

A Face to Face Encounter with Satan  
A Personal Experience Revealing his True Nature  
A Revelation of the Demonic Realm,  
Exposing Satan's Deepest Secret



CLINT M. BYARS

# DEVIL WALK

A TRUE STORY

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A True Story



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# DEDICATION

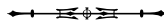


This book is dedicated to my mom Eleanor Byars. You always taught me that I can do anything I put my mind to. You have always been there for me. Words can't express the appreciation I have for you. Thank you and I love you.

I also want to say a special thank you to my wife Sara Byars. Thank you for being my inspiration! This would not have been possible without you. I love you!



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# INTRODUCTION



We live in a spiritual age. Interest in spirituality of all varieties has perhaps never been as high as it is today, especially in the west, and that interest continues to rise. People everywhere are searching for meaning and purpose in their lives. The universal questions “Who am I?” and “Why am I here?” are just as relevant to us in the 21<sup>st</sup> century as they have been to every preceding generation. Contrary to what many of us have been led to expect, none of mankind’s great advances in science and technology have brought answers to those questions.

With science having failed to satisfy, many people have begun to reevaluate the spiritual dimension of man. Everyone who explores spirituality with any depth must at some point deal with the question of the supernatural. Is there a supernatural realm that is invisible to physical eyes? Does God exist? If so, can we communicate with Him? How? Is there a real, literal devil who can influence people’s thoughts and actions? Are demons real? What about angels?

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Most people come to terms with the idea of the existence of some kind of “higher being.” But some don’t. Some people flatly deny the existence of the supernatural in any way, shape or form. Others accept the reality of the spiritual realm but question its relevance to our daily lives in the physical world. Still others seek ways to connect with the spiritual world in any way they can, whether through drugs, chanting, channeling, prayer, the occult or whatever.

Without the right foundation, such exploration and self-absorbed thinking can lead into very dark places. Proverbs 3:5-6 says, *“Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.”* Whenever we try to answer life’s biggest questions by mental reasoning alone—by leaning on our own understanding—we will reach the wrong conclusions. We want our answers to be simple, straightforward and easy to accept. Sure, we want to discover our true identity, but we also want it to make sense to us. We want everything to fit neatly into the paradigm that we have developed from our own life experiences.

In short, we become our own god. We carve out a way of thinking that placates our own thought processes. Out of all created beings, we humans alone have the unique ability to fashion gods in our own image and then believe in the reality of what we have fashioned for ourselves. We do all this in an effort to discover meaning for our existence. We want to know that we have some kind of purpose. After all, purpose is what drives us and motivates us to keep going.

Our search for meaning and purpose propels us eventually on a journey of self-discovery. This journey can take many forms and lead down many different paths. The path I took

## *Introduction*

was one I did not deliberately choose. Unexpectedly one night I was thrust into an encounter that not only shattered everything I thought I believed, but also very nearly destroyed me. Except for the grace and mercy of God and the Lord Jesus Christ, I would not be alive today to tell the story.

It is a classic story of good versus evil that addresses the fundamental questions, “Does God exist? Is the devil real?” Before this encounter I would have answered “no” to both questions. My experience that night and in the weeks and months that followed changed my perspective forever.

The story I share in the following pages is my story—shocking, even seemingly unbelievable at times—but it is a true story. My prayer is that my story will leave you feeling incredibly empowered in the Lord Jesus Christ and forever destroy your fear of the devil. This is the story of when I met the devil *face to face*—and my subsequent journey into the face of *infinite love*.



## C h a p t e r   O n e

# DOWNWARD SPIRAL



**I**t was a night like any other night. Nothing about this night hinted that something extraordinary was about to happen. I and three of my friends were about to take a journey. The four of us, three guys and one girl, jumped in the car to go to a movie. Little did I know that this was the beginning of a ride that I would remember for the rest of my life. What happened this night would change my life forever.

Our trip actually began before we got out of the driveway because the four of us were already tripping on LSD. Even though I was under the influence of a mind-altering drug, the story I am about to relate *really happened*. The drug merely prepared my state of mind and put me in a state of extreme vulnerability.

