

**A Biblical Perspective of UFO
Phenomena by the author of Aliens
in the Bible and Christian Ufology**

THE JOHN W. MILOR
PARANORMAL
CHRISTIAN

The Paranormal Christian
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Table of Contents

Chapter 1: Angels Unawares, or Unaware Angels?.....	5
1.1 My Sister’s Bizarre Encounter	5
1.2 A Ghost, or Angel, or Alien, or... What Was That?.....	11
1.3 Otherworldly Beings Cohabiting with Humanity	13
1.4 Was the Sumerian Gilgamesh, the Hebrew Nimrod? Was Nimrod a Nephilim?.....	15
1.5 Angelic Interventions	18
Chapter 2: Witnessing the Darkness	22
2.1 A Demonic Encounter in my Bedroom.....	22
2.2 Reverse Faith.....	24
2.3 My Sister’s Paranormal Proclivities.....	26
2.3.1 Sharon’s Experience with a Ouija Board	27
2.4 My Grandpa Walter’s Bedroom.....	28
Chapter 3: Introduced to The Strong Delusion	33
3.1 My Stepfather’s Unrelenting Taunts	33
3.2 Light is Darkness, Darkness is Light	38
3.3 Initial Experiments with an Ouija Board	42
Chapter 4: The Greater Reality – Teens to Early 20’s.....	46
4.1 My Wizard Stone	47
4.2 Destiny Restored	54
4.3 Playing with Fire	57
4.3.1 Experimenting with Self-Hypnosis	58
4.3.2 Returning to the Ouija Board.....	62
Chapter 5: A Line Drawn in the Sand.....	68
5.1 The Turning Point	68
5.2 Documenting My Findings	72

5.2.1 Aliens in the Bible: A Biblical Perspective of Supernatural Entities, Realms of Existence, and Phenomenon	72
5.2.2. Aliens and the Antichrist: Unveiling the End Times Deception.....	73
5.2.3. The Strong Delusion: Revealing the Strange God of the Antichrist	75
5.2.4. Christian Ufology	76
5.3 Other Genres	77
5.3.1 The Gathering: A Metaphorical Odyssey through the Scriptures with Commentary Notes.....	78
5.3.2 The Book of Wars: Legend of the Prophetess.....	83
5.3.3 Jimmy Prophet’s Library Series	84
5.3.4 The Dark World Paradox.....	85
5.3.5 Apparition.....	90
5.3.6 The Eaglestar Prophecy.....	90
5.3.7 The Reflection of Perception: A Poetic, Existential Quandary about God, Love, and the Nature of the Universe	90
5.4 Conclusion	91
Notes	93

Chapter 1: Angels Unawares, or Unaware Angels?

1.1 My Sister's Bizarre Encounter

Pioneering the field of Christian ufology is an unusual preoccupation, and I've been asked on many occasions over the years, what started it all?

First of all, this mission involves two pre-requisites: 1. A knowledge and/or interest in supernatural entities, realms of existence, and phenomenon, and 2. The Christian faith.

As it turns out, this is an unusual combo, because the Christian faith is more often than not, antagonistic to anything associated with the paranormal. Why? Because the paranormal often includes occult practices which are forbidden in Scripture. Because of this, Christians often have their "Demonic" label applicator handy in their back pockets. They apply this label to anything that doesn't fit their rigid interpretation of Scripture, or their overall paradigm of reality, whether it's found in Scripture or not.

Christians need to be aware, however, that the term "paranormal" is generic, and it can refer to anything that is supernatural, including angels, miracles, prophecy, and ultimately, even God.

I think many Christians are all too ready slap a "Demonic" label on anything that doesn't fit in their box of reality, and run the other way. However, Scripture is packed with God's chosen, who did exactly the opposite. Moses didn't sprint the other way from the burning bush who spoke to him. Ezekiel didn't scream "Demons!" and run away in a blind panic, from strange wheels within wheels. Daniel didn't rebuke the archangel Gabriel when he appeared to him, and as such, I have tried to follow in their footsteps, even before I became a dedicated Christian.

While the field of Christian ufology specializes in UFOs and/or their occupants, there are two caveats that have directed the course of much of what I write.

1. I frequently cover a vast range of paranormal phenomenon, and not just UFOs/ETs. Whenever I discuss paranormal topics, no matter what I'm talking about, I always do my best to retain a Christian, biblical perspective. I also try not to be too dogmatic, and simply offer questions or possibilities in how I interpret various Scriptures.
2. While specializing in the field of Christian ufology, I have discovered through years of research that the ET presence in Scripture spans all of time. It also appears to be inexplicably linked with eschatology, (end times prophecy). This connection is what inspired some of the titles of my books, i.e. *Aliens and the Antichrist*, and *The Strong Delusion*. The strong delusion in particular, mentioned in Scripture, (2 Thessalonians 2:3-12), is a recurring theme in my research. This deception will be so powerful, if it were possible, it would deceive the very elect, (Matthew 24:24; Mark 13:22).

2 Thessalonians 2:3-4 [bracketed comments added]

Let no one deceive you in any way. For that day will not come, unless the rebellion comes first, and the man of lawlessness [the Antichrist] is revealed, the son of destruction, who opposes and exalts himself against every so-called god or object of worship, so that he takes his seat in the temple of God, proclaiming himself to be God.

Matthew 24:24

For false christs and false prophets will arise and perform great signs and wonders, so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect.

Going back to the two prerequisites of a Christian ufologist, my great grandmother planted seeds of faith in me at an early age, initiating the groundwork of my first prerequisite. But those seeds were dormant, buried in a thick, crusty soil. It took a personal visitation from Jesus many years later to bust them out. I think years of intercessory prayer from my great grandparents brought that about.

But until I had that visitation from Jesus at twenty one years old, I was cultivating my second prerequisite for a Christian ufologist. I was deeply interested in supernatural phenomenon at a very young age.

My sister started it.

She had many bizarre experiences, and she liked to talk about mysterious things. Sometimes it was to terrify me with creepy stories, as older sisters are known to do, but other times, she was genuinely fascinated with the unknown. She's also been a magnet for paranormal activity all her life.

After my sister married to her first husband, she and he moved to an island planted right in the middle of the Mississippi river. For anyone that's never been to the Mississippi river, it's huge!

The Mississippi was wide on both sides of the island, and the island was about 8 miles wide. I went there once with my mother and brother, to visit Sharon during Christmas time. We took a ferry across the river to the island, and then had to ride on a trailer pulled by an old farm tractor just to get to my sister's shack.

The island where she and James lived was used by a hunting club. My sister and her husband lived in a shack next to the dining facility for the hunting club, and they had only one other neighbor on the entire island, who lived a few miles away. The place was completely isolated – the perfect setting for a horror movie.

I never saw anything out of the ordinary when I was there, but my sister certainly did.

Sharon said that she thought the island was used as a military outpost during the Civil War. Many battles had been fought throughout the region, and countless numbers of soldiers had undoubtedly been killed there. Musket balls could be found in some of the trees.

With that in mind, she said that one day while she and James were having a picnic they heard an enormous explosion that shook the ground. Their neighbor didn't have anything to do with it. They never did find out what it was. This was a relatively tame incident, however, when compared to the man in a blue uniform that waltzed into their living room.

It was dark, and there was a snowstorm outside; mud was thick on the ground. Sharon was busy in the kitchen cooking dinner. James was sitting on the living room couch cleaning his rifle. He had it broken down into its various components, and was madly working away on it when suddenly the front door opened up.

By the time James looked up, a man dressed in a blueish military uniform walked through the front door and right into the center of the living room. He paused and looked around inspecting the premises, then cupped his jaw and peered at James with a sideways glance.

Aside from the unusual uniform, he looked like a normal human being, just as real and solid as anyone. He was a white male with blond hair and blue eyes. Oddly, he appeared to recognize the fact that something wasn't *right*.

When he came to this realization, he squared his gaze at James, and with an impish expression of "Whoops," he smiled, quaintly waved like an idiot, then turned around and walked right back outside.

What the...

Who? Eh...

James was catatonic, staring at the door. Sharon peeked around the corner from the kitchen just in time to see the man's boot pass through the front door and then close the door.

Knowing that they were the only ones on the island aside from a reclusive neighbor miles away in the scrub, and also knowing the futility of running around on the island during a snow storm in the dark, they wanted to know who in the world that was! Sharon turned to James.

That man knew something wasn't right, and James also knew something wasn't right. A fray in the fabric of reality unfurled right there in front of him, and all he could do was blink and quiver his head like a broken puppet.

"Who was that?"

James' mouth opened, but nothing came out. "I... eh... d...d..." A shivering jolt shot down his spine.

James finally leaped off the couch, scattering his dismantled rifle, tripping over his own feet.

He tried to open the door, but something was blocking it. Forcing it open with a hearty shove, he plowed it through their two dogs huddled up against the door on the outside, sound asleep.

How on Earth did that man simply walk through the door with ease? Their dogs were crammed against it, soaking up the tiny fragment of heat seeping through the crack under the door. Yet, that man opened that door as if those dogs weren't there at all.

Once on the front porch, James found there was no one to be seen; no footprints in the snow. The night was pitch black. It was pointless to grope around in the muddy mirk outside. Pointless and, well, *forget that!*

After James returned, my sister started wailing in hysterics, shivering in panic, on the verge of shock. James tried to calm her down, though he wasn't in much better condition. Needless to say, neither was expecting to receive a backstage pass to the universe in their living room that evening.

After some time, they finally began to recount the incident.

James recalled, the soldier's uniform was immaculate. He was perfectly dry, and his shoes were brightly polished, not having a speck of mud on them. Mississippi mud has a reputation—there's even a beer named after it. Somewhat vicious, like drinking a bottle of lemon pickle syrup.

Thick Mississippi mud is near impossible to walk in, much less completely avoid during a storm. And how did that man walk through the door blocked by two sleeping dogs? Who in the world was that? Perhaps a better question might be *what* was that?

For my sister to admit she was crying in hysterics is noteworthy. The part of the brain that registers fear; she came up short on that.

As a kid, ghosts fascinated Sharon. She looked forward to dying in the future, because she wanted to know what it would be like to be a ghost. She was the daredevil kid always challenging everyone to do something terrifying. If there was a creepy basement nearby, she would be the one urging everyone to go down there with her in the dark to initiate a conversation with whatever was down there.

In High School, the leader of a gang said a snide remark to her one day. She walked up to him in front of his gang, and whapped him across his face with an earth shattering bitch slap. Fortunately for her, she didn't end up with a knife in her gut.

This was my sister, fearless to the point of stupidity, yet this man in the blue uniform profoundly freaked her out.

1.2 A Ghost, or Angel, or Alien, or... What Was That?

Sharon and James talked about this episode for days. The strangest part about the whole ordeal is the way the man behaved. He acted as if he was fully aware that some sort of cosmic mistake had been made, and he actually seemed a bit embarrassed about it.

Ghostly encounters typically include a being caught up in its own timeframe, not aware enough to take stock of its out-of-place surroundings. Such ghost stories are a dime a dozen.

Ghosts are always doing something, such as a mother searching for her child, or perhaps the reenactment of a brutal tragedy. They are usually absorbed with whatever they were consumed with in life, and often oblivious about their ghostly circumstances. This was completely different.

This scenario seemed more like, “Uh, George, you pressed that red button again, didn't you? This is...uh...most unfortunate. Okay people, I'm sorry, terribly sorry—excuse me. I...don't exist. I am a figment of your imagination. You never saw me. This isn't

real. And eh, that's the door over there. I'm going through the door now. Bu bye..."

In my opinion, my sister's encounter has all the elements of an angelic encounter, except a mistake appeared to have been made, which makes it a double enigma. For example, the Bible says in Hebrews 13:2 that angels sometimes come to Earth in disguise.

Hebrews 13:2

Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

Perhaps in this case, *it was the angel that was caught unawares*, when he realized he blew his cover! Who knows, maybe he came to change the tide of the entire Civil War, but much to his dismay, he accidentally set his coordinates about 120 years too late. "George! Why? How many times..." the mysterious visitor reprimanded his buddy upon returning to his angelic vehicle hovering outside.

Perhaps after he left my sister's house, he fixed his coordinates and changed history as we know it?

I've seen several episodes of *Star Trek*, where members of the Federation of Planets disguised themselves as inhabitants of various less advanced civilizations, and conducted covert missions among the natives, who were not aware of them as coming from other worlds. The way I understand the Bible, this is exactly the same thing as angelic intervention.

In the *Star Trek* episodes that included this activity, they referred to a "prime directive" they followed, which dictated interspecies conduct with less advanced civilizations. Certainly angels have rules they follow when they are among us in disguise. They usually don't blow their cover, for one. However, their rules for interspecies interaction are not exactly like the prime directive in *Star Trek*.

For those unfamiliar with *Star Trek* and the prime directive, the prime directive is a strict policy of noninterference mandated by intergalactic explorers belonging to a Federation of Planets. The policy of noninterference was an issue of ethics based on the anthropological premise that interference of technologically advanced species into the lives of less technologically advanced species may create more problems than it would solve.¹

In reality, true interspecies interaction includes something not mentioned in *Star Trek*—the will of God, at least with beings faithful to God. In fact, the only true prime directive that exists can be reduced to one thing: God’s will.

As for fallen angels, they’re here for their own self-interests, such as pleasure seeking, and to be worshipped as gods and such. They interfere with complete disregard to their effects upon societies, so long as they don’t get apprehended by any good guys.

1.3 Otherworldly Beings Cohabiting with Humanity

Long ago, the Bible describes a time when fallen angels intermingled in the affairs of humanity in open contact. They did a lot of damage. In fact, they almost destroyed the world.

For those familiar with Genesis 6, I consider it an obvious conclusion that the sons of God mentioned there, which were fallen angels having sexual relations with humans, violated the true prime directive. That’s what defines them as fallen angels, rather than faithful angels. They were here spawning the inspiration of the Greek legends, among many other legends known throughout the ancient world.

The account of Genesis 6 is frequently explained away by Christians in a variety of ways, all designed to exclude angelic human sexual intercourse. To many Christians, the idea of angels mating with humans is preposterous. Why? I don’t know; perhaps it presents a mixed metaphor they can’t fathom. I’ve seen a number of Scriptures they use to try to make their point that this just can’t happen, but every single argument I have seen thus far, is easy to counter. The early church believed angels mated with humans, and I agree with them.

While many Christians refuse to acknowledge the possibility that the giants of scripture, (i.e. the Nephilm, Raphaim, Anakim, etc.), were angel-human hybrids, (and perhaps angel-animal hybrids as well), archeological evidence and stories from antiquity spanning the globe, tend to support a literal interpretation of the Biblical text.

