



Testimony of Caleb Suresh Motupalli

1st September 1988 – 19th December 2018

“I will boast gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ’s power may rest on me.

2 Corinthians 12:9, The Bible.

I was born on March 26, 1965 (July 26, 1966 on record) to a Hindu family in Vijayawada, India but believed in the Gospel in the year 1977 at Zion Prayer House in Guntur, Andhra Pradesh, India. Today, I enjoy the fellowship of the Holy Spirit so much so that He has confirmed and affirmed that I am the Son of David, the expected one. More details in: [Capstone](#).

After completing my Bachelors in Mechanical Engineering in India, I came to the United States on September 1, 1988 to do my MS in Computer Information Science at NJIT with no knowledge about the standard of living in NewArk, NJ. I was twenty-two years old then.

After shifting from a couple of apartments, i rented a room and was sharing the apartment with another Indian (can’t recall his name) at 96 Central Avenue, NewArk, NJ. Two other white Americans (Brian and Buffalo) lived in the first floor below our apt on the second floor. We all used to hang-out together and party. For the 1st semester, by God's grace i had secured a Teaching Assistantship at NJIT that paid for my tuition as well as gave me a stipend to take care of living expenses. Due to lack of prior knowledge about the American system, i had taken some advanced courses in the first semester itself and ended up getting a GPA less than the needed 3.0/4.0 for maintaining my assistantship. Since i did not make up for the lack of GPA in the

second semester in 1989, i felt terrible and was brooding over it in my room. I had just then returned after crying before a professor (Dr. Murray Turoff, my mentor) in his office for not giving me an A grade so that it would have compensated for the C+ grade i received for another course. In that very sad moment my house mate, without knocking on the door, opened it briskly to ask me something. As i was already upset, i rebuked him for not knocking on the door. As he was my senior, he was offended and threw the ash tray filled with a lot of ash at me and left the room. I got upset and took a scissors that i had in my room and went to his room and demanded that he clean up the mess he made in my room. As he was much older to me and stronger, he jumped on me and tried to get the scissors out of my hand. We wrestled but i managed to bring the wrestling outside his room to the kitchen. With my left hand i grabbed a kitchen knife and gave a warning scratch on his thigh. He immediately let go and followed my instructions to clean my room. But a couple of days later, he may have complained to the other two American housemates who lived on the first floor. These guys were drug abusers and had a criminal record. They both came and barged into my room and while one (Brian) roughed me up, the other (Buffalo) grabbed my wallet and telephone and left me dazed because I thought these guys were my friends. I simply went and called the police, who came and recovered the stolen property in the suitcase of Buffalo, who already had a criminal record. When they interrogated us, my Indian house mate complained to the Police that i cut his thigh. It was only a scratch because i meant it only to be a warning. Then they arrested the three of us (the two Americans and me). Brian and Buffalo were charged with Criminal Trespassing, Burglary, Assault, Possession of stolen property, while i was charged with Assault. (At the jail, they identified Buffalo as a person with a past criminal record.) They jailed us in cells facing each other. I.e. they tried to get me to drop the charges but i did not. The judge next day released us all on bail. As i was bent on justice for myself, i pressed charges on my Indian house mate as well for assault with ash tray and for

trespassing into my room. He came to the negotiating table and we both withdrew charges against each other but my charges against Buffalo were not withdrawn. I was given shelter & refuge in the college dorm at NJIT on humanitarian grounds. But Ralf Chinoo—an Indian origin Guyanese—Supervisor at the dorm was not satisfied with a \$250 gift my cousin from Los Angeles sent him for my upkeep. He wanted more for my summer stay at the dorm even though he extracted work from me in addition to the humanitarian grant from higher officials at NJIT.

Later, another cousin of mine arrived from Chicago and suggested i withdraw the charges against Brian and Buffalo for my own safety. On the day i was to appear before the judge, he brought me out of the court to negotiate with Buffalo's attorney. But meanwhile my name was called and the judge probably dismissed the case in my absence for which i was not so happy. But later, i gave up pressing charges against both the Americans.

