

Notes for the Ekklēsia Meeting

Info: (651) 283-0568 Discipleship Training Ministries, Inc www.dtminc.org Today's Date: September 21, 2014

The Lord is My Light and My Salvation

by Dan Trygg

“And the seventy returned with joy, saying, ‘Lord, even the demons are subject to us in Your name.’¹⁸ And He said to them, ‘I was watching Satan fall from heaven like lightning.’¹⁹ Behold, I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall injure you.”
Luke 10:17-19

The other night, I was called by one of my co-workers about an eleven year old boy in one of his groups. This young man, who we will call Ted, was showing some interest in the things of the Lord earlier in the summer. He seemed like a normal kid, but suddenly he had begun to experience very negative, angry, violent thoughts. He started to also have thoughts of suicide. He lives alone with his mom, so she was very concerned about what he might do when she was gone from the house. He was having difficulty dealing with the onslaught of thoughts. She brought him to the emergency room, and he was admitted to the psych ward. They kept him for nearly a week. My friend was convinced that the problem was more spiritual than psychological. He had talked to the mom about this, and she was open for us to come over to talk with Ted, and see what we felt might be going on.

She had had a boyfriend who had jealousy and rage issues. His outbursts were scary to Ted, and on a couple of occasions this man seemed to be threatening toward him. The mom had terminated the relationship due to this man's erratic behavior. It seemed that when she finally ended the relationship is when these thought-attacks began.

I arrived a few minutes before my friend did, so I knocked on the door, and was invited inside. When I first met Ted, he seemed a little uncomfortable, but not unusually so. His mom straightened up the couch and the coffee table, and I pulled some chairs in from the kitchen. About that time, my friend showed up. Ted sat across from me, with his mom on the couch. My friend was to my right, across from the mom.

At first, we asked Ted questions. We asked him what he was experiencing. He had a hard time talking about it much, so his mom started filling us in on some of what he had told her, and what had been going on. Ted could see we were genuinely interested, and began to open up to fill in what his mom was missing. It had been almost a month since the first attacks had begun. One day, he was normal, ...the next, he began to have these angry, violent thoughts. He felt agitated, and had trouble sleeping through the night. He would wake up in the middle of the night, and not be able to go back to sleep. He was *horrified* at the thoughts he was having, even ashamed of some of them, and he didn't know why they were there. *He couldn't get them to stop.* Then, he began to have thoughts of hurting himself, his mom, or hurting animals or other small children, ...things he had *never* had any inclination to do before. It was very scary.

It was very clear, as he talked, that these thoughts were, indeed, foreign to his inner self. I could see that he was a sensitive, tender-hearted young man. He seemed pretty much innocent, not hardened or embittered or jaded. He was not nursing unresolved emotion or bitterness toward anyone, nor did he appear to have an unhealthy addiction to heavy video games or television shows that would have filled his mind or emotions with these kinds of thoughts and feelings. He seemed to be very honest and open with us. I spoke up, and expressed to him my observations. I emphasized that I could see by his reactions that these thoughts and emotions really *were* foreign to him, and I submitted to him that *I did not think they were really from his true inner self*, at all.

I then asked him if he knew what a parasite was. He said, “A what?” “A parasite,” I said. “Have you learned about parasites in school?” I went on to tell him that a parasite is a creature that can get into our bodies, and feed off of us, or what we eat. I told him about a friend of mine who had been travelling in Europe, and had picked up a tape worm in something he ate. This thing grew inside of him for a couple of years. Eventually, he began to get sick from the toxins it was excreting in his system. He felt weak and tired all the time. He made multiple trips to the doctor, but all the tests they gave him did not help pinpoint the real problem. He was a very accomplished professional guitar player, and finally the sickness was affecting his ability to play. His fingers just did not seem to work as well. They felt numb and stiff. There seemed to be no answers. Then, he happened to go to the doctor, and his regular doctor was not in. Instead, he had an intern from Africa. As he read the chart, and asked more questions, he recognized the symptoms as consistent with being infested by parasitic worms. These were common in his native country, but are rare here. Once the diagnosis was correctly made, a course of treatment was prescribed that killed the tapeworm, and my friend's health returned to normal. I said, “The thing about parasites is that *anyone* can get one. It doesn't matter if you are young or old, good or bad, anyone can get one. All it takes is to be in the wrong place at the wrong time to get one. The fact that you may have a parasite *does not say anything about you*. It just means that

something is infecting *you*. If you have a physical parasite, you go to the physical doctor to get rid of it. If you have a spiritual parasite, you go to God to get rid of it.”

