

In Agreement With The Prince of Darkness

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8:32,36)

In teaching the disciples to pray, "Deliver us from evil" (Matt. 6:13), Jesus was referring to the *evil one* himself, Satan (1 John 2:13). Jesus also referred to Satan as the prince of this world (John 14:30). By calling Satan the god of this age (2 Cor. 4:4) and the ruler of the kingdom of the air (Eph. 2:2), Paul repeated Christ's assessment of Satan. Although he is extremely powerful, Satan's domain is limited to the sinful dealings of this world.

In these last days, when God is pouring out His Spirit so abundantly on His people, Satan is coming against us in great power, trying to defeat the Church and rob us of victory. That does not mean we have to be cowering victims, powerless against this deceiver. The Scriptures tell us "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." ~ "Where sin (Satan), does abound, there does grace (God's love), more abundantly abound." We need never be fearful, only aware of the enemy, and that awareness should turn to perception of who we are in Jesus Christ.

Many young people are being indoctrinated into the deeper realms of Satanism. A jury found Sean Sellers, 17, guilty of killing his parents and a convenience store clerk. In a diary which Sellers call his "book of shadows," he had written, "in the name of Satan, the ruler of earth, and the King of the world, I command the forces of darkness to bestow their infernal power upon me." Information presented during the trial mentioned such details of satanic doctrines as this "book of shadows," - "blood pacts with the devil," - "a code of silence," - involvement with a game called *Dungeons and Dragons*, "inverted pentagrams," "high priest," "recruiter's", heavy metal rock music," and "horror videos". In choosing the death penalty for Sellers, the jury rejected the defense's claim that Sellers deserved mercy because he was a "mixed-up kid" influenced by satanic beliefs."³

Authorities now take threats seriously since devil worship has been suspected in a series of mutilation killings across the country in recent years. (Ed.Note: The editor's niece and her husband, both career police detectives in Delaware and later, in north-central Florida have confirmed the uptick and prevalence of satanic ritual abuse, witchcraft and other occult/demonic activity in the crimes they personally investigated as well as other detectives they networked with... from scoffers to believers just by demonstrations of satan's power - some of it against them in retributions). One man convicted of murder confess to police that several parts of women's bodies were used in sexual and cannibalistic rituals devoted to Satan. To doubt that Satan is active in our world is to close our eyes to a mountain of obvious evidence. Browse the pages of a recent newspaper or magazine. Bulletin boards on college campuses are littered with invitations to various occult groups that seek to explain the unexplainable. Nor is this merely a game.

To deny the reality of Satan and his activity as described in the pages of the New Testament is to misunderstand the purpose of Christ's earthly ministry. Perhaps people become involved because "curiosity killed the cat". Hidden spiritual activities are highly intriguing - but so is a loaded gun. Satan's goal is to devour (1 Peter 5:8), whether by fear or apathy.⁴ Occultism is being glamorized in books, movies and the fashion world, and despite the fear they inspire; they hold a demonic fascination for many.

Water witches, prediction by astrology, enchantments such as setting curses on others; witches; fortune tellers; a charmer, such as one who hypnotizes; a consulter with familiar spirits, as in seances; mediums; familiar spirits; levitation; ESP; and many others such like these are demonic forces. The world is falling at an alarming rate into this kind of fascination. Go to your local newsstand and look at the paperback titles. Astrology, reincarnation, seances, a regular flood of occult books has come in the form of providing answers to our problems. (Ed. note: psychic hotlines; talk shows offering psychic or 'human wisdom answers' to people's problems; such as "the Other Side"; counseling people through spirit guides; familiar, divination or other spirits; can be added to the list).

The Bible makes no distinction between white or black witchcraft. It all comes from the same source: Satan! Former queen of Black Witches in Europe, and present evangelist, Doreen Irving, in her book, *Freed From Witchcraft* writes: "When I returned to England, my time was spent visiting covens. Many new ones were springing up, and it was important for me to encourage new members. White witches were swelling their ranks; therefore, we also had to attract new members. We didn't mention blood sacrifice - that would have caused fright."⁵ Irving goes on to say, "White witches joined the ranks of the black witches and we learned from them. I would hear that although white witches claim never to harm anyone, I can say that I've known white witches who did so. Practices called "voodoo" by black witches were followed by white witches who use "Fith Fath," a doll of clay in the image of the person they wish to harm. They use a pin on the legs of the image to inflict pain in the person's leg. When someone is rendered speechless or when he is made to suffer pain in his legs and is unable to walk, he is certainly harmed!"⁶

