

# Scott and Sandy's Testimonies

I want everyone to be able to get to know us. Sandy and I are not talking about things in the areas of deliverance and warfare that we do not know of first hand. We have both been through struggles, backsliding, instability, destruction, and major frustration. Much of this was to do with needing major deliverance in our Christian lives. Since we have obtained, this deliverance we have reached a fulfilling place of peace, stability, and the struggles we once had are now victories to the glory of God. These are stories of great victory and lessons learned that I believe will be vital in the years to come for the body of Christ. There are many with similar struggles either to what Sandy or myself have faced. I know this because many have come to me after a sermon or reading one of my books and shared private issues. Jesus has heard the cry of his people in bondage much like he did in Moses' day. I believe Jesus is responding with a great revival of deliverance in these end times to meet the needs of his people he deeply loves and paid such a dear price for them to walk in freedom from sin and victory over satan.

## Sandy's Testimony

I feel that telling our stories will help people to know Sandy and I as I have stated above, but more than that, I am hoping it will bring a great deal of hope to those that desperately need freedom and have been praying for it for some time. So we are both going to be very transparent in our testimonies- telling the good, the bad, and the ugly. I know people will get to know us better, and I also know this will bring encouragement to many through these stories that seem to have a very negative beginning but end gloriously! These are stories of victory....not defeat.

## Sandy Talks

Growing up in a family where Witchcraft was the norm was an exciting time of supernatural encounters with spirits of the dead which were "protectors of our lives" (so I was told). My grandmother introduced me to the evil which would slowly destroy my life and filter down through anyone who was involved personally in my life. I do not know any other way to tell my story except to start from the beginning.

I have never revealed the true horror that I was required to endure to anyone before so please bare with me. In advance, I would like to apologize for some of the difficulty you will probably feel I am having in writing this. My story is a difficult one, and when I write it, I feel like I am reliving it all over again. I know that it is Christ who strengthens me, and he is the only reason I am here today.

## The Beginning

Now to continue on, my upbringing as a child seemed normal to me. My sisters and I would perform seances with our friends down the street. Every week we would meet somewhere and talk to people who had died. At least we thought we were talking to the dead. In fact, we were only talking to demons who pretended to be the dead. We had a pretty normal family at first. Then my dad came into some money somehow when I was around ten years old, and things suddenly began to change dramatically. I remember him bringing many antiques home some dating back to several hundred years old. I was young and really did not know why or how he was gaining access to all these things, but I do remember one piece in particular. It was a statue standing about three and half feet high. It was pure gold with the bottom half of the figure a horse while the top half was a man. The figure had snake like hair and held a naked woman. I now know this was a statue that depicted a powerful occult demon named Satyr. Sometimes Satyr appears like a half goat and half man as opposed to the half horse half man. This spirit is very sexual in nature. At the time, I knew none of this. I was only a child.

I remember asking my dad what it was. The only answer he ever gave me was "this gives me power." I wondered what the power was for. Was it a power to conquer somehow? I did not understand the significance of his statement at the time. He would literally sleep with the statue right next to his bed. My dad would ask my sisters and I to rub his back and neck often. While doing so one day, I saw an odd shaped scar on the back of his neck just under the hairline. It was funny that I had not noticed it before. I cannot say what it was exactly, but they were numbers of some sort (if I remember correctly). I lifted his hair to see the marking more clearly, and he jumped up very angry. I asked what that was on his neck. He replied, "you will never know." Then he stormed off. Little did I know that my dad had literally sold his soul to satan.