I then asked Ted if we could anoint him with oil and pray for him (Jas. 5:14f.). He said, “Ok.” We moved over to the couch, and sat next to him, one on either side. It was a big sectional couch, and he was way back in the corner, so we could sit out on the front of the couch and almost be facing him. This was important, because I wanted to watch what was happening with him. I told him the oil we had was simply olive oil, scented with spices. It was just a symbol. It represented the Holy Spirit. When we anointed him, it was a way of setting him apart for God, and asking for the Holy Spirit to come upon him. We each held one of his hands and prayed. We asked God to search Ted’s entire being, and to fill him with His Spirit. We asked Him to expose any evil spirit that may be there and drive it out. *We prayed for God to reveal to us what was really going on inside of Ted, and show us what to do.*

My friend said, “I just saw a picture in my mind of something churning, swirling around, like smoke in a vacuum.” Then I asked Ted, “Did you *sense* anything? Do you *feel* anything is happening to you? Did you *hear* anything inside your mind?” He said, “Yeah, I feel like my stomach is churning, and I heard a voice say, ‘You’ll never defeat *me!*’” At that, I *laughed* and said to the spirit, “You are *already* defeated!” Up until then, I didn’t know for sure that we were actually dealing with a demon. After that, however, it was on! I thought of all the other times when we had worked with people, they, too, had reported feeling a churning inside their stomach. A very common experience. I was encouraged. Demons like to remain hidden, if possible. This one was quickly exposed.

I talked about Jesus’ victory on the cross, his utter defeat of Satan, and the removal of every sin or charge that could be levied against us (Col. 2:13-15). He also became a curse for us, to redeem us (buy us out of slavery) to the judgment and curse of the Law (Gal. 3:13). **As long as Ted was under the protection and covering of Christ’s blood, there could be no legal ground of accusation to allow this evil spirit to stay there.** I was led to sing a song, “It’s Your blood that cleanses me. It’s Your blood that gives me life. It was Your blood that took my place, in redeeming sacrifice, and washes me whiter than the snow. My Jesus, God’s precious sacrifice.” We sang it twice. We did not come in *our* authority. We came *in the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on the basis of His atoning blood.* Jesus paid the price, and He defeated the powers of darkness by removing our sin. I asked Ted if he believed in Jesus. He said, “Yes.” I said, “Do you want Jesus, or this evil spirit?” “I want Jesus,” he said. This spirit had no legal claim on this boy’s life, and we commanded it to leave. Silence. I said, “I adjure you by God, state your claim before the court of heaven, or leave!” Again, silence.

I told Ted that this demon was like a squatter, someone who had moved into a house that didn’t belong to him. “What would you do, if you came home, and there was someone in your house that didn’t belong there, and they refused to leave? You would call the police, right?” “Yeah.” That’s what we are going to do. **God has made us like traffic cops. He has given us His authority to direct traffic.** It doesn’t matter that the cop is not physically stronger than a car or a big truck. The cars and trucks *obey* him, because *he represents much more power than they have*, the power of the entire police force! They don’t want to get in trouble with the law, or they will pay dearly. I told Ted that, because he believes in Jesus, **he had legal authority to tell this spirit to leave.** “I want *you* to tell this spirit that you don’t want him. He is not welcome in your life. Command him to leave, and get out of your life.” Ted did that, and then *we called upon the Lord to enforce this command.* He has the power to save, and to expel this demon.

During this time the churning in Ted’s stomach had gotten worse. As we were praying, suddenly Ted said, “I see a light. It is a really bright light (I Tim. 6:15f.; Psa. 27:1). It is coming closer. It is getting brighter and brighter!” His eyes were closed, but it was obvious he was seeing something in his mind. His face looked like he was in awe or wonder. It was very peaceful, yet amazed. As he spoke, his voice, too, expressed the awe he was feeling. Then, after a brief interval, he said, “I saw an evil face slinking away, looking afraid.” My friend said he had also seen a picture in *his* mind of a dark figure walking away, *just before* Ted spoke. It was over. No more evil thoughts or voices.

We then talked about baptism. Ted had been raised in a tradition that baptized babies. We explained that in the NT people were baptized as adults, when they trusted in Christ. **It was a way to identify with Christ.** It signified being washed from old sins, and being put to death and buried to your old life. When you come up from the water, you come up as a new person, dedicated to living for God. I asked, “Would you like to get baptized?” He said, “Yes.” I suggested we do it *right then*, using their bathtub. He and his mom were excited to do that. We baptized him in Jesus’ name, expressing that break from the past and his total dedication to Christ.

The peace and serenity was quite noticeable. We told them that it was important to get into the scriptures, and to truly follow out this commitment to Christ in his daily living. **It is not uncommon for a spirit to attempt to return** (Matt. 12:43-45). If that should happen, it is important not to freak out, but to be the traffic cop, and command it to leave. If it doesn’t, place your 911 call to God (Psa. 91). Draw near to Him, and then resist the devil (Jas. 4:7,8).