

THE KNOWING

AWAKE IN THE DARK: A SPIRITUAL MEMOIR

NITA LAPINSKI

Copyright © 2019 by Nita Lapinski

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For my children whose inner strength and self-awareness constantly amaze me. May this book help you to heal and grow. Thank you for your love and support.

For my husband, I love you so.

Special thanks to Carly Kite for your encouragement, support and guidance.

My deepest gratitude to John DeDakis who's editing inspired me to be a better writer. And to Taylor Scott for making things flow seamlessly.

And lastly, to the group of listeners who let me read paragraph after paragraph until I got it right. Thank you.

PRAISE FOR NITA LAPINSKI

“A courageous story of one woman's journey from hell to healing and the intuitive gifts she discovers along the way.”

- *Sunny Dawn Johnston, author of *Invoking the Archangels - A Nine-Step Process to Healing Your Body, Mind, and Soul**

“Nita Lapinski has written a powerful story. The Knowing is raw and gripping. It is a book for our great era because it asks us all to see through the veil of pain and struggle to reveal our true gifts. Ms. Lapinski weaves a tale so compelling and honest that readers will identify with the struggle immediately. Ultimately, it is a story of liberation, healing and joy. What an honor to welcome Nita Lapinski into the fresh tribe of world-changing authors now coming forward to share their work.”

- Jacob Nordby, speaker and author of *The Divine Arsonist: A Tale of Awakening*

PREFACE

Note to my readers

This is a true story about a painful period in my life. A period that feels as though it happened to someone else, a lifetime ago. I have not altered the unfolding of any events. Don't let my tumultuous past or unique gifts distract you from the real meaning of my account—it's not about tragedy or triumphs- it's about something much more.

I am a person whose life is easily judged, and if you feel anger or resentment, screaming your displeasure onto the pages, I'll understand. You may discover a piece of your own life or of someone you love, and through it, you may decide to forgive.

All names, except mine, have been changed to protect their privacy. I take creative liberty when speaking in the voice of the victims other than myself and rely on my intuition for insight into what may have occurred during their attacks. When describing the assaults, I have used court documents and police reports as reference.

The voice of the perpetrator in this narrative is based on actual knowledge and experience. The crimes he committed and their circumstances remain unchanged and authentic.

PROLOGUE

Falling mist floated sideways on the breeze, its evidence visible in the soft yellow glow of the street lamp. An invader with malicious intent hid behind a truck, a towing boom fixed to the bed. His face was covered with a mask. Only his eyes shone through the carefully cut out holes embroidered with bright orange thread on a black knit ski mask. Parked at the end of a building, the man had a clear view of an alley where the rear doors of its businesses sat firmly closed to the dreary weather and darkening night.

Rain pooled in the asphalt's potholes, its fresh scent mingling with the pungent smell of wet rubber rising up from the tires. Craning his neck, the man peered around the truck.

His neck muscles pulled and I felt the ache in his arm and knee and the dryness that filled his mouth. He was antsy and impatient hiding in the dark. His heart pumped steadily with excitement. I heard his rambling thoughts as if they were my own.

That bitch better hurry up, he thought. I don't have all night.

His jaw muscle popped as he ground his teeth and rubbed his elbow to relieve the throbbing there. The alley remained dark and

deserted with only a hollow echo of water dripping from the roof to the blacktop below.

Without warning, the sharp scraping of metal against the pavement rang out. I saw the dark tip of a woman's high-heeled shoe and felt her toe wedged between the shop's heavy door and its frame. Her breath floated in the mist as she struggled to squeeze through.

In that moment, beneath the mask, the man smiled, his teeth exposed as they rubbed against the stretchy fabric that tightened across his lips.