Within the year, my dad had introduced me to various kinds of drugs. The main one drug my dad gave to me was cocaine, which I became addicted to by age eleven. See, back then I did not understand this, but witchcraft is all about control. My dad got me addicted to drugs so that I would depend on him for the drugs. This was a way that he could control my life. He started waking me up at night while chanting oddly, and it began to occur to me that I had heard my grandmother chant in a similar way. I remember being tied to the bed while what felt like many peoples hands were fondling me, but the only one there that I could see was my dad. Night after night for several years, he would come and have intercourse with me. He was the first to steal my innocence. (This is very hard for me to write) I was literally being used as a sexual sacrifice to satan. I later would do it willingly for drugs. I was sold, for what price I am not sure, to my dad's friends as a prostitute at parties and various occasions. I remember coming home from dates with my boyfriends and trying to sneak into my mother's room to wake her up. I wanted her to know I was home. My dad would be waiting up for me. I tried to yell and reach my mom, but she would never wake up. I believe my dad had drugged her without her knowledge. I wanted to wake her so she could protect me. I told my mother what was happening. She tried to get the family into counseling, but my dad would not admit to doing anything wrong.

### **Running away from home**

Anyway, this went on until I was seventeen years old. My mother and father divorced, and my mother remarried. After this next man made a pass at me, I ran away. I could not relive what I had already been through. Living on the streets was not easy. I had to do whatever was necessary to survive. Soon I had found someone to marry at eighteen years old. I had a son at the age of 21. The whole time of being married, I was still bound by the demons put in me from my father. These demons were assigned to me to control my life and help me serve satan. While I was married, I was still drawn to the other occultists around where I lived. I could not escape the life I so desperately wanted out of. The demons made it impossible. I was still participating at night with the occultists and being used as a prostitute by my dad while being married. My dad sent money from California to Dallas, Texas (near where I lived) for me to be a call girl. When my husband found out about my lifestyle, he divorced me and took my son from me.

I got married again. I had a daughter with this man. We moved from Texas to Washington state. All this time I was still working for my dad. The demons in my life at that time were very jealous of me. They would allow someone to enter my life, but then they would destroy the relationship apart. They would only allow pain and suffering in my life. I was born to serve satan, so I was told repeatedly. When I am talking about demons, I am talking about real living evil spirits.

I then moved into an apartment with my sister. Growing up my sister was not as willing to participate in the sexual witchcraft rituals, so my father had her committed to a mental institute until she was eighteen and legally able to sign herself out of the hospital. When I moved in with her, we were both heavily using drugs and practicing witchcraft. My sister was addicted to the medication used in the mental institute. She had divorced and lost custody of her three kids. My sister and I were strippers

in a local bar. I was sent on satanic assignments to individuals to dedicate to satan through sex rituals.

### **The supernatural increases radically**

My grandmother passed away. She was very involved in Voodoo and was the one to truly train me and my sisters growing up in the seances. Wow! How intense things got after my grandmother's death. A black hooded figure literally came to me standing at the end of my bed one night and told me that I was to carry on the witchcraft my grandmother had done all her life. Things began to happen that I had no control over. Repeatedly satan would appear to me. Mostly in my dreams at first, then through music, people, etc... As I stated earlier, I was a dancer in the Portland Oregon area at that time. Before I was to go to work, I had bought a little tape recorder to tape my daughter's first words. I recorded various words she spoke, but when I played it back to listen there were voices calling my name and evil sounds of babies crying. I also heard satanic chanting in the background. The voices kept repeating my name and saying that I am satan's. I have never been so scared in my whole life. I grabbed my daughter and took her to a friend's house. I took the tape to the people I bought my drugs from. I let them listen, and they joked about putting it on their answering machine. I guess I thought I could run from satan or at least give the tape away or something. I told them they could have the tape. I proceeded back home to get ready for work that night while listening to ACDC. Suddenly the music faded away and I heard the voice of satan again repeating the same thing I had heard on the tape! I was desperate to get away. I drove frantically to the drug dealer's house. Only one person was there. The one I gave the tape to. She was on the phone. I was desperately telling her over and over that I needed the tape I had given her back. Finally, she got angry and told me it was on the table. I took it and hammered it to pieces. I went back into the house where I found the woman laying on the floor with blood coming out of her mouth and eyes rolled back in her head. While satan spoke the same words through her vocal chords I had heard on the tape! Satan was calling my name and saying I belonged to him. I ran to my car and was crying out for help. If there is a God please help me, I said! I had absolutely no Christian influence of any kind growing up. I was at a place of committing suicide. I had the necessary tools to complete the task. I knew satan wanted me to carry on and pass on to my daughter the generational curse and witchcraft powers that my grandmother walked in.

