

## Naomi's Testimony

I was kidnapped at age 5. On November 4, 1992, it was just like any other day going to school and getting dropped off at the bus stop on the corner and watching my babysitter, Ms. Horton, drive down the street to pick me up. I was the last child off the bus when another vehicle came down the street with two men inside. These men told me Ms. Horton asked them to pick me up instead. Since these two men gave me my babysitters name, I was comfortable enough to get in the car with them. We ended up breaking down at a gas station, and I was switched to a white van. The two men told me not to get out of the white van while they tried to figure out how they would proceed forward. We traveled to different parts of town before switching to a third vehicle. We arrived at what looked like a beat up apartment complex with tall grass surrounding it, and there was someone throwing money out the window to the two men. I told the men that I needed to go pee since, at this point, it had been several hours and I had not made it to my babysitter's house. I was told to use the bush. My response was that only boys were allowed to use the bush and I was a girl. Since these men refused to accommodate me, I undoubtedly was given the strength to hold all that was in me until the sensation to use the restroom went away. We made our way to a house full of people I did not know and that reeked of a smell with which I was unfamiliar (it was later revealed that I was in a crack house). As the night fell, I thought about how my parents always taught my three older brothers and I to be home before the street lights came on. It was at this point when the concern grew that something was wrong and that these two men had no plans of taking me to Ms. Horton's nor home.

Just when I was becoming weary, there was a heavy knock at the door, and once it opened, a swarm of police officers began to fill every room of the house. An officer spotted me on the chair I was sitting on, still wearing my jacket and backpack, and he scooped me up and took me out of the house. Knowing that night had fallen, confusion seemed to have set in since I could not open my eyes once we exited the house. I was assaulted with flashes of lights so bright that I buried my face in the police officer's shoulder before he placed me in the back seat of his police unit. The police officer asked me if I wanted a teddy bear and I replied "Yes." Once I received the teddy bear, I held it tight and fell asleep. I was then awakened to the police officer taking me out of the back seat and walking across a parking lot to a building I assume was a police station. Although I was half asleep, I knew I was safe, so I enjoyed the walk on the police officer's shoulder. I felt myself in an elevator and then being carried down a quiet hallway. The next thing I knew, a door opened and I was awakened by a loud round of applause from what seemed like dozens of police officers standing in a large circle with my parents sitting in two chairs in the center of it all. I still didn't understand what was going on, why my mom was crying, and why my dad had the biggest smile on his face that I ever saw, but I was glad to be going home. I was taken in for a medical exam within the police station to check for signs of sexual assault. A doctor asked me "Did they touch you?" and I replied "You mean like, a hand shake?" While my mom stood next to me, the doctor gently pulled the belt loop of my pants away from my waist to see what my response would be, and I simply looked at my mom in confusion. The doctor gently

told my mom "They didn't touch her." My parents and I went home and I made my way up the stairs and call from my three older brothers: Anthony, Leroy, and William. All three of them ran up to me and gave me hugs that brothers don't typically give their little sister. They said things like "You're alive! You're OK! We looked everywhere for you." Leroy attempted to explain the word "kidnapped" to me, yet as any five year old, I rejected the idea and told him he was stupid. That morning (the next day), several of my classmates made similar comments like my brothers and shared that they saw me on television. I stressed that I wasn't on television, but that didn't change what they knew they saw. Several teachers also greeted me with similar comments, and by this point I was even more confused. It wasn't until 3 years later when I stumbled across a cutout of a newspaper article of the kidnapping and realized that everything was true. At age 9, my fourth grade teacher asked the class to write a non-fiction story. So I wrote about my kidnapping. After turning in my assignment, my teacher approached me and said "Naomi, you were supposed to write a non-fiction story." I replied "I did." My teacher said "Well, I'm going to have to speak to your mom," and I said to my teacher "Okay." When my teacher told my mom what I wrote, my mom told her "It is a true story." The dynamic of that conversation quickly shifted and I was in the clear. Interestingly enough, I don't know that either of my parents thought I would remember much from my kidnapping, let alone write about it. There were details I shared that my parents never knew about; then again, they never asked. Not long after this event, my mother scolded me for sharing this story since she believed it made her look bad as a parent. My dad seemed indifferent about it in my eyes. So I made the decision to keep it to myself.

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## Babysitter charged with manslaughter

A 22-year-old man was charged with involuntary manslaughter and endangering children after an autopsy revealed that an 11-month-old child, which he was babysitting had sustained severe internal injuries, police said.

Antone Luster of 335 Miller Ave., was found not breathing by his mother Shanda Hayes-Luster and her boyfriend Larry B. Gant about 10:30 p.m. on August 24th. A subsequent autopsy revealed that the child received internal injuries. Gant, of 2175 Middlehurst, was charged on Nov. 5.

