When I first met God . . .

I was very young; maybe 2 or 3 years old. I had visions of being in the dark with a faint light over me. I felt like I was enveloped in some liquid under a slight pressure. I'm guessing this might be what it feels like in a sensory deprivation chamber. One day I might try that to see what it feels like.

But later, feeling and seeing the same thing there was an object that I did not recognize at the time. At this age I didn't have words for anything but perhaps mom and dad. Years later when I was on the USS Eisenhower, I was having fellowship with other Christians, when I saw the very thing, I had seen in the vision; it was used by the Roman Catholic chaplain to have the sailors kneel on while he was behind a panel to listen to their confessions. It is called a "kneeler" . . . I assume that the depiction in my vision told be that during gestation my mother was praying for me.

Another version of these visions I felt as if I were on my mother's lap as she played the organ and sang the hymns at church. I am confident that she played the organ and sang the hymns at church while all my siblings were in her womb as well.

In each of these I felt great comfort and believe that God was there in my mother's prayers and worship planting seeds of faith that I could not let go of if I wanted to . . .