

ELECTROCUTION

I'm glad light bulbs can't feel, because I know what they'd feel like when they get turned on.

I was taking the Air Force Electronic. Our lesson that morning included a device in an eight inch square, three inch high aluminum box with two closely spaced rods extending outward through a hole in the side.

Mine wasn't working. Looking at it, I could see why. The rods were slightly twisted, so that one was shorted against the box.

That's easy to fix, I thought. Ill just straighten them out.

Holding the box in one hand and the lines in the other I gave them a strong twist. Inside the box, which was still plugged in, one of the lines touched an 800 volt power. I instantly learned the inhumanity of electrocution. The savage grip of electricity surged mercilessly through my torso. Every muscle wrenched tight. My lungs emptied in a loud blast of deep throated noise as my vocal cords pulled against the discharge. Everyone in the three story building came running.

My legs straightened, I lurched backward., and my hands contracted with enough force to crush the box and bend the lines together.

Fortunately the cord was short and came out of the wall as I went back. That, I thought has got to be the most intense and awful sensation a human could feel.

Awful, yes; intense, no. Years later, I experienced the same sensation, Just as intense, but ecstatic.

Have you ever hungered to know God, to be his companion, able to tuck your hand into his as a child reaches for its parent's hand? That's how I had been feeling. I was like a lover deprived, thirsting an unspeakable thirst. I had been searching the alcoves and catacombs of my emptiness for some clue, not knowing where or how to look, an imperfect son desiring his perfect father. That's how I fell asleep.

I was walking the streets of a town I'd never seen. Narrow streets

wandered in gentle curves, intersecting at distances of an average block, so that I couldn't see one intersection from the next. They were walled with pastel colored buildings of four to ten stories, built wall-upon-wall. Along the sidewalks were set picture windows of shops, mostly small, as if family-owned. There were no fancy facades. The sky was bright with the early afternoon blue. Generally, the scene was cheerful.

But I was lost.

I walked those streets for hours, going from shop to shop, asking clerks and owners where I might find God. I was becoming desperate, like a child, trying to find a parent from whom he'd become separated. I may have stepped through a hundred doors and peeked through fifty windows. No one knew where He could be found, although most had heard of Him.

Eventually the colors of the shops began to fade in the waning afternoon light. The clouds took a yellow cast, signifying the approach of sunset. The streets had emptied and I was alone and discouraged.

Regardless, I continued to look. I recall the joy of finding a little restaurant open—of being crushed hearing, "He's been in here but I have no idea where you might find him now." So, I continued walking past closed shops, mostly because there was nothing else to do.

There were doors between some of the shops, and windows above. These doors must lead somewhere, I thought. So, I tried one. It opened and I found myself looking into a living room full of people. They were quite friendly and I was quite embarrassed. But they didn't know where God might be at that hour.

Coming upon a Kelly green door, I stopped. It's probably somebody's private residence, I thought. Hope and desperation grasped that knob. I slowly swung the door inward, and peeked around the edge.

To my surprise, I was staring at another door at the end of a long hall. Quietly, I walked in and stood, looking at that door, waiting for the courage to open it. . . . No danger in grasping the knob. But turning the knob. . . And, if you do it quietly, the risk is very slight. Pushing the door that would be tough. Standing there with people looking at me, an intruder, would be the miserable part. How could I explain?

I didn't have to. I was standing in the entrance of a beautiful fully-tiled inner courtyard. I stepped forward, stopped and looked around. The courtyard was pentagonal, about sixty feet across. The center was laid in white tile, about five feet across.

As I walked to the center, I turned round and round. My eyes were drawn upward to tier upon tier of identical balconies, all railed and framed with lace-like ornamental iron, about ten stories in all.

Stepping into the center, I looked to the patch of sunset blue above, and cried out "God, where are you?"

Instantly from that patch of sky a brilliant shaft of silver light shown around me. Its intensity grew until it was shining right through me. As it intensified, I felt that same electric sensation I had felt years ago. This time it was like liquid love and joy, permeating my entire body and mind. I began to rise upward in that beam of life and glory. As I rose, my shout of joy sounded like my previous shout of distress.

"Wake up! Wake up! Jack, what's wrong?" My wife was shaking me.

My search through the endless maze of philosophies and cults was like the streets in my dream. When I could look no farther, I entered a door nearly certain that it would be useless and possibly embarrassing. It was a desperate act, like when I first picked up the Bible.

The long hallway and door was like my decision for Christ, and entering into the Grace of God. Christianity was many tiers, far more interesting and detailed than I could imagine. Its loftiness and beauty certainly exceeded anything I had seen from the outside.

He then displayed the brightness and power of His salvation and love. It was far more intense than anything I could have imagined. The electrocution before, was death. This was life and love and joy.

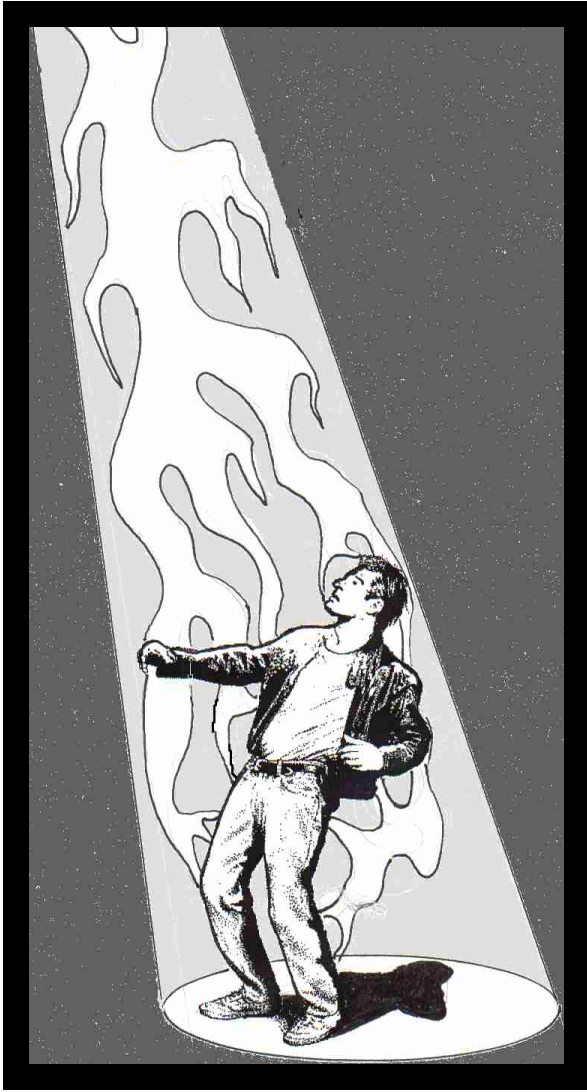
God had displayed to me the importance of my search and commitment, but mostly the brightness and shear power of his love. Because I was awakened, I will not know the true extent until I am taken up to stay.

The pentagon was interesting in that the number five represents grace. occultists adulterate everything holy. Including God's message of Grace.

Do you ever wonder how much God loves you. When you find out,

you will be amazed, pumped, electrified!

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I felt that same electric sensation I had felt years ago.

A true story from the life of Jack Olson