At the college dorm, i became infatuated with a Puerto Rican girl to whom I was introduced and ended up in minor trouble of writing defamatory graffiti against her boyfriend with an erasable marker on the elevator of the dorm and knocking on her door when she was with her boyfriend and asked that I don't disturb. (I guess i was jealous of her boyfriend.) She called the NJIT security, who stripped me naked to humiliate me and banned me from campus. But i entered the campus anyway and was arrested by the NJIT security.

All these happened in the summer of **1989** just after i got my grades for the second semester. But in the Fall of 1989, i did secure admission to a PhD program in Management of Information Systems at Rutgers, NewArk, NJ, where i got a Teaching Assistantship as well, but which i also lost due to my being homeless and

disorganized. I also conceived and recorded in writing an invention then, before all of this during my second semester (Spring 1989) by the anointing of God. The invention is still current by virtue of being far ahead of its time. I currently have a patent pending at the USPTO and with the IP office here in India. An NJIT's Counselor, Dr. Richard Cummings helped me to correct errors in my Statement of Purpose (SOP) in which i recorded my invention. I had a feeling that there was a conspiracy to snatch my invention by some giants of the industrial economy, since my invention would benefit a service economy. I also lost my second Teaching Assistantship in my third semester in the US. My stay in NewArk became hell for me.

Subsequently, in my homelessness on the streets, with the help of Dr. Cummings i got shelter at the Goodwill Home Rescue Mission, NewArk, NJ. It was there i surrendered, sobbing in tears, to the Lord Jesus Christ and answered an altar call by Lee Schumocheler. (I guess the tears were out of self-pity, but nevertheless it was a surrender to the workings & hand of God in all of this.)

My mother meanwhile was so worried in India that she called and got help from our church's sister assembly Pastor Thangavelu, in Queens, New York who secured shelter for me in a church-member's house. But this man could not keep me for more than a week. So he got me a ticket on the subway in New York and ditched me there one evening without notice or any clue. After a whole night going in circles in the subway in New York City, i disembarked with no address to go to. I had enough of a beating being homeless and I was totally disillusioned about life. I now wanted to return home for which i was psychologically prepared, as Dr. N.D Prabhakar suggested I be. He was an Indian professor, who taught me a subject at NJIT. Subsequently, i found my way to the JFK airport where my cousin had an electronic ticket for me to fly back to India. With few clothes in a garbage bag that i checked in, i

returned to India in tears sobbing throughout the journey. It was like falling from a cliff. First it was a 747 jet from JFK to Bombay (Mumbai); then a smaller plane from Bombay to Hyderabad; then a train from Hyderabad to Vijayawada; then a rugged journey in a passenger bus from Vijayawada to Akividu village; and then finally on a manual rickshaw from the bus stand to home. I hugged my mother when I alighted at the door of my parent's. My mother was in tears too because i returned after apparently failing in my venture to America, but nevertheless happy that i was alive and in one piece. God comforted her using many verses, including Psalm 91:15.

Subsequently, i got psychiatric treatment for Bipolar Depression that happens to be a predisposition in my family. I was also baptized on **December 3, 1989**. But my life was feeling hopeless in Akividu village in India as I went into deep depression. Then i got a letter from Dr. Richard Cummings, the Counselor at NJIT who laid it all out as to all that happened at NJIT. However, he left me with a glimmer of hope that if i reapplied after medical treatment, i could return to NJIT which i did.

After a heart surgery that my mother had in December of 1992, i got a loan from an Indian Bank and returned again to NJIT, NewArk, to complete my Masters (not the PhD) in the **Spring of 1993**.

I felt my research contribution was substantial to the existing wealth of knowledge in my field of Computer Science and expected financial support to undertake it. I pleaded with my professors to grant me financial assistance. I felt NJIT was exploiting students' research and giving it away to rich companies the findings (research & development) of postgraduate students most of whom were either Indian or Chinese.