The movie actress, Shirley MacClaine would never promote her sleek-glamorous styled New Age theories so freely if she could see people who are bound trying to get free. There is an intense battle before their freedom comes. Shirley's mini-series introduced millions into deep realms of shadowy places where the supernatural outside of Jesus Christ opens doorways that are usually one-way entrances. Only a few escape from the Devil's trap. Millions of people, world over, are in bondage... bound by sin, and enslaving habits such as: addictions to alcohol, drugs, smoking and sexual perversion. They are bound by all kinds of slavery from which they need to be set free! I was just one person among millions that was entrapped by the blinding snares of Satan. But, I'd been a *willing* vessel for him and back then, didn't want to be set free.

The Bible tells us, "*There shall not be found among you anyone that maketh his son or daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.*" (Deut. 18:10-11).

Satan wants us to ignore the rise of these evil powers. They seek to control our government, churches, schools and the entire social structure. When Christians ignore these things, *they sleep*; they don't pray, rebuke the devil, or wrestle for victory in the heavenlies. Satan is defeated only when he is face to face with the mighty Name of Jesus, and Christians are exercising their faith by using Jesus' superior, supernatural power. Satan is already defeated! (But we must **enforce** that). Christ's power is superior and has prevailed.

There are reasons why the Bible warns so sternly against witchcraft. Believe me, my life shows the consequences so clearly of how these powers of darkness can get a hold on and dominate a life. But, the thought of Christianity just turned me off. Satan is real! There is no neutral force. After my entrance into Satan worship, the next three years were spiritual slavery. My life was like a roller coaster, up and down, sometimes high, sometimes low. Oh, how I wanted to work for Satan! I was told that when I died, I'd be a great and mighty demon that could possess people. The possibility of this 'gift' really excited me, and I wanted to die soon so I'd be a demon right away.

My life became centered on the seasons and the times of moon changes. Demons use these times because they draw all their followers to practice satanism 'in concert'. It has something to do with bringing more power into the physical realms into focus. The 'unholy days' for sacrifices are summer and winter solstice, onset of summer, spring, winter, fall, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and January 13th (satanic New Year). Although I was a solitary satanist, they directed me to follow the same schemes that covens follow.

I became more and more intrigued with ritual sacrifices and spiritualism. My greatest struggle, going on in my mind was to rationalize my actions. My days were filled trying to hold on to my sanity. Sometimes I had wished that I'd never listened to the lies of my new god. It was not a 'heaven on earth', but I was caught in Satan's web and planning to stay there, forever. Oh, there was a deep hatred in my heart for what I'd become, and I was in hell already.

Satan liked to show himself as Lucifer... one who had power and authority. He told me of his rebellion against God and how he seduced the angels. The Bible does indicate that the devil deceived the angels. *"And abode not in the truth because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar and the father of it."* (John 8:44).

The inference is that he lied to the angels at the time of his fall as he later did to Eve; as he is now lying to many people in the world; as he was lying to me. Lucifer, believing his own lie, embraces the delusion that he can foresee everything. He claims to his followers that he is going to win. Even today, he and his fallen angels still refuse to concede defeat; and they battle on in desperation. I was getting into Satanism deeper and deeper. My brother and other friends tried to get me to quit and get out. I didn't want to get out. Satan was using me and showing me things. He even showed me how to raise a very powerful demon that he said had not been served for hundreds of years. It was very hard to do but I was able to do it. He began to teach me some things from a book that he'd materialized. The whole spiritual thing seemed real and exciting. I got insight into why man does the things that he does. I began to develop what seemed like a close relationship to Satan. I had power and wasn't afraid at all. I dug it. He told me he could make things appear as he had done with that book. I was amazed. He said that that was nothing. He had power to effect transformations with humans.

"What is transformation with humans?" I asked. He replied, "I can change humans into animals or visa versa!" I laughed and suddenly, he changed me into a panther. I got so excited and wanted to leave the room and go and play in this new body. I looked at the door, but it was locked. I wanted to open it with mind power; but, Satan told me to just think. So I did, realizing I had the same mind, just a different body. Then he changed me back. I asked him how that benefited his kingdom... or, did he do that just to show off his power? He got angry and challenged me to never underestimate his power again. He said, "You'd better never laugh at me again."

