



EYE WITNESS

"Whoever calls on the Name of יהוה will be saved."

(Yael 2.32 [3.5] / Acts 2.21)

MARC 'EDGE' DOYON

There is A WONDERFUL life - HIDDEN - in this dead end world!!

« Intense and disturbing testimony but authentic and full of humanity. »

Frank

EYE WITNESS

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REAL LIFE IS ACCESSIBLE.

I personally discovered God by empirical means. I did an encounter with Him at the age of 17 as I realized my vileness and turned to Him for help. In the midst of my distress, of my helplessness and of my remorse, while my supplications were still on my lips and that I was intensely petitioning God to forgive all the evil I did, He manifested Himself to me and reached out to me. *"I revealed Myself to those who did not seek me. I said, 'Here I am, here I am!'"* (Isaiah 65.1) A unique experience, as surprising as unforgettable. I didn't even know anything about the Bible then. A river of light streamed out of my mouth in a language I didn't know, illuminating the room where I was. This only lasted a few seconds but I knew right then and there that God had touched me. It is only a few years later that I realized that what I experienced had been predicted by Jesus:¹ *"Whoever believes in me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water. Now this he said about the Spirit, whom those who believed in Him were to receive."* (John 7.38-49) *"They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance."* (Acts 2.4) And I cannot keep silent since. I declare to whoever is willing to hear that God listens and intervenes.

THE CAVALRY

Les Etchemins High School.

Winter 1974. Spring is about to show up in a few weeks.

Ginette, 18, sweet, pure, simple, radiant of serenity, overflowing with joy and happiness was in none of my courses. For a reason I ignored, she often came sitting in front of me in the cafeteria, telling me that *Jesus loved me*. She spoke of Him with passion and was madly in love with Him. Technically, I knew that Jesus had atoned for my sins at the cross but was totally unaware that he loved me. According to my knowledge, he was this devoted hero that had fulfilled his divine mission to perfection: He had redeemed mankind of which I was part of then returned to God. But that he loved me was new to me - and that made all the difference since I greatly was in need of love.

¹ Partially that is. I've never read anywhere in the Bible about light coming out from someone's mouth. Then again, God is not limited to past experiences.

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I always have been intrigued as to why, out of the thousands of students in high school, Ginette came to see me personally but I needed it. I was 17, stuck with nightmarihuana, and my brother Claude, 27,² gorgeous, intelligent and adventurer - had committed suicide a year earlier. I was confused, perplexed with this life that seemed to go nowhere. Nothing seemed to make sense anymore.

And suddenly comes Ginette, like an angel full of the Spirit of God - radiant. A fresh brise in an oppressing climat. God had sent the cavalry.

SOMEBODY

I appreciated her because she would listen to what I had to say and reacted with empathy. She was considerate and asked me for instance if I was willing to accept a wish card from her for Easter. To which I said 'yes'.

I recall that once, as she was talking to me about Jesus, I felt the intense urge to flee but I forced myself to stay and told myself inwardly: *'No! I will listen to what she has to say!'* My decision to resist fleeing required a great deal of efforts but I don't regret it today. It reminds me of when Jesus talked about those who force themselves into the Kingdom of Heaven. (Mathieu 11.12)

Over time, Ginette invited me to a prayer meeting at Laval University, a wednesday evening if I believe. She informed me that there would be an invitation to accept the Lord and those who were willing to do so, came up front and others put their hands over them to pray. Upon what I coldly replied: *"Nobody touches me!"* She smiled. I accompanied her with no real enthusiasm to this meeting but she was there and that was enough for me. Once back home, I remember telling my mom that these people were being brainwashed.

Ginette re-invited me and I agreed once more. This time, the preaching touched me. Then came the famous repentance call and the invitation to receive God into our life. I left my place, went forward and kneeled. A few adults gathered around me and put their hands over me, invoking God on my behalf. Then I got

² Even at his young age, he already had visited numerous countries and had brought me beautiful captivating coins among whose one had a hole in the center.

