

Fighting for Victory

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Personal Narrations

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We were in some kind of large tunnel. Three of my best friends from High School and College. David Rickaby, Jerry Fink and Mark Bishop. They decided to go thru a door where a class was being held but I stayed where I was. There were some people singing a song. I knew the words but said I could not sing because of my voice problems. It sounded like a Christian song which I knew but I could not remember what it was. Anyway as I was there these men started coming towards me from down the tunnel. They ignored the small group singing and seemed determined to come after me. Mark saw them coming and tried to help me but the attack was so large he became angry and got in his car and drove quickly away. The other two friends were suddenly behind me, more for protection than anything else. I began backing up with my face towards the enemy and then rose to the ceiling. I kept getting shocked by loose wires and poorly insulated pipes which had electricity running thru them. The tunnel was maybe 30 feet wide, was a greenish blue but as we backed up the lights were out and things got much darker. The men kept trying to come around to my side or get behind me but as each one did I was able to stop them by lifting them into the air. As we reached the end of the tunnel I was totally exhausted and limp, as if I had run a half mile in my present condition. The tunnel had opened up by this time and there was a large gallery above just before we entered the gymnasium. I heard my friends say to me, "Stop, you can rest now. You've won..." And then I saw the floating bodies and realized more than 100 men had succumbed to the power I had been given. I got the impression they were all dead or in a comatose state.