Another night, a beautiful woman appeared by my bed. She was flesh-colored with human female features. Another spirit hovered across the darkened room near the ceiling above her head. The room felt icy cold. She told me she was the goddess of love. She promised to make me the world's greatest lover if I would bow down and worship her. I did. Then she told me to walk through the plank of fire and I would be attractive to women everywhere. I went. Satan and the demons were at the other end. As walked through the fire, at one point I was going to fall. As I reached out, a demon was walking beside me and grabbed my wrist. Then, when I finished, the goddess of love demon was mine. There was not one hair on my head that even had a whisper of smoke odor. Suddenly, she came in to me and I felt a power of sexual fantasy from my head to my toes. From that night I had many women that seemed to be drawn to me. I remember the first time this strange power was at working in me. I was in pretty deep and did not think I'd ever get out. The spirits told me they would never let me go. I didn't care. I was on a 'power trip' and thought it was all *my* power, too. Little did I know; I was just being pushed and pulled by spirits and being used by them. I heard the door to my van open to my right. Joan hesitated, but I kept my eyes glued to the window. She slid in and stayed as far away from me as possible. Her eyes were amber, but, dull and her hair had blond streaks. She was not the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen; but, she was a broad. I pretended to ignore her. When she saw that I was ignoring her, she sneered. "What's wrong with you... I came with you didn't I?" ~ "Sure, Baby, You'll be fine," I answered winking at her. She nodded. Then she began to open her life to me. I'm a witch, you know," She said, flatly. ~ "Mmmm, is that so?" I replied, thinking, *Another lie*". Oh, how I wanted her to tell the truth for once, but, just then we arrived at my trailer. I noticed her long, shapely legs as she stepped up to enter the door. "You gotta d.. joint?" She asked. "Great idea, kid!" as I handed her one. She lit the thing as she ast down on the sofa. "So, you're a witch." I stared at her for an instant in surprise. Her fingers were toying with a little brown pouch that hung around her neck. Gosh, her nails were pained black as an Ace of Spades. Her eyes lit up. "You'd better believe it. It is absolutely

fantastic, too! I've got power, man." She threw back her head and laughed. "Didn't you notice my crystals? They've got power too, you know. I even sleep under a blank, blank pyramid. It gives me such fascinating d..dreams." She carried a little tape recorder in her handbag. She took it out and began to play some strange sounding music that consisted of bells and sitars from India. I didn't like it at all. "Sounds awful." "It's New Age music, she replied. "The creepy effects grated on my brain. It is a far cry from heavy metal rock stuff." I said foughtly. "Men!" She pushed her lips together. "Oh wee-ell, I don't like it." She gave me a weird look and went into a screeching, witchy laugh. "Do you belong to a local coven?" I asked. "No, I just like to read about it and try things," she replied. "What kind of things?" I asked. "Well, casting spells on people I hate." Her eyes bugged. She looked at me for my reaction, scratching her head. "Really? Did it ever work for you? ~ "Oh, well, sure - all the time. Want one of these?" She offered as I looked to see some yellow jackets in the palm of her hand. "Sure," I quickly popped a couple of the yellow jackets. I felt a tingling way down in my stomach. So this was what they felt like. Good! I'd pop a couple more! She popped a couple, also... another set and I was getting wired up really good. The tingling moved down my arms and legs. Nothing seemed to matter except the feeling.

"Halloween is coming up next week, and I've been invited to a dead baby party... want to come?" "A dead baby party... are ya'll going to kill a baby?" I asked curiously. "Of course not, dummy... that's just what we call it. My stupid mom told me she hated my guts yesterday," her face was as hard as a rock. "Are you still living at home?" I asked. "Yes, living at home has been hell on earth. What a bust, I decided it would be better to spend my life in jail," Joan lit another joint and her eyes became misty. A tear began to roll down her cheek. "What's wrong? I asked. "Nothing". ~ "Go ahead, I'll understand." ~ "Well, my Mom never really wanted me." Joan's face was twisted in pain. "So? Whose mother ever wanted them?" I said and laughed. I was trying to get her in a lighter mood. "Right!" Joan whispered. "You just don't understand... she tried her best to miscarry. She went into the woods, running as fast as she could. Jumping up and down, she even slammed her fist into her stomach repeatedly." ~ "Your mom must be a stupid b...., despite her hatred, you made it, didn't you?" ~ "It freaked her out when I was born, and she couldn't even look at me. *She cursed me*. I don't know why she tried to raise me all these years," Joan's body gave an uncontrollable shudder. "That's too blankity, blank bad, babe..." I started, but she interrupted with her dreary monologue.