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up and went back to my place, glancing furtively toward Ginette. She was exuberant with joy, radiant. That was the last time we ever went to these meetings. The end of the school year nearing, these had surely been postponed to the following september.

A few weeks later, as I was alone at home, I realized my vileness and turned to God for help. As I said previously, He manifested Himself to me. While my supplications were still on my lips, as I was repenting of my sins, a flow of effervescent liquid light literally streamed out from my mouth and spread into the surrounding atmosphere, illuminating the room where I was. This flux of effervescent light emanated as a new language, foreign to me. This surprising experience lasted only a moment but my life has forever been transformed. Up to now, I only shared this experience with a very few intimate people, and even then, it took over three decades before I made it known.³ Even Ginette never knew about it.

We kept hanging out together and went to a few other prayer meetings once a week where about 20 people gathered in a lady's home on the South shore, up until the end of the school year. I had the privilege to attend Ginette's wedding that same summer. I've seen her only once since, during an evangelization gathering where we exchanged a few words. I thank got for having put Ginette on my path. She's been instrumental to my Salvation and her contribution was inestimable.

And for a good reason...

I was a little rascal, wicked, intelligent for evil, opportunistic, never missing an occasion to break, vandalize and destroy. As soon as I got the chance, I gave vent to my destruction impulse. I recall a family gathering where my relatives had rented some space in a school. Bored, I wandered here and there in the

³ I cannot even today rationalize this experience. I assume that these were, maybe, praises in a celestial language. The Bible effectively attests that a glorious heavenly light exudes from angels. (Revelation 10.1 + 18.1 / Hebrews 1.17 / Actes 12.7 / Luke 2.9) Perhaps light emanates from their mouth when they praise God, I couldn't tell. All I know is that the Scriptures testify that God dwells in unapproachable light (1Timothy 6.16), that Yeshua is the Light of the world (John 1.9 + 8.12 / Matthew 17.2 / Revelation 1.13-16) and that those who believe in Him become Children of Light. (Matthew 5.14 + 13.43 / John 12.36 / 1Thessalonians 5.5)

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building and discovered a shelf unit with books which I spontaneously tore up. Why? No idea! I assume that I was harboring an overwhelming frustration.

There also was that music event for students in the gymnasium at St-Denis school where I studied. We were almost two hundred youth having fun. During the party, I went to the washroom and, while washing my hands, I noticed a crack in the washbowl. I spontaneously dealt a blow to it and a fragment of the washbowl fell on the floor, creating a gaping hole. I then opened the faucet to the max and quietly left the washroom. About 20 minutes later, an adult, obviously upset, declared that the party was over because someone had vandalized the washroom... and that the gymnasium was flooded. I was about 12 years old.

I don't have a clue why I behaved like that. I must have been harboring a deep seated rage generated by an injustice whose nature I ignored and that maybe went way back to my earliest childhood. All I know is that it seems like I was attempting to avenge myself for some injustice buried deep down in the maze of my subconscious. Was it because I'm cross-eyed? I couldn't tell.

The fact remains that I accumulated mischief: broken windows, putting fire to household garbage on the side of the street, shoplifting - alone or with others - with whom I sometime elaborated a plan to distract the cashier so as to ease our stealing. It of course happened that I got caught red-handed, literally, as when this Chinese restaurant owner evicted me from his restaurant for having been caught stealing beer bottles from his stockroom which I accidentally discovered, thinking that it was the washroom. Sylvie, my then girlfriend, and I left the place... with a few beer bottles that we had had the time to hide in her purse prior to being caught. I remember having smashed one of them, still sealed, against a wall of the Parc Samuel Holland complex. I was 14 years old.