Suddenly I became aware of my surroundings. I sat squeezed onto the corner of the couch, absently fingering the frayed, dirty pages of a worn paperback. I was having a vision. A sick feeling of dread lodged itself in my swollen, pregnant belly. The man in the mask felt familiar. *Do I know him somehow?* I thought as my mind searched for a clue. Fear restricted my ability to breathe. *This is not real*, my mind repeated again and again, *I'm imagining things again. I always do.*

Just seventeen-years-old and five months pregnant, years would pass before I sat sweating and afraid interviewed in front of a female sheriff's deputy. She was short with dark hair and eyes. Her gaze demanded my attention. She leaned forward and pushed a tape recorder toward me.

"Please state your full name."

"Nita McKenna," I'd said, feeling stupid and uncomfortable.

The officer sought to establish my connection with a serial rapist who, it would turn out, I knew very well. We would talk about his crimes, but I would not reveal my vision, afraid to admit I *knew*.

Pictures, as I called them or visions, had been happening randomly since early childhood. The vision of the man in the mask was not my first, and the realization of what I'd seen would haunt me for years. I was young and disbelieving when the vision came. I'd rejected it. I was afraid. I couldn't cope with the truth of what it meant. I would eventually realize who I saw, but it would take two decades before I fully understood the sickening significance.

THE BOY

Before he became the man in the mask- a man with anger that burned in his ears- he was a sweet and sensitive boy with a father as mean as a rabid badger.

The boy was seven the day his father came home drunk, angry that his lunch wasn't waiting for him on the table. He was a massive man with long arms, meaty fingers and perpetual redness in his cheeks. His meanness was as dense as swamp water, and his breath reeked with bitterness and rage. He glared hatefully at the boy and thumped him hard on the back of his head, yelling,

“Now you get outside, boy and clean up them weeds! I don't want to see no weeds in my yard. Get a move on.”

The boy's stomach squirmed as he hurried outside. In the glaring mid-day sun, he did his best, but nothing could satisfy his father.

Stumbling onto the covered patio, the giant man threw open a chest filled with the treasures of boys. He dug like an animal, throwing baseballs and mitts, mallets for croquet, and wooden bats pitted and dark. He shoveled wildly until the contents of the chest lay scattered and meaningless across the cement porch.

Picking up the empty chest he slammed it down hard beyond the shade of the overhang, leaving it empty in the sun.

“Is that the best you can do, boy?” he said as he spat tobacco juice in the dirt.

In two strides he reached the boy and snatched him by the back of his shirt, hoisting him easily off the ground. The red-and- white striped fabric pulled tight against the boy’s narrow chest. The father dropped the terrified child into the footlocker and slammed it closed. His breath came in hard gasps as he spotted a curved wire and twisted it through the shiny hardware clasp ensuring the chest couldn’t be opened from the inside.

“That’ll do it,” he growled as he wiped the spit from the corner of his mouth.

The boy whimpered and cried, “I’ll do it better, Daddy, I swear. Please, let me out. Daddy, please, I’m scared of the dark,” he whispered.

By the time the boy’s mother, Bernadette, rescued her youngest son from the dark and sweltering chest, he was limp and nearly unconscious. She carried him into the house and cradled him in her lap, wiping his head with a cool cloth and feeding him water. She whispered in the boy’s ear,

“You got to stay away from him now, you hear me? Oh my lord,” she murmured, “please God, don’t let him kill my boy.”

But it wouldn’t be the last time the boy was locked in the chest, and with each cruel encounter the hateful intent of his father would begin to creep into the boy’s own heart and begin to grow.

I was skeptical. I knew I shouldn't go. My stomach churned with warning but in the next moment I heard myself say, "Okay, Aaron, but just for a talk and that's all. Mom!" I called,

"I'm going out with Aaron, but I'll be right back. Raine's asleep for the night." Not waiting for her reply, I quickly left the house with Aaron.

At seventeen, I'd taken my three-month-old baby, Raine, and moved back in with my mother. It'd been two years since I'd lived at home and I was surprised at the comfort I felt at being back. All I ever wanted—or so I thought—was to live with Aaron, Raine's father. For the past year and half my dream had come true. But I quickly discovered in him a volatile temper and vulgar tongue. I hadn't seen or spoken to Aaron since the morning I walked out on him, weeks before.