Tired of listening to her sad tales, I wanted some action. "My crummy Mom told me she even tried to give me away, but my father stopped her." I was tuning her out. My mind was on other things beside her pain. "Can you imagine that?" She continued, She called me a beast... her own ###\$\$\$## daughter, d... a beast! I've lived seventeen years of misery. I mean, absolute misery, man." She continued to rant and rave - her language laced with profanities. She was getting all stirred up. She swore a little as her eyes were traveling around the trailer while she talked. Her eyes glazed and she started taking off her clothes. "H... it's hot in here. Do you have the heat on?" She was not embarrassed at all by her nudity. "Just one thing, Sweetheart, do you like sex?" I asked her. Ignoring my question, she took a piece of newspaper, fanning her body to keep cool and said, "This is an incredible time of the year.. Halloween." ~ "Contrary to what your mom may have told you, a man's not insulting you when he invites you to bed. And if you'd be honest, you'd admit too yourself that you're flattered that I did." ~ "What's in that room?" she asked, looking down the hallway. "That's my temple. I am a Satanist!" I said nonchalantly. "You're kidding!" ~ "Baby, would I lie too you?" ~ "Cool," she said, her amber eyes becoming hooded and glassed over from the weed and pills. I invited her to see my altar, took her in and watched her look around curiously - she was taken back. Overhead, she could see the dried blood on the ceiling. Her mouth opened and then dropped in the corners into a troubling frown on her face. I believe I saw her flinch for a second. I stood sneering "Well, how do you like my temple to Satan?" ~ "I liked it, neat!"

"Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases."
(Luke 9:1)

Tense with excitement and happiness, I drew her roughly to me. Her hand stung my face before I could protect myself. I fell back, grabbed my jaw and yelled, "Why are you slapping me? Are you a teaser?" ~ "Because you need to be slapped, you fool!" ~ "You w..., who do you think you are?" I said. "I'm not a w..., you ugly dog! I want to leave! Get me out of here!" Her eyes blazed in violent anger. Then in fury she kicked out to my shins, beginning to pound my chest with her clenched fists. "I'm not a w..., you stupid dog! Let me out of here... You piece of vomit." ~ "All women are w....., you dirty b.... I'll tear you to pieces." That was the last thing I remembered, before going beserk. Smack! She reeled across the room, her lip bleeding. The sight of her blood made me lose control and curse her repeatedly. She lunged and grabbed my hair, yanking on it. The spirit of violence totally consumed me. I grabbed her by the wrist with one hand. Rubbing my jaw, I was on top of her like a cat. Astonished, she gave a little gasp and then suddenly tried to shove me away. Her eyes blazed with terror. She screamed and I put my hand over her mouth. I was unmerciful... then my mouth covered hers. I'll never forget that night -- never. But, it was only the beginning. There were a lot of bizarre things with women. Many times, I felt as another person was living inside me driving me relentlessly. I felt the surge of power, a sign that a supernatural force was present, a venomous power about to suffocate me and an eerie iciness made the room cold like a meat storage. It was too late to fear. I'd overstepped God's grace. I felt damned forever!

"Occult" is defined as knowledge beyond human understanding, mysterious, *"Secret things (hidden knowledge) belong to the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us."* (Deut. 29:29) God condemned occult practices long ago. As the children of Israel entered their promised land, they were directed by God to drive out the native inhabitants. This forced exile may seem unfair and unnecessary, but God did not want His people to imitate the occult practices of the native Canaanites.

"Let no one be found among you who sacrifices his son or daughter in the fire, who practices divination or sorcery, interprets omens, engages in witchcraft or casts spells or who is a medium or spiritist or who consults the dead. Anyone who does these things is detestable to the Lord, and because of these detestable practices the Lord your God will drive out those nations before you. You must be blameless before the Lord your God," (Deut. 18:10-13). Clearly, these people were idolaters. God had expressly forbidden the worship of *any* other deity (Ex. 20:3), but still such idolatry persisted.

