

Author's Preface

I spent years of my life training as a psychiatrist. I poured in hundreds of thousands of dollars, countless nights of study, and years of grueling work. Eventually, I had everything the world tells you is success: Above all I believed I was helping people. Additionally, I had a lucrative career, stability, respect, and benefits. I thought I was living the dream.

But something inside me knew it was not enough.

Every day, I saw people in pain. Depression, anxiety, trauma, addictions — I tried to treat them with the best tools psychiatry had to offer. Medications, therapy, behavior management. And for a time, these things seemed to provide some help. But it never lasted. The symptoms waxed and waned. The relief was always temporary. The deeper cries of the soul were never answered.

I began to realize that psychiatry was not a cure. It was a counterfeit.

Instead of addressing the deepest need of the human heart — reconciliation with our Creator — psychiatry numbed the pain, veiled the truth, and deafened the soul to God's call. Depression and anxiety are not merely disorders to be erased. They are the alarms of the soul, warning us of separation from God. They are the spirit's cry that eternity is real, that judgment is coming, that we long to be restored to our Maker.

Yet psychiatry silences that cry. It tells people they can cope without God. It offers a false peace, a numbed existence, while the eternal danger of hell still looms. In truth, it is Satan's counterfeit.

Yeshua (Jesus) said:

“Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

— John 14:27 (NKJV)

The world offers numbing. Messiah offers true peace.

It was through personal hardship and searching that I began to see this. Raised agnostic, I looked for answers everywhere. At one point, I turned toward Judaism, longing for God. But it was only when I opened the New Testament — the book I had ignored — that I encountered the living Messiah, Yeshua.

Suddenly, the pieces came together. He was the Passover Lamb, the Prophet like Moses, the Suffering Servant of Isaiah 53, the Messiah foretold by Daniel. He died for my sins,

and He rose again. Over five hundred eyewitnesses testified to His resurrection (1 Corinthians 15:6). He conquered death, and He alone could give eternal life.

At that moment, everything I had worked for — all the prestige of psychiatry — seemed worthless in comparison. I knew I had to walk away. I could no longer participate in an industry that numbed souls into blindness while pretending to heal. I could not keep people distracted from the One who is the true cure.

Paul, himself once a Pharisee of Pharisees, wrote:

“But what things were gain to me, these I have counted loss for Christ. Yet indeed I also count all things loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them as rubbish, that I may gain Christ.”

— Philippians 3:7–8 (NKJV)

That became my story. I left behind the career, the security, the accolades — not because I hated medicine or helping people, but because I found the truth. Psychiatry can offer a prescription. Only Yeshua can offer salvation. Psychiatry can numb your pain for a few years. Yeshua can save your soul for eternity.

And here is the truth that changed me:

“Nor is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men by which we must be saved.”

— Acts 4:12 (NKJV)

Today, I stand not as a psychiatrist but as a witness. I found the cure that truly heals, the peace that truly lasts, the salvation that only Messiah gives. And now I write, not to numb souls, but to awaken them — to call Israel and the nations to recognize the Redeemer of the world.