Phuong's Testimony



A Devil Got Saved

It was January 30, 2012, and there I was in the Orange County jail in Santa Ana, California. It was around 9:00 p.m. This night was becoming the most fatiguing of my life. After the inmates were locked inside their cells for the evening, I went straight to my bunk to lie down and try to fall asleep – just like on any other night. Within a matter of seconds, my bunky, Long (a.k.a. Dragon Ball), poked his head down from the top bunk:
"Wake up, you silly clown," he said to me. "We need you to stay awake to perform a live circus and entertain us. Dude, your behavior is uniquely weird. I've never seen anyone as hilarious as you! A pathetic clown who is worse than a piece of shit! Just keep in mind, you f#!!! weirdo – this is jail, not a mental hospital, so behave yourself."

"That's enough, Dragon Ball," said a tired voice. That was Dat (a.k.a. Datsun) another inmate. He was supposedly sleeping nearby. I saw Dragon Ball obediently lay down. I looked over to Datsun; he was sitting on his bunk, writing on a piece of paper. Without looking over, he addressed Dragon Ball again. "I'd strongly advise you to not disturb that crazy man; he hasn't slept for nearly five days. It's lucky you just got here. Unfortunately, this crazy dude and I arrived here at this cell at the same time last Wednesday; it was after remodeling, the entire unit was empty. Julio, who sleeps on the bunk above me, came a couple days after. He's been sleeping for most of the time. Then you arrived. I, personally, have never seen anyone acting as strange as this crazy man. It was mind-blowing. At first, I thought he was some type of comedian – a five-star actor. Frankly speaking, he had me laughing so hard for a good couple of hours. Now, I feel really stupid. Anyway, I thought he would stop at midnight

on the first day; but he went on and on. I stopped laughing as I grew agitated. His behavior was clearly out of line. All the inmates in the unit have been talking about him ever since."

"Dudes, what are you talking about?" I asked with a grin, amused at how they were gossiping. "Are you guys stupid or what? I'm not even sleeping. I've been standing right here and listening to you guys the whole time. Look at me, idiots." I waved at them.
I found the silence among us a little awkward. They never looked in my direction. I continued, "OK, speaking of crazy, I really think you guys are the wackos who have eyes but cannot see. Whatever, dudes. Do you really think I give a shit about whether you guys see me or not?"
I assumed they were ignoring me, so I headed to my bunk to lie down. Before jumping in, I looked in and was stunned to see my own body already lying there. Confusing thoughts ran wildly through my mind. I stood there rubbing my eyes as I leaned slightly forward, literally staring at my image. Then, I examined my body like a surgeon, making sure my vision was not deceiving me. Shocked, I took a long step back; my helpless body was clearly unresponsive. At the same time, I felt exhilarated about being separated from my body. I came up with an idea.
I demanded my body in the bed to twist and turn and tried to will my eyes to open. Nothing happened. "Wow," I whispered. "This is virtually impossible. How am I still able to see everything around when my body is lying there with my eyes closed, motionless? Man…this is totally awesome. If I had known things would be like this, I might have hung myself a long time ago."
For the first time in my life, the eerie question popped into my mind: "OH MY GOD, AM I REALLY DEAD?" It made my body shiver and I lost my balance. Panic overcame me.

Within the blink of an eye, standing before me was a group of beautiful naked women, waving and smiling at me. I scratched my head, dizzy with thought. What in the world… How could this be possible? This was a high-security facility. How did all these women get in here? As I looked around, I murmured, "What the hell! How did I get here? Was I not behind bars with other inmates moments ago? Where did the inmates go? Man, what is wrong with me? Why are so many strange things happening to me today?"
As I stood there lost in thought, still trying to figure out what was going on, a seductive female voice caught me by surprise. "Hey! It's OK to join us."
Despite my panic and shakiness, my hungry eyes were overcome with sexual temptations from watching the women kissing and groping each other. I mumbled to myself, "Hell, yeah! This is the golden opportunity of a lifetime. Who cares about the consequences? Why not take advantage of what's at hand and thoroughly enjoy it?"
With a smile, I nodded and began to nervously walk toward the women. Before my second step touched the ground, a sinister laugh stabbed me from behind. "Ha-ha-ha!" It echoed in my ears, sending chills down my spine. I froze like a deer caught in the flood of headlights. The sinister voice continued, "Is this what you wish? I will certainly make you a god among these women, but you must worship only me and do as I say."
The temptation reminded me of a story from the Bible. Jesus was fasting in the wilderness for forty days and forty nights on the mountaintop when He was tempted by the father of all lies. "I will give you power and all the wealth in the world if you worship only me."

Right after I heard Satan's deceitful offer, I immediately decided to stay faithful to our Lord Jesus Christ and keep on resisting even if it killed me. I knew Satan was using naked women as a lure to trick me – perhaps Satan thought he knew me well and that it would be easy to bait a sinful man such as me.

