



Update

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Unusual Visitations from God

Heath is one of my students at the Calvary Bible Institute, and it's obvious that God has a call on his life. Although a former inmate, he is already allowed to go back into prison to share how Jesus has changed him. His story is one with unusual divine visitations before coming to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

He was born in Houston Texas in 1977, the youngest of the three boys. Growing up, his mother was the spiritual leader in their home. His father was an alcoholic, workaholic, and mentally, emotionally and sometimes even physically abusive.

Heath said, *I can most definitely say that I have known about Jesus my entire life, though I did not "know" Him.* When he was about four years old, his nine-year-old brother made a statement he thought about often and has never forgotten. He said, *For God, there was no beginning and there is no end. He is everlasting.*

Around that same period, he dreamed five or six times a recurring, identical nightmare. He said, *The dream was horrifying to me, I was standing in a very long dimly lit hallway. As I stood there, there was a figure walking away from me, and I could hear the echo of each footstep. There was this sinister, sick and penetrating laugh coming from him. He gave me a feeling of panic and horror. He stopped and slowly turned around still laughing.*

As I beheld his face and his cold evil stare, I was looking at a mirror image of

myself. This evil me was looking right into the heart of me and laughing at me. After each dream, I would wake up with my heart pounding so hard that it hurt. As a little child I couldn't understand why I would be so terrified of myself.

Because Heath believed that men don't reveal their emotions, he said, *I always felt like I was different from everybody else, more emotional than anybody else, and I was convinced that it was a weakness. I fought very hard to keep my emotions concealed and appear that nothing bothered me whatsoever.*

Up until he was 11 Heath attended church with his mother. He loved the activity, looked up to the respected people in their little town, but admits he didn't get much truth in his heart. At 11 he said, *Several people in our little church worked at my elementary school. I became aware that several of them were fake and immoral. Though they dressed up and put on a show on Sunday mornings, the remainder of the week they were drinking and cheating on their wives and husbands. Losing my trusting innocence, I was deeply hurt, and when the pain subsided anger took its place. I fell away from the church and sadly, I*

blamed it on God.

I began to question God and ask in bitterness, "Why did you put me here? I never asked for this life! I never asked for any of this." Being so hypersensitive, I felt such pain and anguish over things that didn't seem to bother anyone else. I see now the devil attacked me in this area of sensitivity.

By 14 Heath felt like he was on top of the world. He had everything he wanted, as a running back he was a very popular football player and things looked good. That changed when he came home from football practice one day and learned his mother was diagnosed with stage 3 breast cancer. He was told she had six months to live. His life took a nosedive. He got into his dad's beer and began drinking heavily and using drugs.

His mother was lying sick in the hospital and Heath was home alone feeling overwhelmed. Not knowing how to turn to God for help, deep inside he couldn't adjust to the change. To escape his crumbling world, Heath took an entire bottle of sleeping pills.

He described the experience and a visitation this way, *I laid down and listened to my heart slowly stop beating. Everything went black. I don't know how much time passed, but I woke up in complete darkness. It was very cold in my room, and I was shivering and yet sweating at the same time. I was convulsing and throwing up everywhere. I*

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felt a sense of panic as a silhouette of a person approached me. Unable to move, I was stuck in a fetal position and convulsing. This individual sat down on my bed next to me. As He sat down next to me, a wave of peace that I had never felt in my life washed over me and I was able to relax.

Looking back, Heath knows in his heart his life was divinely spared and that individual was Jesus. However, this encounter did not produce a saving knowledge of Jesus, and over the next several years, despite his mother beating cancer, Heath slipped deeper and deeper into drugs and alcohol. He said, *My life was a downward spiral of chaos, and I learned I was my own worst enemy.* Just like his dream when he was four.

At 24, he had another divine encounter, *Not long after 9/11 I was doing drugs at a party in Dallas. I went outside to the backyard to get some fresh air. I could hear in the distance a high school football game which took me back to my glory days on the football field. As I stood there in the cold night air, suddenly the sky was filled with an illuminated Golden Arm. That arm extended a finger that touched me on my forehead. The instant He touched me, it was like I had been struck by lightning. There was a loud sound like a crash and a ball of sparks and fire that didn't burn.*

In that same moment I was completely sober and started pacing back and forth, crying and sobbing. I apologized to God for being so foolish. He answered my question "Why am I even Here" by telling me that I was called to speak His Word and share His love with everyone in this world.

I wish that I could say that the story ends happily ever after, but it did not.

Mistaking the experience for his conscience, the next night, a voice

argued in his head. It asked him over and over, "How do you think you could ever speak the word of God after all the filth and garbage that you have indulged in?" I struggled with this question the next few months. I eventually agreed with the question and reckoned myself unfit for His calling.

In the meantime, Heath married a woman who also was doing drugs. He drove an 18-wheeler for a living and sold some drugs on the side. When he was home after a run, they got into an angry argument while both were high. He never hit her, but in anger he dumped the recliner over backwards with her in it. She used a glass ashtray to hit herself beside her head several times and called the police. When they arrived and saw the blood on her face, they believed her story, and Heath was arrested for domestic violence.

On November 23, 2010. I was in County jail detox, aware that I was losing everything and going to prison for God only knows how long. I quickly made up my mind to take my life, it was only a matter of when and how. But after about a week of sleep, I began to get back my appetite and some of my senses. I still felt this incredible hate and anger raging within me.

In the middle of a cold night, I woke covered in sweat, shivering. My heart was pounding, and I felt panic that I had not

felt in a long time. I laid there in fear and confusion. Then, as if somebody whispered into my ear, I noticed a book in the middle of the table in my cell. I didn't want to get up, but I just had to get that book. After getting it, I laid down and began to read.

The first words that I remember reading presented this question, "If you died tonight and stood before the throne of God and He asked, 'How fruitful to Me have you been in your life?'" This question broke my heart because I knew that I had been anything but fruitful to God in my life.

A few days later I attended a church service in the jail. It was as if I was the only person in the room and the speaker was telling me my story. I knew it was God. I knew He was still there, waiting on me. On that Monday night, December 6, 2010, I gave my life to Jesus Christ. The moment that I made this decision, it was as if the weight of the entire world was taken off my shoulders. I felt a peace that I had never felt before, and I felt a passion to help others that I had never experienced before.

I went on to serve nearly 4 ½ years in the Texas Department of Criminal Justice system. Since my release from prison and my arrival at Calvary Commission, despite being on parole, I have been invited to speak at several TDCJ Units and even the county jail where I gave my life to the Lord.

I believe that the Lord can use the difficult times in our lives to enable us to relate to others who are still facing similar difficulties. This ability to relate to them and for them to relate to us is powerful beyond measure.

Romans 11:29 says that, "His gifts and His calling are irrevocable." I am so grateful to the Most High God for His patience and long-suffering with me. I know that I am so unworthy of His calling, but the one thing that I do know is that He alone is worthy of my life. ✨

Thanks!

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