



## **Raves, Drugs And Party Days [March 1998 - October 2004]**

**Revelation 21:8 But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers (ones who use drugs - spell giving potions), and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.**

Rave means to talk wildly, as in delirium, to talk or write with extravagant enthusiasm, to make a wild or furious sound; rage, to utter as if in madness, an act of raving, an extravagantly enthusiastic appraisal or review of something, **a boisterous party, especially a dance.** That's what Dictionary.com has to say about the word rave.

Raves can be viewed as ancient ceremonies from our ancestors that used to stay up all night and chant their chants and take their drugs. It is actually quite demonic because you are becoming one with the music. It's like what the ancient Indians did beating their drums at night, taking drugs and dancing in circles around a fire invoking spirits. When you go to a rave you are listening to journey of sound that has been mixed together. You weave together many records into one long song that starts at one point and ends at another.

You start with one record and end with the last record. The last record you put needs to be the best sounding record you have to leave the crowd on a high. You are in control of everyone's emotions because every song has it's own unique feeling to it. You are basically casting a spell of pounding sound on all that listen and demon spirits are connected to it. You can learn about raves at [http://www.popcenter.org/problems/rave\\_parties/](http://www.popcenter.org/problems/rave_parties/).

I first started smoking Marijuana at age 18 and then a couple years later started taking LSD. LSD is also known as acid. I would smoke Marijuana (weed) on a daily basis and when I could I would drop acid. I took acid about fourteen times in my life that I can remember. I used to work for Seafarer Seafood on Lee Trevino. I used to get my weed delivered to me during work in the walk-in refrigerator. We would do the exchange in the walk-in and sometimes go smoke in the back next to the dumpster when the General manager was out. Marijuana was my **Weed God.**

Then one day I had purchased an Ecstasy pill just to try it out. This pill was really good and it hit me really hard. I used to live at an apartment and then moved to a house on Yarborough. I lived with my stepbrother Phill and my step grandpa. Once I tried Ecstasy that first time, it was on, and I kept partying with all kinds of drugs.

This was the beginning of my drug days and I did lots of drugs with my stepbrother Phill. We went to many raves and took lots of Ecstasy pills. We would dance in the crowds of people for many hours just falling inside the music and becoming one with the music.

Then we went to a rave in Albuquerque New Mexico and it was called House Without Walls. It basically meant no limit or walls holding you back. Our friend Martin, my stepbrother Phill and myself went to that rave and took lots of acid and danced for a long time. We got to the rave at 6:00pm and stayed till about 9:00am.

It was in the middle of the desert and in the morning while I was still dancing I saw a line of sheriff's cars on the way. I told Martin and Phill, "Lets get out of here!" "There's cops on the way!" We had parked a long way back and that really paid off. People that parked right up in front of the rave could not get out because they were blocked.

We ran to the car like crazy and got in and took off. There were cars wrecking into poles and one car drove into a deep ravine. Martin just kept bobbing and weaving through all these wrecked cars. Finally we got back on the highway and headed home tripping on acid.

People were scared because of the sheriffs. Tripping on acid and trying to get away from the sheriffs was no fun thing. You could imagine the wrecks everywhere in the desert next to that rave. We finally got home and it was an incredible event because we made it through the wrecked cars and sheriffs. When Phill got home he went to sleep and I talked with a friend about what had happened.

I know that God Almighty protected us and got us out of there. What are the chances that we parked right where we parked and the fact that we missed the Sheriffs? It was just incredible accuracy and all the honor and glory go to the Lord Jesus Christ.

One time my Marijuana (weed) connect had some acid for sale and I bought 2 hits. Phill and myself took one hit each and smoked weed all night. Acid and the marijuana together were giving me crazy visuals and I tripped insanely hard. Phill told me, "I need another hit and I barely feel anything." I was like, "Man I am tripping big time and I can guarantee you don't need another hit." Phill said, "I am tripping but not how I want to."

Phill was like, "Go get me another hit." I said, "Alright, but I don't think you need another hit." I got him another hit and he took it and as time went by my trip got stronger and stronger. I was staring at Phill's poster that was on his wall. It was a picture of Jimmy Hendrix and when I kept staring at this poster Jimmy's face came out of the

poster and started talking to me. Jimmy Hendrix said, "What are you doing?" I said, "Just here," and then I turned around and left the room.

I left Phill's room and went down the hallway then turned around to look back. The hallway and Phill's room crumbled down as if professional demolition experts had put explosives and knocked down a building. Then I shut my eyes and opened them again and everything was back to normal.

Phill was on top of the roof and then finally came back inside and went to his room. Later I went to see how he was doing. I looked at Phill and his face turned into a bunch of diamonds and then exploded all over the floor. I was on the floor trying to pick up all the diamonds because I was going to put Phill's face back together. However, I could not even find the diamonds that fell on the floor. After playing around with that for a while I realized that nothing was on the floor. Then I started talking to Phill.

