

HE WILL
Never
FORSAKE
YOU

DEUT. 31:8

MARK JOHNS

outskirtspress
DENVER, COLORADO

The opinions expressed in this manuscript are solely the opinions of the author and do not represent the opinions or thoughts of the publisher. The author has represented and warranted full ownership and/or legal right to publish all the materials in this book.

He Will Never Forsake You
Deut. 31:8
All Rights Reserved.
Copyright © 2014 Mark Johns
v3.0

Cover Photo © 2014 JupiterImages Corporation. All rights reserved - used with permission.

This book may not be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in whole or in part by any means, including graphic, electronic, or mechanical without the express written consent of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Outskirts Press, Inc.
<http://www.outskirtspress.com>

ISBN: 978-1-4787-2305-9

Outskirts Press and the “OP” logo are trademarks belonging to Outskirts Press, Inc.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Dedication:

First to Jesus Christ who is my Lord and Savior, to my ex- wife Ann who lived through the largest part of my life with me and was my human rock. To Rebecca, whom at one time was the one person who should have wanted nothing to do with me instead helped me keep my faith alive in Christ.

Contents

Introduction.....	vii
The Struggle Begins	1
A Whole New World	5
Satan Moves In	9
A Glimmer Of Hope.....	14
The Evil Grows	19
Turning Away.....	23
A New Beginning	28
A New Destiny	33
Came To Realize.....	37
Almost Successful.....	41
Restoration Begins	45
Still No Clue.....	49
The Battle Begins Again	54
A Whole New World	58
The Rise and Fall	62
The End Is Near	66
The Worst Is Yet To Come.....	70
It All Comes Crashing Down.....	74
The Turn Around Begins.....	78
A New View	81
Conditional Love	84
God Is Revealed	87
A New Man Is Born	90
Confirmation	93
Near The End.....	97
So It Begins.....	100
The Dark Day	103
All Questions Answered	106
Where Do I Go From Here?.....	109
Can I Go Home Please?.....	112
A Changed Man	115

Introduction

The names of the characters have been changed to protect the innocent. I come from a small Midwestern town in Illinois. I lived here all but about fifteen years of my life, it boasts a population of forty two thousand but a lot of the residents think it is a big city. This is my life story about how I struggled with demons of Satan and how in end my dependence on God's word is what turned my life completely around. I pray that my story will help someone to understand that God is always with us and he never forsakes us. On June twenty second two thousand twelve, my bedroom was dark and cold, I woke up I could feel that I was not alone; something evil was in the room with me. The terrifying demonic feeling was there as I woke every twenty minutes all night long. I kept praying for God's protection then finally at five a.m. I hear, I have never forsaken you, remember this, the feeling suddenly changed to a peaceful, warm feeling that came over me, and I felt his protection.

The Struggle Begins

AS A CHILD, for me it was very difficult. I was second in a line of four boys. My father was an alcoholic; my mother was an alcoholic and a prescription drug addict. Dad was agnostic, mom was atheist and yet they sent their children to a Catholic school. Talk about mixed messages growing up, the Catholics taught me of a vengeful God, my mother said there was no God, and my father said there is a God, but he doesn't want anything to do with me because I can't be forgiven. I don't remember much as a baby other than my dad was the manager of a local hotel that we lived in, and my mom was in the medical field. On the night of my birth, February sixteenth nineteen fifty six, just like my brother's births, dad was out getting drunk, so I was born in the room on the fourth floor at the hotel. In the hotel was a tavern, where dad and I seemed to spend a lot of time. I remember there was this giant chandelier; it was beautifully made with crystals in the lobby. People always seem to be having fun in the bar so before I could even drink, Satan was tempting me and showing me that the party life is the good life. To further that temptation my mother would use whiskey on my gums when I was teething. I remember we lived which seemed to me to be very high up in the building. I found out that one day, while I was supposed to be napping in my crib, the window next to my crib was open. I climbed out of my crib and when I hit the outside edge of the window sill which was brick