### **Finding Christ**

I did not want my daughter to have to be influenced by all of the witchcraft and grow up the way I did. So I figured all I could do was commit suicide and that would end the issue. I laid back the seat of my car and my arms fell to the sides of the seat. I felt something beside my seat. I pulled it out and it was a little green Gideon Bible. I was shocked and confused because the car was obtained through a drug deal, and I had owned the car for over two and a half years. I did not understand how a Bible could get into the car. I knew no Christians. Twelve years later, I still do not know how that Bible got into my car that day. It literally saved my life and soul! I read some verses, but I did not understand much. I turned to the back of the Bible where the sinner's prayer was, and I began to repeat the prayer that said I was a sinner that needed Jesus. My life changed that very moment. I read the prayer over and over with everything in me! I cannot say that things got easier, but I knew in my heart that I had a peace and I was not alone. I knew things were different.

Needless to say, I decided at that moment that I would never go back to the bar that I worked at again. My sister got arrested a few days later for drug possession. I had nowhere to go. My daughter and I moved in with my boyfriend that I was engaged to at that time. He was a major drug dealer. I remember praying that I wish I did not have to depend on people anymore. I wanted out but did not know how to get out of my current situation.

## **The war is on**

My daughter was about one and a half at the time. She was always afraid to sleep in her room, so I would let her fall asleep in front of the television and then put her to bed. One night after doing so, she woke up screaming. I ran in her room and turned on the light. There were things, like her toys (specifically her troll dolls I bought her and other things), flying around the room while my daughter was yelling "Mommy they are biting me!" Her little legs were kicking between the bars of her crib while she screamed. I grabbed her up and cuddled in the corner with her. I prayed for our safety and that Jesus would protect us. I prayed he would take us out of this horrible evil. I repeated the sinner's prayer that I had read in the Gideons Bible over and over. It was really the only prayer I knew. I did not know how to pray since I had no Christian background of any kind.

The next day I called my first husband's dad. I knew he was a Pentecostal minister, and he was the only Christian that I knew. He lived in Texas. I was desperate and remember him becoming a preacher while I was married to his son. I explained to him all that was happening, and he immediately prayed before I could finish. He asked me to come to Texas for a while and stated that he could pay for my plane ticket to come. He also explained to me that what I was experiencing was no game. He said it was very serious and real. So he paid my way and my daughter and I were off to Texas the next day. I had every intention of going back to be married in a few months. I stayed about a month in Texas. My X father-in-law helped me tremendously. I turned my life completely over to Christ. I was so excited to go back to Washington and save my family and friends! I could not wait to see the change in them all! My X father-in-law told me that it was not a good idea. He said I was a baby Christian and was not ready for that kind of warfare. He also stated that there is a very good possibility I would be pulled right back into what I came out of. Wow! I prayed and thought about it for a long while. Everything I ever knew was back in Washington. My family, fiance, and all my possessions were there. I had to make a choice to return or stay where I was at. I chose to stay in Texas and lose everything so I could follow Christ. I lived with my X father-in-law and his wife and used their car to get a job. I felt so ashamed here I was twenty-nine years old, and I had nothing. I lost all worldly possessions. I thought I lost it all, but really, I gained everything by having Christ! I gained eternal life, and a new life in this world. I am learning to depend on my new heavenly father for his provision.