The follow-up investigation indicated that Gant was babysitting Antone at home at the time of the injury. This is the city's 98th homicide of the year.

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An East Side man was found in a crack house before dropping a young child off from a Day Care Center, Tuesday afternoon, police said. He was charged with one count of kidnapping.

Michael Madison, 38, of 1551 Courtwright Road, picked up the victim from a Day Care Center, in the area of Markinson and Oakwood Ave., to be taken to a babysitter. Instead of dropping her off, police said, Madison became involved in the use of the crack. The five-year-old female was recovered in front of 1029 S. Ohio Ave.

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An on-going hatred led to the shooting of an East Side man Monday night, police said.

William Baker, 22, of 1315 Miller Ave., was shot in his home after a struggle over a handgun with Bryan Adkins, 26, of Berwick Arms Place. During the altercation, Adkins gained control of the gun and shot Baker in the right leg.

Baker was taken to Grant Medical Center where he received treatment. Adkins was arrested and charged with felonious assault at the scene by patrol officers.

**LARRY GANT**  
...involuntary manslaughter

**BRYAN ADKINS**  
...charged with felonious assault

## 5-year-old girl and day-care center bus driver missing

Columbus police were looking for a 5-year-old girl missing from her day-care center since noon yesterday. They also sought the center's bus driver.

Naomi Spears was last seen yesterday by Horton Day Care officials, 1286 Wilson Ave., said juvenile detective Curt Edmundson.

Edmundson said bus driver Michael Madison called the center about 6 p.m. complaining of engine trouble at Barnett Road and Livingston Avenue while driving children home.

"The day care sent help, but when they got there, everyone was accounted for but the driver and the girl," he said.

Detectives were notified by the center's owner, Donna Horton, at 7:20 p.m. and began searching for Naomi and Madison, who has worked at the center for less than two weeks.

"Right now we can't say it's an abduction, but something's not right," Edmundson said.

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A 5-year-old girl was found early yesterday with the day-care bus driver who 12 hours earlier said the bus broke down, Columbus police said.

**Naomi Spears** was unharmed, police said.

Bus driver Michael Madison, 38, of 1551 Courtright Rd., was charged with kidnapping. Police charged Madison had used crack after he and **Naomi** disappeared, but police would not say why they believe the girl was taken.

**Naomi** and other children left Horton Day Care, 1286 Wilson Ave., with the bus driver Tuesday afternoon, police said.

About 6 p.m., Madison called the day-care center and reported he had taken the other children home and that he and **Naomi** were at Barnett Road and E. Livingston Avenue with engine trouble, police said. Day-care workers went to the scene but could not find Madison or **Naomi**.

Police were notified by day-care center owner Donna Horton at 7:20 p.m. and began a search.

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*Yeshua later revealed to me that He was the one who found and carried me. Since day one, He's always been with me, has never abandoned me, and has always protected me. He showed me how there are many of His children who are stolen and child-trafficked by the enemy and never make it home, yet I made it home untouched. Yeshua made it clear to me that His children cannot be bought and sold, and that I belong to Him. I thank Yeshua for saving and delivering me, and knowing just where to find me. I'm thankful and grateful that our Heavenly Father has now given me the desire to seek and find Him.*

Two years later and at the age of 7, my family moved from Columbus, Ohio to Phoenix, Arizona. I quickly grew to hate the people and things involved with this decision, leaving all of my friends and family on my mother's side, and being acquainted with my dad's side of the family that I couldn't stand. It was from this point on that I was determined to return to the place that I called home.

Our household was strictly Christian of the Pentecostal denomination, and prior to moving to Arizona, we attended church every day of the week. In my world, church became a prison and sheer torment. My brothers and I sought different ways to escape, which led to our devout rebellion against the Heavenly Father and Yeshua.

Around the age of 14 or 15, I went to bed like any other night and suddenly found myself being awakened in a different realm by multiple pairs of hands. Over and over again I was told to "get ready, get ready, get ready!" A part of me seemed to know what I was getting ready for, but

another part of me had no idea what was going on. The voices I heard continued to tell me “Get ready, get ready, get ready!” As I found myself putting on what my mind perceived as a white, floor length gown, the voices I heard began to echo further and further away. I found myself yelling back “Wait! Wait up!” The next thing I knew, I was in a vast space that my mind perceived as a church with no walls, full of vibrant and luminous colors that would put the color of the natural world to shame. I walked down what appeared to be an infinite aisle with individual beings with no faces standing on either side, watching me. I remember not being afraid, and only that I didn't want to leave where I was. By the time I approached what seemed like a bright light, I woke up and found myself in bed. I was very confused since I felt like I went somewhere but yet had not physically left my bed. I knew this was not a dream since I remembered it as though I was there. I did not share this with my parents nor my brothers for fear of being called crazy, so I asked people that didn't know me all too well what they thought of my experience. None of the explanations I received made any sense, so I dismissed them all and kept the experience to myself. Not even at this point did I think of going to Yeshua for an answer, or that He was even anyone that I could go to at all.

