

CHAPTER TWO

My Personal Experience With God

I feel the universe moving. God is about to step foot on this earth. The Lord and His host of angels had made their entrance through the hole in the ozone layer. The earth trembles with tsunamis, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and hurricanes, for the earth is giving up its dead. Jesus said, "Behold I come as a thief in the night . . ." I am one of the witnesses who possess this gift that I am going to talk about in this chapter. When you read this chapter, you must understand that the ministers, Imams, rabbis, or anyone who preaches from the Holy Scriptures has greater authority than I have on earth. They have been chosen by God to teach the word, and they are of a higher authority than I am. Regardless of my closeness in my relationship to God and the spiritual gifts he has blessed me with, it is the ministers, who are the voices of God this is a special gift that they possess. Ministers can speak into situations in our lives and we often asked question how did they now that I was having that problem? We get our answers from God through the sermons of the ministers. As far as I am concerned, I am only a witness to the miracles of the Almighty Father/Mother Creator God. (I have checked with other spiritually gifted people to make sure that my spiritual facts are right.)

Most people only know what they read in the Holy Scriptures about God. Many of us have read in the scriptures about God's children calling out to Him and He answers them. If we have a pure heart of love and we forsake our will and replace it with God's Will, He responds to us when we need Him. God communicated with Moses through the burning bush and commune with Him on the mountaintop? God communicated with David. God asked Solomon what the desires of his heart? God communicated with Jesus, plus sent him angels. That is what has happened to me in my lifetime. I have decided recently to put down my will so that Thy Will could be done. When

I speak on God, I can safely say that I can speak not based on what I read in a book about Him but I can speak based on personal experience, because I have had a personal relationship with God every since I was six years of age. This is what Jesus coming to earth and going to the cross is all about. I was five years old at the time and I didn't know anything about God.

My first encounter was over my grandmother's house in Berkley; the kitchen caught of fire. I don't know exactly how much fire engulfed the kitchen, but I was only two feet away from the flames when I saw an angel, who looked just like my aunt, walked out of the fire, walked behind me, and left out of the house. Keep in mind that my aunt was outside the house already. I never knew why the angel appeared before me in the fire, but according to the former associate minister of the current church I attend, he revealed to me that the angel I saw was trying to lead me out of the house away from danger. He helped me realize that God sent me an angel to save my life; I wasn't moving because I was so captivated by the fire that I didn't even follow the angel out. Finally, my mother rushed in the burning house to get me out.

I grew up as a Christian, but briefly I became a Muslim back in the 1990s. Some may wonder why I converted to Islam. One day, I was walking on Granby Street in Norfolk and I saw this Sunni Muslim man on the sidewalk in front of the masjid. I saw an aura surrounding him that was a white light. I was so captivated by what I saw that I went up to him and talked to him. He told me that the Imam (minister) was inside the mosque; gone in and I converted to Islam. I turned down on Thirty-fifth Street in Norfolk until I reached Thirty-fifth Street at Newport in Park Place of Norfolk. There was a thrift shop that a friend of mine owned. She was a tall woman with cap covering her golden hair. On this particular day, she was in the shop talking to a Christian lady, who was a missionary. Just as soon as I stepped in the doorway, this missionary didn't look in my direction but she immediately felt my presence. She halted the conversation with thrift storeowner. The missionary turned around, and she laid holy hands on me praying in utter tongues. God spoke through her and he said, "I hear you my child, I have anointed you, and great works will you do." After that experience, I had seen the missionary one to two other times before she went to Africa, to do missionary work. I remember telling a Muslim lady friend about what happened, and I made the mistake of saying that God speaks to me. I had a rude awakening when she told me that God doesn't speak to us. Angels only appeared to the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) and no one else. When she said that, I knew that I needed to get out of Islam, and fast.

This put me in a difficult position because I was so close to God most of my life.

Growing up, I love God so much; anything that had to do with God got my undivided attention; unconditional love for God is the key to getting Him to open up to us. Nevertheless, I am a sinner saved by the grace of God through His son, Jesus Christ. God has sent me many angels in my lifetime if we develop our relationship with God and we seek after Him with all of our might. In addition to having unconditional love for Him, God will reveal Himself to us. He will send us angels. He will answer our prayers. I know I am a living witness.