For example, the area surrounding the Tower of Babel is cluttered with the ruins of various religious temples. Right next to the Tower of Babel is the temple of Marduk, which was the center of Babylon's religious life.

According to the writings of the ancient Greek historian Herodotus, this temple once contained a gold sculpture of Marduk that weighed no less than 22 tons.²

Further documented in the writings of Herodotus is evidence of the same activity that the Bible documents in Genesis 6.

At the summit of the Tower of Babel, Herodotus wrote, "Here stands a great temple with a fine large couch in it, richly covered, and a golden table beside it. The shrine contains no image and no one spends the night there except a Babylonian woman, all alone, whoever it may be that the god has chosen. The god then enters the temple in person and takes his rest upon the bed."³

While it is likely that this is an example of religious perversion among the high priests of the Babylonian religion, I think it's possible that this may also be an example of sexual union between the sons of God, and the daughters of men.

My personal opinion is that these ritualistic sexual encounters may have initiated with the sons of God, as stated in Genesis 6, and also after the flood of Noah, starting in Genesis 11. Later, when the high priests of various religious sects found that they could also assume the identities of these *gods*, or insist that they were given the authority to perform such practices, they also partook of this activity.

The Bible speaks of temple prostitution in both the Old

Testament, (Deuteronomy 23:-17-17), as well as the New Testament, (1 Corinthians 6:12-20). God's anger burned against this behavior, because of the immorality, and especially because it was linked with pagan worship.

These activities aren't limited to the historical writings of Herodotus. Genesis 6:4 states that angel-human sexual intercourse didn't end with the flood of Noah. In reference to the Tower of Babel, first mentioned in Genesis 11, many Christian archeologists have concluded that Nimrod, whose name wasn't translated as a proper name, but rather a reference to his character, because it means "rebel" in Hebrew, was actually the same hero mentioned in the Epic of Gilgamesh.

1.4 Was the Sumerian Gilgamesh, the Hebrew Nimrod? Was Nimrod a Nephilim?

In an article found on www.Christiananswers.net, Bible archeologist Dr. David P. Livingston explains a great deal about the Epic of Gilgamesh, which is an ancient, twisted version of the Biblical account of Creation, the flood of Noah, and some of the events that transpired shortly thereafter.⁴

While the Epic of Gilgamesh supports polytheism and the acceptance of sexual immorality as a norm, among other things, it also provides a historical glimpse into the activities occurring around the Tower of Babel, which stirred God to complete indignation. To begin with, Gilgamesh (Nimrod) may have been a Nephilim (part human, part fallen angel, as the Bible first mentions in Genesis 6).

Following is an excerpt from Dr. Livingston's article on Christiananswers.net:

The Epic of Gilgamesh has some very indecent sections. Alexander Heidel, the first translator of the epic, had the decency to translate the vilest parts into Latin. Spiesser, however, gave it to us straight.⁵ With this kind of literature in the palace, who needs pornography? Gilgamesh was a vile, filthy, man. Yet the myth says of him that he was two-thirds god and one-third

man.⁶

With this in mind, it should be clear to understand God's anger against the inhabitants surrounding the Tower of Babel.

Genesis 11:6 (bold emphasis added)

And the LORD said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and **now nothing will be restrained from them**, which they have imagined to do.

Genesis 6:4* (bold emphasis and bracketed comments added)

There were giants in the earth in those days; **and also after that**, when the sons of God [fallen angels] came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became **mighty men which were of old, men of renown**.

*The phrase, "those days," refers to the days of Noah, and "after that," refers to the days that followed Noah, which must have followed the flood of Noah as well.

Concerning God's faithful angels, God mandates that the angels are to protect humanity, (Hebrews 1:14), and learn of God's grace through their observations of humanity, (1 Peter 1:12; Ephesians 3:10). To this extent, they may penetrate human society in disguise as previously mentioned (Hebrews 13:2).

Hebrews 1:14 (protect humanity)

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?

1 Peter 1:12 (learn of God's grace by observing humanity)

Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things, which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; which things the angels desire to look into.

Ephesians 3:8–10 (bold emphasis added)

Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ: To the intent that **now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God...**

The being that entered my sister's house was not trying to draw attention. I think he was a good guy; his actions betrayed no evidence to indicate otherwise. But what was he intending to do?

The Bible reveals in abundance, that angels are fully authorized to intervene in the affairs of humanity (which differs greatly with *Star Trek's* anthropological emphasis of no intervention whatsoever).

Just to mention a few of the angels' interventions: they determine the outcomes of wars, (Assyrian army destroyed, among many others—2 Kings 6:15-17, 19:15), dish out God's wrath, (destroyed Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboiim, sent plagues against Egypt, and will send many more throughout the entire world in the end times—Genesis 19:28; entire book of Exodus; Revelation 7–20), and serve as divine messengers, (visions of the future—Daniel 8:16; 9:21; announcement of the birth of Christ—Luke 1:19, 26, and many others).

The first item I mentioned—they determine the outcomes of wars, stands out to me concerning my sister's encounter.

2 Kings 6:15-17

And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, LORD, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the LORD opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw:

and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

1.5 Angelic Interventions

For those interested in angelic intervention of a smaller, more personal nature, I recommend *A book of Angels*, by Sophy Burnham. In chapter 2, she mentions a few interesting true stories about people encountering angels. As she puts it, “When you need something, something makes it appear.”⁷

This was the case for a boy who cut his finger to the bone and was all alone at home, when suddenly a nurse knocked on the door, patched the boy up then left without leaving any clues as to her identity or purpose for her visit.

Then there was the car with a bald tire, which prevented the same boy and his mother from visiting his grandmother in Massachusetts; they didn’t have enough money to buy a replacement. While the boy was explaining to a friend of his that they didn’t have enough money to buy a new tire, a lady on the top of a hill nearby his house appeared from out of nowhere, and rolled a tire down the hill, dumping it into a shallow stream next to his house.

Most people have interesting stories like these, and they frequently include a mysterious stranger who helped in a time of need. These stories are especially prevalent with children.

I can personally attest to this, having seen a variety of near death experiences, and each time, I was spared. There wasn’t a mysterious stranger in most of my near death experiences, but that doesn’t mean there weren’t any angels nearby.

- When I was three years old, my babysitter’s daughter almost electrocuted me to death. I was playing with the electric fence in the backyard, which was turned off. It made an interesting noise when I shook it. Vickie was watching me from the garage, and she plugged in the wire when I had both my hands gripped on it. That brand of electric fence is banned now, because they were killing cattle. It was a constant current, and not intermittent

pulses like electric fences nowadays. I couldn't let go of the wire. I shook violently for what felt like an eternity; perhaps a few minutes straight, *cooking*. My sister happened to look through a window in the house and saw me convulsing while holding the wire. She ran through the house, outside, across the carport and into the garage to unplug the fence. That was the most painful experience of my life; I'm sure I was very close to cardiac arrest.

- When I was four years old, I rode my Big Wheel into oncoming traffic when my sister was walking with me. I was highly unpredictable and shot that Big Wheel right out in front of a speeding car. The driver slammed on his breaks and skidded to a halt, stopping a few inches from my face while honking. I didn't flinch, having no idea how close I came to being a grease spot on the road.

- I was sucked into a whirlpool during a camping trip—three people formed a chain to pull me out.

- I almost went over a fifty foot waterfall during another camping trip—my brother saved me and my stepbrother on that occasion. An obscured sign about one hundred yards from where we were rescued stated nine people died there. That place is called Devils Falls; it's on Willow Creek, which feeds into Bass Lake near Oakhurst, CA.

- Before I learned to swim, I almost drowned in a reservoir. I didn't know how to swim, and I fell off a board I was using as a floatation device. In the midst of my panic, a calm sense of clarity washed over me as I received a command: walk. I literally walked my way out on the bottom. Fortunately I was about seven feet from the side of the reservoir, and had just enough air left in my lungs to make it. I took in a little water, but gagged it out as I emerged.

- I was buried alive in a cave-in with my brother when we were digging a tunnel in the side of a riverbank. Fortunately, my left arm was close enough to the surface for me to dig my own head out and breathe! I then dug my brother out part way, but he was pinned under a massive boulder. Strangely, Steven, a wretched bully to me and my brother, appeared out of nowhere. He flagged a car down at a nearby road, and four muscular men pulled the boulder off my brother. The same boulder rolled right over the top of me before landing on my brother, but the sand must have cushioned me from its crushing weight. To this day, I wonder if that was actually Steven who helped us, or something that made itself look like Steven.

- I nearly fell off a cliff while climbing down a rope to get inside a cave. I lost a lot of skin on my hands and knuckles.
- I was nearly bit by a water moccasin in the lake in front of our ranch house in Arkansas. I was told they will never bite a person in the water, else they will drown. That's patently not true! This moccasin lifted its head above the water and opened its mouth, baring its fangs as it swam toward me. I don't know how I made it out of the lake faster than a swimming snake, but I did! Moccasins are everywhere in Arkansas.
- I jumped over a rattlesnake during a camping trip in California, and almost stepped on a copperhead snake during another excursion in the woods in Arkansas. Both snakes were extremely large and deadly poisonous. Never mind the scorpion I almost stepped on in our house. I also came face to face with a mountain lion, about four feet away from me. I suppose he wasn't hungry that day.
- I survived double pneumonia and bacterial meningitis.
- On two occasions, cars hit me on my bicycle. One broadsided me, flinging me into a gutter during a rainstorm. On the other event, the car skidded to a halt, and the bumper slammed into my bike while I was riding across a sidewalk. The bumper slipped perfectly under my left pedal, picked my bike up and threw me several feet. Somehow I landed and kept riding without skipping a beat.
- While in the Army, on a stormy night I nearly drowned pinned down, face first in muddy water. Don't ask. Fortunately the guy behind me pulled me up, else I would've died.

Strangely, these brushes with death didn't end with my childhood, though that's where I encountered most of them. Two decades ago, I was a few inches from driving off a bridge and landing in a river, and a decade ago, I was an inch away from becoming someone's hood ornament while riding my bike home from work.

For whatever reason, the driver ran a red light, and missed me by less than an inch. I spun my front wheel to avoid being hit, fell backward and physically touched the car as it passed behind me.

After reviewing this list, which is not all-inclusive, I feel as if someone wants me dead, but someone else who is more powerful wants me alive! I'd be a fool if I didn't think angels were helping me.

Angels intervene for the inhabitants of Earth as a whole, for nations, cities, families, and individuals. Most times they're probably invisible, conducting their work trans-dimensionally or remotely from spacecraft perhaps. They almost never identify themselves, preferring to defer the glory to God, and they're *usually* gone before anyone realizes something is amiss.

Clearly, they don't solve all of our problems the way we might sometimes think they should, because the Earth is rife with turmoil. However, in all cases of interspecies interaction, angels who are faithful to God are conducting their actions in accord with the will of God.

As for goofing up, I'd say it's highly unusual, but the universe is strange enough, I could see this happening. And when they reveal themselves to us, whether intentionally or not, I'm certain they have grown quite fond of our dumbfounded responses.

The way my sister and James reacted, was probably not much unlike the response of the prophets Daniel, Isaiah, and Ezekiel. Poor Isaiah was like James; he couldn't talk either.

"Fear not," is the usual angelic opener, but I suppose a simple smile and a silly wave sufficed for James.

Chapter 2: Witnessing the Darkness

2.1 A Demonic Encounter in my Bedroom

From my great grandmother, I learned mostly about Jesus, angels, and heaven, but the dark side of the greater reality was only mentioned in the context of Jesus having power over the devil.

Exactly who the devil was, who his fallen angel followers were, the existence of demons, where they dwelt, how they manipulated society, the power they wielded in this world, and their ability to possess people; she did not elaborate on any of these details. I suspect it was because it was not her intention to sow seeds of fear in her grandchildren.

That being said, grandma would take me and my brother to church with her when we stayed with her over the weekends. Apparently there were the few sermons that managed to leak into my ears while I was playing with my toys in the pew, and *not paying attention*.

Most folks think kids aren't paying any attention when they're in their own little worlds playing with toys, but that is not the case. Kids pay attention, even when they're not paying attention. They are sponges; little recorders of sights, sounds, and senses that science can't prove yet.

Kids absorb everything, even conversations through closed doors on the other end of the house. So even though I do not recall any day or sermon in particular when I learned about the existence of demons, I definitely knew something about them. But I never thought I would see any!

I recall it was around Halloween when it happened, because my brother and I had our bedroom decorated with little toilet paper ghosts on the walls. We'd bundle a ball of toilet paper into a head, and leave a little cape draping down. Then we'd tie a

four foot strand of sewing thread around it, put two dots for eyes, and twirl them around like tiny ghosts flying about.

I don't expect it was those toilet paper ghosts we had pinned to our walls that summoned a demon horde into our bedroom, but something happened in the spiritual realm that opened a portal.

I awoke in my bed one night to witness a host of small greenish glowing semi-transparent shapes flying all around my bedroom. They had black holes for eyes and mouths, and their small bodies were about two to three feet long.

As soon as I awoke, they noticed me and swarmed straight at my face, screaming horrifically in my mind. They emitted an aura of supernatural terror as they rushed into my face. I was so frightened, I was completely paralyzed and I could hardly breathe.

I tried to cry out to my brother for help. He was sleeping soundly just on the other side of the bedroom.

These creatures not only paralyzed me, they also took away my voice. As much as I tried to scream, my body was sapped of strength, and all that came out of my mouth was a light whisper. The most I could do was close my eyes and tremble in terror.

All night long, I would periodically re-open my eyes, and they would rush at my face again. They refused to leave the room until the first light of dawn. As soon as sunlight started to seep into the bedroom, their numbers dwindled until they all finally disappeared.

As I recall that night about forty five years ago, it's as real to me now as it was back then. I know this was not a dream. I was wide awake all night long.

As soon as I was released from my paralysis, I awoke my

brother and yelled at him for not hearing my whispered pleas throughout the night. Then I asked him what that special word was that the preacher used, when he was talking about getting rid of demons, and I wasn't paying attention.

I did not think I would ever need that word, but now that I was all too familiar with what demons were, I regretted not paying closer attention to how to get rid of those bastards!

My brother reminded me to say, "I rebuke you in the name of Jesus!" Ah, that was it, so from that point on, I struggled to remember that magical word, "Rebuke," as if it were some special incantation. In reality, however, it is Jesus' name where the power resides.

In the years following this incident, I experienced many more episodes from the *Twilight Zone*, and each time I remembered to call on the name of Jesus for safety and security when I felt threatened.