We drove on unlit back roads with the windows down. my long hair lashed at my face with sharp whips as Aaron made his case.

"I know I've been a jerk and I'm sorry. I'll change, just come home."

My emotions swirled. All I ever wanted was for Aaron to love me,

to want me. He was finally asking, but his violent outbursts were terrifying and I was afraid for my son- I didn't want him to be like his father.

I bit down chewing on the soft pallet of my cheek. "No Aaron, we can't. I just can't." I said.

Suddenly his energy shifted. His anger erupted. His very person disappeared, replaced by billowing rage. a hateful smirk crept over his face as he gripped the steering wheel, increasing his speed.

He pushed down hard on the accelerator, babbling incoherently as the car flew down the road. The black silhouettes of trees and hills became a blur.

"Dammit, Nita! Are you already screwing someone?! I knew it! I knew you were!" he screamed, pounding the steering wheel.

"No Aaron! Jesus Christ, you're unbelievable!" My fingers tingled, my heart beat wildly, and my mouth lost its spit.

"I mean it!" He bellowed, "If I can't have you, then no one will! I will kill us both!"

I gripped the door handle. *Oh my god, what is he doing?* I was afraid of Aaron but I knew I was not alone in that car. I felt a presence with me. I called it "the light-body" and I'd been aware of it since puberty. The energy seemed to appear during stressful or dangerous situations but I hadn't put those pieces together yet. The light-body, along with the voice in my mind and the feeling in my gut (my *knowing*) told me, *you'll be safe.*

Instead of terror I felt calm wash over me as our speed increased. My seatbelt was secured, although it was uncommon to wear them at that time.

Aaron jerked the wheel to the right and we careened off the road. While in a free-fall, my world went silent. We hit a deep embankment where the groan of metal and shattered glass was a faraway sound.

The car dipped sharply to the left, crushing the driver's side door closed. Its nose was fixed securely in the ditch, causing the hood to wrinkle like a crushed coke can. Aaron was cursing and throwing his weight helplessly against a door that wouldn't budge. I released my

belt and crawled, unhurt, through the passenger side window. I fled giving no thought to Aaron still struggling in the car.

Why do I always give into him? I wondered. What power does he have over me?

The night was an inky black. The back road was without streetlights, houses or traffic. I ran. The area was vaguely familiar. We were on the outskirts of an adjacent town, a predominantly black and poor area.

I half ran and half walked, barefoot, for about a mile when the bright sign of a twenty-four-hour store glowed in the distance. The unmistakable slang of black youths - whom I'd been conditioned to believe were unpredictable and dangerous - could be heard in the chill of the still night air. In front of the store in the glare of neon lights were groups of young black men drinking and loitering and selling drugs to late night patrons in search of an extended high on a Friday night. Wary and shaken, I had no coat or shoes to guard against the increasing chill.

No taunts or catcalls rang out, as I'd feared. Rather an unspoken understanding passed silently between us. I was a young girl in trouble and in need of help. A pay phone hung on the outside wall and beside it stood a man in a ragged knit cap. His eyes were bloodshot with droopy lids and the shine of an addict. His wordless appraisal rolled over me like a second skin as he dug in his pocket and pulled out a coin, extending his hand. The stark contrast of black skin against the white of his teeth struck me. I felt like I knew this complete stranger. I felt safe and I was grateful for the unexpected help.

It was past midnight when I awakened my sister Maggie with my desperate call. She came without comment or complaint. My mother was waiting up for us when we arrived home and said,

“When are you going to learn that he is dangerous? You're lucky he didn't kill you. Stay away from him, Nita, or he will.”

She stood rigid, her arms crossed tightly over her breast. I gazed at her and saw disapproval spin like shiny lures around her body. The

ability to see the energy that surrounded every living thing had been with me my entire life. Her hatred of him was visceral.

Aaron's attempt to hurt me was not his first or his last, and the severity of his efforts would grow. But don't let me confuse you by jumping ahead. Let me start slowly. Let's begin years before at church, the day God burst through the room.