

The Ouija Board

Years ago, my brother had been given a Ouija board for Christmas, ironically. I do not know what my mother was thinking. Anyway, my friend at the time, Robin, and I thought it would be fun to play while I spent the night at her house. There wasn't anything else going on for two seventeen-year-old girls to do, and her mom was out of town, so we had her house to ourselves.

We settled in at the dining room table, Pepsi's and snacks on the table. Both of us placed our hands on the planchette, ready to begin asking the 'great unknown' our teenage girl questions. Our first question was innocent enough... "Will I get married?" Amazingly, the needle inside the window of the small triangular device slowly moved toward 'yes' on the board. After a few more insignificant questions, I asked, "Who will I marry?" Again, the device began to move, only this time it went to specific letters. "C – H – R – I – S – T", was the answer. Robin and I looked at each other with surprise, but then we quickly shrugged it off, thinking it was just a fluke.

More questions were asked, giving us deeper concern for what or 'who' we may be communicating with. I was finally convinced that something was amiss when I asked the question, "How old will I be when I die?" The answer, "105". I then asked, "How will I die?" The answer, "Jump off building. Ha, Ha". Again, Robin and I looked at each other, but I confess I became uneasy and even fearful for what we may have conjured up. Many questions and answers ensued, causing us to ask more questions. There was a force we were conversing with that we could not deny. Finally, we asked the question of all questions. "Who are you? Are you the devil?" The simple reply came, "Satan is here."

Although I wasn't a professed Christian at the time, I had always believed in God. My limited religious experience included my first holy communion in the Catholic Church as a child, leaving me with one memento that I always hung on to. I had my rosary. I had become so frightened by our experience with the Ouija board that I drove all the way home to get my rosary. When I returned to Robin's house, we sat back down at the table and the game board. We didn't even ask a question. I simply placed the rosary on the board, and it clearly spelled, "Christ doesn't live here".

Long story short, we conversed with 'whatever' was on the other side of that board for nearly three days. Whatever 'it' was directed comments toward Robin, saying things to her like, "Damian tis ours", and other things I can't write here. I know there are scoffers, and I know many would deny that Ouija boards are anything to worry about, but my experience as a teenager those many years ago left me with a completely different outlook. I was truly frightened for those few days, and I was even a little afraid of my friend, Robin. The eerie 'spirit' in her house was as real as any feeling I have ever had.

I became closer to our Lord after that experience. I prayed and prayed that he remove my fear. I even went so far as to ask a priest to help me with my fear. I believe that man had an opportunity to witness to me, but he did not seem too concerned about all of it and did not take the time to tell me about Christ and what He did for me on the cross. I found this out many years later. But God did give me peace after all of that. In return I promised to always share my experience with others, especially youth. I have even promised God that I would do all I could to discourage others from using a Ouija board. I am guilty of being in toy stores and bookstores, and if they have Ouija boards for sale, I always shove them to the back of the shelves and move another game in front. I know they will fix it later, but maybe it will discourage one or two kids from seeing them for a while.

Call me silly, call me crazy. It was real. As Christians, we believe in Heaven. Therefore, if Heaven is real, so must there be a Hell, and evil dwells there.