At 16 years old, several of the youths from our church came to our house after church one Sunday to fellowship. During our conversation, someone had asked the question “If Jesus came back and asked you to go with him right now, would you go?” One youth said they'd want to complete their bucket list first and then they'd go. Another youth said they would say goodbye to their parents first and then they would go. But my older but youngest brother said “I'd go right now.” I immediately told him I didn't believe him, but he was adamant that he was serious. I found myself very offended since I took it as him not caring about me or our family. My brother asked “Why wouldn't I go with Jesus? There's nothing here.” Two days later, that same brother was killed in a car accident. It was from this point on that my life spiraled and my emotions went full throttle. My brother's funeral was a week later and many people from our high school attended, including my Spanish teacher and my brother's former basketball coach. Little did I realize that an immeasurable hate grew towards the Heavenly Father and Yeshua since I asked in my heart why he chose to take my brother instead of the other the person who was driving the car. I unknowingly wish death on someone else and claimed ownership over someone who belonged to Yeshua. I hated every person at my brother's funeral, including family members who I saw as hypocrites who would always show up to a funeral, but never to anything else that I deemed important. The desire to run away intensified and the thought of creating my own path began. I no longer trusted anyone and placed all trust in myself.

*I began blaming the Heavenly Father and Yeshua for my brother's death and for taking things from me that I believed I needed in my life. Yeshua has since shown me that I needed to reconcile and forgive, and let go of the hurts and surrender all of them to Him. Yeshua also showed me that the out of body experience I had was a warning (message) that I didn't realize was given to prepare me for the things unforeseen. He showed me that He isn't the only One who's been watching, and that He wants me part of a family waiting to receive me Home.*

Between the years 2011 to 2012, I continued to develop a disdain for the Valentine's Day holiday. One day while I still worked in pharmaceuticals, I was at work witnessing other women receiving flower deliveries. It was this day that I was determined to rise above what I deemed as "ingenuine love" that was being passed around. The husband of my coworker who sat in the neighboring cubicle sent a bouquet of long-stemmed, red roses every hour for the full 8-hour workday. This made me more angry as the day went on. To my surprise, one of the security guards came to my desk with a bouquet of yellow roses and advised that they were for me. I quickly rejected them and told the security guard that he had the wrong girl. Nevertheless, he proceeded to ask "Are you Naomi?". I replied "Yes." Then he asked "Do you drive a little silver colored car?" and I said "Yes." The security then said "Well then, these are for you." There was a name and phone number on the front of the card and a message that said "I haven't forgotten you" on the back of the card attached, and I was encouraged by another coworker to either call or text the phone number and find out who the bouquet was from. After an hour long communication with this unknown individual via text messaging, it was brought to light that the bouquet of yellow roses was meant for another "Naomi." I searched in the company directory for another "Naomi" and found three others; 2 were out of state and the one was in my building in a different department. I sent an email to this other woman and told her the situation, and she was surprised. We decided to take lunch together 1 or 2 hours later. As if the situation wasn't awkward enough, I found myself delivering flowers to another woman I had never met at work. During my conversation with this other "Naomi," she expressed her disinterest in the person who sent the bouquet and advised that she did not want them. So she told me that I could keep them. I went back to my desk with the yellow roses and stared at them. After arriving home from work, I threw the entire bouquet of roses in the trash. The enemy fed me thoughts that I received hand-me-down flowers. It was at this moment where I began hating Love (Yeshua), and believed that He did not exist. I began defining my own definition of love, which led me down a path laden with disappointment and destruction.