In the meanwhile i carelessly stopped taking the prophylactic medication that i brought from India either because there was no more supply or simply because i was negligent since i felt no need for them. I ended up homeless again. Through the help of Karim—a Coptic Christian at NJIT—Brethren at World Impact gave me shelter in their home but subsequently could not continue to do so, perhaps because i was not helping in the house work or cooking, etc. I ended up in a welfare home (Hotel Rivera). Along with my belongings, i also had a desktop PC in which i held all my research and a laptop. Earlier, i had called the IBM company, seeking help with my project to make an enterprise system for the whole Church using my information architecture invention. (This was in **1993** when i was in fellowship with the Beth Israel Messianic Congregation in Garfield, NJ shepherded by **Jonathan Cahn**. I had my first Calling to Ministry here through the verse, “*Follow me*” from the Mark’s Gospel. I had also shared my Testimony of how I was Saved in that large Jew & Gentile congregation.) My research proposal too was in circulation among Rutgers & NJIT professors. And then one fine day, cops knocked on my door and i opened my door reluctantly when they demanded. (Little did i know few weeks ago or a month ago there was an attempt to bomb the world trade center in New York.) I guess the cops were looking for clues and arrested everyone who seemed like a suspect. Unlike typical South Indians, i was a little fair-skinned like a Pakistani i guess in their eyes, with a small beard as i had no time to shave. They arrested me because i took photos of them in my room for the sake of record-keeping of the injustice to me—an innocent—and of evicting me. They put me out on the street again and when i took a picture of their police car from behind with the number plate like they do in the movies, they saw it and ran after me and caught me. They arrested me and at the police station they sort of pushed me off the edge as they tried to break open my camera that had precious pictures of me homeless in the company of pigeons, etc., in there (a record of my homeless life of this Indian Christian in the foreign land again).

In order to provoke me to utter something foolish so that they can book me into jail, one black police officer held me from the back and another police officer (also black), who was perturbed all along because i took a picture of him in my room as he evicted me, acted as if to break open my camera in front of me.

(I do not know the reason for my eviction from the welfare home. Was it the comment I made with the owner of the building that she cannot stop love from happening between lovers as she was upset over people throwing stones at the building and breaking the windows just to call their lovers staying in the welfare Hotel Rivera? Or was it because a friend of mine by mistake knocked on her door on a different floor instead of mine in search of me to have a Christian fellowship and prayer along with me?)

In my righteous indignation as expected of anyone, who is being pushed off the edge, i said to the police officer who was trying to break open my camera that he is dead if he opens it—meaning the second death because i felt empowered as being none other than Christ Himself. That is the terrorist-threat that you would see mentioned in my record (all of which was expunged later in 2005). Subsequently, i was in jail (Newark correctional facility) where an inmate said to others in my hearing that i may have been booked for the WTC bombing. It was only then I came to know about the first attempt by the terrorists to demolish the WTC structure. In the jail, i fasted for 8 days without food or water appealing to God to get those police officers to release me. At one point I also held out a pair of pajamas in faith asking God to fill it with my brother, Sudeep, whom I thought was the Christ rather. I was foaming in my mouth due to lack of fluid in my body. The resident doctor in the jail told me that my kidneys were malfunctioning and i would die if i did not drink and eat food. From the book of Hebrews, the Holy Spirit gave me, *“Do not throw your confidence away.”* A kind

