

'Water Demon' didn't wait for Halloween

By Michele Zirkle Marcum | October 26, 2015

The water demon didn't wait for Halloween to haunt my house.

It was March 2006. I'd just settled on the couch, when my oldest son, Ben, strolls through the living room, one hand on his noggin, saying water dropped on his head in the hallway. A quick smirk his way and I return my gaze to the book in my hand, thinking Ben was goofing off like a typical 12-year old.

Minutes later, water sprays the inside of the front door. Ben and my youngest, Isaac, converge in the stairway where I seemed to have landed in one leap. Water is running down the walls, but there's no visible sign of damage from a broken pipe.

After the boys convince me they aren't playing a joke, I brush past them and run to the upstairs bathroom thinking a water pipe must have busted in there, but it's dry. Back in the hall, I stand with my mouth open, but no words coming out as water falls from the ceiling and onto my head. The boys' questions are drowned out by my own internal ones. Where had the massive amount of water come from?

For the next few weeks, water shoots from what seems like an invisible water hose, soaking each room in the house, busting hot light bulbs, setting off fire alarms, and drenching family portraits hanging on the walls. Fog forms on the windows and when flushed, the commode water funnels upward as if being squirted from a mega-water gun and hits the ceiling. After experts from various companies inspect the house from attic to basement, but cannot locate the source of the water, I ask God to tell me what to do to fix it.

Immediately I hear, “There is nothing you can do. You are not in control. I’ve allowed a demon in your house.” I stagger to my chair, my mind racing faster than Linda Blair’s head spun in the “Exorcist,” as I try to make sense of the download from Heaven I’d just been given.

Three days before the “leak” started I dared God to prove he existed — something I wouldn’t have considered doing at ten years old sitting on the pew in the evangelical church I grew up attending, but something that seemed appropriate as an adult struggling to believe in the unseen. Still, for God to answer my prayer in such an extraordinary way, both shocked and scared me.

My preacher advises me to contact a local priest. Father Nick shows up a few days later and begins the exorcism with a splash of holy water and a prayer. Holding the consecrated host,

the actual body of Christ according to Catholics, in one hand and a crucifix in the other, the priest, orders the evil in the house to depart.

One last splat in the hallway and it’s gone, leaving the house as dry as before, but my family residing inside, never the same — leaving me transformed and ever grateful for the experience my faith, or lack thereof, had provided. After that moment of liberation, I was given the profound desire to share my story of deliverance from the demon that literally rained evil.