My nightmares eventually subsided when I internalized this element of spiritual warfare enough to call on the name of Jesus in my dreams and turn my nightmares around.

2.2 Reverse Faith

Over time, I learned more about Jesus through something I call reverse faith. Reverse faith is something that happens when Satan's fearful tactics backfire.

In the first world countries of Western society, Satan and his minions hide; that's their tactic in "civilized" first world, technological societies, where science reigns supreme.

Satan is still alive and well in such societies. He simply has people deceived into thinking that he does not exist. All the while, said societies kill their unborn children, wallow in addictions,

regularly practice every form of sexual immorality imaginable while trying to legally redefine it out of existence; suicide rates climb, and the leading behavioral experts debate whether true evil even exists.

Today's culture reminds me of what convicted serial killer and rapist McGinnis, who shot his so-called friend in cold blood, then raped his wife, said while lawyers were debating over his sanity. He interrupted them to say "I'm not crazy, I'm just evil."¹

Insurmountable evil has stemmed from the Theory of Darwinian Evolution, something I consider a pseudo-science that Western society has erected as our creator. Darwin's Bible is *The Origin of Species*. Anyone researching the fruit of Darwinian Evolution will learn that Hitler based his entire justification for his actions for achieving his goals for the Nazi Party, on the theory of evolution.

Hitler's "Master Race," was nothing more than the logical conclusion of *survival of the fittest*. So yes, Satan is definitely alive and well in Western society, and hiding in plain sight for anyone with a modicum of discernment. Yet some of the most intelligent people on Earth will go to their graves clinging to this satanic, godless teaching that has corrupted societies around the world.

So Satan hides in first world countries, but in many second and third world countries, Satan does not hide at all. Where the knowledge of Christ is suppressed, Satan's demons brazenly run amok, completely unchecked, and people live in fear.

While Christianity teaches that any Christian with the faith of a mustard seed can call on the name of Jesus and wield unstoppable power over all the power of the enemy, (Luke 10:19, 17:6), other cultures teach that people are completely helpless, unless they follow a laundry list of odds and ends to fulfill the

ingredients of whatever particular superstition is common to the area.

Concerning reverse faith, this is the result of Satan's tactics backfiring when he overplays his hand. In my case, for whatever reason, I was able to see demonic entities in my bedroom. The very next day, my immediate response was to ask about something I once heard while not even paying attention, about how to get rid of those entities. I never saw them again. My faith in God therefore increased, because of this satanic attack; that's *faith*, in *reverse*.

So my introduction into the Spiritual realm started at a young age, and I initially experienced more from the darkness than I did from the light. However, I have a feeling that my great grandparents spent many days and nights of wrestles prayer on their knees, interceding for me, my brother and my sister. It wasn't until years later that I experienced my first installment of what I believe was an answer to their prayers.

2.3 My Sister's Paranormal Proclivities

As previously stated, I blame my sister for igniting that my earliest sparks of interest in supernatural phenomenon. Sharon would talk about a ghost named Roger that haunted a house down the street from where we lived. She said she would talk to that ghost, and she even said that when she died, she looked forward to being a ghost. *I don't think she looks forward to that prospect anymore.*

Seeing that I was so fascinated to learn about UFOs, and listen to my sister talk about ghosts, my mother purchased a subscription to a multi-volume set on the supernatural. It might have been an early release of *Time-Life: Mysteries of the Unknown*. It was a massive multi-volume set.

I loved those books, but I wasn't fond of the goat-head

pentagram on the back cover. I devoured them nonetheless, and they were chock full of every kind of supernatural phenomenon imaginable. I'm not sure why they had that pentagram on the back, because the information in the books was presented from a neutral position, and covered a great deal of information in the Bible, including angels, prophecy, dreams and visions, miracles, and the like. The Bible is jam packed with the supernatural.

If it was mysterious and unknown, it was in those books, and I learned all about it.

2.3.1 Sharon's Experience with a Ouija Board

Around the same time I saw those demons in my bedroom, my sister had a harrowing experience of her own, when she once played with an Ouija board. All it took was once. Perhaps it was that board that opened the portal?

She was at a friend's house when her friend pulled an Ouija board out of her closet. "Let's play with my Ouija board!" her friend cheerfully exclaimed. Seeing that the Ouija board looked like a simple game, my sister excitedly agreed. All board games are good, so she thought.

"What do I do?"

"First, we just sit on the edge of my bed, and put the board on our laps, touching both our knees," my sister's friend instructed. Once in position, her friend continued. "Now we take the pointer and set it right here," her friend placed the Ouija board pointer on the center of the board. "All we do is ask a question and put our fingers on the pointer. It will spell out answers to us."

Looking at the pointer, my sister was puzzled. "It'll do what?"

"Ask anything, and the pointer will spell out the answers.

All we have to do is put our fingers on it, and it'll move.”

“But there aren't any wheels or anything. How does it work? Does it have a battery?”

“No, it just works, I don't know how. Let's do it and you'll see.”

To humor her friend, my sister decided to comply, not believing the game would actually work. Her complacent attitude was soon replaced with utter shock, when she went to lay her fingers on the pointer. Before she ever touched it, it flew across the bedroom and slammed into her friend's bedroom door! My sister wasn't expecting anything like this, and she screamed and bolted out of the bedroom.

As curious and fearless as she was about the paranormal, all my sister's talk about ghosts went right out the window on that occasion. She never played with an Ouija board again.

2.4 My Grandpa Walter's Bedroom

A few years later, we moved out of that house in town, and into the old ranch house on the outskirts of town. I drive past the old ranch every now and then. The house no longer exists; it was abandoned sometime in the 1990's and left to rot. It eventually collapsed, then it was cleared away as debris.

A 40-acre farmer's field, featuring a hay barn, a tractor, and a few eucalyptus trees are all that remain. I feel old when I look at them, knowing a home I once lived in used to be there.

One night while living in that old ranch house, my mother, brother, sister, her first husband James, and I were all sitting around in our living room talking about ghosts. As the discussion escalated, my sister got the bright idea to go back into Grandpa Walter's bedroom. We didn't have a basement in that house, but

we had grandpa's bedroom.

The ranch used to belong to my mom's dad; he passed away a couple years prior. His room was left exactly the way it was when he died—a complete mess. Nobody ever went into that room. It was creepy in there, even at daytime.

All of us except for my mom grouped together and bravely ventured through the kitchen, then the pantry, then the dark recess of grandpa's bedroom. Mom opted to hold down the fort in the living room, complaining about our stupid plan, probably more out of respect for her dad than anything else.

We didn't know what we were going to do; at least I don't think we did. I sure didn't. I was only about nine years old at the time.

We never made it to Grandpa Walter's bedroom.

The structure of that old ranch house was a bit odd. To get into Walt's bedroom, we had to go through the bathroom; it was like a bathroom/hallway, probably an add-on to the house that did not take normal floor planning into consideration.

We managed to get all the way to the bathroom, but paused outside the door. There was some debate about who'd get the nerve to open the door. I knew I was out of the question. I remained quietly behind the adventurous group, listening to their giggling, which was nothing more than a vain attempt to stifle the surmounting fear.

Finally, someone opened the bathroom door. We quietly began to pile into the bathroom. There were so many of us crammed in there, I remember I had to squat on the toilet just to fit. Everyone else was lined up single file.

Now the final door to the bedroom; it was closed as well.

We never entered Grandpa Walter's bedroom at night before. Who was going to open that last door?

More giggling ensued as the debate surged. Up until this point, we were in the dark, because the only way to turn on the light in that old bathroom was to walk all the way inside to the back wall, then pull an old fashioned string mounted light switch. It was a dare to keep the light off, but my brother decided enough was enough. He had to turn that bathroom light on.

My brother grabbed the string and pulled it, but the light didn't turn on. He pulled it again. The light still didn't turn on. I'll never forget the way he started yanking on that string like a manic chimp jerking a vine. He screamed, turned, and went!

James barely had time to turn around, but my brother had to get out of there! His hands hit James in the back and shoved for dear life. My sister was behind them, and leapt out of the way just in time, but James looked like a linebacker's rack being shoved across a football field.

James feet were firmly planted on the ground, trying to maintain his balance, but since he was wearing socks, he slid across the linoleum floor with ease. My brother shoved him about thirty feet, out the bathroom, through the pantry and the kitchen, and right into the living room.

Charlie probably would've kept shoving him had there not been a step they had to go up to get into the living room.

I ran as well, but even I couldn't keep up with my brother, who was shoving another body. What a sight. We couldn't stop laughing. My mother recalls hearing a bunch of racquet, then seeing James thrown into the living room like a rag doll.

My brother was only three years older than me, but when his adrenaline kicked in, he had the strength of an ox. Needless to

say, we got our thrill for the night.

But the story doesn't end there.

The next day after school, after putting my books in my bedroom, I grabbed a snack to eat. While browsing through the refrigerator, I peered through the pantry and into that bathroom, which still had the door open.

It was daylight, so I was feeling a bit brave. I walked into the bathroom, grabbed the string, and gave it a yank. The light turned on, first time. I flipped it off and on a few times to make sure it worked really well.

It did.

“O...kay,” I said to myself, and then calmly walked out of the bathroom.

We laughed a lot concerning the events that transpired that evening, but now that I reflect on it, it is a bit disconcerting that it associates my grandfather with ghostly phenomenon. I have learned since that time, however, that defining a ghost is not always black and white. Ghosts might be many things that preclude actual disincarnate spirits, or demons for that matter.

Aside from the average Christian response, which is “ghosts are demons,” they might also be residual energy that people leave behind. This energy may have some of the properties of a living, sentient being, but not be a spirit at all.

I actually learned not too long ago that ghosts can manifest from people who are still alive, proving that this mysterious energy operates independently of the person, (i.e. spirit), that it originated from. According to some paranormal researchers, this is actually one of the definitions of a poltergeist.

In an episode of *The Dead Files*, a psychic named Amy

perceived two entities in a restaurant basement; the first was a demon, and the second was the ghost of a man who murdered a previous owner.² Amy accurately described the entire incident of the murder, which was verified by a private investigator, independent of her visit.

The bizarre outcome of this story is, the man who haunted the basement was still alive, doing time in prison. He regretted his actions in that basement, but the energy he left behind was still trapped in time with the rage he released during the brutal murder. The demon Amy sensed was still feeding off the energy; it was the primary instigator of the crime.

I know, I know, why would I believe anything said by a psychic? I know full well, the Bible condemns occult practices, (Leviticus 19:31), but there is a fine line that distinguishes whether a spiritual gift is from God, or the devil.

While the Bible condemns a list of paranormal practices, such as divination, it also upholds nearly identical phenomenon, such as prophecy and words of knowledge, (1 Corinthians 12). A key difference is, one holds allegiance to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, while the other does not. According to the Bible, even if a psychic is accurate, if they don't have faith in the God of the Bible, their practices are condemned, (Deuteronomy 13:1-5).

Back to my Grandpa Walter, it seems fitting that if he left any "energy" behind, that energy would pull a prank like this, because my mother described him as a prankster. Just as my mother was irritated with us, his "energy" might have been irritated with our antics as well. It makes sense that any energy he may have left behind, did what it did to kick us out of there.

My mother said that on the very night he died, his girlfriend said she actually saw him praying at the foot of her bed in the middle of the night, asking for forgiveness. If this story is

true about Grandpa praying for forgiveness, I think that's a good sign. Repentance is always good.

Chapter 3: Introduced to The Strong Delusion

3.1 My Stepfather's Unrelenting Taunts

About the time I felt I was sufficiently out of the woods concerning my fear of demons, holding to a fledgling faith based more on experience than any knowledge I had of Scripture, my stepfather Aaron considered it his mission in life to return me to the fear I thought I left behind.

As a young teen, Aaron used to taunt me about the horrors of end times tribulation discussed in the Bible. He stated with cold indifference, that those who accepted the mark of the beast will be damned to burn in the flames of hell for all eternity, (Revelation 19:20). Then he would giggle and wait for me to take the bait. And I would.

"I won't take that %&@*! mark. Nothing will make me take it!"

"You can't say that. What makes you think you will even know who the Antichrist is? If you ever saw him, you'd want to worship him. If you heard him speak, your jaw would drop to the floor. The whole world will be in love with him. He'll be awesome, the most incredible person you ever heard."

"I don't care."

"Oh no, you won't think that way. You won't be able to find a single thing wrong with anything he says, because he'll make too much sense. Reason and logic will be his allies. By the time he arrives, everything will be setup so perfectly for him that it will be near impossible to not believe him. Those who do not accept him, will appear to be the most completely ignorant,

backward, illogical, outright stupidest idiots on the face of the planet!”

“I said I don’t care, and I do not see how that’s even possible,” I would argue. “It’ll be too obvious that he’s the Antichrist, because he’ll try to make people take that damn mark! People aren’t that stupid!”

“No, it will not be obvious to most people, because by the time the mark comes, people will be conditioned to accept it. You’re actually *buying* into it right now, whether you like it or not, and you did not even know it. How’s that for obvious?”

He then explained to me that every Universal Product Code (UPC), which is the bar code now labeled on every product bought and sold, contains a hidden, perfectly spaced “666.” When did this happen, anyway? Was the UPC even used in the 1960’s? This UPC *thing* came to be in my lifetime. I never noticed it until Aaron pointed it out to me.

“Is it merely coincidence that this label of 666 now happens to be printed on all products that are bought and sold?”

Aaron taunted me, brandishing a conspiracy book that had its UPC decoded on the back of the book. “This is the Mark of the Beast! You’re contributing this this mark, every time you buy something with this mark!”

Revelation 13:16-18 [Bold emphasis and bracketed comments added]

And he [the second beast] caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive **a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads**: And that no man might **buy or sell**, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name. Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for

it is the number of a man; and his number is **Six hundred threescore and six** [666].

My stepfather loved this tidbit about the UPC, because what could I do about it? I was already *buying* into the system, the mark of the beast, with every purchase I made. (By the way, a simple search on the internet for “UPC” and “666” will provide plenty of information on this, from advocates of this conspiracy, as well as debunkers).

Back in the early 1980’s, credit cards and bank cards weren’t widely used like they are now. Most folks used cash or wrote checks rather than bank cards. I remember when people did not trust ATMs, and now people trust ATMs more than people.

Even though my stepfather was teasing me, he did accurately predict that before long, people would be using plastic cards more than paper money. I didn’t believe him. He said eventually most money transactions would be electronic, with everything tied into computers, and that the mark of the beast was going to involve computers somehow.

“They” would implant computer chips into people, and that would be part of a benefit to society. There could be a million uses for computer chip implants, things we couldn’t even imagine at that time, and anyone who did not have that chip would be like a dinosaur.