black Police officer there at the jail who too was a Christian, came to my cell of observation and asked me if I am filled by the Holy Spirit? I said, I am. He then asked me, what do you call a person who is filled by the Holy Spirit? I said, “The Anointed One, or Christ.” And he said that is what i am—filled by the Holy Spirit. Obviously, i felt on top of the world even in jail. The fact that many are having such messiah complexes is an indication that we are all in a race to get the prize. And i believe i have fought the good fight and finished the race. The Holy Spirit had by then (1993) already impressed on my heart that i am the expected one. The police officer was merely affirming that fact. They then transferred me to the Marlboro Psychiatric Hospital, where i expected to be administered intravenous fluid, but instead they gave me Haloperidol, which is a highly traumatizing drug. I yielded and began to eat food normally. But they continued administering the traumatizing drug, and brought me back to the jail in NewArk. Because i did no wrong, i refused taking the drugs inside the jail and also refused the bail that was posted by my brother, who drove there all the way from Albuquerque, NM. Since i was religiously dumping the food in the toilet that an inmate brought to me in my cell, he strangled me and left me choking. They later beat me up black and blue -- something the police officers allowed, apparently. I guess i was irritating them, flushing my toilet for no reason, reading my Bible, and preaching to the inmates. The nursing staff at the jail and the police officers terrorized me by brandishing an injection and so i swung toilet water with a towel dipped in the toilet at them, shouting “Leave me alone.” When i yielded, they took me from my cell to their work station and pinned me to the ground and placed their boot of their leg on the side of my face in an apparent sign of victory over me. Then they injected something into me. I was naked and knocked out in a dark cell. When i woke up (i don't know after how long), they brought me outside all naked in front of women. I am not sure if they have tagged me as well with an RFID inside my skin. I have a small lump the size of a rice grain on my stomach ever since. They once again

transferred me to Marlboro Psychiatric Hospital. After over four to six months as an inmate there, a social worker brought me in front of a judge, and secured my release on grounds of insanity. The judge banned me from New Jersey and the state granted me a flight ticket to go to my brother in Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA. All my belongings at the Hotel Rivera were confiscated or stolen or sold out, including my transcripts, both my computers, books and cloths. With the help of my brother, who was doing his PhD at that time at the University of New Mexico, i secured admission at UNM and finished few required courses and transferred those credits back to NJIT, which finally gave me the MS degree in Computer Information Science in 1994. Immediately after graduation, with some stability that i received being with my younger brother and his fiancé, i secured a job at New Mexico Mutual at Albuquerque. But within a couple of months of having the job, i lost it because i lost the stability and comfort that i had from my brother and fiancé, who got married and left me in my apartment to live separately elsewhere. And then i was also excommunicated from Calvary Chapel by Pastor Skip Heitzig for allegedly being “divisive.” Appealing to God, i got myself tonsured in the hospital where i was admitted. After that i once again returned back to India in October of **1994**, being that i was “out of status” without a job.

After working for some time in a company in Chennai, India as a Project Leader and Software Engineer, i got myself a job as a Software Engineer in Boston. They flew me to the US in **1996**. This time, my mother too accompanied me to avoid any mishap but could not really be present with me due to employer restrictions.

And then one day I was distributing Gospel tracks—my [testimony](#) that I prepared back in India in which I candidly stated my predisposition to depression and my time in jail—among people in the building of my employer. I immediately got fired for it

within a couple of weeks of landing in Boston. I got shelter with a Servant of God, Dr. T.E Koshy at Syracuse, NY who took me into his home. After a month, i secured another job near Minneapolis. But i could not hold this job as well due to the cold weather, which made me depressed. I resigned from it. I came to St. Louis where my mother and me were given shelter with my brother's rich in-laws' home. After few weeks i secured a job with Spectrum Healthcare, where i worked for many months. I was all along under medication and psychiatric care of Dr. Sam Parvathikar, who came home every other week. At one point, i felt so hopeless of getting married or settling down that i wanted to commit suicide. My brother's father-in-law Dr. Vallabaneni Nageswara Rao in whose home we were living and who was also a psychiatrist, said i did not really mean to commit suicide and dismissed away my suicidal tendency. He was a psychiatrist, who should have known better not to be so frivolously dismissive. I wanted to prove him wrong by actually going ahead with my plan, but in the end, i did not, by the grace of God, who got me out of the feeling.