Occult teachings and practices have gained a certain respectability. Classes in witchcraft and the occult have been offered in some high schools and universities. The topic has gone public and is getting more popular everyday. Many are drifting into the occult because they are spiritually in need. Man cannot exist in a spiritual vacuum. He will either have Christ or Satan; but, he will not have an empty soul. A vast number of Christians are totally ignorant that evil spirits even exist. Many Christians have left the battlefield to neophytes and gotten caught up in the things of this world. Therefore, Satan can easily convince people like me that he's going to win... that Jesus is going to fail when he returns. When one looks at the powerless church and the great revival of corruption of the masses, it's not hard to believe that evil is prevailing over good. Now, I know that the devils can only do what men and women allow them to do. I wanted to be on the winning side, so I became a willing dupe to the wiles of the Devil. I was wrong, walking in agreement with Satanism almost cost me my eternal life. I truly believed that I had overstepped God's bounds of grace; but, I was wrong again.

I was soon to discover that our Heavenly Father is so merciful, tender, and forgiving that He decided to supernaturally step upon the scene and change my intentions. I discovered just Who was in control of the universe, to my surprise - it was *not* Satan, but rather, the Lord Jesus Christ, to Whom

belongs the victory. I was also soon to discover that because of the Blood shed by Jesus Christ; our Father's mercy in the New Testament could include some like me.

No one will ever know how I felt one day after my deliverance to read: "*I will cut off witchcrafts out of thine hand; and thou shalt have no more soothsayers,*" (Micah 5:12). Tender tears welled up inside and then surfaced uncontrollably to my eyes. And then, reading in the New Testament (Rev. 18:23) of judgment coming upon sorceries, this word 'sorcery' indicates in the Greek, "to enchant with drugs". This is the youth movement, today. The devil is the father of it. (Ed. note: It is also a big part of the "white slavery" trade and the treatment of women within Asian and mid-eastern false religions. Many Muslim men control their women through potions and witchcraft.) Unless this sorcery is done away with, it will bring complete downfall to our nation. I knew that I'd do my part to uncover the truth. This is why I'm telling my story in this book. While it is true that I was a solitary satanist, our country is being filled with young sorcerers and more are being entrapped in Satan's Kingdom each day.

Oh Church, Wake Up and see that Christ has anointed you with the greater power. Go forth, unashamed, unafraid with the mighty Sword of The Spirit and the power of the Name of Jesus. Be victorious.

I was eight years old on the night of April 30, 1966, (Walpurgis Night) the eve of May Day, traditionally a time for pagan festivals involving demons, witches, and orgies, when Anton La Vey of San Francisco declared the date to be 1 Anno Satanas. This represented the first year after 'Satan regained earth'. Satanists must date their activities from the same base. La Vey had founded the first tax- exempt Church of Satan in America. LaVey shaved his head and began wearing a black clerical collar. He furthered his image by having a black cape with a scarlet lining made for himself. He often wore it with a top hat and sword cane. Of course, I did not know the impact that this man would have on my life, later. As a solitary satanist in my late twenties, his writings had become important study material for me.

Anton LaVey justifies many actions ranging from greed and lust to rape, torture and murder, by individuals who have no connection with the Church of Satan. I, like so many people, had purchased *The Satanic Bible*, by LaVey. He suggests everything from white slavery to ritual human sacrifice. LaVey describes magic as "the change in situations or events in accordance with one's will, which would, using normally accepted methods, be unchangeable." LaVey goes on to give a definition of the reality of humans engaging in any form of magic: "There is no difference between "white" and "black" magic, except in the smug hypocrisy, guilt-ridden righteousness, and self-deceit of the "white" magician, himself. in the classical religious tradition, "White" magic is performed for altruistic, benevolent, and "good" purposes, while "Black" magic is used for self-aggrandizement, personal power, and "evil" purposes. No one on earth ever pursued occult studies, metaphysics, yoga, or any other "white light" concept without ego gratification and personal power as a goal." The point he makes here is, no matter what a person does, the motivation be consistent. One's actions are always accepted, no matter how good or how bad they may be.

