. You know my suffering, so come and set me free from anything that binds me and keeps me far from You. Change me into a new creation, forgive my sins and guide me until the end of my days. Amen."

I would like to end this book by giving all the glory to my God, the God of eternity who saved me. Let us always remember that He sent His one and only son so we could live. Nothing I wrote would have happened if I hadn't met Jesus. Today I am a happy man, I experimented this new birth I told you about above and I serve the Lord joyfully.

Of course we do go through difficult times for we are still on this earth which is full of injustice and problems,

but the peace Jesus gives, the true happiness we know and the assurance we have that the Lord Almighty will always help is the guaranty of a wonderful life at His side.



"For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life ". John 3.16

"We implore you on Christ's behalf : be reconciled to God !"

2 CORINTHIENS 5.20

End of my testimony.

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If you would like to ask me a question. If I can help. If you would like to meet Christians or get our church details, feel free to contact me.

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Feel free to send a friend request on Facebook so we can share the wonders of God.

<https://www.facebook.com/william.theron.7>

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prayers they have taken part in the success of this written
testimony.*

*And above all, of course, all the glory be to our **Lord and
savior Jesus***



I was born on Febuary 15th 1964, in Valenciennes, in the northern part of France. This tells the story of my difficult childhood in a hurting family where violence was a daily reality,. My mother was beaten and so was I

My mother ran away with her 3 children. We lived in great poverty and it wa s a very painful period of our life.

As a teenager, I've had to work hard in order to bring some money home. Very quickly with perseverance and courage, I succeeded in business, but then knew a staggering downfall in the corridors of hell.

This book's purpose it to bring hope to those who struggle and who want a real change.

Enjoy your reading.

William THERON