After my experience with the Christian missionary, it was the beginning of my quest in understanding what God wants for my life and what He wants me to do. God has sent me many angels along my journey of finding out what He wanted me to do for Him. The second time I saw an angel was in the African clothing store behind the bookstore on Thirty-fifth Street at Newport. The owner of the bookstore told me to check out the African clothing store behind his store. I went into the store, and I saw the most beautiful black woman in the world. She was dressed in African attire. Her skin was flawless, dark, and clear. She favored the angel who walked out of the fire who looked like my aunt, only difference is this lady was thin. I asked her what her beauty secrets were, and that was all we talked about. I asked her what her name was; she said that she is a Herron. I told her that I am a Herron too. I asked her how I could keep in contact with her; she said that she would be in the shop from time to time so I can see her there. We talked for a long time about the lady who owned the shop, and what she was doing over in Africa. The Herron lady told me that she was a priestess. I never saw this beautiful lady again. I found out later from spiritually gifted person that she was one of God's angels that He dispatched. I didn't realize that I had the ability to see angels until the year 2000.

I didn't realize that I had the ability to see angels until I became very stressed out over going to a community college in the year 2000. After school, I went to Pizza Hut to buy a pepperoni pan pizza. As I walked into the restaurant on Virginia Beach Boulevard and Independence Boulevard, a short old lady walked in with two little boys. This lady had reddish brown hair, and she had dark brown skin that resembles reddish brown mud. Her face was old and wrinkled. I beheld the old woman; I thought she was beautiful. I had never seen anyone who looked like her. I got my personal pan pizza, but I couldn't leave for I was so captivated by her. I offered her a piece of my pizza. She declined the offer. I offered the little boy who was with her a piece.

From out of nowhere, an empty personal pan pizza box appeared in the little boy's hand. She told me that am okay, he already has one. This kind old lady told me that what I had was a gift, and that a gift is something that cannot be learned in school. It was strange that she mentioned that because I was a student at a community college at the time, and I was having great difficulty. By her telling me that I had a gift, sent me out on another quest of finding out what that gift was.

However, seeing angels became God's gift to me that I treasure everyday. My neighbor wanted me to give her a ride to Revco down at Seatack. The store was having a going-out-of-business sale, and while my neighbor was shopping, an old black lady who was dressed like a bag lady looked at me, smiled, and said, "God bless you." It wasn't until I left the store that I realized that she was an angel. Another day, I was driving home from school, and I saw in the turning lane of South Independence going into South Plaza Trail a man whose car broke down on him. Two young-looking elderly women rushed to his aid, walking all sexy with a limp. They were also angels.

Another experience I had with an angel was when I was protesting with the Independent Truckers. An angel in the form of a black man walked up to me and told me, "As long as you remain nonviolent, people will support you," and he disappeared.

The most recent angel I ran into, I was shopping in Wal-Mart; I was standing in the section where the margarine was when a tall black man came up to me and told me that the dress that I was wearing is symbolic of the blood of Christ. He went on about how we should accept Christ as our personal savior, and I told him that I have. This angel told me that he hoped to see me there. To this day, I am still trying to figure out where this angel hopes to see me, maybe heaven perhaps. Come to find out that the angel who came to me wanted me to attend church on "Pentecost Sunday." Months later, my pastor asked me to wear a red dress because this particular Sunday is Pentecost Sunday. So it finally clicked that the angel wanted me to go to church on Pentecost Sunday.

I dedicate this paragraph to everyone who has been unjustly executed by the government. More black people make up death row inmates than any other race of people.

Prior to my most recent angel experience, I saw another angel in front of the Virginia Beach Central Public Library. The night Sankofa was executed. My soul and spirit wept in harmony with each other, because a brother's life was wrongfully taken from him. I was in the spirit when an angel came to me in the form of a white maintenance man dressed in a green uniform

pushing a garbage can. I don't believe in death penalty, because Jesus Christ was wrongfully put to death. God knows every pain a parent feels to lose a child to the state through the death penalty, because God's son Jesus Christ was executed unjustly by the state of the Roman Empire. For this reason, God sent me an angel with a message to tell me that Sankofa has been freed. First, I was thinking to myself how could Sankofa been freed when he was executed. God sent the angel to tell me that even though then Governor George Bush wouldn't free him, God had liberated Sankofa. Now he is on the other side flying around heaven with his wings, because God has been there when He sent His only son to save the world; the Roman government put Jesus to death. So when God looked at Sankofa's situation, He decided He was going to give him his wings and set him free. Now he is spirit. Not all spirits are that blessed.