Instantly, I threw myself to the ground, down on my hands and knees. I covered my ears super tight and shouted at the top of my lungs: "Listen to what I am saying, Satan; pay attention to what I am telling you! I rebuke you. I want you to stay far away from me. You and I will have nothing to do with each other, nor will I be tempted by you…Please, my Lord Jesus. All I want is to be in Your Heavenly Kingdom. You said that those who confess their sins and believe in You with their whole heart will be with our Father in heaven. With my whole heart and all my soul, I genuinely believe in You. Please forgive me for my dreadful sins. I am truly sorry my evil heart has never been righteous. Your merciful blessing, I desperately need You now more than ever; I do not wish to stay behind here with Satan!"
While I was praying, I was completely unaware of my surroundings. Then, all of a sudden, an incredible force swept me away through the air at lightning speed. Fearful, I squeezed my eyes tightly, and my entire body was trembling uncontrollably. At first, I did not want to believe this terror was real; I thought this kind of horror could only take place in dreams. I forced myself by saying, "Please be calm, Phuong! No need to panic; hurry…wake yourself up…snap out of it like you did before when you had nightmares!"
In that moment of crisis, I was determined to do everything I could to snap back to reality. Within seconds, I realized it would be pointless; no matter how hard I tried to calm myself, this was not a dream. I knew then that my fate was to face the harsh punishment for having lived as a sinful man.

During that darkest journey of my life, my fear intensified rapidly with each passing second. Not knowing what lay ahead, I felt as though my mind was slowly being ripped apart. Paralyzed with fear, I wept like a little boy. All that remained in my conscience was the determination to cling to my faith, constantly seeking mercy from God.
I confessed to the Lord a long list of my evil deeds – I had been living a life of hypocrisy, knowing I would only produce pure evil from the heart, especially robbing people, including my friends and family who had loved me so dearly.

At one point, even though my mind and soul cried out in fear, curiously, I opened my eyes slowly and took a quick glance at my surroundings. What I saw below me was an ocean of calm, blue water that surprisingly filled my soul with terror. I instantly closed my eyes, quickly opening them again to see if there was any land nearby. There was not a single object in sight. I squeezed my eyes tightly again, begging the Lord for forgiveness as my fear continued to rise.

Time passed. I still did not know where I was. Once again, I opened my eyes and was frozen with fear. Directly below me, I saw a massive pit with violent flares of fire. As I continued to reflect, I looked back. For some reason, the blue water was still right behind me.
When my eyes were closed, I thought my final moment had come; this was the end where I would burn in the pit of everlasting fire. I shook my head constantly, crying out to the Lord even louder:

"Please not here, Lord! I am just a common thief. I do not deserve this harsh punishment. Why is it that every time I open my eyes, the situations keep getting more chaotic? Can't You see that I am already scared to the depth of my soul? Please Lord, do not consume me into the hell of fire. Please give me one last chance. I swear I will stay sincere forever; punish me if I ever sin again!"
Right after I made the promise, for reasons unbeknown to me, I began to slow down. I opened my eyes and threw my hands toward the sky, shouting with happiness: "Thank You, Lord, for saving a worthless person like me!" I was overwhelmed with joy. The feeling of having my composure back was indescribable – a lifetime's worth peace of mind. As soon as my mind stabilized and my eyes focused, a gigantic, grayish mountain slowly came into view. As I went around the mountain, my entire body felt like a feather. Amazingly enough, I slowly began to ascend toward the heavens.
Looking down, to my right, I saw uncountable men and women indulging in a ravenous orgy around a river. Then, noises of people screaming forced me to look over to the left. At first, I did not know what all the chaos was about. Focusing my eyes so that I could see more clearly, I could not believe what I was seeing – people were climbing on top of each other's shoulders; they were trying to build a human ladder.
My gaze fixated on a woman; she was falling from above. A man extended his arm to catch her, screaming, "Hurry, grab my hand, try not to fall down and keep on building until we reach the top!"
It was heart-wrenching to see the woman screaming in pain, as she continued to climb back up. However, I was following my instincts, choosing not to feel sympathetic for those lost souls; my instinct was telling me that when they existed on earth, their hearts had stayed loyal to one singular thing – Satan's spell. Now, their fate had been sealed – the wrath of God had been unleashed upon them.
For the very first time in my life, I heard a very gentle voice. It was clearly coming down from heaven, saying, "Your faith has saved you, whatever you ask, you shall receive."
Immediately, I lowered my head and said, "Thank You, Lord, for saving a useless person like me."
Then I asked the Almighty Lord for permission to go visit my father in hell, and He permitted it without hesitation. I praised the Lord. Then, I snapped the fingers of my left hand; but I realized my other hand made a clearer snapping sound. Thus, I disappeared with a snap of my right fingers.
Miraculously, I found myself standing at the entrance of a pitch-black cave. "Wow, Lord!" I exclaimed. "Your divine power is truly beyond human comprehension. Thank You for blessing me with my desired request."
Startled, to my left was a guard sitting with a book on top of a table. "Excuse me, sir," I began. "I have come to see Dong Lap Nguyen." The guard picked up the book, skimming its pages, and said in an unfriendly tone, "Go!"
Once again, with just the simple snap of my fingers, I was standing before my father. Shocked, I saw him pacing back and forth behind prison bars. It brought me pure sadness to hear his agonized voice as he cried out over and over again—"Where am I…Where am I?"
"Dad!" I shouted, immediately causing him to stop pacing as he tried to figure out where my voice was coming from.
"May I ask…" I began nervously, "do you remember having a son named Phuong Lap Nguyen when you were on earth?"