My father in law introduced me to the first Christian single man I ever met. We were married a year later. I did not know I needed to hear from God about who I married. I thought, "he's a Christian, how can I go wrong?" I was not in love with him, but I found security in the fact that he was a Christian. My new husband had a son that was around the age of my son when he was taken from me. The Lord used this to restore that back to me. The next twelve years were very rocky for me. I thought since I was saved that is all I needed. No one ever walked me through complete deliverance. Needless to say, because I was not fully delivered, my Christian walk was a lot more difficult than it should have been.

## **It didn't get any easier**

Satan continued to attack my family. He was constantly reminding me that he would destroy anyone that got close to me. He would also say to me that ultimately I belonged to him only. However, I was continually learning who I am in Christ and the authority I have been given in him. The lack of deliverance was taking its toll on me over time. I began to revert to my old ways some. The last five years of marriage with the Christian man I married were very difficult ones. I began to revert to performing some of the old incantations and communicating with familiar demons from the past. I was assigned to pray against the leadership of the church I was attending. I guess the lack of power I saw in Christianity at that time combined with the lack of freedom and victory I was feeling, caused me to justify my returning to some of the old ways. I began to question this life of Christianity. I was longing for true love and was reminded by Satan of the feeling of love (even though it was superficial

and not real love) I would feel with those that I would put a spell on and pull into my world. I was also promised greater power if I returned to satan. This of course led me to a downward spiral in life! I thought my focused incantations would be on the pastor of the church. I soon realized it was not the pastor that was the threat to satan's kingdom. My incantations were directly toward the person that had attended the church. He was not on staff of the church, but he was an Evangelist that would travel and speak. The church was his church home at that time. My goal was to use sex magick against him and make him fall into sin with me. I must admit that I was given greater power than before, but it had no effect on this individual. The more I tried my incantations and rituals the more a holy covering would rest over this individual. I had never seen this type of covering before. God quickly reminded me that the power of satan is nothing compared to the power of Christ on true Christians who really live the life. I only continued in this way for a few months and could never truly return to satan. I went to the leadership of the church and confessed my sin, and what was going on. and I asked them to pray for me. They did.

### **The warfare increases**

Around this time of my life, the Gideons asked me to give my testimony in many of their meetings. This produced even a greater level of warfare in my life. I seemed to be attack at every level! Because of my testimony, some in the occult would come to me wanting deliverance, or people would come to me with questions. I began to realize that I was called to a deliverance ministry. The person I was mainly assigned to pray against prophesied into my life a call to ministry especially a deliverance ministry. He was the only one I knew that could relate to what I had come out of, and had a deliverance ministry himself. That was awesome to me. He gave me several books and information to read to help disciple me along these lines. I was amazed at the similar experiences of those I was reading about in the books. They books were mainly Rebecca Brown and Derek Prince books. A year later (after the call to a deliverance ministry) I had an uncontrollable passion for Jesus and such a desire to get to know him intimately. I was never permitted to get close to anyone before. I was finding out that even though I had a Christian husband, our marriage was falling apart due to the lack of intimacy and love. We became angry and fought continually. I would never divorce him because this time I knew that God hates divorce. I wanted to honor God, his word, and his covenant. I was determined to stay in the relationship no matter what. I often lay in bed crying asking the Lord if this is what marriage is supposed to be like as a Christian.

We were not happy and the lack of respect we had for one another filtered down to the kids. Soon they did not respect us as parents. How sad all of this was. I was not going to go against God's word concerning divorce. So I simply stayed and prayed. As my children grew older, our family grew farther apart. During this time, I began to develop an intimacy with the Lord. This was very unfamiliar to me. I knew at this time I was going after Jesus with my whole heart and not looking back. Everything seemed to be about Jesus. I guess satan saw this coming and tried to stop it when he attacked me, and I temporarily turned to my old ways. There seems to always be satanic attack before God does something powerful. It is like the enemy is trying to keep it from taking place. Satan knew I was about to really go to a new level in my walk with Christ.