Phill looked at me and said, "Ahhhh!" "Get back you're a crazy looking thing!" I said, "Phill, are you Okay?" Phill said, "Get away from me, and don't come near me!" Phill was making me scared and I had never tripped that hard on acid in my life so I just left the room and left him alone.

That second hit of acid put Phill on a bad trip. He must have seen some demonic things. He was in the corner of his room on the floor crying and laughing. When I started to approach him he was deathly afraid of me. The next day I asked Phill if he was okay and he said, "Yes, I am fine." He was very quite and that second hit tore him apart.

Now, I know that's what drugs do, they make you loose your mind. LSD is heavy duty especially taking 2 tabs and smoking good weed all night long. Smoking weed adds extreme intensity to the LSD.

Then also at the Yarbrough house we got into cocaine and met a good connect. We did cocaine nonstop for a couple years and it was top of the line cocaine. One time I filled my sink up with blood because I kept snorting cocaine till my nose got dried up. The inside of my nose cracked and started bleeding and it would not stop. The sink was literally full of blood. Phill got me a bath towel and I tilted my head back and put the towel over my nose. After a while it finally stopped bleeding.

Then later Phill left with his girlfriend to Utah. I went to live where I am living now in the Northeast of El Paso. I started out drug free at first and would talk to God but it was nothing serious.

One day I met up with my old friend Mike. The rave seen was hitting hard in El Paso. We would go to raves and just party with lots of people. We got deep into the rave scene and started going to raves every weekend.

I talked with people at raves but I was mostly eating Ecstasy and then hitting the dance floor. I would dance in front of mirrors at my duplex in order to learn how to dance. I knew that if I looked good dancing in the mirror I would look good dancing in

public. I would put on some kind of Global Underground CD and just dance till I could not dance anymore. That is how I practiced and I would also smoke weed before I danced in order to get in the zone. Drugs, music and dancing were my god and I worshipped them well.

Music in my opinion is the vibration of sound that flows into the temporal lobes of the brain, just behind the ears, which acts as the music center. If you have heard that the brain is a sponge, it is. Like a sponge in water it is changed by the music. If drugs are added it's much worse. Music possesses us and can take over our bodies and our intentions. Music is extremely powerful and everyone needs to ask, "What am I listening to and what are they saying?"

Dancing in my opinion is the place where you lose yourself and find yourself. When you find yourself you become the music. If you dance to the beat you become that beat or if you dance to a guitar you become that guitar. The music becomes like an energy that flows through you like the Kundalini energy in Martial Arts and mysticism. To read more about this you can check out "**Kundalini Rising Exposed**."

Becoming one with the music leads me to Jim Morrison. He totally got demon possessed and let the demons or whatever spirit take over his body during a concert performance. I did not dance like him but was controlled by the music like him.

I never got to the point where my body was dancing itself but at times I would flow like energy or water. I felt a tremendous amount of pride when I danced trying to be the best dancer at the rave. If you become one with the music and the music is evil or ungodly you basically become one with Satan.

Then my "**Christ Mass**" vacation from work came up and I had 3 weeks off and Mike got about one hundred Ecstasy pills. They were Mitsubishis and were half heroin and half MDMA. Now that we had been in the rave scene for like 3 years going on 4 we decided to become Rave DJ's. I bought 2 Technic 1200's MK2 turntables from HB Electronics and also a Pioneer 500 Mixer. I already had the equalizer and the speakers so we got it all together along with a hundred Ecstasy pills. We ate Ecstasy pills and learned how to spin.

We ate Ecstasy pills and spun Progressive Trance, Tech House and other types of electronic music with the finest turntables and alright speakers. I had 3 weeks of vacation and had just started them. We invited people over and handed out Ecstasy pills and Mike would spin because I did not know how to spin at the time.

When the party was over and no one was around I learned how to spin from Mike. We had a female adapter that plugs into the mixer with two portholes for two headphones. I could hear what Mike was doing in the headphones and would watch and listen to him mix. Eventually I began to learn how to mix from this procedure.

Eventually I started having raves at my house with a DJ line up of all my friends that would spin. There was Ecstasy pills, weed, other drugs and lots of people.

One time I remember counting 80 people in my duplex. Lots of my CD's got stolen because I never put them away until I started hiding them. My duplex became

known as a party place with lots of Ecstasy and weed. That went on for quite a while and I would miss work left and right. Sometimes I would just go to work messed up.

Then after a while spinning records live was not enough. Mike and myself started writing electronic music. He had his computer and I had my computer.

Moses and myself learned how to write music through Mike along with being a DJ. Mike taught us how to spin and to write music. Greg already knew how to write electronic music and he wrote Goa Trance. Greg is another good friend of mine and also spins records. We all kept on partying for a long time.

