

A Face to Face Encounter with Bigfoot / Sasquatch



This is a partial repost from <https://bigfootordemon.weebly.com/> It's the best testimonial I know of that proves Bigfoot / Sasquatch is a spiritual/demonic entity that can manifest itself in the physical realm we live in.

The man who experienced the encounter with Bigfoot doesn't state his name. He's called "Shenk" by one of his co-workers.

Whitehall, New York – 1989

There are those who follow Bigfoot / Sasquatch news and research that believe it to be an elusive species of primate. Keeping an open mind, I believe such biological creatures very well may exist. Just the same, some who follow Bigfoot or Sasquatch news get insultingly angry at my personal accounting of this creature as it's not a version of the topic that they want to believe. Well, you will get that.

The small Adirondack Mountain town of Whitehall, New York is among places renowned for "Bigfoot" sightings. I did not know of this when I was assigned to that town as the active-duty training sergeant for its National Guard unit. What follows is my accounting of something that occurred to me shortly after my arrival there.

The Setting

My first apartment in Whitehall was a duplex located on the outer edge of the small village at the end of a quiet, dead-end street named Champlain Avenue. The setting was quite plain – not the setting one might expect for the event I am going to relate.

My apartment was small – but adequate for me. The downstairs was a new kitchen that opened to the back yard, the living room was an extension of the kitchen and had spiral stairs in one corner that led up to a solitary bedroom with a bathroom attached – everything was new – or at least newly remodeled. My backyard opened out into a vast swampland.

The Encounter

I recall that night well. It was mid-week. I had come home from work, had dinner, then spent a couple hours practicing classical guitar – reading it off sheet music and trying to master some of the simpler scores from Bach or Chopin. This was a hobby I was passionate about then, and to a lesser extent – now. I need to make it clear up front that I did not do illegal drugs then or now. I don't personally care for drugs. Regardless, even if I had wanted to do drugs, I was in the active-duty army and was drug tested periodically. I took my career seriously and considered myself a professional soldier. I say all this because this little story is about to get wild. What follows is exactly what happened to me late that night. In truth, this encounter bothers me some to this day just to recall the events.

So on this particular night, after finally tiring of guitar playing, I went upstairs to bed around 10 or 11PM. Note I hadn't been dreaming at all that I could recall and I had no issues going on when I went to bed earlier; it was a routine, quiet night – until this incident.

Suddenly, I awoke and I found myself laying there in bed flat on my back and I was weeping and sobbing hard – unnaturally hard. Thing is, as I was weeping I was totally bewildered because I had no clue at all as to why I was weeping. I was not thinking of anything gloomy or sad but yet was permeated to my soul with an overwhelming sense of dread and gloom. I recall thinking,

“Why am I doing this? What is going on?”

Yet I could not stop myself and I lay there on my back and I wept and cried and I could not move – could not turn or lift my head or body. My face was actually aching from crying and I let out a steady stream of whimpers as the tears flowed from my face soaking the pillow. It was unnatural.

It was like my mind was bound and jailed inside my head while some thing else manipulated my body and the perversion and horror of it were . . . tremendous and real. My head felt feverish and my face was soaked from the forced tears that continued to flow from my tired my eyes. I was completely unable to understand or stop what was happening.

Neither this, nor anything remotely like this, had ever happened to me before or since. I must say also that I was a devout church-going man during this time and certainly not into anything remotely 'occult'.

As this was going on, I suddenly heard my back door that was just below me on the first floor, slam open very hard with a bang – hard enough that it shook the walls. This was the door that opened out from my kitchen facing the back yard and swamp.

With the opening of the door, I suddenly was released from my possession and stopped sobbing and lay there a moment wondering who was breaking into my place. It was 3AM. I did not know anybody that might just let themselves into my place.

I heard and mentally followed heavy and slow footsteps crossing the kitchen floor – very slowly – about as slow and lethargic sounding as the mummy in the old movies;

thump ! . . .

[sound of kitchen table getting shoved aside roughly]

thump! . . .

thump!

[sound of chair getting knocked over]

thump! . . .

Each step came down with a very solid and wall-rattling heavy thud. Whoever he was – he was large. It was all so unreal. I thought I was being burglarized at this point.

Noteworthy to this encounter is that as I lay there in my bed wide eyed and listening – I could hear my furniture getting roughly relocated as the heavy footsteps proceeded on in slow, rhythmic thuds. Then the sound of a chair being tossed aside with another crash – and now I could tell by the footsteps that it was directly below me in my living room and more furniture was heard and felt being tossed hard. He was coming to the stairs that led to where I was laying.

I had to take action at once!

I quickly got out of bed and grabbed a baseball bat that I had stashed under my bed for such emergency self-defense scenarios. The plan was that I would wait crouched at the top of the stairs and whack this man in the shins – hard – then follow up with a few more thumps and see what was going on. Smack first – ask questions later.

Right about that time, as I formulated this simple plan of action, and as I was heading over to my position by the top of the stairs, I saw something that quite literally froze me in my tracks with icy fear.

Coming up the spiral stairs towards me, gliding smoothly rather than walking, was a huge black silhouette looking form. I stood there immobilized just as I was moments before when in bed. As it ascended the stairs, coming more fully in sight, to my horror I saw the head; then the head and shoulders; and then the torso and legs – all jet black and shadowy with no detailed features. My room and the stairs were fairly lit up from a street light in front of my place that shone through the windows.

I stood there paralyzed with fear, or something made me so I couldn't move my feet or arms. I was standing wide-eyed and paralyzed. The ball bat was there in my hands but I could not move. The thing stopped walking and glided to a stop directly in front of me – face to face – maybe just a foot between us – maybe less.

