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My name is Jasper, and this is my story.

So often, when people ask about my story—especially if they know me or know some of my family or friends for any amount of time—they’re usually asking about my accident. But if I want to tell my testimony, if someone is truly asking what God has done for me and through me over the years, I really have to start at the beginning. My true testimony starts at conception.

My mother was 17, a senior in high school, and already had my older brother. One night, after getting off work, she was forced into the back seat of her car, pressed face down, and raped. Nine months later, I was born. Instead of being welcomed into the arms of a mom or dad, I was signed over to a foster home and put in a queue for adoption. A few days later, my grandparents convinced my mom to keep me, rather than leave me in the foster care and adoption process. They came to claim me about three days after my birth.

Without knowing it at the time, I began carrying an identity as a “bastard child” in every sense of the word, and that seed took root. I carried it for a very long time, and it permeated every part of my story. For years, I struggled to understand how to share my story. I could tell you the many things I’ve been through, but if I’m going to talk about what God has truly done for me, I have to start here.

Growing up, our family dynamic was complicated. A teenage mom, an absent father, an older brother, my aunt, and myself—all living in my grandparents’ house—didn’t look like the typical family. I discovered at a young age, around 6 or 7, what had happened, how I was conceived. My brother had just learned about his own father, one of my mom’s boyfriends from high school, so naturally, I started asking questions about mine. My parents sat me down and told me about my lack of a father and the circumstances of my conception. Even though I was young, that conversation planted a seed that I wasn’t fully a part of the family. I began to feel like an outsider.

As I grew, other challenges compounded my feeling of isolation. I was an energetic child, later identified as unmedicated ADHD, and this added strain to our already unique family dynamic. When I was 8, my mom and my “dad” divorced, leaving us without a man in the house. My mom did the best she could, juggling three kids, a job, and night school. But my brother and I spent a lot of time alone, unsupervised.

One day, when I was around 9, I was alone with my brother, probably being an annoying younger sibling. For reasons I don't understand to this day, he pinned me down and started hitting me with closed fists. I remember the shock of that first experience of brutality and helplessness. These feelings took root alongside the others I was carrying.

The accident that so many ask about came years later, in 2010. My wife, our 7-month-old son, and I lived in Las Cruces, New Mexico, while I worked in El Paso, Texas—a 40-minute commute each way. I owned a motorcycle and used it for the commute. One night, I was riding home after a shift, around 2:30 a.m. I was going down Interstate 10, which was under construction, leaving me no room to maneuver as I encountered a pack of dogs in my lane. With nowhere to go, I braced myself. I collided with a large pitbull, which flipped my bike end over end and launched me into the air.

I remember the sensation of silence as my headphones tore out, leaving me with just the sound of my body hitting the pavement. My helmet scraped loudly against the road as I tumbled, eventually coming to a stop, battered but alive. Then, as I lay on the road, another vehicle ran over me, pinning me beneath it. I yelled for help, paralyzed with fear. After a terrifying moment, the driver backed up, but then, incomprehensibly, drove over me again. This second time, I felt the weight and force of the vehicle as it crushed my chest and legs. In that moment, a thought echoed in my mind: *I really am worthless.*

Although I survived the accident and eventually recovered physically, that moment left deep scars on my soul. My worthlessness felt affirmed. My feelings of helplessness, of being a bastard, and now of being worthless grew stronger. The mental toll manifested years later, around 2014, in panic attacks, depression, and feelings of being utterly alone. The trauma was not just physical; it became a mental and spiritual battle.

In 2019, when my mom passed away from brain cancer, I felt like my final identity had been sealed: I was now an orphan. All these identities—bastard, helpless, worthless, orphaned—solidified into a toxic root system within me, entwining my sense of self.

But God wasn't done with me. The Holy Spirit began working in my heart, urging me to confront these identities. Together, Jesus and I began unearthing these roots one by one. Where I felt helpless, Jesus reminded me that He is my strength. Where I felt like a bastard, He claimed me as His own. Where I felt worthless, He showed me that I am precious and worthy of His sacrifice. Where I felt orphaned, He reminded me that I am His child.

Today, I can say with confidence that Jesus is enough. My name is Jasper, and I am a named, claimed, beloved child of God.

Closing Message from Pastor Ronnie Williams

Hi, my name is Ronnie Williams, and I'm a pastor in New Mexico. I just want to take a second to say thank you for watching Jasper's testimony. I hope it's been a blessing to you.

If you don't know Jesus, I want to encourage you—everything that needs to be done for you to receive His salvation has already been accomplished. You don't have to earn it. It's a free gift, given at great cost to Him, but freely available to you. All you need to do is put your faith in Him. Romans 10:9 tells us, "If you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved."

I'd like to say a prayer now, and I invite you to pray along with me:

Father God, thank You for loving me. Thank You for sending Your Son to pay the price for my sins. Jesus, thank You for dying for me. Forgive my sins, be my Lord, be my Savior. I want to serve You all my life. In Jesus' name, Amen.

God bless you.