Through me giving my testimony at a church, I was introduced to a woman I will call Sheri (not her real name). She was born into satanism in a deeper way than I was familiar with. I was able to help bring her through deliverance some and did counseling with her. I am amazed at what I see Jesus doing in her life now! Not only was I delivered from the grip of satan, but now the Lord is using me to help others get free as well! But now that battle intensifies!

### **Great pain and destruction**

About six months later, my daughter woke me up in the middle of the night crying uncontrollably. She told me we have to leave quickly! We must pack and leave now! I was half asleep but could sense the urgency in her voice. She told me that my husband had been touching her in an inappropriate way, and he had forced himself on her! My God! I doubted what was being said at first, but soon confronted my husband about the matter. He admitted that he was not in control of himself, but he did do as she had said. I am sure there were demons involved in the whole matter. Of course, this had to be turned over to the authorities and the matter was taken out of my hands. Now I had to divorce, because I would lose custody of my daughter if he were allowed to stay. I was assured from spiritual leaders that I was released from the covenant because of my husband's unfaithfulness sexually.

My God! I still struggle even now at the reality of the words of the enemy as he told me all my life no one would be allowed to get close to me. Satan said he would destroy them and that I was only his! Now what? Well, the first place I turned was to my Christian family at the church I had attended for over ten years. I was amazed at the criticism I faced. My daughter was accused of lying even to this day by some. There were lies and gossip spread about my family and me. Some said the whole story was made up! The sad thing about it all is that my husband admitted to the whole thing, even to them. My husband had no reason to molest her, but he said he was molested when he was young. I cannot believe I had not seen this coming. Now my daughter has been violated in a similar way I was. I went for counseling to the man that was my pastor most of my Christian life. He has been a great friend to me even through this. I was just trying to pick up the pieces and move on with my life somehow. I lost my husband and his son through all this. My daughter lost her daddy, brother, and grandparents through all this. It was devastating. The war is real. Believe me, it is not a game.

### **Scott Talks**

Reading this story it seems sad, but this is not the end my friend! In fact, it is only the beginning! Sandy asked me to pick things up from here and tell the rest of the story. I feel the anointing as I am typing right now in a powerful way. Well, I was the Evangelist that Sandy was praying against if you haven't already figured that out. I was also the one that prophesied about a deliverance ministry and call on her life. Of course, I had no idea how all this would pan out at the time.

I always had a heart for Sandy and her family. I knew she had a rough past and had not fully entered into the freedom and victory Jesus had for her. She would come sometimes and give her testimony at meetings that I preached in. Many lives were changed by her testimony, as I am sure yours has been impacted. I want to say that we love and support the Gideons. I would not have Sandy today if it was not for them. God used that Bible to literally save her life and eternal soul. It was amazing how she found it.

Now let me pick up where Sandy left off. She sat in Pastor Doug Holt's office with tears flowing down her cheeks talking about the destruction of her family. I had gone to eat lunch with Pastor Holt that day and had no idea Sandy would be coming for a meeting that afternoon. I was about to leave when I saw her coming in. I was asked by both parties to stay. I remember sitting there fighting the tears as I saw her crying and telling what happened. Both Pastor Holt and I prayed for her that day. I seemed to have an attraction and love for her that I had never felt before. However, I dismissed it as not being God. You know how that is I am sure. On the way out, Pastor Holt asked me if there was any attraction from me to her and I had to admit there was some. I was surprised about my feelings, but he said that he felt there was a mutual attraction and love between Sandy and I, and we might be able to have a powerful ministry together. I was even more surprised to hear that come out of his mouth! You must remember, I did not think this whole thing was God yet!!! I went on with my life and kept Sandy and her daughter in prayer. I knew they were being rejected a lot at the church they were attending, so I let them know they were welcome at the church I was pastoring at that time any time