On our way to the movie we were listening to one of our favorite bands on the radio. Music played a huge part in my

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life in those days. As I listened to the trance-like beat of one particular song, I slipped into a realm unlike any other place I had ever been. This was the first hint that this was not an ordinary night. I began looking around trying to find something familiar to ground myself and, as I did so, everything around me turned gray. I remember thinking that it was strangely foggy out but there was something different about this fog: It seemed to be *inside* the car.

*The fog  
seemed to be  
inside the car.*

In a matter of moments I could see nothing but haze. It was as though my eyes had blurred and been painted on the inside with a dark color. As I strained to see through the haze I began to panic. My heart raced and I was suddenly overwhelmed with fear. I was so frightened that I could not even move my head anymore. I remained in a sitting position but could not move at all; I seemed to be paralyzed.

Once again I tried to locate something familiar but could see nothing. I was able to discern that beyond the haze was nothing but blackness. Now it seemed as though I was no longer in the car but floating in the air, still paralyzed, in some kind of suspended state of being where there was no time or sound or vision or thought or comprehension. As quickly as that came about, the scene changed. The fog turned from dull gray to static similar to the kind you see on a television that has no signal. I was still scared out of my mind and had no idea what was happening.

For the first time, I heard a sound. I didn't recognize the sound so I focused in on it, trying to identify it. Many times since that night I have wondered what would have happened if I had *not* focused on that sound. Nevertheless, I remember

## *Downward Spiral*

making a distinct decision that night to listen to that muffled sound. The consequences of that decision would haunt me for months to come.

### THE SOUND OF VOICES

As I focused more intently on this muted sound, it began to grow. At first it sounded like the low growl of a lion stalking its prey. It seemed like an eternity as I waited for the sound to grow loud enough to tell what it was. Before long, I realized that this growl was not a single sound but multiple sounds. The sounds continued to grow louder and louder and as they did they became clearer.

A fresh wave of fear swept over me as I realized I was hearing *voices*. I could not yet make out what they were saying, but I could definitely tell they were voices; a multitude of voices all clamoring at once.

*I was linked  
to somebody  
else's thought  
processes.*

There seemed to be a tone of anticipation in these voices, as if they were waiting for something. Gradually, one distinguishable voice began to emerge. It was actually more than a voice; it was an entire set of concepts, as if I was reading someone else's mind but in my own reality. Somehow I sensed that this mind was thinking about me, but its thoughts were different from how I would usually define a thought. Rather than following a singular, linear process, these thoughts formed in my mind as complete concepts. It was like I could understand this mind's entire bizarre paradigm of how it saw life. My normal process of thought involves considering several different points before I understand and adopt an entire concept. This was different. It's

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hard to explain but it was as though I had become linked to somebody else's thought processes.

My focus turned from what was going on outside of me to what was now in my head. My mind was filled with thoughts and concepts and images of being stuck. I literally felt stuck. I was still unable to move and the paradigm of ideas rolling around in my head made me think I would be stuck forever. Fear gripped me again as I began to think that I might never get out of wherever I was.

### PATTERNS OF LIFE

At this time my vision changed again and I saw what looked like a television screen. As I stared at the screen, four patterns began to emerge. I immediately recognized these patterns as representing how I had lived my life up to that point. Even though there was some slight visualization involved, these patterns still came to me more as concepts I understood than as anything else.

When I say I saw patterns, they were more like sets of beliefs or ways of life. We all have patterns that we follow in our lives. Some of us cycle through our patterns every year. Some do it every week. To use an old cliché, with these patterns I saw my life flashing before my eyes. The main difference was that instead of seeing all the wonderful experiences I had had or all the people I had loved, I saw laid before me my attitudes and the ways I had dealt with situations in my life. Somehow this disembodied mind I had tapped into had connected to what was really in my heart. I knew this was *me* that was being displayed in front of me.

## *Downward Spiral*

Someone was showing me what my life was really all about and I have to admit, I was not pleased with what I saw.

The first pattern brought some relief from what I had been experiencing up to this point. I was sitting in the back of a car going along for a ride. My emotions had completely changed. My fear was gone and I was experiencing the emotions that I normally would have experienced had I really been in that situation. I was simply sitting back enjoying the ride while somebody took me somewhere. This first pattern reflected much of what my life was like at the time. In those days I basically lived for the next big event, the next big party or the next big concert. I loved music and it seemed like I was always going to concerts or somewhere to hang out.

