

Note: The following testimony seems too bizarre to believe. I counseled with this family several times before they came for counseling. The son, two deacons, and a pastor friend all related the many strange happenings they witnessed in this house. The original testimony was 14 typed pages long, so you can imagine the many things that have been omitted.

HAUNTED HOUSE

We purchased our house in the spring of 1991. We were told by a friend that the house was haunted. The previous owners had experienced two tragedies while living in the house. Their 19 year old son shot himself on his 19th birthday, and a short time later their son-in-law was killed when a car fell on him in the garage. The second tragedy caused them to move.

My theology certainly didn't accept ghost theories, and I did not see any potential danger in the house. I believed that if the house actually possessed spirits, they would leave sooner or later simply because we were a "Christian family".

Before long the house began to live up to its reputation, although it was very mild at first. Our first night in the house, we experienced the "blowing light bulb" trick. The bulb didn't explode. However, there was a large silver purplish flash, and it was out. There was nothing wrong with the electrical wiring. This was nothing spectacular, but enough to raise a question from day one. This happened probably a half dozen times a month. From this problem, we progressed to things disappearing. We experienced tons of little "poltergeist" stuff that we simply lived with. Beyond the continual little things, we didn't seem to experience anything of severe consequence for a couple of years. One night I went to bed early. Shortly after I had laid down, I saw my wife (I thought) come up the stairs, walk down the hall, stop at the bedroom door, and wave. I waved back, nothing said. About 5 minutes later, I saw her again come to the top of the steps, walk down the hall, stop at the door, and say "goodnight". I said, "Didn't you just come up here about 5 minutes ago?" I could tell by her response that the first "person" wasn't my wife at all. Hence a new game was added and probably used about half a dozen times in the next 2 years.

One of the most unbelievable things we experienced happened late one night. While in the process of installing a new hot water boiler, I realized I didn't have enough parts to finish the job. I turned the main water line off to assure that no water could leak from the unfinished open pipe. The next morning the new furnace was flooded with water that had dripped from the open pipe. When I checked the valve, I found that it had been opened. Later my wife recalled "dreaming" that she was in the basement that night. She couldn't recall why. When she checked, she had dirt and sand on her feet which matched the basement floor! She had walked out of the bedroom, down the hall, down 17 steps, through two rooms, down a dozen steep basement steps, turned the valve, and went back to bed! All of this in total darkness.

We experienced voices, banging, knocking, whistling, "spider webs" falling all over from nowhere, but never anything of a dangerous nature. At one point we began finding welts on our

three year old. They looked like she had been hit by a belt or switch. I attributed this to my older children, but when I asked them about it, they were surprised. This happened for about two weeks. I didn't think much about it until I saw a special on TV about haunted houses. The people on the show had experienced the same exact things we had experienced.

It was virtually impossible to pray, read the Bible, or study. Often I sat at my computer, and my mind would completely lock up! I never considered that this was demonic.

Finally it all stopped! My "Christian family living in the house" theory had obviously proven true (deceived again). No more knocking, banging, "webs"...nothing. I told my friends it was gone. While I don't want to minimize the seriousness of all of this, in all truthfulness we never experienced anything like the difficulties some families have had. A lot of it was almost funny at times. I never considered the awesome danger that really existed.

Some time later, my oldest child began to show severe signs of insecurity. This deeply concerned me. He began to tell me he was stupid and couldn't learn. He became hostile towards his two sisters and my wife. He was the strongest 10 year old in the world. I weigh 200 pounds and could barely contain him when we wrestled. There were times when he could actually hurt me. My father and brother are exceptionally strong; I simply thought it was inherited, although I should have understood this was not normal.

We had continual problems with pets. They disappeared, died, and were killed. The animals that died always had the same symptoms...shaking, almost like a seizure for several minutes, and then they died. If you held them, they would revive and do fine. If you put them down, they would be dead the next morning. Coincidence? Probably not. We conferred with an animal specialist regarding diet, but they were receiving everything they needed. The only survivor was Chester, a basset hound. But, unlike the other animals, he was not allowed in the house. Toward the end he turned on our son and would try to bite him. Later we would learn that demons were communicating with our son and killing his pets to try to get him to turn to them for friendship. He became more and more depressed and began to sleep more during the day but continually tossed and turned at night as well as habitually sleep walking.

On his 11th birthday, our son got a football. He was continually frustrated because he couldn't catch the ball as well as some of the other boys. We started practicing. The more I threw the ball, the more he missed it. The more he missed it, the more he told me he couldn't do anything. I tried to reason with him. It was like talking to a team of Philadelphia lawyers. I've always been good at debate, but there was no matching this kid. I was having an intellectual conversation with an 11 year old, and he was cutting me to shreds. Later, during a heated discussion, he began jerking in his chair, choking, gasping, and crying out, "Oh, Dad, what's happening?" He began to convulse in the chair and I held him down. In total frustration I prayed one of those benign Baptist prayers that began like this, "Lord, we don't understand what's happening here. We pray for some guidance and wisdom". And then I said (certainly the Holy Spirit intervening), "Father in the Name of Jesus I bind this evil." Immediately he froze in the chair. I said, "I command it to go, in the Name of Jesus." At this statement he collapsed into the chair almost lifeless for a couple of seconds. Then he cried out, "Oh Dad, what happened?"

IT WAS OVER!!! The Name of Jesus had done in 5 seconds what 20 years of counseling experience couldn't touch!!!

After his deliverance, he told us at different times the demons had control over him, but at no time could he tell anyone what was going on inside. He was psychic and clairvoyant. They could make him walk and controlled his conversations. He could recall specific conversations and knew it had been demons doing the talking. They had continually tried to get him to kill himself. The demons knew I feared insecurity more than anything because of struggles with that in my own life. That's exactly how they had manifested themselves through my son. I think their ultimate purpose was to destroy him and to destroy me. The day he was delivered he said, "Dad, I didn't think you would ever get them out, and I knew I didn't have that much time left."