Subsequently, i moved to another job as a Software Engineer with United Healthcare. In an apartment we rented, my mother was present all through as a cushion and support. When i was able to stand on my own feet, she left for India and i got a Christian brother Travis Kelly as house mate. After few months i found my wife through an advert we placed in a matrimonial classified section of a newspaper (The Hindu) in India. I came to India married and we together returned to the US to continue work with United Healthcare in St. Louis, Missouri. After several months of working, i received a call from God to full-time ministry and this time around i resigned from work with deliberation and returned to India voluntarily, to serve the Lord. But my home church did not receive me. I guess there was gossip circulating among them about my illness, which they thought was the reason why i once again returned to India. As my wife was now the sole bread-winner, she was fed up with the

meager salary (₹4500 INR or \$62 USD per month) that she received, working in a hospital in Hyderabad, India that was not sufficient to make ends meet. Meanwhile, i too was not getting a breakthrough working as a minister of God in India. After a couple of years, she got herself a job working in a Medical School in the Caribbean (St. Kitts & Nevis), where we spent about three years. While there from 2003-2006, we applied twice for a Visitor's visa to attend Church conferences in the US but i was turned down (not my son and wife) both times.

In 2006, i asked my wife to resign from her work so that we can return to India to pursue my business-cum-ministry. She reluctantly did and we returned to India. We have been here ever since, working first with Operation Mobilization—she as a Missionary Medical Doctor and I as a Web Developer for the All India Christian Council—and then with World Vision, where Anna Motupalli, my wife, works as National Coordinator till date. Meanwhile, God gave me grace and i have been working on my invention and trying to secure patents and trademarks and forming a company. In 2017 we registered **AgapeJUST** company which is similar to an LLC. We had five engineers working for us. We also have a trust (రోట్ల ఇల్లు | House of Bread | بيت آل خبز | בית לחם) registered in 2010.

As part of my calling to be an Agape Ambassador, I have been making several international peace efforts between Christians, Hindus as well as with Muslims by virtue of my having come from a Hindu background and having embraced the core meaning of what it means to be a Muslim, namely submit to God/Allah/Yahweh/Eshwar, which in practice means submitting to His Christ/Isa al Masih.

I have even reached out to Khamenei of Iran, who may very well be tacitly supporting

me as Son of David. But my globalist [proposal](#) ([online updated version](#) - slow website) for a World Government apparently does not find support from nationalist US President Donald Trump. And has yet to receive wholehearted support from Hindu BJP Narendra Modi's government here in India. I have been engaging with *Muslims* and *Solafidians* alike and reached out to global church leaders such as Dr. John Piper, Dr. Os Guinness, Pastor Rick Warren, Rev. Billy Graham, Seth Godin, Dr. R.C. Sproul, Dr. Timothy Keller, Pope Benedict & Pope Francis, Dr. Ravi Zacharias, Vicar Nicky Gumbel, and several others, **all of whom** have given ascent to me and my proposal through their Spirits. I have also authored many blog posts and [books](#): *Five Stumbling Blocks to the Christian Faith*; *This Ram is Born Again (Autobiography)*; *Online Rapture*; *Who has Monopoly on Allah*; *Christocratic New World Order*; and *Gross Salvation*.

And Professor John Lennox of Oxford University, in particular, has endorsed the professional nature of my proposal to not only tackle Artificial Intelligence—the Big Beast of Revelation—but also piggyback on it to get ourselves a “divine upgrade” as he puts it, virtually explaining what my patent application was claiming in the basic Claims, namely an **AI-Augmented IoT Controller** for engineering our divinity.

I thank God for all the troubles I went through. Had it not been for them it would have been life-as-usual and I would never have surrendered my life to the God of Jesus Christ—my Savior and Lord.

Date: December 22, 2018



Truly,



Caleb Surésh (SitaRam) Motupalli

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