*I knew this  
was me being  
displayed in  
front of me.*

Seeing this first pattern forced me to confront my attitude toward life and to acknowledge the true motive behind my life: selfishness. My life was all about total self-gratification with no regard to anyone or anything else around me. I was even willing to abuse my body with illegal substances in order to attain the sense of getting away. Getting away somehow filled the void that I was experiencing. Going to “the next big event” subdued my hunger for purpose. I thought that being at a concert or a party was the most important place I could be at the time.

Does this sound like you at all? How much of your life has been about just “getting away”? How much of your life have you spent not living in the now but just looking forward to that next big thing that was going to come along? Looking back, it

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just doesn't satisfy, does it? There's got to be more to life than simply running from one big event to another looking for a little excitement or some kind of temporary high that will help take the edge off of a meaningless existence. Isn't there?

The more I experienced this pattern, the more I began to feel a sense of loss. I began to realize how much of my life I had wasted. As I said, my life was flashing before my eyes and I was not happy with the way I had spent it. Because I was experiencing this in a way that seemed to put me outside of my own consciousness, I was able to connect with my heart in a different way. Unfortunately, it sometimes takes extreme circumstances in our lives to reveal to us who we really are. Ours is a society where people generally do not live in the now or connect to who they really are. We seem to go through life living solely for ourselves and never even taking the time to examine what we truly want out of life.

The worst aspect of the first pattern was that I saw in my heart where I had come to accept where I was. I had accepted where my attitudes had brought me. I could feel the dying that took place in my heart as I chose to accept the fact that my life was about nothing. I had lived totally for myself with no regard for anyone else and the saddest part of all is that *I was fine with it*. I was genuinely shocked at the degree of apathy with which I accepted this revelation about myself. I remember actually feeling nauseated at realizing how little respect I had for myself.

## CONVENIENT MPD

As I watched this pattern unfold before me, I knew it was about me and my attitudes and about decisions I had made,

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but at the same time it seemed as though I was watching it happen to someone else. I have since learned that this mental and emotional detachment is quite common among people who have been diagnosed with Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD). One study has shown that many recovered MPDs recall periods early on in their condition where they had similar experiences to mine, where they see themselves in situations that they recognize as themselves but cannot endure the pain of the self-realization. So they create a mental or emotional framework to detach themselves from the pain. For people with MPD, that framework is another personality they develop to cope with what they are experiencing.

Many MPDs slip into this terrible state of existence as a way of escaping physical abuse or sexual abuse. Sometimes it is an attempt to deal with a deep sense of guilt. Regardless of the circumstances that propel the disorder, in many cases a deliberate decision to accept it is involved. I believe that the majority of people in our society have what I call “convenient MPD.” We have ways of taking ourselves mentally to a place that allows us to do things that compromise our general state of mind; that is, the belief system that normally governs our behavior. How many times have you done something you know is wrong and justified it in your mind at the time, only to come back later and ask yourself in amazement, “How could I have done such a thing?” I know *I* have, more times than I care to admit. This kind of rationalization comes from detaching ourselves from our heart and going to a place that will allow us to compromise. I will discuss this more later.

Each facet of this four-part pattern brought to me a deeper sadness and a more real sense of how I had wasted

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my life. I remember thinking that I might be in this cycle forever. For the first time, thoughts of eternity came to the forefront of my mind.

### A PATTERN OF APATHY

The second pattern revealed several new truths of my life's paradigm up to this point. As the first phase passed, I found myself physically leaning forward. I was still in the backseat but something was going on up ahead. I could tell that it was serious and I knew that it had something to do with me. A sense of urgency came over me and I jumped up to see what was going on. I had the distinct feeling that something was really wrong but I didn't know what it was. It seemed to be like a wreck or some other kind of tragedy.

As I leaned forward to see what was happening, I could see nothing but gray. Straining to gather information about what my next phase of this vision would be, I again began to understand another concept. It was more like a decision that had taken place that caused such panic that everything around me began to spin into utter chaos. I was now beginning to realize that the decision I had just made about accepting where I was in life was the catalyst for the commotion.