This is why a person under his teaching who feels that he has been hurt and must seek revenge, can freely do so at the expense of others. This could mean even murder, which is condoned by LaVey. For example, in his chapter entitled, "*On the Choice of Human Sacrifice*," he says: "Therefore, you have every right to (symbolically) destroy them, and if your curse provokes their actual annihilation, rejoice that you have been instrumental in ridding the world of a pest! If your success or happiness disturbs a person, you owe him nothing! He is made to be trampled under foot! If people had to take the consequences of their own actions, they would think twice." These words were forcing their way into my conscious mind and conscience, waiting for the optimum circumstances to bring them into force. There were some people who were crossing me and I wanted revenge. I'd sit and think at night and plan my terrible deeds, laughing insanely until the early dawn. Sometimes the evil would retreat deep within my body and soul, temporarily turning me into a lover of life. But,

these times were brief, always the unspeakable horror, the evil side would erupt violently, taking over, turning me into a beast.

My life was set and I never expected it to change. I was a solitary satanist who had cut a blood covenant with the Devil. I thought my fate was forever sealed because Jesus Christ had become an object to blaspheme in my rituals; rebellion, and sin had taken total reign of my life. I did not think about these diabolical things as being good or evil. My mind was only engrossed in pleasing my flesh and my conscience had long been seared over like hot iron. I'd experienced everything imaginable to mankind. Evil spirits were my friends. My heart had turned icy cold with no natural feelings left there. My mind was reprobate and human life had lost its sanctity and value. There were some people who were really getting to me. I wanted them destroyed. The Satanic Bible made it possible for someone in the deranged spiritual condition like myself to plot against my enemies. La Vey wrote:

"Mad dogs are destroyed, and they need far more help than the human who conveniently froths at the mouth when irrational behavior is in order! It is easy to say, "So What!" These people are insecure so they can't hurt me." But, the fact remains that given the opportunity, they would destroy you. If something evil happens to the individual so cursed, then the curse can take full credit. But, if it does not happen, then whatever misfortunes occur the cursed probably would be considered punishment enough."

Kill and destroy became my only thoughts. I'd contend for my enemies' downfall and destruction. Someday, I will be rid of them all! It was my secret known only to myself and Satan. Near the end of three years, Satan appeared to me to tell me how he was going to overthrow Jesus when He came the second time. (He really believes that he will win the Battle of Armageddon!) He said, "My age has begun and I am going to uphold my bond with mankind. I am Lucifer, which means 'light'. In this New Age I shall bring my great light to the world. The world calls me the Prince of Darkness. I am the Prince of Light..." I stopped him in the middle of his harangue and told him that certain people had been aggravating me for about three years and I wanted them dealt with now. He said, "Son, that's so minor to what we are doing here. You are worried about a handful of people, when we are talking about multitudes." I didn't care about his multitudes; I only wanted these pests sent into the next dimension. "I am not going to do anything else until they are dealt with." He stopped what he was teaching me. He told me exactly the rituals to perform, what to do and how to do it. He told me to work with witchcraft, voodoo and black magic. He had instructed me in great detail how to do it. "Don't 'call me back' until you've done it," Satan said.

I was excited thinking about doing these destruction rituals. La Vey discussed destruction rituals in *The Satanic Bible*. He also explained human sacrifice, saying in part: "The use of a human sacrifice in a Satanic ritual does not imply that the sacrifice is slaughtered "to appease the gods."

Symbolically, the victim is destroyed through the working of a hex or curse, which in turn leads to the physical, mental or emotional destruction of the "sacrifice" in ways and means not attributable to the magician." It took two months to get the work that Satan told me to do, done. One of the chief things demanded in the supernatural realm is being obedience to the ways of Satan. I conjured him back. "Well, Jeff, have you done the work?" He asked. "Yes, sir!" ~ He said to show him in the spirit realm, and I did. The Devil said he was amazed that it only took two months. He said, "I haven't found a man like you in years and years. You will be mightily used in my kingdom." It made me feel good to hear those words of flattery. He told me that it was not time to do this act, but that I was to wait for the moon to become full. It would happen in three weeks. He said that these people would die exactly the way that I had shown him in the spiritual realm. After a week passed, I contacted a friend of mine who was a member of a coven and invited him and his friends to a party. I planned to celebrate the death of these people.