I don't channel dead spirits nor do I sanction it, but I do see people who have passed on, I have the ability to see spirits of dead people who have passed on. The problem with this gift is that I can't tell the difference between those people who are in the land of the living and those who are dead. I went to one of my spiritual counseling session where my counselor helps me with better understanding my spiritual gifts. I record my sessions with her and when I told her about my ability to see spirits of dead people she said in these exact words, "like people these spirits have an agenda do not court them." Later when I went back to place my tape her statement to me was not on the recording it was the Holy Spirit talking through her to me warning me that those spirits that I have been so excited about seeing are very dangerous. The Holy Spirit also told me through her that just like my parents told me not to talk to strangers I am not to talk to these spirits. I remember reading in the bible where it says that Hades will give up its dead so I have to be very careful as to who I talk to because Satan is the Master of all lies. I have lost friends who are ministers because they are jealous of me because of my spiritual gifts, but having the gift to see the entire spirit world is nothing to play with. I can easily end up into some serious trouble. I have had two encounters with Satan myself.

When I was living in Norfolk, Virginia on West 30th street. With my physical eyes and my physical ears I saw Satan himself laying on his death bed of affliction. Satan spoke to me through the television set and he threatened to kill my children. The second time I had an encounter with his demons. I went to the movies to watch "The Passion of Christ," a Mel Gibson film. The first time I saw the film after Judas betrayed Jesus, Judas was sitting on the ground inside of the city when two children came up to him picking at

him. When I looked in the face of those children, I saw demons in both of them. The children who ran after him causing him to hang himself had faces of demons also. The second time I saw the movie I didn't see the demons I saw regular children. The children playing in the movie was not the demons. However, in real life it was demons who caused Judas to kill himself this is what was being reveal to me. Not only demons have an agenda but spirits of dead people have an agenda also they are looking for someone they can attach themselves too. That is why if I talk to dead people, I run the risk of them attaching themselves to me.

One day, I was getting ready to unlock my car when my former neighbor, who is black young woman pulled up behind me with three white boys in her car. The spirits of those three boys were controlling her speech, because she was talking so fast that I couldn't get a word in edgewise to ask her if she sees the spirits of those boys in her car. She couldn't see the boys in her car I was the only one who could see them. The spirits of three white boys were attached to her.

Around this time, I am approaching the anniversary of my being in a coma, August 31, 1998. I was feeling a little down when I had a personal experience in August 22, 2006, between 8:30 a.m. and 9:00 a.m. I saw one of my friend's relatives riding his bike past me. When I saw him, I thought to myself that I know he died years ago, why is he riding past me? I called out to him by saying "excuse me." He was so far away; there was no way he could have heard me. He turned around, and he rode his bike back to where I was. I asked him if he had a twin brother. He said no. I told him that I thought he had died years ago. He said that was his other brother. I asked him if he wasn't the one staying in my girlfriend's house, his relative He said yes. He asked me if he could use my cell phone. I took my cell phone out of my pocket book and handed it to him. He handed it back to me and asked me to dial the number. I dialed the number for him as he dictated it, and I handed him back the cell phone. He put the phone up to his ear, and after a minute of no one answering, he gave the phone back, telling me that no one was home. He said that he was supposed to paint his relative's freezer that day. We told each other good-byes, and he rode off on his bike. When I came back into the house, I asked my mother about my girlfriend's relative, who used to stay with her. He died years ago, and she confirmed what I believed was true that the man I saw on the bike was deceased and got caught up in the resurrection. The Holy Spirit gave consolation to my soul; when he was on his deathbed, he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal savior and God took him in the kingdom. I never told the relative I saw him, but she

