

INSIDE MY HEART

Geysthick
Version

1989

I was baptized in 1972 by Wally, the Baptist minister who comes around here for a couple of weeks every summer with a few white kids, to give bible classes and play volleyball. I wanted to go into the religious life before that. I thought I'd go to school to be a preacher. My Grandfather told me not to. He said, "You're an Indian. Don't get mixed up in stuff you don't know anything about." That was pretty good advice, so I took it.

In 1982, I got sick. Drunks were living in the houses on either side of me, so I bolted my door with these knives that I jammed in sideways. I didn't want drunks walking in on me when I was sick like that. For four days and four nights, I just lay on my couch.

On the fourth day, the Lord came in. He had two helpers along with him. They were dressed all in black, with white shirts and black ties. The Lord knelt down in front

of me, and put a little piece of orange paper on my knee. On it was written a chapter and verse number, with words about beholding the Lord. Then he said, "In order for you to believe in me, I am going to give you special powers. These are the power to heal, and an X-ray vision which will let you see the illness in a person." I use this vision in my healing. It comes in four split-second flashes, as fast as I could flick my fingers at you.

He told me that from then on, he would be living inside me, right inside my heart. Then he disappeared, but I could feel him go in there. When I got up the next day, the knives were still in the door, just the way I'd left them.