One time I ate 30 pills in a 24-hour period. When I would come down I would take another pill. Mike would tell me, "How did you do that?" I said, "I just had a pocket of pills and when I felt the need to take one I would." The pills stop hitting me so I thought if I kept taking more it would make a difference. All it did was just mess up my brain and body.

Then as time went on I kept eating pills and my brain started short-circuiting. One time during the day I was walking and all of a sudden, lights out! It only happened for a couple of seconds and my mind turned back on before I fell to the floor. It's like when a breaker trips. My mind would turn off and then it would click back on. This started happening to me because of all the Ecstasy pills I had eaten from 1998-2004.

**Ecclesiastes 7:17 Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldst thou die before thy time?**

Then when I would go to sleep crazy things would happen. Right before I was about to enter REM sleep I would hear loud banging pots and pans. During the banging of the pots and pans I would stop breathing. I would stop breathing while I was asleep and would have to get up in time to get oxygen.

I would force myself to get up but I would feel a heavy weight on me. I could not get up until finally, boom! I got up and would be gasping hard for air and finally start breathing again. Every time I went back to sleep the same thing would happen. I would have to wake up, gasp for air and keep repeating this scenario until I got into REM sleep.

**Romans 13:11 And that, knowing the time, that now *it is* high time to awake out of sleep: for now *is* our salvation nearer than when we believed.**

Once I was In Rapid Eye Movement I was good and would sleep normal. Getting into REM sleep was the hard part but once I got into REM sleep I slept normal. This scenario happened every night for a long time until finally I was afraid of sleep and did not want to go to sleep. I would always have to get up in order to start breathing again.

I would stop breathing and then get up before I ran out of oxygen. Also having that heavy weight on me made it hard to get up. I almost did not make it a couple of times. Praise the Lord Jesus Christ for his grace and mercy towards me!

**Daniel 12:2 And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame *and* everlasting contempt.**

If I did not get up on time on any one of those attempts to get air I would have died. I would be burning in the fire that is never quenched. If my brain had not turned back on all those times it short-circuited I would be dead. The brain is the control center and without the control center the body does not work. Thank you Jesus for not letting me die!

**1 Chronicles 16:34 O give thanks unto the LORD; for *he is good*; for his mercy *endureth* for ever.**

After all the brain and sleeping malfunctions I never took another Ecstasy pill ever again. How they once used to make me feel good, now my body rejects them and I can't stand the way MDMA makes me feel. Besides that, God Almighty told me that if I ever took drugs again the Spirit of God will depart from me forever. You can check that out in **Dream Warning, I WILL KILL YOU!** I remember when I used to look at pills and come close to vomiting. I would see Ecstasy pills and almost puke.

I used to think it was because I knew I was going to roll and needed to empty my stomach. The Lord told me that it was Him who was making my body trip out and want to puke. The Lord was showing me that I was not supposed to eat any pills.

Then one time Mike saved me from going to jail. We went to a rave party and there were lots of people and I was taking Ecstasy pills. The name of those Ecstasy pills was Orions. I was just into the music taking pills and dancing. I had noticed some older people that were there but I was more interested in dancing and taking pills.

I went to Mike and said, "Give me another pill!" Mike said, "Quite man!" "There are undercover cops here." I was like, "Yeah right!" "Give me another pill!" Mike got frustrated and walked off. Later again I went to Mike and said, "Give me a pill!" Mike said, "Chris I told you there are undercover cops here and they can hear you. They're right over there looking at us." I was too messed up to pay attention to anything and was focused on the music and drugs.

Later Mike said, "Chris I am leaving and I suggest you get in the car." I said, "Man, the music is pumping!" Mike said, "Chris if you don't get in that car I am going to leave you here." Finally I said, "Okay let's go." So we left and about fifteen minutes after we left Mike gets a call on the phone while he was driving. Moses said, "The party got busted a couple minutes after you guys left." Mike was correct due to his good observation and I apologized for my stupidity. Moses left the rave in time and so did we. We headed to my house to continue partying.

Nothing good came out of all those drugs and thank God I still have a brain that functions. Drugs are deadly and once brain cells are gone they never return. Brain cells do not regenerate and you cannot buy new brain cells at the store. Once you do drugs your brain will never be the same.

**1 Corinthians 6:9 Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, 1 Corinthians 6:10 Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.**

So I please urge you not to do drugs because they will destroy your life, brain, body and soul all the way to hell. I pray that you give your life to the Lord Jesus Christ before it's too late. Praise the name of the **Lord Jesus Christ!** Amen!

**Matthew 13:49 So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just,**  
**Matthew 13:50 And shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.**

**Do you really want to go there?**

From Chris Fuller  
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YOU CAN HAVE SALVATION, BUT ONLY ON ONE CONDITION;  
That you are totally sold out to Christ, you don't have any personal rights, you no longer have any right to do anything. You will be a servant. You are in essence signing your own death warrant because Satan will hate you and try to kill you. You are gaining eternal life and citizenship in heaven. You give up your life here on earth to gain life in heaven.