✧ HE WILL NEVER FORESAKE YOU

I started crying. My older brother caught me by my ankle preventing me from falling four stories to my death. I remember hanging there by his grasp, as I looked down to the streets below, I thought why did I stop falling? At three months old I came down with pneumonia, and was put in an iron lung. While I was in the lung there was a window so people could look in and see me. I could look out the small window, but all I could see was a fence looking object on the outside of the lung. After I was in there a couple of hours I thought that I was in trouble and was never going to get out. This gave me my first feelings of being trapped and abandoned. Satan's way of telling me I was all alone. I later found out that what I was seeing, when I was looking out the portal was a fence that was covering the window of the building. My room was in the basement of the hospital. I survived both the fall and the sickness. Proving to me now that Satan did not want me to get to the point in my walk that I am today, but God was there for me, He protected me. He had my brother catch me and he cured me of a life threatening sickness, back then pneumonia killed a lot of babies. My dad got caught embezzling from the hotel, where we lived and he worked. So the owners told him he could either resign, pay back the money, or they would fire him and press charges. Dad chose resigning. It was at this time dad took a job at the soda bottling plant. He was a salesman for them; he drove around in a pick-up truck, and sold soda products to grocery stores. He seemed to enjoy this job since he was commission paid. He seemed to be happy with his new job. I thought it was because of the job, but I was wrong. He started selling to taverns, baseball games, circuses, and other outdoor events in the spring and summers. When he did the different outdoor events, he made more money if he worked at the event in the concession van. So we started going to ball games, carnivals, and circuses with him to help him sell concessions. Again Satan showing me the false idea that if I want to be happy I have to work long hours and sacrifice things like a balanced home life. Mom ended her job to be able to spend some time with us. So Satan tries to break up the family; God restores it by having mom more available to us boys. The next

memories that I have are when we lived on Ohio Street, this was pre kindergarten, all I remember of here was that our family seemed very happy, we ate meals together we could talk to each other at dinner, and we had this huge Great Dane dog, that loved to knock me down and lick my face. At this house Satan began to come to me in my dreams. We had a coal burning furnace in the basement, so we had piles of coal in the basement. My older brother loved the TV show Zorro, we watched it every week, then at night I would dream that I heard a noise in that dark scary basement, I would go down into the basement, and Zorro was down there, he would tell me things like I needed to kill my parents, or he would kill me, again Satan's way of trying to steal my soul by making me think I needed to commit murder by killing my parents. There were good times during this period of my life though, birthday parties, mom and dad seemed in love, my brother and I got along, but it wouldn't be too much longer before all that would turn around, and Satan's hold on me would become very strong. I was only a toddler at this stage, but Satan was already working on my self-esteem. I received on a daily basis from some of the kids what is now called bullying, back then we called it teasing. Like a lot of things back then, this was acceptable, the neighbor kids started calling me bibber, because I came out of house one night after supper before my mom could clean up my face, and remove my bib, of course my brother was out there, and didn't defend me so the name stuck. Satan was showing me that even family won't stand behind you. There was a little corner grocery store around the corner and down the block, that belonged to an elderly couple, they took a strong liking to me, They let me come down there anytime I wanted, they would let me help them sack groceries, they paid me in penny candy. So Satan hits me with bullying from the kids, and God provides me with love from the store owners, showing me that someone loves me even when it feels like no one does. Dad's job was getting our family back into a comfortable financial way of life, so dad sold that house and bought one over on Adams Street. It was a three bedroom one and one half bath that was considered a nice

☞ HE WILL NEVER FORESAKE YOU

area of town back then. Across the street was an apple orchard that was a square block large, up the street was a family of three girls, their dad was a PE instructor for the local public high school, across the alley from us lived a family that had a single boy, next to them was a family of two girls, around the corner lived a family that everyone in the family could not hear nor speak except for the one daughter. Around the corner from them was a family that had a son and a daughter, up the street a family with a son, next door a family with two sons, around the corner a family with two sons, two doors down which brings back the house next door was a family with a son and a daughter. We were all close to same age as each other, some of us went to private school, and some went to a public facility. I started in kindergarten at the public school, and started hanging out with the wrong kids. I was already in the wrong crowd at this age always getting into trouble. It was always little things like fighting over the crayons or pulling the girl's hair. I now realize that it was Satan teaching me that being bad was okay, when the teacher would write a note to my parents I would throw it away and lie to my teacher by telling her my parents had grounded me or not let me have my dessert for a week, again Satan teaching me how to lie. He was also training me to hate authority figures. The school had a summer program that the kids in the neighborhood could come and they would have games to play like Chinese checkers we could also learn crafts we would make pot holders and birdhouses I realize now that God had provided me with an escape from the things that were happening at home, mom and dad were starting to have arguments about things like money. It also taught me to use my lying to impress kids so they would like me.

