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Acacia's Testimony

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No One Seeks God

*"As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one:
There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.
They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable:
There is none that doeth good, no, not one (Romans 3:10-12)."*

In the fall of 1992, my older brother, Desma, felt an urgency to visit home because of startling revelations from the LORD concerning our family. At the time, Desma was in the service and was stationed at Fort Bragg in North Carolina. While lying in bed he had an out-of-body experience, whereby the LORD allowed his conscious self to depart from his body and enabled him to observe the world from a point of view other than that of the physical body and by means other than those of the physical senses. He said that he was able to see and hear things -- objects that were really there, events and conversations that really took place -- which could not have been seen or heard from the actual position of his body.

He felt his spirit leave the barracks in North Carolina at an unimaginable speed. He recalled traveling in the air until he was outside our childhood home. Immediately, he thought why would the LORD show me my parents' home? He recalled seeing our parents conversing and carrying on day-to-day activities. He also noticed that our grandmother was visiting that particular day. He smiled to himself because he was amazed at what he was seeing.

Suddenly, the LORD focused Desma in on my room. His body hovered outside my window as he peered in on me lying in bed asleep. The LORD opened his spiritual eye, and he could see demonic spirits surrounding my bed. His heart sank in disbelief. The LORD told him that although He had His hands upon my life, He was going to allow the enemy to attack me in my mind.

As my brother shared this experience, my heart sank as fear overtook me. I did not want to believe him, and instead, I believed he had had a hallucination.

“Acacia, do you understand?” he asked. “The LORD is going to allow you to lose your mind, yet He will open your spiritual eyes and show you things you never thought possible.

“It’s not even about you. There are so many young people that are dying and going to hell,” he continued. “The enemy has deceived them to believe that there’s no hell or made them to believe the lie that they can commit their lives to Christ when they’re older. But the reality is that many of them are not living to become older adults. They are dying unprepared for eternity and are suffering the consequences of not accepting Jesus Christ as their personal savior while they had a chance to on earth.”

Desma then shared a horrific vision with me that the LORD gave him concerning a clown.

*This is the vision of the clown, which my older brother interpreted and revealed to me during the fall of 1992. (A full explanation of the vision is included in the chapter *The Wide Road to Destruction* featured in the author’s book, *Launch Out Into The Deep!*)*

“He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them (John 12:40).”

The Clown

*L*aughter and screaming filled the air, jokes and giggles were everywhere. They ran, jumped, and danced with glee, moving passionately to the rhythm of his beat. The clown was guiding them on a tour. On every corner they would get sidetracked because the clown always enticed them to try something new. Many of these acts were sensual and sinister, tempting the teenagers to push beyond their moral limits.

Some strongly desired to heed the signs of caution, but they feared rejection by their peers. A few enjoyed the laughs but had a change of heart; they feared that their careless lifestyles would lead to regrettable mistakes. As they turned and walked slowly down the dark and lonely road, they heard jesters and ridicule but continued on. The clown laughed gleefully as he juggled and performed with conviction.

In the beginning, the clown wasn't as persuasive because words of wisdom ruled the teens' hearts. Some followed willingly, knowing the path could possibly lead to destruction, but they reasoned that the ways of the world were more appealing than following Christ. The clown told them that they had now gone too far to go back; God would not forgive them.

Others walked blindly, not knowing the truth. Yet, deep in their hearts, they knew their ways were wrong. Nevertheless, they allowed the desires for instant gratification to rule their convictions.

The teens wanted to be accepted and fit in with the crowd, but they didn't realize they were gambling with their souls. Occasionally, they attended church to please their parents, but their hearts were far from God. Some of the messages they heard there were so convincing that they strongly felt the urge to change.

And yet church was not as entertaining as their friend, the clown, who freely granted them their hearts' desires. The clown did not require that they change; in

fact, he encouraged and applauded their independence. He claimed that the youth needed no laws but should be left free to follow their own wills, which would always guide them right; laws were a restriction of their liberty.

The clown turned flips and stood on his head. He juggled several balls and told humorous jokes in order to entertain the teens. He was very subtle in his motives -- he bided his time until he had won their confidence and captured their undivided attention. Behind his fake, painted grin lurked a world of craftiness.

The teens allowed this clown to persuade them as he had the fallen angels. He knew that they were now bound to him and their consciences rendered powerless and ineffective -- thus, no longer a threat. The teenagers no longer felt any compunction and were comfortable in their lifestyles. The clown danced as he led them to the edge of a cliff. They laughed loudly, believing this was a joke -- but the clown was not laughing anymore.