Imagine, if you can, a riot where everyone is beginning to spin more and more out of control. A riot is much like a forceful wave in the ocean. As we saw in December of 2004 with the tragic tsunami in the Indian Ocean, a wave can create incredible damage. The initial rising of such a wave may appear deceptively harmless until it reaches its peak and

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releases all its concentrated energy in a devastating surge of destruction and loss of life.

The whirlwind that was going on around me was exactly the same. It began with feelings of confusion and panic that soon escalated to overwhelming waves of sheer terror. I could hear the voices again. They seemed to have grown in number and were now yelling and screaming as if for the sole purpose of adding to the confusion. I regained my bearings and found that I was still in the seated position leaning forward in anticipation. Like before, I was now stuck in that position. No matter how hard I tried, I could not move. It was like I was in a prison for my mind. My sense of panic would not subside.

*It was like I  
was in a prison  
for my mind.*

As with the first phase of this experience, I again reached a point where I had to make a decision, and that decision deepened the sadness I was experiencing about my life. Once again I decided to accept where I was. I have often wondered what would have happened if I had chosen not to accept what was going on. Would I have snapped out of it or was this an appointment with destiny that I could not escape?

What decision are you facing? More importantly, what are you doing about it? Are you choosing to take control of your path or are you sitting back and letting your previous mistakes rule your life?

I believe that in this situation if I had chosen to stop the vision, I would have come to my right mind. But I didn't, and so the nightmare continued. Once again I found myself

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accepting how pathetic my life was and once again was shocked at the willingness I displayed in accepting where I had found myself. Although I've never faced jail time, I can imagine that my situation was similar to the feelings of a murderer in a courtroom. He knows he is guilty and that no matter the verdict of the jury, he will have to live with what he has done for the rest of his life. That's how I felt. I knew I was where I was because of myself. No one else was to blame. It was totally my doing and, again, somehow I was fine with it. In my detached MPD-like way, I was amazed at my capacity simply to not care. Although I fully accepted the fact that I was responsible for wasting my life, I still chose to accept it with little apprehension.

Imagine driving in your car through a residential neighborhood. You're listening to your favorite song without a care in the world. Suddenly, a small child runs out in front of your car. Unable to stop or turn in time, you end up hitting the child. Now imagine getting out and looking at the child's lifeless body lying under your car and realizing that in your heart you don't even care that you took this child's life. Callously, you get back in your car and drive off with no regard for the victim's family or what might happen to you for leaving the scene.

Such a scenario may seem morbid and unthinkable, but it perfectly illustrates the decision I had made about myself. How could I possibly have sunk to the level where I placed no value on life, either my own or anybody else's? All I know is that such was the severity of the decision I made about myself. Seeing how little value I had for life, I had the opportunity to change it, but instead I did nothing. I simply accepted my lack

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of self-worth. I even threw my head back in a defiant gesture as if to say, “I don’t care.”

I have since worked a lot with troubled teenagers and have seen this same attitude over and over. I have seen their extreme lack of self-worth and it saddens my heart. The personal experience I am describing is the most extreme of the extreme, but the principle is no different from that in many people’s lives. Dr. Jim Richards has said that the number one disease of our society today is a lack of self-worth. In a later chapter I will discuss more about self-worth and how we can overcome the negative and self-defeating beliefs we have adopted about ourselves.

### PATTERNS OF DESPAIR AND HOPELESSNESS

Throwing my head back in defiance at the second pattern actually brought on the third pattern. This pattern eerily described the way I had been making decisions in life. I realized that I had some degree of control over what was going on, but I just blew it off, much as I had done all my life. I continued to minimize the seriousness of my attitude and actions and, bereft of any sense of personal dignity or character, I threw my head to the left and said, “Forget it!”

As soon as I said those words I found myself sitting back in the backseat again, but this time I was leaning to the left. I can remember having the attitude that nothing mattered and that I was just going to kick back and cruise through life staying as disconnected as possible. Leaning back seemed to me to be my justification for the way I had just handled the previous situation.