“I still won’t take the mark.”

“I’m sure you’d take it before getting tortured to death.” At this Aaron would cackle, and his teasing rhetoric would intensify with macabre details of paranoia about the inescapable horrors that lie ahead.

“If they want to give you the mark, they’ll do it. They’ll burn it into you with lasers without you even knowing it. You’ll

just walk into a grocery store, buy a bag of chips, and by the time you walk out, you'll be marked.”

“Then I'll burn it off!”

“Oh no, you won't be able to, it'll be fused into your DNA. If you burn or scrape your skin, it will just grow back with the mark.”

While he sewed his seeds of paranoia, parting from Scripture and descending into a Steven King version of Revelation, I knew what he was getting at with that mark. He wanted to hear me say I would lob off my hand, or pluck out my eye, (Mark 9:45-47).

Sometimes I would lose sleep after those conversations. Aaron always had something to talk about like that. The Antichrist was coming, and torture was inevitable. Did I have what it would take to endure such a time as that? And how would the Antichrist pull this off?

While the sleepless nights faded, the questions about this coming *strong delusion* remained, echoing in the ether of my mind. The Bible speaks of a grand deception coming in the future, identified as *a strong delusion*, (2 Thessalonians 2:11), that will be so powerful, *if it were possible, it would deceive the very elect*, (Matthew 24:24; Mark 13:22).

Matthew 24:24

For false christs and false prophets will arise and perform great signs and wonders, so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect.

It wasn't until I fully accepted Christ in the early 1990s, that my desire to know more about this insanity the Bible speaks of, materialized the forefront of my consciousness.

What deception could possibly have the ability to appeal to every demographic? What deception could draw upon every facet of human wisdom, harmonizing with all the sciences; biology, chemistry, medicine, mathematics, computer science, physics, psychology, history, archeology; all of the greatest advances of technology and intellectual reasoning and logic ever conceived of, and simultaneously, also appeal to the artistic beauty, and inspire a sense of spiritual wonder in every human being?

Something is coming, that will court the aspirations of both physicists and theologians. What could it possibly be? What will create a bridge of unity where none ever existed?

This deception, that will unify people from all walks of life, will proceed from a man who will demonstrate the reality of the spiritual realm with such powerful demonstrations, that those of divergent faiths will unite, and those of no faith, will come to believe.

Jesus has this ability, and many people believed Him when He walked this Earth, because of His miracles. However, Jesus always stressed the importance of His words more than His miracles. Miracles were more of an attention getter than anything else.

Ultimately, words are infinitely more important than miracles, because God will sometimes allow agents of Satan to work miracles. This will especially be the case in the end times. God does this to reveal the hearts of true believers. The above reference to Deuteronomy refers to this reasoning behind God allowing deceivers to demonstrate supernatural abilities.

Deuteronomy 13:1-5 [bold emphasis added]

13 If a prophet, or one who foretells by dreams, appears

among you and announces to you a sign or wonder, and if the sign or wonder spoken of takes place, and the prophet says, “Let us follow other gods” (gods you have not known) “and let us worship them,” you must not listen to the words of that prophet or dreamer. **The Lord your God is testing you to find out whether you love him with all your heart and with all your soul.** It is the Lord your God you must follow, and him you must revere. Keep his commands and obey him; serve him and hold fast to him. That prophet or dreamer must be put to death for inciting rebellion against the Lord your God, who brought you out of Egypt and redeemed you from the land of slavery. That prophet or dreamer tried to turn you from the way the Lord your God commanded you to follow. You must purge the evil from among you.

Those who do not know God; do not know His love and holiness; do not understand His perfect blend of mercy and grace, justice and forgiveness; they will be inclined to believe miracle working deceivers, no matter what their words are.

3.2 Light is Darkness, Darkness is Light

The Antichrist and False Prophet will twist immorality and unbridled hatred, to make it sound good, and call that which is good, pure evil. To them, the darkness will be light, and people will eat it up, (Isaiah 5:20; Matthew 6:22-23). The devil is an expert at this sort of thing, and it’s alive and well in the world today.

Satan strikes at people’s vulnerabilities, many of which they obtained from victimization or insecurities. He then twists their experiences around in their minds, and using various psychological ploys, until he deceives them into sinning. After that, it’s a complex maze of programming the mind to feed the

desires of the flesh. It's tough trying to help people out of this mess, because attempts to do so often strike at old wounds.

Jesus encountered this difficulty on occasion, when He said tough things.

John 6:60-68 [bold emphasis added]

On hearing it, many of his disciples said, “This is a hard teaching. Who can accept it?” Aware that his disciples were grumbling about this, Jesus said to them, “Does this offend you? Then what if you see the Son of Man ascend to where he was before! The Spirit gives life; the flesh counts for nothing. The words I have spoken to you—they are full of the Spirit and life. Yet there are some of you who do not believe.” For Jesus had known from the beginning which of them did not believe and who would betray him. He went on to say, “This is why I told you that no one can come to me unless the Father has enabled them.” **From this time many of his disciples turned back and no longer followed him.** “You do not want to leave too, do you?” Jesus asked the Twelve. Simon Peter answered him, “Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of eternal life. We have come to believe and to know that you are the Holy One of God.”

To you who are reading, I will echo Jesus' words. There is a reason you were drawn to what I have to say. I am one who claims to have reconciled my Christian faith with the existence of extraterrestrials. If your interest in my writing was prompted within you from the Holy Spirit, you will likely keep reading. If, however, the Father has not enabled you to go to Jesus, then I cannot expect you to understand or agree with what I am about to say.

What are some modern day examples of how Satan has

twisted things that are wrong, to make them seem right?

Does not “Pro-Choice,” sound much better than killing babies?

I don't say this to bash women who've had abortions. In many cases, abortions are chosen in times of desperation, and it doesn't help to attack women in these situations, or women who have already had abortions. We need more love in the world, not less. However, what are we to say about serial abortionists, proud of their abortions, or militant advocates of abortion? Is it worth celebrating? At the heart of the matter, human beings are being murdered.

How about homosexual marriage? God defines homosexuality as an abomination; a sin against His natural creation, (Leviticus 18:22, 20:13; Romans 1:26-27; 1 Corinthians 6:9-10; 1 Timothy 1:9-10), yet pointing that out these days is something akin to a racial slur.

Even the word, “homosexual,” is phasing out, replaced with the word, “gay.” It is no mystery to anyone who knows Scripture, that a lifestyle God defines as an abomination, is now associated with a word that used to mean “happy.” This sinful lifestyle is celebrated in parades, and proudly proclaimed.

Many who just read what I said about homosexuality might label me a homophobe, but I find that rather odd. The term “phoebe” denotes fear, and I have no fear of homosexuality. I simply see it as a sinful lifestyle, because that's how the Bible defines it.

I don't say these things to bash gays. A very close loved one of mine claims to be gay, yet I love that person with all of my heart! I would die for that person without hesitation. This is difficult territory for me. I pray without ceasing, and have plead

with that person that in spite of everything, never abandon Jesus no matter what.

Homosexuality is quite tragic, because it fosters a lifestyle that drives people away from God. It's tough to have faith in the God of the Bible, knowing that God detests the homosexual lifestyle so much, He wiped out four cities because of it, (Genesis 18:16-19:28). One of those cities inspired the word for sodomy.

Christians who practice an active, homosexual lifestyle, are attempting to serve two masters. How can people make Christ the center of their lives and everything they do, (Matthew 6:33), while actively, proudly, and publically promoting a sinful lifestyle they claim as a central element of their identities?

Regarding all of this, pointing out any kind of sin these days is instantly shut down as being "Judgmental!" In contrast, the soft and easy word of "tolerance" is selectively applied to ungodly practices and people, and preached in public schools at every age, indoctrinating generation after generation to look the other way when it comes to sin. This allows society to slip into an ever increasing level of depravity.

Consider the lofty ideal of freedom. How could such a pure and easy to understand concept as freedom be perverted? When it comes to freedom, society has been deceived into applying it to legalizing recreational drugs, (which are an addictive handicap—the opposite of freedom), killing babies, (again, the opposite of freedom from the babies' perspective), and exploring and endorsing sexual deviance of every kind.

The "free-love" movement conceived in the 1960's, had nothing to do with freedom or love, but everything to do with the extreme indulgence of unbridled lust.

Ironically, one of the greatest sins of all is pride. Pride is

the first sin, and its Satan's masterpiece. Those who think they have their sin issues licked better watch out! The sin of pride seeks to devour them. Satan searches for people who have strong wills, who use legalistic mechanisms to force sins out of their lives with brute force. These people are often his battering rams, crushing all the injured sinners around them, condemning them to burn in hell.

The Word of God is a double-edged sword that reminds us all, Jesus went to the cross for everyone; we all need forgiveness. When we confront the sin in other's lives, it absolutely must be done with the purest motivation of love, to help those people, not to shame, control, or manipulate them. It must be done in all humility, as if our deepest, darkest sins, were exposed in neon lights blinking over our heads. At any moment, God can expose anyone, and everyone must be aware of this sober truth.

All our righteousness amounts to filthy rags, (Isaiah 64:6; Romans 3:10), and the state of societal decay will continue in the days to come. This is all the deceptive work of the devil, preparing the world for his arrival.

Back when Aaron used to taunt me about the coming of the Antichrist, I did not want to think about the powerful deception headed our way, much of which is already here. Aaron took that Bible that once brought me comfort, with the tiny bit I knew of it, and he turned it into a book of horrors.

I rationalized away all those terrifying Scriptures, hoping they weren't true about an apocalyptic future, or that there had to be a way out for me. At the same time, being the seeker that I was, and still am, I resumed my quest for knowledge in other spiritual endeavors.

3.3 Initial Experiments with an Ouija Board

While my sister's Ouija board story was creepy, it stirred

my curiosity. I wanted to know how, of if an Ouija board really worked. It wasn't until I was in High School before I finally had the opportunity to try using one myself.

Note: If this has not been clarified based on my sister's experience, I do not think Ouija boards are good at all! Why they sell these things in toy stores is beyond my comprehension. These boards open a doorway into the spiritual realm, using people as conduits; they are nothing short of a symbolic means of inviting spirit possession.

Deuteronomy 18:10-12 [bold emphasis added]

There shall not be found among you any one that makes his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that **uses divination**, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or **a consulter with familiar spirits**, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the LORD: and because of these abominations the LORD thy God doth drive them out from before thee.

When I was in band class at high school, a few fellow drummers brought in an Ouija board one day. They took it into one of the back practice rooms of the band room, and began playing with it. I went into the practice room and asked to join. There were about five or six of us.

I was amazed at what was happening. No matter what questions we asked, answers would zip out of the pointer, one right after another. I did not feel like I was moving the pointer at all. Instead, I just had my fingers lightly touching it, and going the direction I felt everyone else pushing it. Everyone in the room was convinced that someone there was moving it to produce specific results.

The first things that were spelled out seemed childish. When we asked who was speaking, the board spelled out that it was a young boy about five years old. This puzzled me. Why wouldn't a young boy be in heaven? Shortly after this, one of the drummers said, "Let's talk to Lucifer!" I ripped my hands away from the board.

"Are you insane? What's wrong with you? Why on Earth do you want to talk to pure evil and hatred?"

The kid laughed, not believing the game I suppose. He thought I was being ridiculous. I was still fascinated with the game, and continued to play, but not while he was coming up with stupid ideas. (*Incidentally, that kid is no longer alive; he committed suicide shortly after High School.*)

We continued to play the game, and it wasn't long before something came through identifying itself as "Gor," It boldly declared its identity as a prince of darkness, and I did not want to converse with anything like that.

We kept pausing in the game, and demanding that the evil spirit leave. It appeared to leave several times, but would soon return and interrupt our conversations with what we thought were other spirits. They were all probably the same demonic creature.

A few of the kids said that some Ouija boards are just bad, and all you can get are bad spirits. I am now convinced that all anyone will ever get from any Ouija board is a demonic spirit. Ouija boards are a form of divination, which is strictly forbidden in the Bible. I wasn't very enlightened back then.

Convinced I could communicate with something good, I borrowed the board and I took it home. I tried to use it by myself, praying to God before I tried it, but it wouldn't work with just me. I'm sure that was a good thing! I then began to wonder if someone

at school really was controlling it. Why wouldn't it work with just me alone? Perhaps it was just a hoax.

I brought the board back to school, and one of the other kids in our group decided to take it to his home for the weekend. He invited all of us to join him at his house, so we could all play it without interruptions. He lived too far away for me to attend, but others in our group accepted his invitation.

When they brought the board back the following Monday, most of them wouldn't play with it anymore.

Dying from curiosity, I poked and prodded until I got the story. One of them told me that they saw a misty cloud form up in the hallway of their home, and one of the girls playing the game fell on the ground, went into convulsions, and started screaming.

A few of the kids wanted to destroy the board, but the kid that brought it back to school didn't want them to. While we were in this heated discussion in the band practice room, our band teacher yanked the door open.

"What's going on in here?" Our debate was immediately silenced; we all stared up at him wide-eyed and suspicious. His attention was immediately focused on the Ouija board in our midst. Suddenly he reached down and snatched the board.

"This stuff is demonic!" he bellowed out, and then left the practice room with the board in his hands.

While he walked across the band room, he continued yelling. "Don't ever bring one of these damn things in here again!" He then slammed the board down into a trash can. I'm glad this was all he did. I once saw him pick up two fairly large students, one in each hand, and shake them around like rag-dolls. Music teachers can be volatile; especially music teachers that used to be linebackers.

Those were serious troublemakers he shook around, but he was a serious trouble-breaker. He wasn't particularly fond of drummers either, of which I am, and what those two troublemakers were as well.

Drummers had a bad reputation in band for doing things like...playing with Ouija boards in the band practice rooms. We drove our band teacher insane sometimes, and he'd lose his temper and throw music stands at us. *Those were the days...*

Chapter 4: The Greater Reality – Teens to Early 20's

I graduated from High School in the late 1980s, and wasted no time leaving for boot camp. I joined the Army when I was seventeen, in a program they called the Early-Enlistment Program.

While in the Army, I was free from any prying eyes that might want to question me about what I was doing with my free time. I became a regular at various New Age shops around Monterey, California, and I built my own little library of paranormal books, expanding beyond what I already knew of the paranormal.

