

Caught in the Columbine Crossfire:

The Heidi Johnson Story

As I crouched under my table, the prank became a reality. Bombs went off right outside the library while smoke filtered into the room and screams filled the air. Chills ran down my spine, and my heart sank into my stomach.

“Lord, I thank you for your protection,” I prayed. “I thank you that you will never leave me nor forsake me. I thank you for your peace.”

My prayers were soon interrupted by the two black shadows that entered the library, emerging through the smoke. A short boy wearing army fatigues and a white shirt with red letters on it walked in first, and following him was another one, dressed in black from his head to his toes and wrapped in a gothic trench coat. They had ammunition strapped to their shoulders and machine guns in their hands. Both of them grinned as they said, “Everyone in this library, get ready to die!”

I heard shouts as they fired the first deafening shots. “Everyone get ready to die!” they shouted again. Evil filled the air, but even then Jesus stayed close to me.