"Yes, I do remember." He nodded. He replied with obvious discomfort, having a hard time figuring out where my voice was coming from.
Excited about seeing my father for the first time in a long time in nearly three decades, I pounded on my chest several times and said, "Dad, this is me. I am your son!"
"How did you find me?" he asked sadly, still finding it difficult to see me.
"God granted my wish come to see you, Dad." My father did not say anything; he was looking to the ground. I continued, "Dad, you should have known from the moment you saw yourself out of your own body that you had the ultimate chance to repent for your sins. But why, Dad? Why did you continue to cling on to the immoral temptation and let Satan trick you and snatch you away? All you had to do was reject Satan's temptation; you would have been automatically saved, just as I was."
"I had too much water in my system," he responded. "That was why I had forgotten all about the Lord."
There was a moment of silence. Letting out a long sigh, I continued, "Dad, I will never desert you! You still have me, your son. I am going to do my best to ask our Lord that He may set you free from this life of real misery and torture."
I could tell by my father's voice that he deeply regretted falling into Satan's devious trap. Even to this day, I have never understood what my father's statement meant – "I had too much water in my system."
After the short visit to my father, I was curious about what the inmates were doing back in their cell; the cell where my body still lay. Another snap. I found myself standing in the same place where I was not long ago. Looking around slowly, I heard an inmate say, " Look at this f##!!! weirdo. His eyes burst wide open, lying there looking up with a dead stare. He scares the shit out of me and makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up."
I chuckled at the inmate's statement. I knew I was invisible and that no one would notice my presence.
Shortly, I grew bored of lingering around and decided to go back to the place from where I had previously risen. Before departing, I took one last look around and said, "Farewell everybody. Make me disappear now from this complicated world."
Once again, I was rising slowly to the heavens just like before. This time, as I looked around, I noticed other souls rising as well. There, down on my left, was an extremely remote desert with an unimaginable number of people standing in a straight line, waiting for their turn to build the human ladder. A moment later, I once again heard a voice coming from heaven. "Your faith has saved you. Whatever you ask, you shall receive." Giving thanks to the Lord, I asked, my finger pointing to the human ladder. "What are those people doing, my Lord?"
"They are trying to build a stairway to get up here," He responded.
"Will they ever make it, Lord?" I asked.
"Never!" The Lord said.
"Pardon me once again, Lord. Will they ever get hungry? I asked since I could see nothing around except hot steaming sands.
"These ignorant people are desperately trying to attain salvation," said the Lord. "They have forgotten about all their needs."

"Oh, I see. Thank You, Lord, for answering all my questions," I said with sincere gratitude.
A few seconds passed. Then, a voice I had heard before said from the heavens, "Your faith has saved you. Whatever you ask, you shall receive."
I praised the Lord, gave Him thanks, and asked, "With Your consent, my Lord, please permit me to my previous life so that I may share with my brothers and sisters the revelations of after death that I have just truly witnessed."
"Go, if that is what you want!" He said in the tone that I perceived to be almost disappointed.
Astonished, my eyes were now wide open. The first thing I did was pinch my cheeks and forearms to see if I was able to feel pain.
I nervously looked around to see what my cellmates were doing. All the bunks appeared to be completely empty. After I finished washing my face, I laid down and walked myself through what had just happened – a fear that could never be erased for the rest of my life. Recalling my supernatural journey down to its last detail, I came to realize that my father was corrupted by darkness. For this reason, my father had not been able to see me but had only been able to hear my voice. I was very sad for my father; my tears flowed faster than my heartbeat. Afterward, I felt exhausted, which made me fall asleep fast.

I was a conniving master manipulator, a deceiver, a cold-scandalous con-artist, and a cowardly bastard who did not deserve to live! If you want to know more about my unspeakable sins, read a full version – A Devil Got Saved – to understand my lengthy career in the criminal playgrounds.
Satan is the father of all temptations, as is known by all. So ask yourself this – Can you resist the ultimate temptation that Satan has been waiting to send you, which will take you directly to hell upon your death? Truth is the greatest tool in life. I have personally witnessed it. It is all described inside… It would be my honor to walk you through my experience; perhaps it might help you as well.

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