I studied and experimented with palm reading, casting runes, mirror gazing, channeling, self-hypnosis, astrology and horoscopes, dream interpretation, ESP, telekinesis, telepathy, clairvoyance, mediums, psychometry, astral projection and its variations, (remote viewing, bilocation, Near-Death and Out-of-Body Experiences), Bigfoot, ghosts, angels, demons, myriad other mythical creatures, and everything imaginable about extraterrestrials, i.e. alien abductions, missing time, cattle mutilations, crop circles, chip implants, Roswell, Kecksburg, Area 51, S4, Write Patterson's Foreign Technology Division, Hangar 18, Project Bluebook, Paperclip, Nazi UFOs, ancient structures on Mars, government cover-ups, Men in Black, ancient astronauts, and on and on.

I was a metaphysical Google. I would've beat Fox Moulder on a paranormal Jeopardy. If Hogwarts existed, they would've mailed me an honorary degree.

4.1 My Wizard Stone

At this time in my life, I obtained a necklace called a wizard's stone. It was an eagle's claw clasped around an amulet. I wore it everywhere, extending my New Age collection to my personal attire.

My wizard stone was particularly fitting while playing Dungeon's & Dragons, because my favorite character was a war mage, represented by a led figurine that bore the likeness of Gandalf.

Placing my faith in my wizard stone one day, I once used its "powers" to gain the attention of an attractive female who was a complete stranger. I have no idea how I did that.

Joey Carducci and I were in a coffee shop in an outdoor mall. Joe was a coffee fanatic, *with an apt name*. Whenever we hung out together, we would stop somewhere to get a cup of coffee about every hour. He probably drank over a dozen pots of coffee every day. Yes, that's *pots*, not cups.

As we talked, I took notice of a beautiful curly haired brunette working the cash register in another shop on the other side of an outdoor walkway. She was over twenty feet away, separated by two panes of glass covered with signs.

As Joe and I talked about this woman, I don't know what came over me, but I suddenly declared to Joe, "I'm going to make that woman look at me." I squeezed my wizard stone in my fist, and focused intensely on her, summoning all my desire to meet her.

To my utter surprise, she suddenly whipped her head up and jerked to the right to stare straight at me, as if I screamed her name.

Joe and I were shocked and started laughing hysterically.

After she noticed me, she kept looking my way, but I didn't have the courage to go talk to her. Joe wouldn't let it go, and he insisted on playing matchmaker. He wrote down my name, and the phone number of my building, then he personally delivered it to her.

When he returned, he went on and on about how beautiful she was, but I was incurably shy, so we left immediately after that.

A few days after the wizard stone incident, a woman called my building asking for me, but the guy at the desk didn't take a message for me. The CQ desk duty of my building where I lived, had a log book. The person assigned to that duty was required to make a log of every call and take messages.

We didn't have cell phones back then, so taking messages was a big deal, because we didn't have phones in our rooms, either.

The same day the woman called me, I heard about it from the guy at the CQ desk as I happened to walk past him.

“Dude, some chick called for you.”

“Really? What was her name?”

“I don't know.”

“What do you mean, you don't know? You didn't write it down?”

He thumbed through the log book, apparently taking

messages all day, but for whatever reason, he skipped that message.

“What did she say?”

“Just some chick asking for you.”

“What the...WHY didn't you ask who she was? WHY! Did you get a phone number, or anything at all?”

“Shoot, I forgot.”

I couldn't believe it. How could anyone be so inept? Then it occurred to me that he was probably just taunting me, so I let it go.

The following Saturday, she even obtained a visitor's pass for the base, and went through the trouble to find out which building on Fort Ord I was located in. That was no easy task back then; we didn't have the internet at our beck and call. She had to go to the Visitor's Center, sign in, then make an inquiry to find out what unit I was assigned to. She then had to scout the area using a base map.

Fort Ord was a big base back then, twenty square miles. This perfect stranger went through great lengths to find me, and she actually showed up at my building! What on Earth did I do to get this woman's attention to that extent, without even saying so much as a word to her? I still have no idea.

Strangely, five minutes before she arrived, my team leader, Corp. Stenger, burst into my room and ordered me to get out of bed and dress in uniform immediately. This was a cherished off-day, so I protested, demanding to know what the meaning of this was.

There were one hundred twenty other guys in our building to choose from, some of them dressed and ready to go, so why was

Corp. Stenger hell-bent on kicking me out of bed, and getting me out of that building in such a hurry? He yelled and ranted while I dressed, “Hurry up, move it!”

We drove in his car for about ten minutes before we arrived at the motor pool complex, where I had never been before. The gate was shut and locked; the place was deserted. We waited around for fifteen minutes, but no one showed up. Stenger fumed about, wondering why he was called out there. He acted as though he had no idea.

In Corp. Stenger’s case, he didn’t even live in the barracks. He was married and lived in base housing. Calling him in from home for a random extra duty assignment on a Saturday, that could have been given to anyone of a hundred plus guys living in the barracks, was unheard of.

What’s more, I never heard of anyone from the Infantry being put on motor pool duty. There were motor pool personnel assigned and trained for working in the motor pool. Why grab some random Infantry guy, on a day off, to do a job he had no training for, and then not show up?

“False alarm I guess,” Stenger finally declared, then we headed back to the barracks. Stenger never told me what we were even going to do there, but whatever it was, it turned out to be nothing at all.

The only purpose served by this bizarre episode, was to ensure I was absent from my barracks for a fifteen minute segment of time on that particular Saturday.

The moment I walked into the building, the guy at the front desk told me that a “super-hot chick” just showed up and asked for me. He went into lurid detail, letting me know exactly how beautiful this lovely lady was. He said she really wanted to see me,

and meandered around the building for about fifteen minutes waiting for me to return. Less than five minutes after she left, I walked back into the building.

“Did you get her name, a phone number, an address, anything at all?”

“No, what, she’s not your girlfriend? How’s that? How could you possibly not know who she is?”

I was frantic and wanted to strangle the guy! Why was no one taking any messages for me?

To get an idea of how I felt, I was eighteen years old, and my experience with girls amounted to a grand total of two girlfriends; one when I was fifteen, and the other when I was seventeen. I kissed them both a few times, and that was it.

The first girl dumped me after a week. As for the second girl, she was interested in me, but I felt no chemistry with her. The only reason we hung out together was because I thought that I might never be able to be with a girl that I was actually attracted to. It was selfish of me to lead her on, and after we kissed a few times, I felt bad about it. I knew in my heart she wasn’t the one, so I let her go after two weeks.

Back then, all I ever thought about was meeting that perfect girl, getting married, and living out our days in heavenly bliss. On the long road marches, I daydreamed about how I would treat my future wife, and the things we would do together.

I thought finding my soul mate would solve all of my problems. That’s all I cared about, finding a beautiful woman and winning her heart. I was restless and frequently wandered the streets in the wee hours of the morning, praying to God, and fanaticizing that a beautiful woman would cross my path on one of those twilight walks.

It was all of this deep contemplation and wrestles energy that I concentrated on to get this girl to look at me. Now here she was, seeking me out! This woman, who was exceptionally beautiful, was actually interested in me!

In fact, she was *too* interested. I was a complete stranger, yet she went out of her way to meet me in person. I was convinced she had to be the one. It was strange that she was this interested, and even stranger that no matter how hard she tried to meet me, destiny slammed the door in her face.

Immediately after the guy at the desk told me she just left, I jumped on my bike and rode about fifteen miles down into Monterey and over to the bakery where I saw her. Now that I knew she was interested in me, beyond a shadow of a doubt, I had the courage to speak to her.

But it wasn't to be.

When I described her to the clerk behind the counter, he said she quit her job just a few days prior. He wouldn't give me any information beyond that. She also never called or came by the barracks ever again, so that was that.

I have no idea if my wizard stone had anything to do with this episode, or if it was just me, or her, or some bizarre fluke, but I have a strong feeling that meeting that girl would have completely derailed what God had planned for my life.

Reflecting on what happened, I wonder if that was actually Corp. Stenger that came and pulled me out of the barracks that day. I never questioned him about it afterward.

I think this is one of the tricks that angels employ. They don the disguise of people we know, intervene in what might appear to be some inconspicuous way, maybe even for just a few minutes, and then bug out before the person they are assuming the

identity of shows up. Since this is never suspected, no one would even think to ask about it.

An example of this might have happened during the evacuation of Khobar Towers in Saudi Arabia, when the building was bombed in 1991.

In a matter of seconds, Sergeant Alfredo R. Guerrero ensured the evacuation of dozens of personnel from an eight story building. According to the official report, he was on the top of the building when he spotted the suspicious vehicle. Starting with the top floor, he cleared the top three floors by the time the bomb exploded. Sergeant Guerrero was severely wounded, and received the Airman's Metal for his actions, which is the highest peacetime award that can be given.¹

Interestingly, according to a military antiterrorism briefing I received where I work, even though Sergeant Guerrero never made it to the lower five floors, most of those personnel managed to evacuate due to someone running through the halls and banging on the doors yelling to get out.

There were even a number of witnesses on the other lower floors that insisted they saw Sergeant Guerrero on their floors, banging on all of the doors to get everyone out.

I was not able to verify this detail from any internet source, though I did find a vague reference to conflicting reports that were never resolved.² One fact that is generally agreed upon about the Khobar Towers incident, is that it is a mystery how so many personnel were able to evacuate this eight story building in roughly three minutes.³

It is stories like these that ignite my imagination, and I always wonder about the *other side* of reality that is hidden. Concerning my own possible angelic intervention with Corp.

Stenger, I have no regrets about that day.

Three years later, in an equally bizarre series of events, I came to meet an even more beautiful woman who is now my wife.

4.2 Destiny Restored

I met my wife for the first time over the phone, when she called my house one day. She was hoping to speak to my sister-in-law, who moved out several months prior. They knew each other from Beauty College.

The first time my future wife called, she heard my voice and froze, not speaking. For whatever reason, I instantly formed a picture in my mind of what she looked like. I told her, too.

“You’re a beautiful burnet, curly hair, Hispanic, about 5’4”, shoe size six, about a hundred pounds. I think you’re even wearing purple. Am I right?”

She didn’t say a word, possibly wondering how I knew all that, because I was spot on, *though she never confirmed to me if she was wearing purple.*

I didn’t use my wizard stone for this! I just described the image I had in my head, and I figured I didn’t have anything to lose if I was wrong.

But I wasn’t wrong.

That entire week, she called me every day, and I continued to pester her, “Talk! Speak!”

I finally wore her down and she opened up. What an adorable voice! I was hopeful, and I still had that perfect image of her in my mind, but I couldn’t help but wonder if she weighed a thousand pounds.

It was the moment of truth...

We arranged to exchange pictures. This was pre-internet, so it went down like a drug deal. We exchanged pics at a secret drop point. I remember the first time I pulled her pictures of the wrapper.

Wha... wha... holy shit!

My hands were trembling as I drooled over her photos like a panting dog. I was right; she was an absolute knockout, just as I imaged.

There's a perfect symmetry a person can have, and many of the ingredients of a beautiful woman are universal, statistically speaking. She had all these ingredients, but there was more. She had what I call an exotic spark; that jaw dropping "Are you kidding me?" *shockwave*.

Is it the shape of the eyes, the exact arch of the eyebrows, or the curve of the jawline?

I don't know, but I couldn't stop staring at her trying to figure it out. She has that little bit extra that exceeds perfection, and I was very fortunate to meet this woman on the phone because I never would have said a word to her otherwise.

I was a blathering mess the next time she called. First I accused her of lying and using someone else's pictures, though there were some details she included that made that unlikely. She was holding her two year old daughter in one of the pictures, so...

But oh brother, I was out of my league. This woman could be a model for any magazine. I wanted to marry her, just looking at her pictures. I was ready to propose. She was "The One."

It was destiny that I met this woman on the phone, because I was able to convince her to like me for who I am, without being

distracted by how gorgeous she was.

Back then, I fresh out of the Army, ripped and muscular, in the best shape of my life. But as I previously mentioned, I was incurably shy, and I had major insecurities when it came to being around females. On top of that, I was a complete barbarian with zero social skills. It was a miracle she didn't abandon me after our first date.

For starters, I kept staring at her with my mouth open, and I'm sure I looked like a complete idiot. I couldn't think straight; I couldn't talk...

I licked my plate when I finished my meal. Really, I did that, and it shocked this woman to the core. She had never seen such animalistic behavior in her life.

On another occasion, I farted on the phone. Not cool! I had to beg for her forgiveness on that one. Hey, I only did it once. I didn't know. What makes one person laugh can very much upset another person.

I was an Army Infantry grunt, and I framed houses and worked as a lumberjack before that. I lived around grungy, crusty dudes my entire life, and my mother, well, she wasn't much different from your average grimy dude.

After thirty years of marriage, this woman has managed beat some culture into me, though like Tarzan, I am still savvy with my animal ways, and fully capable of instantly reverting to "Me Tarzan."

I can't image my life without my wife and our children. Somehow I sensed she was "The One" on that very first phone call, before I knew what she looked like, or even what she sounded like. But she may have never come into my life if I connected with that other woman.

4.3 Playing with Fire

Prior to my encounter with Jesus, as I amassed my metaphysical library, I became more interested in the books that went a step beyond the informational level. For example, not only did I find books on people who claimed to have OBEs, (Out of Body Experiences); some of these books provided steps on how to induce such experiences.^{4,5}

I also found a book on how to become a medium. I knew that was a horrible idea before I even started, but I was curious about it, and the book was very persuasive, explaining that no harm could occur.

Inviting possession, no harm. *Sure...*

Anyone can be a medium, so the author explained, but the second I felt something rushing my way, I immediately disregarded the author's advice to let down my defenses. I terminated the experiment, snapping out of my trance.

Concerning reincarnation, I obtained a book that taught me a technique for self-hypnosis, whereby I would be able to conjure memories of past lives all on my own.⁶ This seemed like a lighter version of the channeling book, so I gave it a shot. That's when I discovered what I think this past-life regression business was all about; *spirit possession*.⁷

For most people, it's pure fiction, the mind making up stories through the power of hypnotic suggestion. However, in some case studies there have been inexplicable results, whereby people have been able to recall details about the lives of other people that they couldn't possibly know.

Such details include knowing specific places in cities that a person has never been to, knowing names, hobbies, addictions, and intimate details of past family members; knowing the

floorplan of houses and buildings never entered, and the list goes on.

Investigations into these details have proven accurate, and go well beyond anyone's ability to guess. Anyone researching reincarnation can find many examples of this. This phenomenon is very prominent in India.

I am convinced, however, that people aren't remembering past lives. What I think is really happening, is people are becoming aware of spirits or the energy of people that once lived, "i.e., ghosts," that are either attached to them, or outright possessing them.

4.3.1 Experimenting with Self-Hypnosis

I was supposed to recall a past life, so I thought, but that's not what happened.