I was restless, improvising non stop. And obviously not always for the better. Having skipped a high school class, I went wandering to a supermarket. As I was strolling in the aisle of small hand tools, I discreetly slipped one in my

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sleeve. Why? I don't have a clue. I didn't even need it. I surely threw it in the field on my way back to school.⁴

SYNONYM...

When there was a mayhem in the neighbourhood, people were looking for me. I was synonym of mischief. I got the proof when a lad from my area told me once *"Such adult is looking for you!"* Ah, I answered, what for? *"There was vandalism at such place [four streets further] and they suspect you."* That wasn't me. I even was surprised to be linked to this misdeed but I guess that my reputation preceded me.

I was the shame of our street. Our lawn was never mowed. Our grass was one foot high and grew like in an abandoned field. I didn't know better. We didn't ever have a lawnmower at home. And at 14 years old, mowing the lawn is the last of priorities - in the universe I was degenerating anyway. Dicko, our limping three leg German shepherd was the icing on the cake, the mascot of the stigmatized house. It effectively had to have his right side front leg amputated after having been hit by an automobile.

Parents were warning their kids to stay away from me. To my invitation to join me to some activity, Claude, a youth from my street, told me straight out: *"My mom doesn't want me to hang out with you!"* His tone excluded negotiation. It was kind of *"Go away! And have a nice day."*

Unruly, rude and arrogant, when my mom asked me where I was going, I dryly replied: *"Outside!"* And when she inquired about the time I would be back, I would answer: *"Tonight!"*

Turbulent, it happened that I sometimes got kicked out of a classroom... I was then proud of myself. I was a 'star', 'someone'. I wasn't a criminal but a lost teen, in need of attention, supervision and guidance. In all my life, I was told only once to go brush my teeth. I learned the hard way when at 12 years old, 13 of my decayed teeth required fillings. No need to tell you that I brushed my teeth

⁴ You know what? I returned there to confess my crime about 12 years later. The new store manager didn't give a hoot, stating that occasionally some clients come admit their crimes for the sake of conscience.

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afterwards. I never studied, spending my evenings playing, hanging in the street, partying at some pal's place, looking for new experiences, strong emotions, the intensity of the unknown, the adrenaline of the forbidden.

My poor performances at school earned me a meeting between my parents and a leader from Les Compagnons de Cartier high school to solve my problematic situation. It was decided that I would have a meeting with a career advisor to help me find my way. After the said meeting and a few questions on my personal interests, it was then decided that I would go study electronics at Les Etchemins high school on the South shore the following year. Once there, it didn't take long before I drop my introductory course on electricity - for lack of real interest - to go wander in the cafeteria where I discreetly broke seats.

Lunch time nearing, I occasionally played my lunch money at poker with a few students among whom François who, grumbling, lost more often than not and had to obtain from eating. I tried to break free from nightmarihuana but without any success. I always fell back. That was unavoidable. And when I fell back, that was worst. I avidly inhaled almost half of a joint in a sole puff. People watched me, bewildered, wondering how I could take so much in just a shot. Like the teens of my generation, I ran on led zeppelin, black sabbath, deep purple, Jimi Hendrix, Woodstock, Jethro Tull and Santana.

FAMILY HOTEL BUSINESS - 101

I was born in room no.14 of the Motel Doyon. I obviously don't remember it but that's at least what my mom always told me. According to her, I was a premature baby. Patience not being my strong point, I surely was in a hurry to get out. Nine months stuck in the same place, me, can you imagine?! So she didn't have the time to cross the street to give birth at the Jeffery Hale hospital opposite our Motel where our family was living at the time.

The Motel was our family business. I experienced my first instants of happiness there. That was paradise for a child: countless hiding places, inestimable treasures to discover in the obscur and dusty warehouse where mattresses, furnitures, bundles of planks and entire boxes of 'THE RING' boxing magazines which my father collected, not to mention all these mysterious tools and accessories that I couldn't figure out the purpose. I can still see myself at the



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age of 3 or 4, happy, smiling and splashing about in a metal bucket full of water by a sunny day with the sound of the St.Sacrement church bells in the background.