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I was now caught in a cycle that continually revealed to me my apathy toward life and the self-serving and self-destructive attitudes I had formed based on my decisions. My life, or at least how I had managed my life, was passing before my eyes. I have heard of people having near-death experiences where their life passed before their eyes, but this was nothing like that. This experience left me so disappointed and so discouraged that I felt what little shred of life I did have left begin to slip away. As my will for living slid into the abyss, I physically slumped back, leaning to the left. This led to the fourth and final pattern.

In the fourth pattern I realized that I really didn't care about anything. But as I sat in that slumped position a strange thing happened: A tiny spark of hope began to burn inside me. This was hard to believe given what I had just accepted about myself. How could this be possible? How could I feel what I was feeling? I found myself suddenly back in the first position of this vision, sitting back leaning slightly to the right as I had been when this whole bizarre experience began. I actually began to have a little hope. I started to get excited at the thought that this whole ordeal might be over. It was as though I had awakened from a nightmare to find myself back in the car going to the movie with my friends.

A quick look around dashed all my hopes as I realized this was far from the truth. Quickly and uncontrollably, I leaned forward just as I had before. Again I experienced that same panic and terror that I had the first time I was in that position. Just as quickly, my head snapped over to the left as if to signify that I didn't care. While in this position I re-experienced my absolute lack of self-worth and value for life that I had earlier accepted. And just like before, I leaned

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back in utter despair, accepting the dying that took place from acknowledging my reality.

### CAUGHT IN THE CYCLE

Like a feedback loop these four patterns repeated in a circular motion for what seemed an eternity. I was stuck in a seemingly endless cycle of hope, apathy, defiance and despair. Unable to stop myself, I kept leaning to the right in interest of living, jumping up and still leaning to the right in interest of what was coming up ahead, seeing the situation that sparked my interest but blowing it off, throwing my head to the left in defiance of life and making the decision to be my own person, and finally leaning back to the left in a state of utter hopelessness. Then it all began again.

My head circled around and around mimicking the four-pattern cycle in which I was stuck. To an outside observer, my repeated motion of rolling my eyes and throwing my head back would have communicated the attitude of “Who cares?” In this state I had to face the harsh reality that I had gone through virtually my entire life showing little interest in anything. Anything I *had* shown interest in or tried to commit myself to eventually fell away because somewhere in the midst of it all I had blown it off in a defiant decision that I needed to be my own person.

As this circular motion continued, the feeling returned that I would be stuck in this cycle forever. For the first time that night the word *hell* came into my mind. The idea formed in my head that this cycle of hope-apathy-defiance-despair would never end and that pattern would be my personal hell. I had been given a chance to evaluate my life but

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did nothing to change it. I simply accepted it as my reality, and now it looked like it would be my eternal reality.

Looking back, it amazes me how quickly I accepted my “fate.” With hardly a care I yielded myself to the idea of “going through the motions” in an eternal mockery of how I had lived my life. I did try to break the cycle a few times, but the effort to stop myself from moving in that circular pattern was so great that I quickly gave up. This was my hell and I was fine with that. Something in my brain told me I was getting what I deserved.

*For the first time  
that night the  
word “hell” came  
into my mind.*

I remember thinking that I could never stop the cycle no matter what I did. The cycle seemed to continue for so long that I actually began to get used to it. At one point I actually made the decision to *stay* in the pattern. It wasn't difficult; I would just keep spinning my head around forever. I was so comfortable with the notion of not caring about anything that I was willing to stay in that pattern for eternity. The moment I finally made that determination, the cycle stopped.

## OWNING OUR “STUFF”

Suddenly, I was back in control of my body and still in the backseat of the car. I later described what I had gone through at this point to the people I was with and they told me I was “out of it” for only about 30 seconds.

It's amazing how quickly we can bring ourselves to a place where we are willing to accept the worst possible scenario!

## *Downward Spiral*

Instead of taking control of our thought patterns, we get caught in a cycle of self-destructive and self-defeating thoughts and behavior that doom us to a life of repeating the same mistakes over and over. At some point we simply settle in and say, “This is the way I am” and throw our emotional involvement in life into cruise control. The moment we “check out” emotionally, we remove the safeguards on our decision-making capability and set ourselves up to make repeated destructive decisions.