Following directions in a self-hypnosis script given in one of my books, I created a tape that I was supposed to relax and listen to. The process seemed so simple, I did not think it would work.

Making the tape was somewhat tedious. According to the instructions, I had to speak as monotone as possible, slowly, and boring. The tape was about thirty minutes long.

After I finished making the tape, I relaxed on my bed and started the tape. I recall how strange it was, listening to my own voice give instructions to me. Something about that allowed me to surrender completely, trusting the instructions of my own voice. It did not take long for me to fall asleep.

Or was I asleep?

The dream I had was incredibly vivid. I recalled drowning,

and then floating around aimlessly, and finding a young boy who was me! When I touched that boy, I was sucked inside of him and began seeing through his (my) eyes!

Suddenly my eyes popped open, and I was wide awake. A second later, I heard my voice on the tape say, “Ten; okay, now you are completely awake, and you now remember everything that happened to you.” I immediately sat up.

I thought for sure I fell asleep and had a dream, but I couldn’t deny the fact that I woke up perfectly on queue.

As I recalled the dream, I came to the realization that I conjured the memories of a man who drowned in a canal near where my brother and I used to play when we were kids.

This man couldn’t have been a past life, because I knew about this guy when he was still alive. He was a biker from a family of criminals that lived in a really bad neighborhood not far away from the canal where my brother and I played.

I remember one of this guy’s hobbies was pouring gasoline on the tires of his car, and peeling out to catch them on fire. I saw him do this once; it was a neighborhood production with a number of spectators.

I also recall hearing about how he drowned in the canal where my brother and I used to play. In my dream, I saw the exact spot.

I also experienced it.

That was a freaky episode conjuring what appeared to be another man’s memories, in my own head. I literally felt as though I was reading the mind of another person who was hiding inside of my head! It seemed as though he became less aware of his prior life as time went on, and eventually thought of himself as an

extension of me.

Whatever it was I did, going through the steps in that self-hypnosis tape woke him up. What's more, I was also aware of him, and my perception was erratic, bouncing between his consciousness, and my own. The effect was mind numbing.

I got up from the bed and walked over to a mirror to look at my reflection. As I was looking at my reflection in the mirror, I almost expected to see someone else's face. I felt as though this man had been hiding inside of me for about a decade, and actually changed my personality to a certain extent.

Strange things occurred to me. I recalled that the color blue used to be my favorite color, then it suddenly changed to black. I recalled that I used to have no interest in style for clothing, but my style inexplicably changed to biker clothing, and that was the kind of guy his man was.

There were other changes as well; less benign. He was with me for so long, he lost himself, yet looking at my reflection in the mirror, he was reminded of who he really was.

Even though my faith was so ill defined back then, I mustered every ounce I had, and while I faced my reflection in the mirror, I demanded that in the name of Jesus he get out of me. The sensation that followed was very strange. I had the feeling that he was ashamed, lost, and very confused, as if he had been asleep and finally awoken to the reality of his situation.

He was dead. He drowned, and his life was over, period! He was sapping life out of me, manipulating me, and he corrupted my mind at such a young age. I felt as though he was attracted to my innocence. It was something foreign to him, being raised in an abusive home. On the one hand, I had pity on who or whatever this was, but at the same time, he had to go!

A vaguely familiar sense of innocence washed over me after that, as if I recalled with a powerful sense of freshness, the uniqueness of my own personality singled out from this foreign invader. Shortly after this, I began to evaluate what I wanted to retain of that personality, and discard the rest.

Whatever that was, whether a trick of the mind I played on myself, or if that was really someone who possessed me, I feel as though the Lord in some strange roundabout way, redeemed that experience for me.

In a similar manner, God bailed me out of other spiritual experiments on a number of occasions. This was a spiritually dangerous time in my life.

From this experience, I have come to believe that demons may not be the only entities that can possess a person. After all, demons are the ghosts of the Nephilim. What makes them so special that only they can somehow manage to possess people, but the deceased spirits of other people can't?

Most consider demons to be more evil than people, so why would they have more freedom in a disincarnate form, than the disincarnate spirits of people? Does that make sense?

The average Christian often thinks all demons are in hell, and that all disincarnate human spirits are either in heaven or hell, but is the Bible that black and white with explicit statements? No.

Instead, the Bible speaks of possession, and hints that various sins may be the means by which portals are opened. If such portals are opened to demons, why would they not also be opened to disincarnate humans?

Scripture often speaks of possession in generic terms, and it's not always demons/devils that are mentioned. Sometimes generic terms, like unclean spirits, etc., are used, and this may be

the reason why.

There could also be other phenomenon at play as well. What if the possession in question isn't spirits, per say, but powerful, residual energy, sometimes spiritually toxic, and packed with information?

Furthermore, this also makes me wonder if being possessed by someone of the opposite sex, might be a root cause of homosexuality, or transgenderism in some cases. I realize that the human mind is programmable, and people are capable of learning to enjoy anything associated with pleasure. However, it is consistent with Scripture, to note that the end times will mark a dramatic increase of sexual immorality of all kinds. This may be part of the reason why.

Whether possession is from deceased humans, or demons, it's no good either way. Exorcism is still the cure.

4.3.2 Returning to the Ouija Board

My sister's experience with the Ouija board was bad, and I also recalled the story about what happened with the kids at school. However, I was still not fully convinced that all Ouija boards were bad. Perhaps there were some good boards out there; a sample size of two is not very many, so I reasoned.

I also pondered that maybe one or two of the kids in our group at school might have been manipulating the pointer on the board. Why wouldn't it work with just me alone? I never came to any conclusion about how the Ouija board works, or even if it worked at all, and I still wanted to know.

I asked my best friend, Joe, if he'd be willing to try using the game with me. I told him about my experience with it in High School, and explained that I just wanted to know if it would really work. I trusted no one more than Joe, so if the game actually

worked with just the two of us, then I'd know for sure that there was really something to it.

We also considered ourselves Christians, so neither of us figured we'd be in any danger. We just wanted to try to talk to an angel from heaven, or an alien from another planet, or a good being from another dimension or something along those lines. Neither of us had any desire whatsoever to communicate with anything evil.

I went to the nearest Toys-R-Us toy store in Monterrey, not far from where I was stationed at Fort Ord, and purchased an Ouija board. We were all set and ready to go.

Prior to using the board, I got an idea to bless the board. I filled a cup with water, grabbed a piece of copper wire, and recalled some of my most cherished memories. I then dipped the wire into the water and recounted the memories, forcing myself to re-experience the emotions as powerfully as I could muster them.

Joe did the same thing, adding his cherished memories to the cup of water. The idea of this activity was to make our own "Holy" water, and anoint the Ouija board with it in case something evil crept in. I got this idea that water held emotional energy from various sources, and that copper might be a good conductor for transmitting that energy from our bodies into the water. *Whatever.*

It was early in the evening when we started using the board. The pointer moved very slowly. It wasn't making much sense at first, but then things started slowly spelling out.

I was amazed that anything was happening at all. Only Joe and I were using this game, and the pointer was moving. We both felt we were just going along with pushing it where the other one of us was pushing it.

At first, words spelled out from someone that sounded like

a soldier. We asked him what year it was, and he said 1960 something. He said he lived in our barracks. We assumed this was the spirit of a man that had died in our building.

As the evening progressed, it started getting dark outside, and the darker it became, the quicker the pointer moved. Then the words changed dramatically, donning a poetic quality. It then started to ask us questions, rather than the other way around.

Clearly, something else was speaking. It was also much more powerful than what we were previously communicating with.

“Who is speaking?” we asked the board, then touched the pointer.

Instead of answering, it asked back, “Who are you?”

We looked at each other. Joe wasn’t sure if it wanted to know who both of us were, or just one of us. “Who are you asking about, me, John, or both of us?” Joe asked.

“I know who you are, Joe.” Pause. “I do not know who John is. He is a ghost among shadows. I know not whence he came.”

Joe pulled away. “Wow, that’s cool,” Joe commented. Both Joe and I experimented with poetry and critiqued each other’s work. Needless to say, we weren’t typical Army Infantry guys.

“Why didn’t it answer our question?” I asked Joe. “I don’t want to talk to something that doesn’t identify itself. It knows our names, so now we should know who it is.”

Putting our fingers back on the pointer, I repeated my question, “Who are you?”

“I am the tiger that roams the night, seeking whom I may devour.” As soon as this spelled out, a sickening feeling set in my stomach.

“I don’t care how poetic this thing is, I don’t want to talk to it. Let’s bless the board.” Joe agreed with my idea, so we dipped our hands into the cup of water and “blessed” the board by wiping the water all over it.

After this, we both verbally affirmed that we did not want to talk to whatever it was that identified itself as the “Tiger.” Placing the pointer back on the board, we asked, “Is anyone there?”

The pointer moved very slowly. It was then that I realized that we messed up the reduced friction on the board by getting it wet. Even so, it still moved. “I envy you.”

Joe and I knew the response had something to do with the thoughts we placed into the water.

“We don’t want to speak to the evil thing. Who is this?”

We placed our hands on the pointer, and it wouldn’t move. The game just died. We sat for about three minutes or so, and the pointer didn’t move at all.

“Is there anyone out there?” we asked again. Finally the pointer moved, this time so rapidly, I only caught half of what it spelled. Strangely, the half that I didn’t catch, was the half that Joe was able to read.

“I will take thy heads from iniquity, and feed them to the venomous beast,” the reply spelled out.

“What does iniquity mean?” I asked Joe, disturbed at the sound of it.

“I don’t know.”

Some poets we were; neither of us knew what the word iniquity meant. Wow.

While I was irritated that the tone of the reply sounded hideously wicked, I was still fascinated by the fact that something was spelled out that neither Joe nor I had the vocabulary to understand.

If the word iniquity was actually in the dictionary, it would confirm that there was really something speaking through the Ouija board that was completely independent of me and Joe.

I took out a dictionary and looked up the word iniquity. “Here it is!” I declared excitedly, but my excitement quickly dissolved. “It means wickedness, or evil. Well, I guess that settles it. The Ouija board really works, but all you get is shit!” I then picked up the board and immediately busted it in half.

“Why did you do that? Don’t you want to keep trying?”

“Nope.”

I then explained to Joe that the last time I used one of those boards, something evil came through that time as well, and I didn’t want to talk to anything evil back then either. That’s all anyone would ever get.

I then formulated the theory that the more powerful spirits that roam the Earth are demons, and they tune into these opportunities when they get the chance. Probably even if there are disincarnate spirits of people that aren’t all that bad, they don’t get much of a chance to communicate, because the more powerful, evil ones kick them out.

This was the conclusion I came to, even before I became a dedicated Christian. I believed in some Christian things, like the

existence of demons, angels, and calling on the name of Jesus when I was in a jam, but I also played with Ouija boards and experimented in the occult. Go figure.

Joe and I took the board into the woods and burned it, and that was the end of it. The board was creepy, and it might have done some spiritual damage to Joe and me, but it wasn't an all-powerful indestructible thing as some horror movies portray.

Chapter 5: A Line Drawn in the Sand

5.1 The Turning Point

God protected while I experimented with the occult and lived a worldly life for two decades. As already said, I am sure the prayers of my great grandparents were poured over me all that time. I was also no stranger to brushes with death.

But I was protected and spared, until I had a wakeup call when I turned twenty one years old. Jesus came to me in a vision, and I believe He gave me an ultimatum. I entered the age of accountability. Major consequences were on their way unless I repented and turned my life over to Jesus. He showed me that very vividly in my dream with Him.

Everything in my life changed after that vision. Without realizing it, I was instantly set on a path to reconcile many things I knew of the paranormal, particularly my belief in extraterrestrial life, with what I discovered in the Bible. Initiating this quest didn't take long, either. For me, as soon as I opened the Bible, I started with Genesis, and instantly screeched to a halt at Genesis 6.

All sorts of question marks floated above my head.

This story I thought I was familiar with, Noah's Ark and the flood; it wasn't just about happy animals floating on a boat under a rainbow.

What's the backstory folks are glossing over, about angels mating with humans? And these Nephilim, why were they giants? Do angels have DNA? And these wicked Nephilim, were they genetic freak, angel-human hybrid mutants?

Is this the Bible I was reading?

So angels can mate with humans? Isn't that breaking some kind of rule somewhere?

Wait, I think I know what this is. This is... Could it...? But...

So my questions sprouted like weeds, spanning the gambit of theology, science, and what I knew and experienced with the paranormal.

And it turned out, that I was not like most Christians I knew, because I found far more validation in the Bible that ETs are real, rather than reasons that dispute their existence.

I also discovered the Bible was jam packed with supernatural entities, realms of existence, and phenomenon, hence the subtitle of my second book, *Aliens in the Bible: A Biblical Perspective of Supernatural Entities, Realms of Existence, and Phenomenon*.

In my early Christian walk, I discovered many Christians who threw up the red flag whenever I brought up paranormal subjects. They quickly responded with dogmatic declarations like “Blasphemy!” “Demonic!” “Heresy!” “Satanic!”

Some of their points were valid, because there is a great deal of deception within the occult. However, such declarations should be backed with strong Scriptural support, which is what I was searching for. Actually finding people who could give me solid Scriptural support to answer some of my annoying questions was difficult. That's why I had to dig for many answers myself.

From my perspective, Christian ufology was an entire field of study ripe for exploration back in the 1990s, because most of it was uncharted territory back then. That's when I started my research, and I could count the number of Christian authors even willing to mention UFOs on one hand. Only one or two of those

authors refrained from using the over-simplified “Demonic” label to dismiss everything and barely touch on the subject.

And as you can see from the sampling I have in this booklet, I didn’t devote all of my attention to extraterrestrial life. I took the encyclopedic knowledge of the paranormal I had acquired over the years through research and personal experimentation and experiences, and I shined the light of Scripture on it.

Unlike many Christians, I was never content to slap a “Demonic” label on supernatural things that didn’t fit the cookie cutter paradigm most Christians accept. I also kept stumbling across many assumptions that Christians make, yet found little evidence in the Bible to support them.

For example, if original sin began with Adam and Eve, and sin and death were unleashed throughout all creation through them, then what about Satan? Wasn’t he was a sinner before they were? He was the one who tempted them! Why wasn’t sin and death first released through him?

Perhaps it was, at an earlier time...

The Bible makes much more sense, and it is far more consistent, when one backs up in time and space, and widens the scope to include angels, who existed long before humanity was created.

Here’s another example: where in the Bible does it state that angels are all powerful?

It doesn’t.

Angels actually rely on technology; the Bible declares as much. If they don’t, then why does Scripture associate them with

things like flying chariots and flaming swords? Would they use these “things” if they had no limitations?