has been doing a lot of nice things for me lately as if she already knows that I spoke with her loved one. It is my faith that led me to believe that what I am witnessing is part of the resurrection of the dead. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life." In the book of John 11:38-44, Martha told Jesus that Lazarus was dead for four days. Jesus communicated with what we called a dead man. He told Lazarus "come forth." Considering the biblical evidence, was I really wrong in talking to a man, who has been resurrected by Jesus Christ, riding by me on his bike? As long as I have the spirit of discernment to distinguish between good and evil spirits, I speak only to good deceased people, who Christ resurrected. On resurrection Sunday morning when Mary and Mary Magdalene went to see Jesus' burial, the angel stood before them and said, "Come and see the place where he lay, then go quickly and tell his disciples; he has risen from the dead and is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see him. Now I have told you" (Matthew 28). God revealed the resurrection of his son Jesus Christ to two women.

In the universe, the spirit world is one big secret. God must be able to trust us with His secret before He can reveal it to us. Once we are trusted with God's secret, we will always have a friend and ally in the spirit world and the universe. From now until the end of time, one person and God becomes the majority. Whenever I get in trouble, God comes for me. In the Bible, it says in 1 Thessalonians 4:16 "For the Lord himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with voice the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first." This means that Christians will rise from the dead first. Then all other religious groups will follow. However, sometimes we can live our whole lives in sin, but if on our deathbeds, we declare that we ask for forgiveness of our sins and ask Jesus Christ into our lives, for those of us who are Christians, we can go to paradise to be with him. The Holy Scriptures supports this. One of the thieves hanging on the cross accepted Jesus Christ as his personal savior according to Luke 23:41-43. "We are punished justly, for we are getting what our deeds deserve. But this man has done nothing wrong. Then he said, 'Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.' Jesus answered him, 'I tell you the truth, today you will be with me in paradise.'"

The resurrection of souls in the last days is real; I know because I am a living witness. I use to get up five o'clock every morning to walk. Exactly 5:20 a.m. every morning, I see two spirits traveling along the bike path as I walk on the sidewalk. I meet them at the same point, and they are at the same distance from each other daily like clockwork. I had to ask a spiritually gifted friend of mine I have known for over ten years that the man and woman I

saw on the bike path were spirits, because I wanted to make sure that I wasn't losing my mind. I am usually the only person outside walking five o'clock in the morning other than a lot of drive-by traffic.

This may sound like foolishness to most people. According to 1 Corinthians 2:14, "The man without the Spirit does not accept the things that come from the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, and he cannot understand them, because they are spiritually discerned." Not only have I seen people who have passed on, I have also seen the light.

First John 1:5, "God is light; in him there is no darkness at all." One morning, I was sleeping in my bed, and I opened my eyes. I saw light-people figures around my double bed. These light people were surrounding my bed holding hands, and they said to me, "Come on up, Bridget, come on up." I didn't know what it means until now. It was the light and the love of God surrounding my bed telling me to "come up to a higher consciousness." The Bible said, "And the pure in heart shall see God." I don't consider myself having a pure heart, but I have a love for God. Even though I may have forgotten God as my first love at the time, God extended His arms opened wide to accept me as one of His children. To this day, God responds to me by sending me angels. The second time I saw the light, I was at the family reunion. When we were bowing our heads in silence, remembering the deceased relatives, who died since the last family reunion, I saw a bright light in the dining room. I asked my aunt if she saw it, and she said she didn't. I was the only one who could see it. I looked up at the ceiling to see if there was a sunroof but there wasn't.

I have the sixth sense. Just recently, I felt uneasiness in my spirit because I knew for a fact that there was a child molester lurking around my sixteen-year-old son. I didn't know who it was or how to protect him. Until one day, I came home and my mother told me that the principal called to let me know that my son's homeroom teacher was just arrested and charged child-sex solicitor from a minor. This is the benefit of loving God and being close to Him, spending quality time with Him instead of just giving him lip service. I could hear my son's singing voice many years before he was conceived. When he became a teenager and he sang around the house, I recognized his voice. I knew what my daughter looked like and I knew her name before she years before she was conceived. She looked just like I pictured her. When she just came into the world and I held her into my arms, I looked down at her and I told her she was going to be a mess. She is a mess today. I had an overwhelming feeling that someone young is going to be in a fatal accident. Years later one of the school administrator's of a school I use to attend

son and his college friends got into a fatal car accident. One morning I was walking before dawn and a young white lady with blonde hair was walking by herself on a Tuesday morning. All of a sudden I had this overwhelming fear to come over me and I decided never to walk before dawn again. One week later someone was murder just down the street from where I lived just before dawn. I had an overwhelming feeling that 2007 we are going to have a mild hurricane season, we had a mild hurricane season in 2006. I also have to watch what I say because I have life and death in my tongue.

