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CHAPTER 1

A



The Lights of Marfa- My Own Personal Experience



Thursday, February 4, 2010. The rain had finally let up in the Big Bend area of West Texas. My daughter Haley and I drove from our good friend Del Way's ranch in Kerrville to find out more about the Marfa lights. We arrived at our hotel in Alpine, Texas, about twenty-five miles away from Marfa and eighteen or nineteen miles from the Marfa lights

viewing area. We had dinner and waited until right after sundown, as the lights are seen only at night.

It was cold, in the 20s, but very dry, with wind. The sky looked as if you could reach up and touch the stars. It was a beautiful West Texas night.

We gazed southwest, toward the area where we had been told to look. A radio tower stood in the distance, its beacon flashing. Suddenly we saw lights. They appeared to be car lights, but some were more unusual as one would turn into two and three and then spin in a circular motion.

Others at the viewing area saw the spinning lights and

thought they couldn't be car lights. Still, we weren't totally convinced. We stayed for well over an hour and then went back to the hotel.

About ten p.m. we went back to the viewing area. More car lights. I decided to investigate and drove into the town of Marfa for the first time. I found it was Highway 67 South that went all the way down to Mexico. We followed the road for about half an hour. We did see lights in the distance, but as we crossed over a hill, they were gone. Strange—but we were still not convinced. Back at the viewing area, I saw what looked to be car lights running downward; and then in a very fast plunge, they were gone. I don't see how any car could've done that. We went back to the hotel and decided to try again before dawn.

Friday morning, February 5, 2010

We went back to the viewing area and stayed over an hour until dawn. No sign of the Marfa lights. Later that day, we did some more investigation. I went to a local music store in Alpine, Texas, as I figured a picker would shoot straight with me. The owner of the store recognized me as he was former owner of the Dallas Guitar Show, which I played at a couple of years back. His name is Mark Pollock and he had moved to Alpine to "retire." He told us he had seen the Marfa lights numerous times.

He explained that what he thought we saw the night before were more than likely car lights from



THE LIGHTS MAY APPEAR IN VARIOUS COLORS AS THEY SPLIT APART, MELT TOGETHER, DISAPPEAR, AND REAPPEAR.



THE VIEWING AREA AT MARFA, TEXAS.

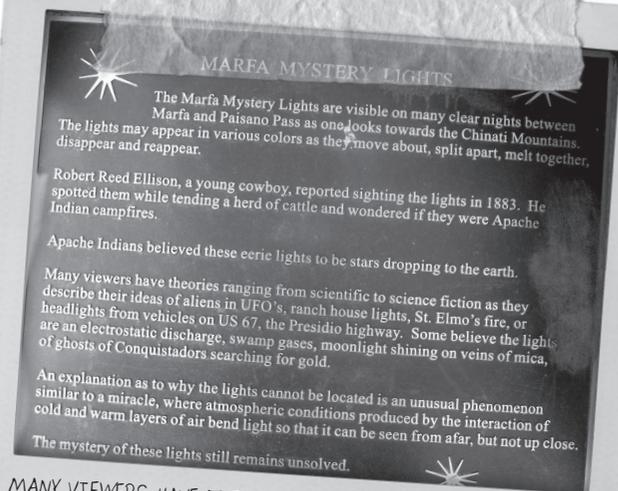
Highway 67. He advised us to look straight south of the viewing area or to the east, where there were no roads but just thousands of acres of desert: "If you see any lights out there, those would be the Marfa lights." (Take a look at a road atlas. There's nothing there but the desert floor all the way down to Mexico.)

There was a man in the music store named Indio who grew up in that area. We asked if he'd ever seen the lights and he said, raising his voice a little, "Oh, yes, and I said I'd never go back there again . . . and I haven't!" He explained that when was a teenager he and some friends actually went out on the ranch (there was no viewing area then), and the lights appeared, about the size of a basketball or beach ball. Indio said the lights actually herded them up and ran them out of there. "We ran for our lives!"

But Haley and I went back to the viewing area. Highway 67 seemed like a long distance away as it was built up on the foothills. It was hard to believe the lights at night we saw came from there. However, the climate is so dry, and with no light pollution you could also understand how one

could see for miles.

We had asked a few local folks around town about the lights. There were some who had seen them and described them in the same way we had read about and seen on the documentary films. Everyone



MANY VIEWERS HAVE THEORIES RANGING FROM SCIENTIFIC TO SCIENCE FICTION AS THEY DESCRIBE THEIR IDEAS OF . . .

pretty much described the lights in the same way. They would appear oftentimes as one and then split into two and three, and then they'd even change colors from white to blue and red and so on. They would go into a spinning motion, then dance around randomly and sometimes shoot straight up into the sky.

Others said they'd never even been out to the viewing area. One person said it was just too cold to go out there and then probably not even see anything.

This is just the way some people are about God. They've heard yet they don't really believe or have an interest in seeing for themselves or even take the time to see Him for who HE REALLY IS! In 1 John 1:5 (KJV): "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." A couple of verses down: "But if we walk in the light, as he



**In a calm yet
convincing
sort of way
he just said,
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tonight!"**



is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

So now I had just one more person to ask. His name was Roy Cragg, and he was the pastor of the local "Cowboy Church." He said he'd be glad to meet us at the church, which was on the way back to the viewing area at the edge of town. We got his name from another pastor we met in San Angelo just a few days before. He told us that he had visited with Pastor Roy many times — and he also said he'd seen the lights every time he'd visited there.