Michel, my father, was a valiant and low profile man who had the sense of duty. He had 7 children of whom I'm the youngest. He worked full time at the Petit Séminaire de Québec, also had a printing business whose equipment was in the basement of our home in Sainte-Foy, all that while managing our family Motel. Hyper busy, he only stopped at the end of the day for a well deserved small beer that he sipped while watching a hockey game or quietly reading the newspaper. I've never seen dad making any abuse. I only have good memories of him, as when he came to tenderly tuck me, or when he abstain to give me a lecture when broke something.

As was customary at the time, children contributed to the family business. We cleaned the Motel's rooms, scrubbed washrooms, vacuumed, changed bed sheets and put the towels and soaps into place. Each spring we painted the rooms that were rented to students during the winter and changed the furniture. We were also entrusted with the distribution of tracts which we gave to vehicles having a foreign license in order to invite these visitors to come stay at our place. In short, each had his/her mission. We didn't twiddle our thumbs. Dad of course paid us for our efforts. We even made some tips by carrying tourists' luggages to their room.

RAISING OF BIDDING.

With time came the raising of bidding that ended up in excesses of alcohol then in nightmarihuana. The older teens' influence effectively motivated us to decipher the hidden universe that were drugs and of which everyone was talking about. We didn't want to remain in ignorance and decided to get initiated to this taboo, to cross the threshold of this enigma so as to access to its secret.

I very clearly recall the first time I took nightmarihuana. I was coming back from Sacré-Cœur College where a student had sold some to me - in the form of kief - a kind of grass colored compact powder whose texture is like incense. Upon arriving home on Toronto Street, I improvised and started cutting it in small chunks (it's very crumbly), then I pricked each with a needle and put them one

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by one over the flame of a match. As soon as one was burning, I inhaled its emanations. Oops, a guy from school arrives - he surely heard me saying that I would be trying *that* today. He watches me going through the process but abstains from taking any. When done, we undertake to leave home for somewhere else. I closed the door behind us. *Bang!* I wake up at the corner of Ottawa and Hertel Streets. I feel horrible. *What's happening? Where am I?* I sense an intense malaise - *indescribable*. *Where does this awful sensation come from?* **Ha!** I suddenly realize that I just took some nightmarihuana. *This is **that**, being stoned!??* Yark! Dreadful!! What happened between the time I shut the door when we left home and the moment I woke up in *this accursed world?* Impossible to know! Blackout!! Mental eclipse! Absolute oblivion. Total coma. No recollection. Still today, I ignore it. I just can't help but wonder what would have happened if I had been at work, or handling an electric saw or some other kind of dangerous tool, or still, if I had lit a burner or driven a vehicle after taking that stuff. Harmless, cannabis?! Huh!!

I remember having afterward took some hash with the student who had sold some to me the first time. We became really intelligent: as we were walking on Bégon Street towards Place Navilès by a winter evening, we suddenly burst into laughter - unable to stop - bent forward and having roars of laughter... because the traffic light was red. I can't help but realize today to which extent nightmarihuana made fool of us: to laugh because the traffic light is red. Ridiculous!

I remember that there are two ways of getting stoned with cannabis. Either I was the powerless witness of its gradual effect upon me, like a prisoner aware that he is slowly brought to the torture chamber (very freighting), either the effect brutally assaulted me, treacherously, without warning, like an unexpected smack in the face. I could be fully aware and sober one moment - calmly talking to someone for instance - when all of a sudden... *Bang! You're stoned!* ... It was really disturbing - stressful. Before taking some, I never knew which of these two scenarios I would undergo. Like Russian roulette, I couldn't predict the outcome. Either way, it felt extremely unpleasant. Worrisome.