Another week went by. It was Friday night, December 1987; a presence entered the room. I sat up and opened my eyes to see Jesus Christ standing by my bed. He was standing in a bright light

wearing a white robe which hung to His feet with a golden sash. His hair was white as wool and His eyes glowed like fiery coals, yet, I found compassion in them. He looked very strong. He was an awesome God. His fierce nature inspired a healthy terror in my soul. I remembered somewhere in the Bible said, "*Fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.*" "**Jeff, we need to have a little talk,**" Jesus said. Looking at Him, "We have not got anything to say to one another... we are not speaking!" My voice was very cold and harsh. I meant to lay back down and turn my back on Him, but before I could, He pointed His finger at me. I saw the scars in His hands... the imprints were still there! I looked at His fierce face and saw great anger there. His eyes turned blood red; but, even in the midst of His anger, He was amazing. I began to tremble in fear. I tried to stop the shaking; but couldn't because every nerve in my body was effected by His presence. It's a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God!

Jesus said to me: "***I've got something to say to you and I am going to say it!***" (I'd turned into a savage with wanton brutality, having a barbarous nature so the hardest thing to experience was being in the Presence of such Divine Holiness. I felt black, dirty, full of rage, lust and violent passions..) ***Jesus continued to say, "I am going to bring a woman to you who will show you Satan's domain the way I see it. She knows - she's been there. You've learned it the hard way, but, I am going to teach it to you my way."*** His voice pierced into my mind right to my bones.

Suddenly, my room faded away and a big screen appeared. It was like a vision. He showed me my past and then how my future would be if I continued on my present course with Satan.

Jesus told me that if I did the ritual that the people that I hated so terribly would die just as I'd seen it in the spiritual realm. After this happened, then I would be dedicated to Satan forever and would never have any hope of entering into heaven. He said, This night I give you the choice of life or death, spiritually. If you choose to live the life you are living, when you grow old, you will be a very wealthy man; but, spiritually you'll be nothing." When He said the word 'nothing', it hit me to the quick and really hurt deep inside, because that's what I'd felt all my life - that I was 'nothing'. I had no real friends and felt that I was picked on, even abused. I started crying and could not stop. I'd not cried for years. This was the first human emotions and feelings since entering into Satan's kingdom. I'd become inhuman with absence of all feelings that normally characterizes a human being, such as: pity, kindness, compassion. I'd become a cruel person with indifference to suffering and even had positive pleasure in inflicting it.

Jesus continued, "***Jeff, Satan has deceived you and lied to you and I will show you in detain just how he's lied to you.***" As if looking at a television program, He showed me every despicable thing that I'd done since 1981, (Jesus has heavenly cameras!) Then, I saw the year 1980, when I'd given my life to Jesus Christ. He showed me everything that He and I had together. It was a beautiful life. I didn't know that I'd missed it until that moment. "***Jeff, you compare these two lives. You have sense, which one is better in your eyes? You choose - life or death. Were you happiest serving Me, ministering Jesus to others? Why is your heart so hardened that you want to damn people? You want to cause destruction and misery.***" A flood of compassion hit my heart and pierced it and I started weeping like a baby. Jesus ministered to me all night. I wept and cried in repentance and gave myself to Him wholly. "Lord, I've tried three times to get out and I can't do it." Jesus said, "***Jeff, I am going to lead you to a woman that will show you how and teach you about the kingdom of darkness in the light that I see it. You will know it from the way the Bible teaches it.... not the way you have experienced it. If you do that ritual against those people, they will die. I can't stop it. Satan can't stop it once you put it into operation. You are the only one who can stop it. (Ed. note: God and satan allow what we allow... see how our free will choices and actions can either enforce good or evil! Jesus said He could not prevent it! Why? Perhaps those intended victims had no one praying protection over them, which might have prevented them being killed through witchcraft - so many are under curses, and that includes Christians! Remember, the Bible says that both Father God and Jesus delegated authority on***

earth to MAN! The covenant Jeff made with Satan with his own blood was breakable. He'd been saved prior to becoming a satanist and at least three people were interceding on Jeff's behalf. But, if Jeff killed these others, he'd be spilling the blood of others in covenant with satan - the ultimate sacrifice of other human beings, to covenant with satan.) If you do that ritual, when they die, you will be dedicated to Satan forever! Even throughout eternity. There will be no hope of coming through My door. No hope of ever being my child. If you give me your heart this night, if you will choose Me, I'll see to it that you make it. I give you this night for you to choose whom you will serve." Then He showed me His glory. It was wonderful! He told me I could be somebody in His Kingdom, too, and could be born-again, having my name written in the Lamb's book of life. This experience would forever be emblazoned in my heart.