they wanted to come. They began to come. As I was praying one day in the early morning (which is my routine), I was in mid sentence when the Lord spoke to me. He said, "Sandy needs a Godly husband. What are you going to do about it?" I didn't know how to respond, so I said, "Well, meet the need Lord." I guess some times I am a little slow. I went on to complete my sentence and the Lord stopped me again saying, "Sandy needs a Godly husband. What are YOU going to do about it?" Well, I figured out what the Lord was saying to me and agreed to move forward with it. I called Pastor Holt and then my spiritual covering and asked what they felt about the whole prospect of marrying Sandy. They felt it was God. Understand, I always thought very highly of Sandy, but I wanted to make sure this huge step was God before I took it. So after having the blessing of my covering, I called Sandy and told her how I felt, and wouldn't you know it, the feeling was mutual like Pastor Holt said!

The Lord has now delivered Sandy completely through prayer and fasting. What has been the annoyance to me is the fact that Sandy was saved for twelve years and no one ever walked her through deliverance. I personally casted two demons out of her. I also had a visitation of around 30 different demons on Easter weekend that were trying to take her over. This should have been dealt with years ago. She should not have had to live with this torment for twelve years! It is a wonder to me she did not fall away from the Lord! This shows how incredible of a woman of God she is! She fought all odds to stay with the Lord. Well, God has brought us together and we have a ministry together. This time there is love in the relationship and we have both heard from God about the marriage! I have never known anyone that is as on fire, humble, and sincere in his or her walk with God as Sandy is. She is everything I could ask for in a wife. It is beautiful to see someone that was a bride of satan, now a bride of Christ. It is beautiful to see someone that was a satanist, now a pastor's wife! There is nothing too hard for Jesus. To him be all the glory. Sandy is now completely delivered and more on fire for Jesus than ever. She continues to be used powerfully by the Lord.

The first fruits of Sandy's ministry took place before our marriage. Sheri (not her real name) heard of Sandy's testimony and wanted to meet with her. Sheri grew up in the underground network of satanism called "The Brotherhood." This is the same as you read about in Rebecca Brown's writings, Mike Warnke books, and also Doreen Irvine's story. She was raised in it her whole life. Her story is quite different than Sandy's. Sheri is a dear friend to Sandy and I. Sandy has helped walk her through deliverance and healing. The difference in Sheri is amazing!

So as you can see, the story has a happy ending in Christ. To Jesus be all the glory. I want to take a moment here to talk about the restoring power of God. If you look in Genesis 1:1-1:2 you can see God taking an earth that was in a chaotic mess, and creating something beautiful out of it. It seems the Lord loves to do that. I believe to the Lord a life that has become a chaotic mess is like a blank canvass that he can make into a beautiful painting for his glory. A few years before the Lord spoke to me about marrying Sandy, my life also had become a chaotic mess. My wife at the time left me and married another. Right before she did leave we lost a child through a miscarriage. During this time I was betrayed and hurt at a church I was working at. This all happened in the same month. I was dependant on the salary of both my wife at that time and what I made to make ends meet, so when she left I lost everything- house, car, furniture, job, and almost everything but the clothes on my back. It is so incredible to see how the Lord is taking this mess and making something so beautiful out of it. The principal of Jubilee is an interesting one. In Leviticus 25 we see on the 49th year Jubilee would be decreed by the blasting of the shofar. The principal of Jubilee is this, whatever you lost that rightfully belonged to you from God would be restored fully unto you during the year of Jubilee. Also, whatever you gained that did not rightfully belong to you from God would be lost in this same year. I can see the Lord decreeing Jubilee for Sandy and I. Another interesting principal is found in Proverbs 6:30-31 when it states if a thief is caught, he must repay seven times over what he has stolen. There are specific things that satanic spirits have stolen from Sandy and I, and I am demanding seven times over for them (not God) to restore it back! Oh friend, are you hearing this! We do have that kind of authori-

ty. Finally I want to point out the life of Job. He lost everything but his wife. When the smoke cleared and you look at the later end of his life as a whole, his whole life was blessed twice as much as before. Many times like Joseph in the Bible, we go through very negative times that prepare us for our destinies. If we don't give up, the Lord will take this chaotic mess and make it something beautiful. When all hell broke loose on my life I was so discouraged, depressed, and hurt, but now I am thankful! Let God decree Jubilee for you. Let him bless your life twice as much as before. Don't give up! Jesus loves you and has a plan for your life.

