

CHAPTER 1

My Introduction to The supernatural

KEITH P

Truth be told, I have always had knowledge of God and the Bible since I was a child. My mother would read us Bible stories and pray with us before bed. She taught us to say grace at meals, so I had respect and a good foundation for basic biblical truths from day one. However, my personal journey with Christ started when I was around eleven or twelve years old. I didn't know it then but God was drawing me to come closer to Him with a deep desire to pray and read the Bible. When I say read and pray, I mean staying inside almost a whole summer, not going outside and playing with friends but instead praying, reading the bible and Bible story kid's books, and asking God to use me and talk to me like He did the prophet Samuel, Joseph, Job, and Daniel!

The more I read the more excited I got hearing about this awesome God who created everything and who did miraculous signs and wonders. There is much more to this story, but to save time, I will get right to my first supernatural experience.

One summer evening in 1981 or '82, we were watching a movie called The Bible, starring George C. Scott. I loved that movie, and I was fascinated by it. It was very hot, and my mother used to lay blankets on the floor in our apartment. When it was hot at night, she, my brother, and I would sleep on the floor under the air conditioning to stay cool. They were going to bed and shut the light off in the living room. I wanted to spend some more time alone with God, reading the Bible and praying before I went to bed. So, I went to the bedroom and started reading the Bible, and then a sudden chill hit me, coursing all over my body.

I shivered and looked around but continued reading; suddenly, it happened again and then a third time. Closing my Bible and scanning the room I had an eerie feeling like I was being watched. Like I was not alone. It felt evil and sinister, but I didn't see anything.

Bowing my head and closing my eyes, I said, "Lord, I feel evil all around me, and it chills my blood."

I remember it like it was today.

At this point, I was faced with a dilemma. Should I run for the door, turn off the light switch, and then sprint into the dark living room to lie with my family or sit still, frozen with fear? I was

too afraid to move. So, I waited and got the courage to pray for God's protection. While praying, my heart was still racing—hence, I sprinted for the door, turned off the light, bolted to the living room, leaped over my mom and brother, laid down, and covered my head with a blanket.

It was pitch black save for the sparse light bleeding through the curtains from a street light. I was trying to be quiet, but I was breathing heavily. I couldn't shake this unnatural fear that I was feeling. So slowly and cautiously, I peeked through the blanket to spy the living room. It was when I looked into the pitch-blackness of the kitchen that a cold dose of reality hit.

Two sets of bright, shining red eyes were looking right at me from the darkness. I could not believe what I was seeing. I started to shake and tremble with fear. Was this real or imagined? Maybe my eyes are playing tricks on me. This can't be real I thought to myself as I looked on in horror. I didn't want to wake my mom and brother, especially if I was just seeing things, so I gathered the courage to slowly, gingerly, and cautiously rise and creep over the top of them and inch my way over to the kitchen.