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MY EXPERIENCE WITH HALLOWEEN

I grew up in the small rural area of Citrus County, Florida. We lived in the sparsely populated countryside seven miles from the nearest town of Inverness. We were an unchurched family. My mother, Thelma, at 26 years old had never been inside a church during her entire life, not even for a wedding or funeral.

Through the witness of a family friend, we began to attend a Pentecostal church in the fall of 1953. I had just turned six and had begun first grade. My primary grade Sunday School teacher, Julia Jewell, told us of God, Jesus, and shared Bible stories. I was almost immediately changed by the special grace of God. By my mother's testimony, I was changed from a "naughty little imp" into an "angel" overnight. Why God elected this six-year-old for a radical conversion only He knew at that time.

I was the first one saved in my family. My mother, under conviction from watching me, was saved on Easter Sunday 1954. In November 1954 we moved into town. Inverness, the largest town in Citrus County had a population close to 1,800. We moved into our newly built home in May 1955. I was seven.

With my eighth birthday in September, my first Halloween was October 31, 1955. I had never heard of it until then. I immediately disliked this "holiday." I had no rational reason to dislike it. Something in my spirit objected to it, but I did not know why. The thing I detested most was to put on a mask and go "trick or treat" door to door. I did it for 2 or 3 years only because I was coerced into it. From about age eleven I simply refused to participate.

I still did not know the reason for my feelings. I can only surmise that the Holy Spirit within me was protecting me from inadvertently opening a window to something that was not good. As I grew into adulthood, I never participated in Halloween. I did not stop my wife and children from it. They participated; it was their choice, and I chose to allow them, but I could not participate.

Over the years I came to understand the evil of this popular "fun" holiday. I now understand why my childhood spirit stood up within me against it. Children can oftentimes be more spiritually sensitive than adults who have become conditioned to the environment around them. I am thankful that God chose to enlighten me spiritually at such a young age.

Please do not take this as a criticism of anyone whose experience was different. My experience was mine; yours was almost certainly quite different. You may have spent your life celebrating "All Hallows Eve," but now that you have read our articles over the last three days, perhaps you now have a better understanding what this "holiday" is all about. You may choose to celebrate it still, but it will no longer be done in ignorance. You now know what the truth is. The choice is yours.