## Scott's Testimony

To help bring fully what I want to through my testimony, I am going to add some things in to my story that will help to compliment what I believe is the ongoing work of the Holy Spirit throughout my life to prepare for such a time as this. My wife and myself have been through some very dark times in life and ministry. Let me share some things from the Journal of an Unknown Prophet first before I move into my story and the reason for what I have been through in life and ministry.

### Scott Talks

It concerns me how passive many Christians are. First off we must always win the battle in ourselves first. I believe when Jesus died on the hill of the "skull" there was something prophetic about that. Many Christians still battle the forces within themselves. Before you go taking land from satan you better win the battle within. Do you still struggle with lust, alcohol, substance abuse, past sins, generational tendencies toward certain sins, unhealed emotional wounds, unforgiveness, or sexual sins of any kind, etc... We face a battle with the desires of the sinful nature within us, the world and its ungodliness, and satan and his forces. Many Christians have not yet truly risen above their own battles. We must pray about past sinful activity and inheritance and make sure we are truly free. Just like the "skull" Jesus died upon, most of the battle will be in our minds and soul area. Also, there will have to be **death to self** to truly see the victory.

Then after we ourselves have conquered, we can begin to assist others in getting delivered and obtain victory in their lives. This is the realm of the church. We can begin to help see unity, maturity, and victory in the body of Christ.

Then once we conquer on this level of helping God's people come to maturity, the Lord of Hosts will begin to call and lead us into battle in the heavenlies.

### Some important keys to entering this battle

A vision from a prophet: "And suddenly it was as though a heavy, heavenly veil was drawn back in the Spirit realm, and I saw the satanic princes in their battle dress standing in their chariots, directing the great mass of hellish battalions and powers and principalities- and they were standing as a great and seemingly fearsome mass in a line that stretched to eternity, waiting. And then a great shofar was sounded, and the fallen satanic princes and generals took their places in front of the battalions, as the great rumbling of satan's chariots thundered. And all as one, they bowed their heads- as the prince of darkness made his entrance.

And as he stood there- all terrible in his damnable arrogance and rebellion- he lifted his sword high to the heavenlies, and again, as one man, I saw the princes and their battalions follow suit, and I heard Lucifer's spine-chilling cry: 'It is TIME!' And the hordes of hell resounded with a great and terrible cry: 'It is TIME.' And as Lucifer turned to his fallen princes, I could hear his malicious hiss: 'IT IS TIME TO TARGET THE CHAMPIONS.'"

Jesus speaks: "The targeting of the champions- My Father's champions here on Earth. The hosts of hell have been assigned for the past decades waiting for this hellish moment in the spirit realm, listening for the release of My End-Time move from Heaven. They have heard the mighty rush of My holy Angels, and so in turn they have unleashed the most violent satanic assault the Earth has seen since the days of My birth when satan's wrath was unleashed through Herod against the babes in arms in a huge murderous onslaught. The Father knows that these are the ones who will lean their minds and hearts unquestionably on His being- those who limp with the scars of his chastening and of their own inadequacy- those who know that within themselves there is no good thing except their hope in Him. These are His champions-" "these are the prime targets for the onslaught of the enemy that you have just seen. The major End-Time assaults are divided into several camps. They are all ruthless strategies of Jezebel, the ultimate seducer and releaser of the End-Time seducing spirits. The first major seduction of my children will be in the area of morality- the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes, but seduction is not just confined to My children's morality. Satan's primary goal is to seduce My children away from the Father.