The next day, I knew that the temple had to be dismantled. There were fifteen hundred dollars worth of books alone and many tapes and records. The inverted cross and all the occult articles had to be taken down. Breaking my knife that I'd used for sacrifices, I buried what I couldn't burn, asking God that they would never be found. Digging a huge hole in my back yard, I poured gas and oil on those things; however, the altar refused to burn. I called my brother and said, "We must burn these things today." Sweat was pouring down my face like rain drops. My neck was being washed, too, while the shirt on my back was sopping wet.

Sam said, "Sure, I'll be glad to come down and help you." Little did he know what the immediate future held for us. He'd talked to me many times trying to get me out. He was not going to church at this time and was living a life without God. We tried to chop it with an axe; but, it just bounced off the wood and finally broke the axe. I hit it with everything I had, but, nothing worked. We poured more gas and oil on it to get it to burn. When it finally blazed, a stench arose from the smoke that the wind blew for miles. We buried the ashes of the things that were burned. Satan tried to stop me. When I picked up the book that he had placed on my altar, he said: "I'll forgive you if you will quit now." ~ "No! I've seen everything that you have to offer me. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that Jesus Christ is better." My hands were clammy when I ripped the book up in little shreds and started burning it. Satan challenged me, telling me that I should not have done this. "You stupid fool! I am going to kill you for doing that to my things." ~ "Satan, you are a liar! Jesus is my Lord, not you!"

Boy, that was bold. I began to pray to God for help. Thinking I was prepared to face what was ahead, I determined in my heart to keep the fires of Christ burning. I would picture in my mind the beauty of Jesus' glory. His Divine Power. His mercy. I would never leave Him again. He was the Author and Finisher of my faith.

Reports of grisly slaughters, rituals of witches and Satanist cults are growing more and more frequent. After the thrill of sacrificing cattle, pigs, dogs and cats subsides; bloodthirsty seekers are driven into darker realms of human sacrifice.

Recently, a lady in our prayer meeting told us her children found a mutilated deer at the beginning of their street. The deer was partly skinned with one leg missing. Further investigation showed a stone altar in the wooded area where the sacrifices were being made. Witchcraft has all the resources of Satan behind it; but, we have all the resources of heaven at our disposal with the power of God behind, around, and within us.

We are dealing with evil that surpasses anything we've ever known before. And only a great spiritual awakening from Jesus Christ can open the eyes of the spiritually blind and weak to set Satan's captives free. Christ purchased mankind's right to freedom with His own Blood. He is Justification for all who believe, through faith, with the shedding of His Divine Blood. Nothing can be laid to the believer's charge, thereby giving him total peace with God. I am one of the blessed ones who survived Satan's kingdom of darkness to return to Jesus Christ, redeemed by His Blood and delivered by His Power. Millions are wallowing in the pit of delusions not able to find freedom because the workers are so few in our day. Jesus said, *"Pray for workers in the field because they*

are few." How true in our day... millions are caught up in snares of the evil one. The few who are paying the price to set them free are almost excluded from the framework of the church and called "kooks".

How sad. I wonder what our Lord will say on judgment day when we see the millions cast into the pit because these workers were not brought forth to do the work of deliverance to set the captives free? Let us therefore, pray with great supplication in the Spirit and fight against the principalities, powers and rulers of darkness of this world and against this spiritual wickedness in high places. In the view of the extent to which America is infected by occultism; Christian workers are faced with a double task. One is to enlighten and warn. The other is to counsel and help those in need. Since occult experience is a religious issue, the treatment is not to be found in psychiatry or psychotherapy. Persons who have subjected themselves to demonic forces become a direct target or torment from them. Deliverance comes through Christ alone. A person can through faith and submission to Calvary, overcome all powers of darkness.

It was for this purpose that the Son of God appeared, that He might destroy the works of the Devil. The Word of God shows us that Christ has already conquered Satan's powers of darkness: *"having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it."* Jesus Christ has already made a spectacle of the powers of darkness with the work He performed on the cross. The idea of spoiling is manifestly a victory that Christ won on the cross. Evil spirits are stripped of their dominion that they exercise. They are His defeated foes; Satan and all his power - all possible enemies. We must exalt the victory of Jesus. On the cross He has led all in triumph.

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