I love to marvel at God's creation. Just recently, I was praising God for his genius creation of the virus. I was talking to God about the things I loved about the virus. The virus is something that is small, but it cannot be defeated. If scientist come up with drugs for it, the virus mutates and it develops an immunity against the drug. I even told God I love to operate like a virus. I wanted to infect people with a seed of goodness and I want it to spread. Next thing I know, I came down with a viral Bronchitis that lasted two weeks. I spoke the viral Bronchitis into existence. I said Lord I won't say anything else about the virus.

I learned from the psychics that the more I pray to God and meditate on Him the stronger my psychic powers will become. I didn't learn this from ministers; I learned this from people, who are considered outcasts and evil in the religious community. Christ had the gift of healing and the gift of the prophecy. He was killed. Unfortunately, people persecute people like us, who have encounters with God, because they do not understand the spirit world and the power of God. If we hope for God to answer us when we call on him, our hearts must be right. There is no other way. Everybody's experience with God is different.

Not only does God send me spirits He protected me from catching HIV. A man, who had AIDS, raped me. I got tested, and all four tests came out negative even though I was in sin at the time. Because I had an extremely close relationship with God in the past, He saved my life and protected me from getting HIV. I could sit here and point out all my rapist faults, but I am not because I cast them into a sea of forgiveness. I am a living witness that God cannot only protect from catching AIDS, but heal us from it also. If you are lay on your deathbed from AIDS, don't worry because your life is not over. You are just crossing over into a new life; and when you get there, Jesus Christ will resurrect you Himself. Even on your deathbed, Christ will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and He will baptize you with fire. If you have just been diagnosed with HIV, it is not the end of the road for you. Learn whatever lesson God wants you to learn. There is a long journey ahead of you. Part of

the journey is to nurse the sicker patients with AIDS in their last hour before they cross over in the new life God has for them. Pray and meditate, you'll find that there is healing for HIV because God is the only cure. God only requires us that we love Him by choice, and that we spend quality time with Him in prayer and meditation. Most importantly, forgive the person, who gave you the virus. Healing comes through forgiveness. Just like God can protect us from HIV, He can protect us from natural disasters.

I am going to pause for a moment and tell you a secret too not as severe as a hurricane to come through your area as Katrina. God loves the Katrina survivors; He did not curse His children of Abraham's promise. God just wants to hear from His people in prayer and he wants to speak to us through meditation. I want to say that the levees didn't break because of the hurricane; it broke as a result of federal government's neglect. I also live in a hurricane-prone area, and every time there is a hurricane to come up the East Coast, it goes out to sea by the time it gets to Southside of Virginia; or it is downgraded to a tropical storm. One year, we had a hurricane called Isabel that came straight toward Virginia. By the time it hit Virginia, it was downgraded to a tropical storm with hurricane force winds. I prayed and asked God for my family not to lose our electricity. Do you know that my family was the 20 % of families who didn't lose their electricity, but 80 percent of the people in Hampton Roads lost their electricity? Not only that, we haven't sustained any damage to our property. The hurricane's force winds blew to the ground our globe covering that was on our outside lamp, and it didn't even break. Death and destruction may be surrounding me, but God in all of his glory will make where I stand the Garden of Eden. Prayer is a powerful thing when you love God. The key is to love God. When a person has a close relationship with God, demons in hell will fear you. Earthquakes will remain still. Volcanoes will be quieted. Hurricanes will go out to sea. Tsunami waves will die at sea. Meteorites will take another direction than crashing into the earth. The same week that Kim Jong-il was testing his missiles, a few days before that meteorite, this meteorite came as close to us as the moon. The reason why it didn't hit the earth bring an end to the world. God has some praying saints on earth.

If we spend hours and days in prayer on the regular basis, God will strength our spiritual gifts. I am a living witness.