A Whole New World

I STARTED MEETING the neighborhood kids, first was a brother and sister team, they lived right next door to us; I used to go their house a lot when we first moved in. The boy was kind of bully type, always wanted to fight with anyone, his sister was kind of a tom-boy type girl. Their parents were just like the kids, dad was a bully type, and mom was kind of a tom-boy. Whenever their dad wanted them home, he would step out of the back door and whistle; you could hear his whistle a block away. When he whistled if they didn't come straight away, they would get spanked on their bottom, outside of their house so the whole neighborhood could see them being spanked, the embarrassment was worse than the swats. I met the brothers that lived a couple of houses up from us, and their family was like being over at the ideal family's home. They became my best friends real quickly; I used to go on the river with them on weekends, they taught me how to swim, and how to water- ski they would be my God sent family. Around the corner, was another set of brothers their dad was a truck driver, and wasn't home much, their mom taught me how to play cards and gamble again Satan showing me to be happy I must sin. Next door to them was the kind of kid that I was never sure about until he taught me how to steal, another lesson from Satan, between him my brother and I, we stole close to three hundred dollars during one summer vacation of models, paints, and model supplies, back in

✧ HE WILL NEVER FORESAKE YOU

the nineteen sixties that was a lot of money. A couple houses down from him were another brother and sister team, I loved that family, and they used to take me camping with them. He was an adventurer, and his sister was beautiful, I had a crush on her from day one. I used to sneak up to their bathroom window at night to see if she was in the shower, again Satan teaching me lust. Around the corner was the deaf family the daughter could hear though. She was a tom boy through and through, she excelled in all sports. She taught me how to play basketball. God placed her in my life to teach me to be joyous even in adversity. Down the street were a pair of sisters, they taught me how to ride a bike, and what cooties were. Down from them was another girl, we didn't get along much. Next door to her was a guy that thought he was the tough guy of the neighborhood, my brother and he fought a lot. Since I learned how to lie, I would use that to get out of the neighbor boy's beatings. Up the street were three sisters they thought they were royalty or something, they didn't play much with us poor kids, even though they were poor too. That was the circle of friends that I started with and it grew from there. We all used to meet at the corner out in front of my house to hang out, and play games like hide and go seek, which was a good way to try and get alone with the girls again lust. We played flashlight tag at night, and lots of other things that normal kids do, but I never felt normal, I always felt like I was evil somehow. We were a happy family for awhile; we did things like make homemade pulled taffy, and popcorn sit out on the back porch during thunderstorms and watch the lightning. The orchard across the street had hundreds of apple trees, various kinds' red and yellow delicious, pippins, a wide variety; it was like a buffet of apples to choose from. The man that owned it worked very hard at caring for them, he drove a tractor around pulling a tanker with a spray unit to spray the trees, and once a week he would drive the tractor around the orchard and spray the trees with some type bug spray. I don't know what the spray was, but he always wore this mask on his face, it made him look like an alien, all the kids had to stay indoors while he sprayed. Once I decided I wanted to go

ask him what it was he was spraying, my sitter caught me, which was the first time my mother ever whipped me. We had a forsythia bush out back, and she made me cut off one of the branches to whip me with, then I would remove my shirt, and she would whip me till my back was bleeding, then she would hold me, tell me how much she loved me, and that she was sorry she had to do that to me, then she would clean up the lashes on my back with isopropyl alcohol. This was Satan's way of saying you will be hurt by those who love you and though they tell you they love you they will hurt you again. The next door neighbor girl felt very bad that my mom had beat me like that, I told her I would be okay and she told me that she liked me, then kissed me, I think we were around 8 years old, little did I know that Satan was putting into my head, that if you want love you need pain. I soon learned that if I played the victim I got attention. So I started my career of trouble making, to get the attention that Satan made me believe that my life needed. Somewhere around eight or nine years old, my brother introduced me to the spirit of the grape; he had stolen a bottle of wine, and buried it on the side of the house. Dad left to take mom to work, my brother and I unburied the bottle, took it to the basement, where we drank the entire bottle. Satan's grasp became tighter around my throat. I remember how the alcohol made me feel, that I was right about everything I talked about, how I felt stronger, so I decided that when dad got home, I was going to sit him down, and tell him exactly what I thought of him. I don't know how much time had passed, but dad came home, he as well as I were drunk, he was mad about his mom's death and I was mad about our beatings, you see his mother, my grandmother, well her death certificate has the same time of death, as I have time of birth, the same date, yes she died exactly when I was born, so dad blamed me for her death. So when dad got home he yelled down the stairs, to tell us get upstairs. I was at the foot of stairs, and I said screw you. My dad looked at me and said come here boy, so I started up the steps, telling him that my brother and I were not going to stand for him beating us anymore, and if he laid another hand on either one of us I would kill him in his

✧ HE WILL NEVER FORESAKE YOU

sleep. When I reached the top of the stairs, he said oh really, punched me closed fisted square in the mouth, I fell down the stairs and that is where I woke up some time later, laying in my own vomit and blood. Satan said drink and stand up to the tyrant, God said this fall will not kill you. Dad was still working at the bottling plant at this time when I went back up stairs I told him I wished he were dead so he beat me again and sent me to my room with no supper.