His charm and joking had transformed into an evil grin. They shrieked as darkness began to unfold. Shivering in disbelief, they tried to escape, but the clown's grip was too strong. Without their knowledge, he had slipped shackles around their wrists and ankles. No matter how hard they pulled and tugged, they could not free themselves. They were defeated and utterly helpless. They now realized his deception and could finally see what their pastors had been telling them all along. They screamed in an unutterable torment as they fearfully heard the cries of the damned -- cries that would soon be their own. They fell to their knees and pleaded in terror and self-pity. Tears streamed down their frightened faces. They wept and emitted sobs so deep that they hurt. They trembled and covered their faces from the shame of it all.

The clown laughed sinisterly, and as he looked into their tear-filled eyes, he callously pulled the chains. They all tumbled into the depths of hellfire, never to be free again. Now it was too late.

My brother went on to explain to my mother that the LORD was allowing our family to go through this trial in order to bring us closer to Him. At the time,

Desma's and my parents were not on speaking terms and were having difficulties in their marriage. There was so much bitterness and strife between them. The LORD said in order to get my father's attention He had to touch what was close to His heart, and that was me.

My brother saw a vision of my mother riding an untamed horse and fighting to stay on. He interpreted this to mean that the LORD saw her as a prayer warrior, and although hell would come against her, she would remain steady in her relationship with the LORD. As a result of her faith, the LORD would answer her prayers; He would restore her marriage and restore my mind.

I knew in my spirit that there was truth to what my brother said. At the time, the LORD was really dealing with me to surrender my life to Him. I was fifteen years old and it was the beginning of my ninth grade year. I desired to serve Him, yet there was a stronger pull to live contrary to His word because of peer pressure. The desire to fit in was so great that I began to disregard in my heart certain morals and values.

I had not overtly changed -- I was still the same quiet and reserved person, yet I knew my heart was beginning to harden toward God. Conviction set in daily when I entered the school lunchroom and saw a young man seated in the corner quietly reading his Bible. I had an inward desire to join him, yet I noticed he was alone, and I was not yet ready to make this type of stand and risk being an outcast and having few friends.

I met a young man named Eric, who was a junior and on the football team. He was very persistent in attempting to win my heart and affection. He asked me several times to go out on a date with him, but I told him several times that I was not allowed to date until I was at least seventeen.

He joked, saying, "Don't tell me you're one of those church girls. You know, a Christian." There was silence as I held the phone in my hand. "So, are you a Christian?" he asked.

I wanted to say yes, but for some reason fear took hold of me. “No, I’m not a Christian,” I said. I cannot say how, but I felt that something in the atmosphere was different. It was as if I sensed darkness and felt as if I was going into some deep depression. I began to lose focus and concentration. I was walking down the hall once and unknowingly dropped my purse.

One of my peers ran up to me and said, “Hey, Acacia, you dropped your purse.” She picked it up and gave it to me. She expected to hear a response of gratitude, but all I gave her was a blank stare. She sensed something was wrong and asked if I was okay. Fear took hold of me, and I found it difficult to sleep at night. It got to the point that I was afraid to sleep in my room and asked my mother if I could sleep with her. I asked her to please pray for me because I was afraid and felt an evil presence around me.

She said something to me that I will never forget. “Acacia I will pray for you, but you have to learn to seek Jesus for yourself,” she said. “You can’t get to heaven on my salvation.”

For the first time in my life, I felt that I was in a dilemma that my mother could not get me out of.

“In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence.... (Job 4:13-16).”

I lay awake all night close to my mom’s side because fear had such a firm grip on me. While lying in the bed I sensed an evil presence near me. I immediately clung to my mother, only to look up and see there was a demon that had the face of a man lying in the bed with me. I never saw so much hatred. His face was red as he grimaced. I could literally hear him growling under his breath.

I screamed at the top of my lungs and said, “Get out of here!” It was the middle of the night. I awoke my mom. She said that when I screamed she jumped up and ran out of the room to get my dad who was lying on the couch in the living room. She recalled hearing me scream, but my voice was deep and sounded like a

man. It immediately alarmed her because she knew it wasn't my voice. She also sensed an evil presence in the room and said she actually heard voices.

One voice said loudly, "We're going to drive the daughter crazy and her mom crazy!" About the same time this took place, my father recalled hearing a voice that said, "Aaron, are you ready yet?"

I began to notice strange occurrences when I would see things and hear voices. I would ask my parents, "Did you see that -- did you hear that?"

This was the loneliest I felt in my entire life. I stopped eating and speaking. I ceased to cry because the hurt and confusion were so strong that I felt I didn't have any more tears to cry. My parents could not get through to me and eventually sought medical attention because I had gone days without a desire to eat and they could not get me to open up and share my feelings.

Although I would not speak, I had a strong sense of my surroundings and was aware that my parents came in daily and read healing scriptures and prayed on my behalf. I don't recall them allowing doubt and unbelief to come out of their mouth in my presence, although I knew they were hurting. My mother would try to spoon feed me and would beg me to eat. Daily, she would try to get me to open up and say just one word for her.