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TRAPPED

I also recall having been prey to panic as I just finished a joint at Les Compagnons de Cartier high school.⁵ The drug hadn't yet had its effect on me but it was a question of seconds before it did, like a ticking time bomb about to go off in my face. I told myself, panicking, "*Oh noooo! I'm gonna be stoned again in a moment!*" I dreaded this to the highest level. The materialization of the effect was imminent, it was inevitable - I had taken the poison. I was stuck like in a clamp and couldn't back off. I hated myself for having let myself been caught once more, one time too many, even though I hated the experience each time. I would soon, again, fall pray of this *damned* which would trash me for another eternity - or, at least, this is what this endless ordeal felt like to me every time.

A fresh evening of summer, while pals and I were wandering on Père-Jogues Street after having taken some hash, I couldn't help but check what time it was on clocks in the surrounding homes by peeking through their windows. I had completely lost the notion of time and constantly needed a time reference. And for a good reason: each second did stretch interminably and seemed to me like an eternity, literally. Delirium.

There was no halfway, I always abused everything, going for the extreme - trashing myself. My pusher in the area even disclosed to me once that I was his best client. I fuelled on that drug. I recall an evening that some buddies and I took 14 joints in a wooded area. Useless to say that I suffered from hallucinations. None of us was able to identify his way back out of the woods. We all took a different path and were so intoxicated that I could hear them crashing with trees - groaning and grumbling. Once back home, I saw myself being aggressed by walls. These were pressing themselves against me, wrapping me up and choking me. I was panicking, not knowing what to do nor where to go, I was captive. They oppressed me, circling from all around and besieging me from everywhere. I had difficulty breathing, I felt short of oxygen. Oppressing.

One evening, as we were set to 'rejoice' during the holiday season and that I had taken some to cheer me up (?!?), the event turned to nightmare - as usual -

⁵ Yep! I did lots of schools... from primary school to college: 10.

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but differently this time: the face of the guy I was talking to metamorphosed into the face of my brother Claude who had just committed suicide two weeks prior. I panicked - horrified. I was talking to a dead - Claude was there, before me - and was talking to me. Infernal.

A morning in the spring, I decided to end this thing with nightmarihuana. I told myself that I would take all that I had left and never take it again. Stupid idea, I agree, but I didn't want to lose my investment - a bit like the silly decision of an alcoholic who resolves to stop drinking... right after the next 24 pack. Had I the intelligence - the courage - I should have thrown it all in the toilet rather than take it. So, a few moments after having taken some of the too many joints I had hidden in the tuque of a marionette hanging from my closet door, I started to have difficulty walking in the house. Why? Because I perceived the ground as a steep slope. I was making so much effort to 'climb up' the floor that my arms were locked. I was so tensed that I was unable to relax them. Those were stiff, riveted. Nonsense!

A few moments later, looking at my long hair in the mirror, I wondered in the most serious way if society hadn't made a slip-up by calling men 'men' and women 'women'. Maybe they did a mistake and that men were in reality women and vice versa. (?!) Pathetic.

During this same episode, I started to successively palpate elements of the kitchen furniture, bending with interest over the back of the wooden chairs, mumbling to myself: *"Aaah, this is not as usuuuual"*... because I found that the texture of my environment had changed. (?!) Weird.

Always during that same episode, realizing in my delirium that I needed to come to my senses, I undertook to go get some fresh air by the window. I seized the window frame and bent forward to breathe the air in when, without warning, the frame unexpectedly started to sway under my hands, undulating in successive waves as if it had suddenly liquefied. (?!) Nightmarihuana: unpredictable. Troubling. And you know what? Barely had the effect diminished and the situation gone back to a semblance of normality that... *I went to school* - it was early in the morning. Nice day ahead, right :-)

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I'll always remember Éric's comment, one of my buddies at the time, who expressed as follow his feeling after having taken nightmarihuana for *the first time*, while he was returning from his trip - back to reality. He told me in the most serious manner, his gaze pensive, lost in his damned memories that still haunted him: *"I feel as if I lost my virginity!"* Here you go: Éric summed up his experience in this simple statement. He just had lost his innocence, he had been defiled, duped, betrayed by the treacherous promises of a heavenly experience while he had just gone through hell, literally. His mind had been raped, abused. He was disillusioned. Nightmarihuana - it's jumangi squared - filth.