I enjoy illustrating this book and could easily draw this entity out but there is no way I care to do that. Understand, I am uneasy even writing of it. Besides, it is simple enough to physically describe.

It stood taller than my six feet. I'd say it stood around 6'3". It was very stocky – being quite broad and thick at the shoulders and upper torso. The neck was also proportionately thick. It made no sounds or gestures as it held me transfixed in its fiery stare. I could smell a strong, eggy or sulfur-like odor as I stared back into its flaming portals that were the eyes. I was somehow held and thus forced to stare into its eyes. There were no pupils or irises; these eyes were almond-shaped and just a solid flaming red and orange; not at all unlike hot, burning coals when fanned.

Its face was a featureless jet-black cloud to me with except for its very prominent glowing eyes. The eyes actually glowed red with a light that was in no way the result of a reflection. Its arms stayed at its side and while it was in front of me it did not speak or make a sound.

It is hard to describe my state. I was horrified but that is not what kept me petrified. Like minutes earlier while I was in bed, it again exercised a possession over my body but not my thoughts as I had a heightened awareness of what was going on. Though I was desperate to get free, I was absolutely paralyzed – standing up still clutching my baseball bat with both hands but unable to wield it. There was about a foot between myself and this being that had come to see me.

My fear was near total. I say "near" because I could still think rational enough to frantically tell myself that this must be a wild dream because I clenched my eyes shut hard saying it was a dream and I was going to reopen them and find it all gone. I tried this several times but when I opened my eyes I found it was in fact no dream. I don't know exactly how long I stood there. I know that I was there long enough to try and rationalize that this wasn't really happening. I recall desperately thinking;

"This has to be a dream! This must be a dream!"

Unable to move, I started yelling for help as I believed my landlord was home next door but undoubtedly asleep at that hour. My cries for help came out in a pathetic, weak voice and no help came. The thing stood before me in control. As I gazed into its eyes, I thought that it seemed to like my fear – that was the feeling I had – that it was actually feeding off my fear. I was held and forced to face this thing eye-to-eye. I felt mocked and violated.

I closed my eyes again hard and this time I began to pray any prayer I could recall – the Lord's Prayer and the 23rd Psalm. Then I plain called out to Jesus. This time, when I opened them, it was gone and I was released from the paralysis. I recall going to my bedside, dropping to my knees, and saying aloud,

"Oh my God! What was that?"

I was exhausted emotionally. I said another prayer and went to bed – trusting

my safety to God and His angels. In my estimate, the whole encounter lasted around five or seven minutes.

The Aftermath

The next morning I awoke early for work. I recall as I got out of bed feeling the emotional strain of the night before yet on me. I felt emotionally beat up and traumatized. I sat on my bedside and thought again, "My God, what was that last night?" I decided that it had to have been some kind of really wild nightmare – nothing more. That thought prevailed and I felt better as I got bathed and dressed for work.

But when I went downstairs to get breakfast I was stunned to find all my chairs and coffee table moved and knocked over, my kitchen table also knocked over and moved, and my back door was wide open; all precisely as I had heard just hours before when this being came into my place. The horror of it all hit me in a huge wave:

It wasn't a dream!

Now I was really shaken up. Understand that this visitation was a sincerely traumatic event.

All said, I still had a job to do and I went to work that morning. When I got there, it was the usual casual morning scene among the four or five other guys that I worked with at the armory. The coffee was brewing and the men gathered around a table in the break room to read the newspaper, talk some man gossip, bust jokes, and maybe talk shop a bit. Of this scene I was a part, but not on this morning. I'd never been shaken like this in my life.

Upon entering the armory, I walked past the break room without saying a word. I must have looked pretty rough because one of the guys must have noticed the way I was looking and left the break room and followed me to my office.

He came in and said "Shenk, what's wrong?" I told him nothing, but that I had a bad night. He kept badgering me as to what had happened and I kept telling him it was nothing – and I didn't want to talk about it. He would not let it go – so I told him.

It's such a wild story. I was really afraid he would think I was nuts. But he wanted to know so I told all that had happened – except for the perverse part, I never shared that with anybody until now. His reaction surprised me. He called the other few guys into my office – and now I was a bit embarrassed. Smiling, as if he had discovered something, he told me to tell the guys what had happened to me. They all stood before my desk in my office and listened. Nobody laughed or scoffed at me.

"Congratulations!" the eldest of them said. "Welcome to Whitehall."

They said I had seen what they called Bigfoot. This was a long standing local legend – a rare but sporadically occurring phenomenon to the area. Bigfoot! Well, what else could they call it? It certainly wasn't an animal or of flesh.

A couple weeks later, the local newspaper ran a story about several locals who had seen a large black figure with glowing red eyes in the area. I can say with all honesty, I had never in my life heard anything of Whitehall's "Bigfoot" story prior to my own experience – there was absolutely no influence upon this experience.

(End of Shenk's testimony.)

I have also heard of people who claimed they were abducted by aliens, and who ended the encounter suddenly like Shenk did by calling on the Name of Jesus! Jesus's Name is powerful! He is the King of all the universe and evil spirits flee when they hear His Name!

I know that from personal experience. When I was around 10 years old, I was temporarily taken over by an evil spirit for a few seconds. It occurred once or twice a year and continued up to the time I was 20 years old and serving in the US Air Force. I could feel what the spirit must have been feeling: A feeling of total isolation, loneliness, and hopelessness. The encounters ended after I got saved and was born again through the knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The next time I felt the evil spirit come on me again in early 1971, I called on the Name of Jesus and the evil spirit immediately left me! It never returned!! Thank you Jesus for deliverance from demonic forces! I think I might have picked it up at a Catholic grotto my mother took me to. I felt strange spiritual forces there.