Eventually, they decided to give me a feeding tube. I saw my mother's pain and would see her cry, yet I didn't know what to say. It came to the point that I didn't know reality and confusion had come in so strongly that I didn't feel anyone would truly be able to understand my pain.

*The LORD revealed Himself to me through several visions while I was in this state. One night while I lay in the hospital bed, I saw a vision. I am confident it was a vision because I was wide awake. The room was completely dark, but the vision brought a bright light into the room. (A full explanation of the vision is included in the chapter, *Are You Ready?* featured in the author's book, *Launch Out Into The Deep!*)*

The Vision

The children were clothed in white, and their hands were clasped together as they slowly walked clockwise in a circle. I knew they were not of this world, yet very real. They made direct eye contact with me without flinching. Their eyes never blinked once; they looked boldly into my eyes as they chanted these warning words from an all too familiar horror movie I had watched as a child, except the words were totally opposite.

The Chant

*“1...2 Jesus coming for you
3...4 Say your prayers
5...6 Get it straight
7...8 Before it’s too late
9...10 He’s coming again”*

“Are you ready, are you ready, are you ready?”

I was deeply troubled and confused as to why the kids felt a need to warn me. I was completely perplexed but too frightened at the time to cry out to God.

“I’m not a sinner. I’m a Christian,” I cried on the inside. “I don’t drink or smoke, and I’m not sexually promiscuous. This must be some kind of mistake.” Then, I heard a loud voice deep within my spirit. It was too loud to be mistaken for my thoughts. “You don’t have a personal relationship with Me. If I called for your soul tonight, you would not enter into My presence.”

“For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast (Ephesians 2:8-9).”

While in the hospital, I had what seemed to be an out-of-body experience. I felt as if I was in this place physically, but my soul had descended into hell. I did not see fire nor did I see people in torment, however, I could clearly hear the cries of the damned. Demonic spirits chased me as I ran for my life, trying to escape from

that awful place. I feared what would happen if they caught me. I had nowhere to run or hide; there appeared to be no exit.

Out of nowhere appeared a wooden cross. It was as if it didn't belong there. I was faint hearted, yet it appeared that I was supernaturally given the strength to out-run my enemies and climb up the cross. I sat in the corner of the crossbars and clung to this cross with all the strength I had within me. The demonic spirits tried to pull me from the cross but a fire encircled the cross and it prevented them from touching me. These spirits begin to scream out obscenities and were very angry.

“When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell (Psalm 27:2).”

Suddenly, the cross began to ascend into the heavens. It was as if the cross extended farther and farther until it reached a depth so high that I could not begin to imagine or measure how high it went. There I stood in heaven and saw the biggest throne I have ever seen in my entire life, upon which a man was seated. I could not see His face for there was a glory upon it, and I could only see from His waist down.

I knew that I was standing before the God of the universe. I knew that all authority was His in heaven and upon earth. Upon seeing Him, without thought, I immediately bent over trembling at the awesome sight of Him. I had never trembled in this manner; every bone in my body shook. So in awe, I began to eliminate; I felt the urine fall down my legs.

I felt so unclean, unworthy, and like an awful sinner in the presence of a holy God. Tears burst from my eyes. My chest heaved, and snot ran from my nose in ropes. I pleaded between sobs for Him to have mercy upon my soul, to not send me to hell. Just when I thought I would never be able to stand on my own two feet again and hold my head up high. I awaited my judgment and cringed at the thought of darkness swallowing me whole, but He extended a mercy and love I had never known.

“And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD (Psalm 40:3).”

Suddenly, I was drenched in blood, but not my own. Just as suddenly as the blood appeared, it vanished and was replaced with a shiny white robe. I felt such a peace, and a song burst from within me. The spirit of the LORD filled my lungs and sang through me. My voice was like the angels’, a voice that surpassed the voice of many famous singers upon earth. My vocal cords reached notes that were so high, that is humanly impossible to reach alone. The song I sang is noted in Psalm 50.

The song:

“Have mercy on me, oh Lord, according to your unfailing love, according to your great compassion, blot out my transgressions, I will be whiter than snow, by the blood I’m made whiter than snow.”

I can’t recall how long this experience lasted. I just know that once I was in His presence I did not want to leave. I pleaded with Him not to send me back to earth. He said it was not yet my time; there was much that I needed to accomplish. I promised Him that I would tell everyone about the love and grace He bestowed upon me in my affliction. I was shown other parts of heaven but cannot bring them to memory, for they were blocked.

“Now the man out of whom the devils were departed besought him that he might be with him: but Jesus sent him away, saying, Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee. And he went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him (Luke 8:38-39).”

This is an abridged version of the author's testimony; she is currently writing a book to tell the whole account of her story. The author's book, *Launch Out Into The Deep!*, is available online at Amazon and Barnes & Noble.

For more information on purchasing a copy of *Launch Out Into The Deep* visit the website at www.launchoutbook.com

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