The events recounted above are just a few of the sad and too long list of traumatizing experiences that I personally went through with nightmarihuana.

What is worrisome about that drug is that you lose control of your senses. You get into a trance. You are powerless while facing the experience and you don't have any way to stop it. You undergo the poison's frightening caprices. You are at its mercy! - and it doesn't have any. Even if you despair so that it ends, nothing goes. And then you're miserable, REALLY miserable - unless of course a person indulges in nightmares.

Cacannabis is a bad master. And for those who think that they can still 'keep control' while taking that poison, they will learn at their expense that it is just as much a bad servant, perfidious and treacherous: a mutineer.

I recall being at my locker at Les Etchemins high school in Charny after having taken a joint - don't ask me why, I hated it - and I clearly heard myself thinking upon feeling its effect *"Oh no! Not in this damned world again!!!"*

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL...

That's right after this trying period of my existence that I met Ginette who, by the grace of God, shared with me the inestimable MESSAGE of the Gospel that transformed my life.

The following year, I went to take aptitude tests in the basement of Leopold Grenon's residence, a professional career advisor in Levis, on a Sabbath morning. Once the tests were over, he revealed to me that that I had a superior

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intelligence. According to him, out of 100 people, I'm among the five most intelligent. I don't know if it's true but I believed him. I wanted to believe him. I needed to believe it. From that day on, I applied myself to study and my academic results improved considerably, even up to A+ in some subjects. I had 'potential' at last. I didn't consider myself an 'incapable', a 'good-for-nothing' anymore.

As Élie Wiesel so well said in his book entitled *The Night* which I resume here in my own words: *"If I speak today it is because I don't want that my past becomes their future."* And it's exactly why I witness about Jesus today. He is the only One who can save us from the horrible future in which we are headed.

"There is Salvation IN NO ONE ELSE, for there is NO OTHER NAME under heaven given among men by which we must be saved."

(Acts 4.12)

Whoever you may be, or think you are, be aware that I'm not talking about religion here, nor about rituals, statues, Christian mythology or spirituality. Jesus is real. He exists. He is alive. He WAS dead. The God of Israel brought Him back to Life. He is Almighty: *"ALL POWER in Heaven and on earth has been given to me."* - Jesus (Matthew 28.18) His power exceeds all power and can deliver you from any situation. This, thousands of people are still experiencing it today. I'm one of them. You too can experience your Salvation if you want to. You only have to repent of the evil you did and invoke his Name - He will save you.

*"Whoever calls on the Name of Yehovah will be saved."*⁶

(Yoel 2.32 [3.5] / Acts 2.21)

With Jesus, your eternal destiny is secure :-)



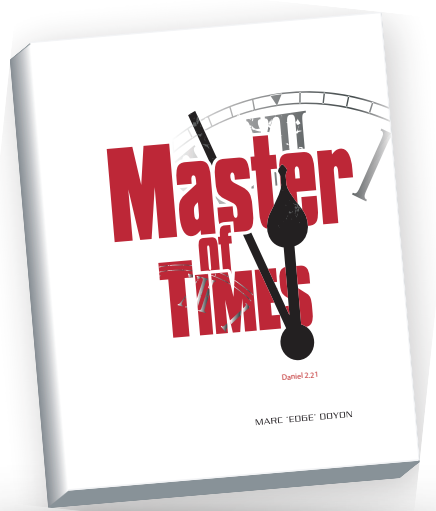
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⁶ [יְהוָה] <https://www.nehemiaswall.com/nehemia-gordon-name-god>

"Speak to the people all the words of this Life."

(Acts 5.20)



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