Yet another example: where in the Bible does it state that angels are only male?

It doesn't.

How about the origin of angels? Where in the Bible does it give information about the origin of angels? Are all angels hand crafted, unique creations from scratch, (as most Christians assume), or were they originally created as reproductive species, then they later reached a point of spiritual maturity and translated into a non-reproductive form?

Interestingly, Christians don't ask questions like these, or at least none of the Christians that I could find or read about. Instead, they simply assume all angels are unique, individual creations, yet the Bible says nothing of the sort.

That's a huge assumption to make without any evidence to support it.

As for Satan unleashing sin and death prior to Adam and Eve, the Bible actually does give an exposition on Satan's former angelic kingdom, which formerly existed on Earth.

What? Really?

Yes, it does.

What about Neanderthal, or Cro-Magnon? Where do they come into the picture?

Hugh Ross, one of the biggest names in Creation Science, came up with his idea that pre-Adamite humanoids were soulless beings.¹

Really—is that the best theory any Christian has, and does it make any sense whatsoever? Why would these humanoids not have souls? Is it because they don't fit someone's cookie cutter spoon-fed interpretation of the Bible? Can we perhaps ask more questions and throw them on the table for further debate?

And so I found myself asking unusual theological questions at that point in my life, and I never stopped asking them. Over time, I started to find clues for many questions, and I started documenting my findings.

I call much of my research speculative, because that's mostly what it is. I'm asking questions, and sometimes I think I find enough answers to be pretty sure about certain things. However, I often leave the door open for further investigation, because I'm still learning, and I think interpreting Scripture is everyone's business.

We all see in part, (1 Corinthians 13:9-12).

5.2 Documenting My Findings

As of the writing of this booklet, I have four books devoted to the field of Christian ufology, and these are as follows:

5.2.1 Aliens in the Bible: A Biblical Perspective of Supernatural Entities, Realms of Existence, and Phenomenon

This book, which expanded research I documented on a website dating back to 1995, titled “My Message to the World,” is where I begin my exploration into extraterrestrial life from a Christian perspective.

In this book, I also devoted a great deal of research to many other paranormal topics, hence the subtitle.

I think for people who are aware of the matrix; we know reality is much bigger than the five senses our science can currently measure, we take notice and refrain from dismissing the flip side of reality when we encounter it.

My entire life is packed with many paranormal, mysterious experiences. I was even accused of “summoning” things when I was in the Army, because unexplainable things tend to happen around me. No, I don’t summon anything, purposefully anyway. I’m just aware that reality is far bigger than my physical senses, and I think that awareness attracts things.

Going back to the specific topic of ETs, when I wrote *Aliens in the Bible*, I was primarily of the opinion that these entities were evil imposters.

I also held to the “Young Earth” theory, espoused by most Christians I knew back then. However, six years of research later, I broadened my understanding, and now believe ETs, like angels, are both good and evil. I also switched views to the “Old Earth Gap” theory, which I covered in my next book in this genera.

5.2.2. Aliens and the Antichrist: Unveiling the End Times Deception

In my second book devoted to the genre of Christian ufology, I picked up where *Aliens in the Bible* left off, except I specialized on ET life, and I broadened my perspective. Rather than focusing on the “bad guys,” I devoted an equal amount of attention to the “good guys.”

Research into ET life also veered me in the direction of eschatology, (end times prophecy), because there is an agenda in the works, and it started before humanity was even created.

I refined my views about ET life in this book, and have remained consistent in those views for over a decade now. I also

put a great deal more effort into this book, documenting my research extensively with hundreds of sources, and taking my time to address many theological issues that were brought to my attention.

More often than not, things that were brought to my attention as contradictions, were not contradictions at all. Here's a prime example.

Christians argued that the angels in Genesis 6 couldn't have been angels, because angels don't marry, period, end of story. Jesus said!

So I looked it up, and I saw that Jesus answered a question about people not marrying after they die, because they will be like the angels in heaven, who don't marry.

In context, Jesus' response referred to God's faithful angels, because these angels were in heaven. These were not fallen angels. Fallen angels don't have any respect for rules.

Furthermore, most Christians equate no marriage with not having sex, but why do they do that? Marriage and sex are two entirely different things! One can have sex without marriage, and marriage without sex.

So they counter, an angel won't have sex outside the confines of marriage!

And I countered back, would a fallen angel care about that? No, in fact a fallen angel would intentionally *want* to have sex outside the confines of marriage, and encourage others to do so as well. The sons of God mentioned in Genesis 6 had wicked children; their activities are very explicitly equated with absolute rebellion against God. This is reiterated in other Scriptures as well, and also the book of Enoch. These entities in Genesis 6 were fallen angels; this is very clear in Scripture.

And so this book goes, with over 750 Scriptural references that address many questions and details regarding the existence, activities, and relevance of ET life in the universe, and on Earth, since before humanity existed, and extending into the eternal future.

5.2.3. The Strong Delusion: Revealing the Strange God of the Antichrist

In this book, I dovetailed my ET research into Joel Richardson's work in his book, *The Islamic Antichrist*. Rather than relying entirely on Richardson's research, I researched the Qur'an and Hadiths as well.

I not only confirmed much of what Richardson found, but I also uncovered much more. I found information about other Biblical characters in our near future, such as The Two Witnesses. I think the Qur'an and Hadiths have a lot to say about these two guys, but Islam identifies them as bad guys.

I also covered the many otherworldly encounters of Muhammed and his cronies, including entities they referred to as the Jinn.

Who has heard the tale of Muhammed's open heart surgery from someone claiming to be the Archangel Gabriel? If this was a symbolic encounter, then why did the children who witness it scream in terror and flee to their parents, only later to find Muhammed with stiches down the middle of his chest? Was that Gabriel, or someone else?

The interesting thing I discovered while researching this book, is that it fills in many of the gaps that scripture refers to, but leaves out the details. For example, just as the book of Enoch fills in gaps regarding the events in Genesis 6, so too the Qur'an and

Hadith's fill in the gaps of end times events, but from Satan's perspective.

Aye, that sounds harsh on Islam, but keep in mind a few caveats.

- By definition, Islam declares Christianity as blasphemy because of the doctrine of the Trinity. This book goes into great detail revealing many things about the teachings of Islam that most people are completely unaware of.
- The version of Islam I speak of in this book, has not come to full fruition yet. I believe in the future, Islam will mutate with New Age elements that are just beginning to appear.
- The thesis of this book follows Joel Richardson's thesis that the end time's prophecies in the Bible are nearly identical with the Qur'an and Hadiths, except the protagonists and antagonists are swapped. In essence, the Qur'an and Hadiths provide the enemy's playbook for how Satan wants things to go down.
- Where this book is completely different from Joel Richardson's book is, I also point out the ET presence in the Qur'an and Hadiths, and Joel Richardson doesn't say anything about that at all.

5.2.4. Christian Ufology

This book is a second edition to *Aliens and the Antichrist*, except it includes updated, unpublished information in the first chapter, especially concerning recent Top Secret classified information released by the Navy.

Public disclosure of ET life is in the works; the government is moving in this direction, with the Navy taking the

lead. Because of this, I felt prompted to return to this research, and take a more in depth look at everything.

This book borrows a chapter from *Aliens in the Bible*, and a couple of chapters from *The Strong Delusion*. It furthermore includes an expansive cliff notes appendix with myriad references to angelic technology, as well as a list of Scriptures that provide evidence of ET good guys, and ET bad guys.

Those who are looking for a solid resource for condensed research in the field of Christian ufology, the appendix in this book is a huge timesaver!

For this book, I was fortunate enough to gain the attention of a hybrid publisher willing to invest in my work with me. Because of that, this book will be featured in the New York Times in 2021.

To distinguish this work for its theological focus, I felt the name, *Christian Ufology*, was the best title for it, because this name aligns with the genera I have been developing for over two decades now.

5.3 Other Genres

Christian ufology is not the only genera I write in. Two of my most recent books began as screenplays that represent my Master's Thesis in Screenwriting. I later converted them into novels. They are written in two different genres, for slightly different audiences, yet they have similar features.

Both these books are written as acrostic poems, similar to Psalm 119, highlighting each chapter with an ordered lettering of the Hebrew alphabet.

Both these books also include imbedded commentary notes following each chapter.

5.3.1 The Gathering: A Metaphorical Odyssey through the Scriptures with Commentary Notes

This is the untold epic backstory of the animal's journey to Noah's Ark.

What gave me this magnificent idea?

I believe God gift-wrapped it for me.

It started with my screenwriting degree. I had to write two screenplays for my master's thesis. Faced with this challenge, it only took me a few minutes of pondering before a question popped into my head out of the blue.

Why don't you write something about the animals of Noah's Ark?

The devil's advocate sitting on my other shoulder started shouting and mocking his rival.

What's to write? Peaceful animals floating on a boat under a rainbow, ooh, how exciting, I'm shivering with chills.

But then my little angel replied. Isn't it odd that Disney, Dreamworks, and Pixar, have made countless animations about animals, yet no one has made an animation featuring the number one epic animal story of all time, prominently featured in the book of Genesis? Seriously, what kid hasn't heard of the animals of Noah's Ark?

The little devil on my other shoulder was steamed.

A kid's book, really? You've never written a kid's book! You don't know the first thing about children's literature! You're a barbarian! You spent your childhood on construction sites and hauling logs in the backwoods of Arkansas, you don't even know what it's like to be a kid! This is your master's thesis we're talking

about here, do you actually want this degree? This is going to be a train wreck!

I held out my hands.

Stop! Just stop it, both of you...

Before I hear another word, let me consult *the book*.

Genesis 7:15 [bold emphasis added]

Pairs of all creatures that have the breath of life in them **came to Noah** and entered the ark.

Oh wow. *Snap*.

My goodness, Genesis 7:15 says that. I recall comedians making jokes about Noah playing *Mutual of Omaha, Wild Kingdom*, traveling all over the world to round up all these animals, but the Bible doesn't say that.

Scripture says the animals *came to Noah*.

My little angel winked. *Imagine the backstory...*

This story is literally in Scripture; animals were summoned by God! This story... this story, how can no one have seen this all this time?

Disney, Pixar, and Dreamworks, with all their thousands of creative minds backing them, haven't created this story. How can this story not already be a movie?

The little angel on my shoulder whispered, *because He saved it for you*.

That's what I'm hoping anyway. So the quaint, cliché Sunday school picture of peaceful animals sailing in a boat under a rainbow was due for an adjustment.

I had my work cut out for me. I had to learn to write in a new genera, but everything flowed naturally with the idea of this backstory simmering in my mind.

What was the world like back in the days of Noah? Did the animal kingdom mirror what was going on in the affairs of men?

Again, we go back to Scripture and read...

Genesis 6:12 [bold emphasis added]

And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for **all flesh** had corrupted his way upon the earth.

Generally speaking, *all flesh* refers to mankind. However, the book of Enoch, which expounds greatly on Genesis 6, makes it abundantly clear, the same corruption spawned by fallen angels spread throughout the world in those days, affected both humanity, as well as the animal kingdom. That's why God wiped out the entire planet, *including the animals*, except for those chosen for the ark.

Like Noah, I *speculate* that there were also animals that found favor in the eyes of the Lord. These animals were chosen; they were Noah's counterparts among all the species of the Earth.

So unlike every other story about Noah's Ark and the flood of Noah, I chose to look past Noah and the boat, and highlight the animals and their epic journey to the boat, traversing a hostile world on the verge of a global apocalypse.

What if these animals, like Abraham, were consumed with visions about a place they had never been, but they knew they had to get there?

But wait, there were predator and prey among them, yet they weren't attacking each other. Isn't that odd? Were these characters oddballs, not even knowing why they were violating

the natural laws of predator and prey to achieve this peculiar mission they didn't understand?

How did they eat? Did God provide them with some sort of special *manna*? Maybe the lions ate a straw-like substance, similar to what we see in the book of Isaiah.

Isaiah 65:25

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.

My mind exploded with inspiration with this story as it came to life.

I originally thought this screenplay was a slam dunk to win screenwriting contests, but I struck out multiple times over the years. I don't think Hollywood likes the Bible.

And screenwriting isn't easy. For me, writing screenplays is a lot more difficult than writing novels. Couple that with a mountain of readers who aren't interested in anything that has to do with the Bible, and well, I have my work cut out for me.

Each year, I tweak my screenplay a little more and resubmit it, having faith that all I need is the right person to see it.

But in 2021, I shifted gears. In addition to continuously re-submitting my screenplay, I backed up and completed the same story as a novel, which has multiple functions.

First, a novel brings this story to life. It gets out into the world rather than collecting dust as an unrecognized screenplay.

Secondly, as a novel, I can do more with it. It can be a teacher's aide, introducing children to the Scriptures in a unique way.

Using Jesus' style of teaching with parables, this book is a metaphor of metaphors. It's written as an acrostic poem, from A to Z, but then it goes from Z back to A, so it's also a massive chiasm.

This story also includes an imbedded commentary following each chapter. With this commentary, parents and youth pastors can read the notes in advance, and prepare custom sermonettes that follow each chapter.

Sacrifice, redemption, not judging by appearances, concepts like *the remnant*, freewill vs. predestination, prophecy, living in the spirit, hearing God's voice, going against the grain, and God's ability to achieve astounding victory through what appears to be a resounding defeat. These ideas, symbols, themes, and so much more, are all discussed in four hundred seventy one commentary notes.

This is not a typical children's book. It's four hundred seventy eight pages, written in font 12; the bulk of it is commentary.

But the ultimate destiny of this book is to become a movie one day, so it needed an abundance of colorful illustrations. Each of the fifty two chapters has a beautiful custom graphic, courtesy of my daughter-in-law's professional workmanship.

This story is written in the vein of C.S. Lewis. The Biblical parallels draw from Scripture throughout, similar to *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Prophetic dreams play a key role, similar to *Joseph King of Dreams*. There is a scene reminiscent of Moses parting the Red Sea, as we saw in *The Prince of Egypt*.

This book is a simple children's story on the surface, but it also an academic feat, written with the structure of an acrostic, chiastic poem, and it also includes encrypted messages, (which it decodes in the commentary).

With my background in cybersecurity, I happen to have a unique appreciation for ancient encryption employed by the Hebrews, so I couldn't help but include a hidden message using the Golden Mean as a key to unlock it.

5.3.2 The Book of Wars: Legend of the Prophetess

Like *The Gathering*, this book is also written as an acrostic poem, and it also covers a section in the Bible; the book of Judges, chapters 4 and 5.

This book furthermore includes imbedded commentary notes following each chapter, documenting extensive research that went into creating this story.