When we arrived at the church we had expected a rustic-looking metal-type structure that is typical for cowboy churches, and that's just fine. However, this was a beautiful adobe style building with other annex buildings on site, in the style of a little Western town. Pastor Roy was a very nice man, and you could tell that he was a man of integrity. His answer to me about the lights

was that he'd been seeing them as long as he could remember. He said even before there was a Highway 67 people had been seeing the Marfa lights. In fact he told us the Native Americans and the early settlers had spoken about the Marfa lights since the 1800s. He also explained that they seemed to come at random times and under random conditions. "They just seem to show up when they want to," he said.

I gave him some of our recordings and thanked him for his Texas hospitality. Before we left, I said, "Pastor, I'm not out here doing this for my own curiosity" (of course I was curious), "but I'm writing this book that includes stories that just can't be calculated or figured out in the natural." I told him we saw a documentary on the Marfa lights and how a famous Japanese scientist came over to investigate and try to come up with an explanation on the lights. He carried a Buddhist priest with him to "conjure" up the spirits of the lights. I said, "Pastor, if he could do that, then why can't we just agree in the name of Jesus that we'll see the lights tonight? This is our last time to try while we're around here, and I have no idea when we could come back."

In a calm yet convincing sort of way he just said, "I believe you're gonna see 'em tonight!" I knew in my heart he was right.

We got back to the viewing area just as the sun was going down. We looked over to the southwest and sure enough we saw the lights from Highway 67 again. So we concentrated on looking straight south and east of the viewing area platform. Suddenly, Haley spotted the first little dim light. It looked like a twinkling star, very low to the ground and a long distance away. Then the light got brighter and brighter and began to move to the right and then to the left. It changed from a bluish twinkle to more of a yellowish color, sort of like a headlight from an old Model T Ford. Right before our eyes it split off into two, and then to three. Haley once again said, "Dad, over to the left! There are four or five in a row – and now they're changing colors – they're flashing and spinning!" They were clearly visible and it was evident that they were not too far away.

There were possibly a dozen people at the viewing area by then. A family from Fort Stockton, Texas, came up with a pair of binoculars and asked if we wanted to borrow them. It was an amazing sight, to say the least! I could see the lights so clearly, yet nothing or no one was around them! They looked like a huge display of Christmas lights; but suddenly they began to move to the left, then to the right, and then up into the air. The first ones we saw looked as though they were getting closer. It looked to me as though you could see the desert floor lit around the area where they were. Other lights appeared to the southwest – and this time they were clearly not from Highway 67. And more lights appeared in the southeast, but this time much higher than the others. These lights also changed colors and split into two and three and then, suddenly back to one as it would very abruptly move to the right and then down like a meteor and then randomly stop and stay in one spot before completely moving again in the other direction. It was awesome!

I couldn't see how any motorized hobby plane or even a helicopter or airplane or a person or group of people or any other type of vehicle could have done this, and everyone at the viewing stand agreed. We also agreed on the question of why were there only a dozen of us out there and not hundreds or thousands!

So, by now you either think I'm crazy and want your money back, or perhaps you'll read on and see that God is still "pulling the strings." Just as He did when baby Moses's mother put him in the little "ark" or basket by the river and how Pharaoh's daughter found him and, of all things, Pharaoh, the king who had commanded that every Hebrew son be killed, took in the very child that God raised up to destroy Pharaoh's own army, yet Pharaoh raised him as his own grandchild.

I'm convinced that God has a plan for each of our lives. It's up to us if we want to see it come to pass or not. We can surrender to Him and believe His will is the best thing for us, or we can sit around and never even go out to the "viewing area"! Besides, we probably would never see God's will in our lives anyhow, right?

I realize that God's peace and joy, and His love and the miracle of His Grace, are much more miraculous than any mysterious lights in the desert! Although I can't see it or quite understand it, there is no explanation or reasoning for the Grace of God, and yet He has extended this unmerited, unearned favor to us even though we didn't deserve it.

I'm just glad I went out to God's viewing area (the throne of His Grace), purchased by the sacrifice of His Son Jesus and experienced it for myself! He isn't just there randomly, but His light forever shines to all mankind and is available at the mere mention of His name, Jesus!

That cold night on February 5, 2010, I saw the lights of confirmation and direction for this book. I saw The Lights of Marfa.



FAVORITE SCRIPTURES FOR THIS CHAPTER

Second Peter 1:19 (KJV)

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy:
whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light
that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn,
and the day star arise in your hearts."



To hear Doyle talk about why he chose to write this book now, start the video or go to

<http://www.doyledykes.com/tlom.htm>

and follow the link to the video page. The pass code is 400376



To watch Doyle and his friends play

"The Lights of Marfa," start the video or go to

<http://www.doyledykes.com/tlom.htm>

and follow the link to the video page. The pass code is 400376



To watch some great behind the scenes footage of

"The Lights of Marfa" recording session, start the video or go to

<http://www.doyledykes.com/tlom.htm>

and follow the link to the video page. The pass code is 400376