*Yeshua brought me back to this moment and reminded me of what was on the back of the card attached. He revealed that I threw away flowers that He sent me. It brought me to my knees, and gave me the revelation that I cannot recognize Love nor give any. Yeshua taught me that although I had forgotten Him, He always remembered me, and that His Love can be given however He chooses even when we don't deserve it.*

During the summer of 2021, I was getting ready for bed and had come out of the shower with a towel and shower cap. Seeing that my ex-boyfriend had fallen asleep on the bed, I proceeded to finish my routine. In my peripheral, I suddenly saw my ex-boyfriend crawling on the bed towards me like a puma with red eyes. I did not run, but was given the reassurance (spiritually) that my ex-boyfriend would come out of whatever he was in. By the time he was within 2 feet of me, my ex-boyfriend let out a loud squawk mixed with the scream of a banshee, then fell dead on the bed. I remained standing where I was as he came to himself moments later. I asked him "Are you okay?" He replied reluctantly "Yes." Since it seemed like he had been frightened by

something, I asked him “What did you see?” He said “I saw a Man standing behind you.” I looked behind me and told my ex-boyfriend that there was no one there. I asked him “Did you know this Man, or have you seen Him before?” He replied “No, I’ve never seen Him before.”

*I arrived at a point in my life where I became tired of the world, the lies and deception, and was looking for truth. I was encouraged to speak with a man named Keith for help with pointing me in the right direction. On October 20, 2021, I scheduled a one-on-one Zoom call with Keith even though I was clueless about what I would say. At the beginning of the call, I told Keith that I didn't know what I was doing and that it was recommended that I speak to him. Keith replied “Okay, tell me a little bit about Naomi.” Within the first 10 minutes of the conversation, I was crying profusely, confessing that I was a sinner and deserved Hell. Keith asked “Can I ask you a question?” I replied “Yes.” Keith then asked “Have you ever tried not thinking?” If my brain had a switch, it was as if Keith shut it off the moment this question was asked, and I was unable to get a word out. Then Keith asked “Have you ever tried not making a decision?” I replied “Probably not.” In an instant, I felt an overwhelming peace that began raining all over me and my tears dried up. All of the emotions I felt and believed existed were gone. Keith asked “Do you feel that?” and I reluctantly replied “Yes,” wondering how he knew what I was feeling. Keith replied “That's Him. The only place you can feel that Peace is between this world and the next.” Three days later, I had fallen asleep on the couch in my living room when I was awakened by something (spiritually) being poured into me. I could sense a Presence standing over me and whom I feared. With my eyes closed tight, I told myself not to be afraid over and over again, and then the pouring stopped. Seconds later, the pouring began again, and I had a sort of apprehensive chill over my body that I couldn't identify. From this moment on, my life was forever changed.*

*Yeshua later revealed that He is the Gate, and that it had opened for me. He also made it clear that He was the One who baptizes in the Set-Apart Spirit.*

Fast forward to the beginning of Fall 2022 after moving from Colorado back to Arizona, I went to bed just like any other night, lying on my left side. I suddenly felt my right elbow caught underneath the covers on my bed. I readjusted myself and proceeded to go to sleep. I then felt large hand grab me by the elbow, and every time I pulled my arm towards the left, I was pulled twice as hard to the right. In an effort to regain control, I snatched my arm back and rolled onto my belly, realizing that something was in my room. Then this hand worked its way down underneath the covers and began touching me sexually. Although I rolled back onto my side and squeezed my legs shut as tight as I could, the pursuit of what was in my room wasn't hindered. With its demonic presence and strength, it made it known to me that I belonged to it, and proceeded to cloak itself over my entire body as if to squeeze the life out of me. Due to fear, I couldn't speak. Then a thought came and reminded me of 1 John 4, and I said within myself to this thing that if it was not of Yeshua, it needed to go. It didn't leave right away, but when it did, I fell asleep. The next morning, I woke up in disbelief that I got on my knees and brought this experience to Yeshua in prayer. I decided not to share this encounter with anyone since I had no

understanding of what took place. Several days later, I was in Temple when Keith asked for me. I replied "I'm here." Keith said "Yeshua wanted me to tell you that that won't happen again." I was dumbfounded and asked "Is that what that was?" Keith replied "Yes."

*It was roughly two years later that Yeshua revealed to me that it was He who stood behind me, even in my rebellion against Him and the Heavenly Father; when a demon, Incubus, was cast out of my ex-boyfriend. It was roughly a year later that Incubus visited my bedroom and sexually assaulted me. Yeshua showed me that I needed to renounce the covenant I had unknowingly made with this demon, including all others, before I could enter into the New Covenant. He also gave me the understanding that this demon would have had full legal right to rape me for all eternity if I chose not to renounce and repent. There are no words to describe how thankful to Yeshua I am for His grace and mercy, and for delivering me from the enemy.*

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This testimony is witness to the fact that Yeshua is the author and finisher of my faith. He is the One who gives purpose to my life, that I would have life more abundantly in Him. I am lost without Him, and I thank our Heavenly Father and Yeshua for pursuing me with an everlasting Love that never fails. Thank you, Yeshua, for everything You have done for me; for pouring out Your Spirit, and for being my Savior and King.