This is the other idea that popped into my mind when pondering a screenplay for my master's thesis in screenwriting.

That little angel on my shoulder informed me that there are five movies that have been made about Joan of Arc. Why is Joan of Arc repeated again and again in Hollywood, yet the Judge and Prophetess of Israel, Deborah, is completely ignored?

Joan of Arc isn't even in the Bible, yet here is Deborah, who wielded executive authority in Israel for forty years. She was a major prophetess, standing tall in the Old Testament as the female counterpart to Moses. She was both a judge, and a prophetess who demonstrated powerful clairvoyance to gain victory over a tyrannical empire.

Deborah even led Israel into battle, and she dates to 1200 B.C., at a time and place when women were considered property.

How did she do this? Exactly who was she? The Biblical narrative is very sparse, and gives very few clues as to what made this woman stand out to such a degree, that she was able to order Israel's commanding General Barak to go to war.

While the biblical narrative is sparse, it does give many hints and clues about what may have been going on behind the scenes.

I also researched Deborah extensively, drawing from nearly one hundred sources of information, including dozens of commentaries. What I have created brings Deborah to life in powerful way, and I did my best to stay true to the the Biblical narrative.

5.3.3 Jimmy Prophet's Library Series

For my *Jimmy Prophet* series, which is a sci-fi comedy coming of age storyline, I drew inspirations from many of the people I knew from my childhood, growing up in the backwoods of Van Buren, Arkansas.

I also drew inspiration from the ancient history of Earth I disclose in my Christian ufology research. The crystals that Jimmy discovers are relics from an angelic civilization that once existed on Earth, ruled under Lucifer's dominion.

Prior to Lucifer's corruption, his angelic kingdom likely existed a very long time, and it is my belief that the Earth contains archeological relics of highly advanced technology that will resurface in the future.

In *The Strong Delusion*, I highlight areas in Islamic texts that predict the coming of an Islamic Messiah, one they call the Mahdi. This person fits the description of one of the two future Antichrists discussed in the Bible. Islamic texts say he will

discover and bring to light many ancient relics to validate his claims.

Part of the reason the strong delusion will be so powerful, is because Satan has been working on it for thousands of years. The Earth literally contains keys that will unlock phases of a master plan of global deception spoken of in 2 Thessalonians 2:11.

5.3.4 The Dark World Paradox

This story also covers elements of Christian ufology. Jerar is a Bigfoot, who happens to be a descendent of a trans-dimensional species brought to Earth from another world long ago. They were captured and enslaved by another race of powerful beings, but at some point they escaped into the wilderness and lived in hiding ever since.

Yokuru comes to Jerar's rescue from a glorified planet; she telepathically hears his prayers, and traveled from afar to help him.

Yokuro's home world presents the ultimate what if, which I discuss in my Christian ufology research.

What if Adam and Eve never sinned?

For Yokuru's civilization, they told Satan to take a hike when he tempted them long ago. After he left, their species eventually populated their planet, became highly advanced both spiritually and technologically, and they spread to other worlds.

The older portion of their population is angelic; they are fully immortal beings, extremely powerful, and they do not reproduce. The younger portion of their population are like Adam and Eve, glorified pseudo-mortals depending on a version of the tree of life. They continue to reproduce until they reach an age of spiritual maturity, then they translate into a higher state of being.

I believe after Judgement Day, Earth will be exactly like this.

Yokuru is almost at the age of translation; she is 900+ years old, but she hasn't translated yet.

Yokuru doesn't sin, but she goofs up from time to time.

The moment she enters Earth's atmosphere, she disrupts a balance, because Earth is a dark world, i.e. it's a quarantined planet, because it is a planet where sin has been unleashed.

Glorified beings are allowed, and encouraged to observe Earth, (i.e. a silent cloud of witnesses are observing and learning from us, Hebrews 12:1-3), but incursions into this world are highly regulated!

When glorified beings enter a quarantined realm, they bring into question a kind of spiritual *prime directive* we see in the Bible, hinted at in the book of Job.

Satan appears before God in the book of Job, chapters 1 and 10, and they discuss the affairs of humanity, and matters of freewill, which ultimately speak to God's plan of salvation.

In this dark world, God is hiding, because that place deep in the human heart, where all people are accountable to God for their choices, must be tested. In a world where God is visible to all, and the consequences of disobedience would be instantaneous, people would behave much differently, but their actions would not necessarily be founded in love.

God evaluates the love in a human heart by hiding from us. While hidden, He sees what we hope for without knowing for sure if He's real.

Hope precedes and gives birth to faith, and both faith and hope must be grounded in love in order to motivate the Holy Spirit

to draw people to the Father. I derive this conclusion from Scripture; 1 Corinthians 13 is one among many Scriptures that speak of these things.

This conclusion about faith, hope, and love, explains the reasoning behind Satan having latitude to deceive people in this world, which dates back to his access to the Garden of Eden before Adam and Eve sinned.

We have to ask, why did God even allow Satan in that garden? The deep reasoning behind the answer to this question is, God must determine what we hope for. To win His favor, He wants to see if the substance in our hearts is connected to love. If it isn't, He wants us to learn why love is truly the best and only way for life to exist.

So a balance exists in this world; a balance of truth and deception that God allows. It is ultimately God that will allow a strong delusion in the end times, and the Bible states explicitly why.

2 Thessalonians 1-11 [bold emphasis added] (ESV)

Now concerning the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and our being gathered together to him, we ask you, brothers, not to be quickly shaken in mind or alarmed, either by a spirit or a spoken word, or a letter seeming to be from us, to the effect that the day of the Lord has come. Let no one deceive you in any way. For that day will not come, unless the rebellion comes first, and the man of lawlessness is revealed, the son of destruction, who opposes and exalts himself against every so-called god or object of worship, so that he takes his seat in the temple of God, proclaiming himself to be God. Do you not remember that when I was still with you I told you these things? **And you know what is restraining him now so that he may be revealed in his**

time. For the mystery of lawlessness is already at work. Only he who now restrains it will do so until he is out of the way. And then the lawless one will be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus will kill with the breath of his mouth and bring to nothing by the appearance of his coming. The coming of the lawless one is by **the activity of Satan with all power and false signs and wonders, and with all wicked deception for those who are perishing, because they refused to love the truth and so be saved. Therefore God sends them a strong delusion, so that they may believe what is false, in order that all may be condemned who did not believe the truth but had pleasure in unrighteousness.**

On Earth, at this current time, God allows a balance of truth and deception, darkness and light. People who hope for the truth, which is founded in God's love, and expressed in the way people treat each other; these people will recognize and respond to God's truth and light when they are exposed to it.

Those who reject this truth and light, will be given ample opportunities throughout life to turn from their ways. When they experience the consequences of their sins, every consequence is a learning opportunity to accept responsibility for injustice; for wicked, selfish behavior, and change.

But some people don't want any part of this truth. They're too selfish or filled with hatred to be interested in it.

Often anger can be fully justified, and God acknowledges this, hence the reason He walked in our shoes, so He can be our advocate. Certainly He can identify with anyone who has been a victim of violence and/or injustice. He led the way by giving His life, and He forgave everyone involved in His murder. He also calls us to forgive; to draw a line, and stop the madness.

But for those who don't care to choose the path of forgiveness, God offers them an alternative, to try it out, and see if that's what they really want. The *strong delusion* is Satan's grand masterpiece alternative, which God has appointed him to showcase in our future.

Regarding the strong delusion to come, God will be allowing this powerful deception as a counter balance to His truth, which may be the rapture of the church that may precede the arrival of Satan.

The above passage in 2 Thessalonians 11 speaks of a mysterious *restrainer*, and whatever or whoever that restrainer is, is responsible for maintaining a balance of truth and deception in this world. This is all for God's grand purpose of sifting the chaff from the wheat, and drawing His true believers unto Himself.

And it is this balance that Yokuru disrupts the moment she enters Earth's atmosphere. She immediately causes a near fatality to an innocent man by accident. Compelled to correct this mistake, she gives him a small sample of leaves from a tree of healing native to her world. These trees of healing will also be native to Earth in the future, (Revelation 22:2).

Just a small nibble of these leaves heals Jim of all his wounds, and it also reverses the effects of aging. Yokuru estimates Jim's lifespan will likely continue for another two hundred years. Strangely, he's not happy about that at all.

This longevity, as well as Yokuru's other blunders, are inadvertent side effects of Yokuru's incursion into the Earth realm. The cumulative effects of her presence in the Earth disrupts the balance of darkness and light, weighing in favor of the light, and Jim's eyes are opened to a greater reality.

In response to this disruption in the balance, a portal of darkness also opens, and Jim and Yokuru must contend with it to restore order in the dark world...

5.3.5 Apparition

This book explores the concept of astral projection. While this story idea is intriguing, and based on a real phenomenon, I have to admit, this book needs a rewrite! This was my first novel, mostly to see if I had it in me to write a complete novel from scratch. I had to get through this book to break the ice, so I consider it a rough draft. For those curious to know more about it, that's my disclaimer; my writing was in its infancy at this time.

5.3.6 The Eaglestar Prophecy

Lastly, another two books I wrote were *The Eaglestar Prophecy*, and *A Reflection of Perception*.

1. *The Eaglestar Prophecy* is based on a dream I had at twelve years old, where I was taken to heaven in a vision. This book is a spiritual biography, where I discuss pivotal events in my youth that marked my spiritual progression, eventually leading me to Christ.

5.3.7 The Reflection of Perception: A Poetic, Existential Quandary about God, Love, and the Nature of the Universe

This a collection of poetry I started writing since before High School. I actually dreamed some poems, and others came to me almost like snapping my fingers. A sentence would pop in my head, and as soon as I wrote it down, the next sentence would follow.

Listen to the Spheres came to me when I was twelve years old. One sentence popped into my head after another. It's a small

poem, but it declares the exact pondering of my thoughts in that moment of time.

When I submitted this poem to the International Library of Poetry, I should have entered into their contest. If I did, I might have won, because they featured it as the very first poem in their annual anthology, *Twilight Musings*, published in 2005.

Listen to the Spheres

Why do they spin
And circle again?
What is their source
The unseen force?

They are so close
And yet so far
The planets we're on
The atoms we are

Most of my poems rhyme, though not all. I consider it an added level of complexity if I can pull it off without forcing it. Most of my poems also have central themes, or a moral to the story.

I grouped my poems into three categories:

1. Love poems
2. Existential philosophy
3. Faith and God

5.4 Conclusion

I hope you have found this sample of my writing illuminating, and that you will consider further reading of my work. I don't have a lot of spare time, but I always try to respond to anyone who emails me – jmilor@yahoo.com.

Writing is not my main occupation. I actually earn a living in the field of cybersecurity, though I would love to one day transition to writing as my retirement gig.

For now, I'm pretty busy, but I will make an effort to post articles on my website from time to time, and keep any interested readers up to date on my latest endeavors.

I deeply appreciate and thank anyone who provides me with any reviews and/or feedback! Thank you for your time, and may the Lord richly bless you!

Notes

Chapter 1

1. Carol R. Ember and Melvin Ember, “Chapter 18, Applied Anthropology,” *Cultural Anthropology, Sixth Edition* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall Inc., 1990), 337–354.
2. Readers Digest, *The World’s Last Mysteries*, Pleasantville, New York, Montreal, 1979, pages 169-179.
3. Ibid.
4. Dr. David P. Livingston, *Christian Answers Network Bible Encyclopedia*, s.v. “Nimrod: Who was he? Was he godly or evil?” <http://christiananswers.net/q-abr/abr-a002.html> (accessed January 21, 2006).
5. Pritchard, J., *Ancient Near Eastern Texts and the Old Testament*, 3rd edition (Princeton: University Press, 1969), quoted in *Christian Answers Network Bible Encyclopedia*, s.v. “Nimrod: Who was he? Was he godly or evil?” (by Dr. David P. Livingston) <http://christiananswers.net/q-abr/abr-a002.html> (accessed January 21, 2006).
6. *Christian Answers Network Bible Encyclopedia*, s.v. “Nimrod: Who was he? Was he godly or evil?” (by Dr. David P. Livingston) <http://christiananswers.net/q-abr/abr-a002.html> (accessed January 21, 2006).
7. Sophy Burnham, *A Book of Angels* (New York, New York: Ballentine Books, 1990), 35–37.

Chapter 2

1. Alan McArthur, “McGinnis guilty in murder case” *The Landmark*, October 26, 2007, <http://www.plattecountylandmark.com/Article10653.htm> (last accessed April 11, 2016).

2. The Dead Files with Amy Allan, et al., “The Devil Made Me Do It,” *The Dead files*, 1:2, 30 September 2011.

Chapter 4

1. Rebecca Grant, “Khobar Towers” <http://62596.com/repercussions.htm> (last accessed March 4, 2016).

2. Perry D. Jamieson, “Khobar Towers Tragedy and Response,” *Washington DC: Air Force History and Museum Program*, <http://www.afhso.af.mil/shared/media/document/AFD-101029-033.pdf> (last accessed April 11, 2016).

3. Ibid, 31.

4. Robert Peterson, *Out of Body Experiences: How to Have Them and What to Expect* (Charlottesville, VA: Hampton Roads Publishing Co, Inc., 1997). This was not one of my books, but rather one with similar content.

5. Robert Bruce, Brian Mercer, *Mastering Astral Projection: 90-Day Guide to Out-of-Body Experience* (Woodbury, MN: Llewellyn Publications, 2010). This was also not one of my books, but one with similar content.

6. Dr. Bruce Goldberg, *Past Lives, Future Lives* (New York, NY: Ballantine Books, 1988). It is a known fact that people who are hypnotized are very susceptible to suggestions. For this reason, hypnotic sessions are taken with a grain of salt, because a person will often use his or her imagination to fill in the gaps of missing memory, because the hypnotherapist made a suggestion to remember such details.

7. Dr. Edith Fiore, *The Unquiet Dead: A Psychologist Treats Spirit Position* (New York, NY: Ballantine Books, 1987). This book made me more aware of the phenomenon of spirit possession, not from demons, but rather, deceased people.

8. Robert Monroe, *Journey's Out of the Body* (New York, NY: Main Street books, 1977). 36.

9. Audrey M. Jones, "Historical Divorce Rate Statistics" *I Love to Know*,
http://divorce.lovetoknow.com/Historical_Divorce_Rate_Statistics (last accessed March 7, 2016).

Chapter 5

1. Dr. Elizabeth Mitchell, "Does Hugh Ross Believe in Soulless Ancient Humans?" News to Know, <https://answersingenesis.org/human-evolution/origins/does-hugh-ross-believe-in-soulless-ancient-humans/>, (last accessed April 25, 2021).