Psychologists call these patterns “schemas.” A schema is best understood as a groove in our brain much like a ditch or rut that water naturally flows through. It’s as if we switch our brains to automatic pilot and are taken for a ride over which we have no control. This in turn eats away at our self-worth and self-acceptance until we begin to believe that the negative circumstances and destructive situations in our lives are simply what we deserve. Even if we want to break the cycle, we often cannot in our own strength because our efforts to break the cycle repeatedly fail, reinforcing our lack of self-worth and sense of deserving what we’ve got, thus dragging us even deeper into the grip of the cycle.

Have you ever found yourself experiencing a hint of victory but then deciding that it is too difficult to continue fighting? Maybe you’re actually *afraid* of victory because of how your life would change. Maybe you tell yourself you deserve the quality of life you’re experiencing. Maybe you just don’t think life is worth participating in, so you just cruise through. Maybe you don’t know that there is any other way to live. After all, if you make a decision to overcome a certain problem area of your life, how will you do it? Where will you get the strength? Maybe you don’t even know there is a better way of life available.

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The principle I came away with in accepting that the cycle I was stuck in was all my doing, something I had created in the way I had lived my life, was that the minute I owned responsibility for it, it stopped. That is so true in life. Merely owning responsibility for your negative thought and behavioral patterns may not make them stop, but it will give you some measure of strength over them. You have to realize where you are before you can get to where you want to be.

*When we choose  
to step out of  
denial is when  
real freedom  
can come.*

There is incredible freedom in admitting our problems to ourselves. When we choose to step out of denial is when real freedom can come. Once we accept where we are, we have clear sight to see where we want to go with our lives. Once we admit to ourselves where we are and honestly own our dysfunction, we then gain power over it. We still have to deal with the consequences of how we have been living or treating people, but now we have this sense of renewed power. Owning our “stuff” may not automatically change our relationships or life situations, but it is the first step to walking out of the power it has over us. There is a Chinese proverb that says, “We have to *be* a thing before we can *not* be that thing.” Taking responsibility for our own attitudes and behavior means being brutally honest with ourselves. Only then can we move toward change and freedom.

## DOWNWARD SPIRAL OF DEATH AND HELL

In my case, owning responsibility for my life choices

## *Downward Spiral*

ended the cycle, but that didn't mean my vision was over. It simply entered a new phase.

As I became aware that I was in the car, I looked toward the front and saw what looked like letters inside a spiral. This swirling mass in front of me resembled the fog that had surrounded me earlier, but this time it was spiraling counterclockwise in front of me. The center of the spiral was very dark, the way I imagine a black hole in space would be: a collapsed star with a gravitational pull so great that not even light can escape. As I continued to stare into the spiral, the letters became clearer and I saw that they spelled the word *DEATH!* The letter "D" was the largest and the others got progressively smaller as they were drawn deeper into the abyss in front of me. The letters swirled around in a manner that reminded me of a sick horror movie. In fact, the mood of my surroundings began to darken and become heavier and heavier until I began to feel like I was trapped in a horrible movie with no hope of escape.

As I watched the letters float eerily around I again heard voices. They seemed to be celebrating as if they had accomplished a great task. This time, however, they weren't in my head but very distinctly came from outside of me. I could not see the source of these voices but there was no mistaking that they were real. The excited tone of the voices stirred in me a deeper state of fright and torment. I was still watching the letters and listening to the voices when the word *HELL* joined the word *DEATH* in the dark, nightmarish spiral in front of me. While the letters forming the word *DEATH* were dull and cold-looking, the letters for *HELL* were tinged with a hint of blood red.

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I cannot adequately describe in words how demented and frightening this thing in front of me looked. I'm not even sure its appearance disturbed me as much as the emotions that it stirred up in me. For the first time, I began to have the sense that I was dying. Thoughts of death became very prevalent in my mind at this point. I got the frightening sense that this was my "death trip." The shouts and screeches that were drowning out all other noises were backing up that very idea. Since I didn't know what to expect from death except from what I was seeing and hearing around me, everything that was happening to me seemed to point to one cold, harsh reality: *I was dying.*

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