One of satan's most lethal weapons against My ministers is another of Jezebel's strongholds- the pride of life, pride and self-righteousness. Jezebel's third great onslaught will be in the area of discouragement. This is the same weapon used against my servant Elijah, and indeed, many of My servants throughout the ages. Great discouragement, in turn, leading to strong delusion and finally, that of the great blinding. In this last generation many came to Us from the greatest ensnarements and bondages. Once they saw Our great love for them, they became Our greatest champions and bond-servants, for their gratitude for receiving such a redemption was unfathomable. These are the ones who have become close and tender with Me- who would follow Me unto death."

The prophet speaks: "But if they would follow you unto death, Lord Jesus and they hear your voice- then how could they fall to seducing spirits?"

Jesus replies: "Every weakness that these ones experienced in their lives..." His expression was so grave, "...Every fissure, each wound, each broken place that lies unhealed- these satanic powers and principalities and demons shall now target. Many, many of my children did not receive healing of their minds, emotions and souls in this last generation. And because they have lived in the household of God for years, many do not even realize that these scarred places exist.

These last days' assignments have been meticulously strategized, and that is the very strength of their evil- they have been tailor-made to each of my champions. They (satanic forces) know the urgent, driving, unmet needs of the soul: the generational bondages of each individual called by Me to impact this generation; the lack of nurturing; the deep unhealed rejections and hurts of the emotions; the fatherlessness; the need for affirmation; the desire to belong; the deep isolations- all of which when not met in Me- now have laid the perfect snare for the assignments of the enemy.

Some of My champions have experienced a violent, satanic assailing against their minds. Any thought not taken captive shall be a thought that can take violent root in their soul to lead to ensnarement. Anything from their past that has been dealt with by their own strength and not by My Spirit shall become a snare to them and can leave them vulnerable to the enemy of their souls. Any habit not ruthlessly dealt with and put to the cross, when assigned with the searing heat of temptation, will breed and rapidly multiply."

Jesus continued, "In this past age Jezebel has translated itself into many different forms, but one of her primary rules in this present age is her amalgamation with Babylon, the spirit of the world and lust. Lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes and the pride of life. Jezebel rules electronic media- film, television, advertising- she is the epitome of seduction in this last age." Taken directly from A Journal of an unknown prophet pgs 257, 258, 262, 263, 274, 275

This is a chilling look into satan's last day plans. Please take time to pray and fast and make sure there are no open doors for the enemy to exploit in your life. Is there generational bondages, bondages from past sins, lust, unhealed emotional wounds from rejection or hurt, unforgiveness, problems with anger, pride, or any unfulfilled areas like- needing a spouse, father, loneliness, fears etc... We must die to these things and let Jesus heal us, and we must find our every need met IN HIM. If we don't satan will try to meet that need for us.

I wanted to first put this at the introduction to my testimony. I have been one of those that came out of deep bondages to sin and major unhealed emotional wounds. I too was targeted by the evil one and my life went through much destruction. I will expound upon these things as I go. I hope by being so open to my sins and failures, as well as times of victory, I can encourage those out there that are going through what I have been through.

## **Growing up**

I was raised in a pentecostal (Assembly of God) church my whole life. I would have to say that growing up I knew who the Lord was and had some encounters with him, but I really only knew of him and did not know him personally. Jesus was really only the God of my parents to me. But I would have to say it truly seemed that there was always some black cloud over my life. I was sincere at times throughout my life, and at other times I was very dark, backslidden, and cold. My life was a spiritual roller coaster of emotions and spiritual highs and lows. I was unstable to say the least. My parents loved me growing up, but I know both of them were raised in homes that were not perfect. My father grew up in a Christian home as well, but there was a generational curses and bondages to anger that brought a bit of a chill to the atmosphere at times. I am so proud of my father because now he not only is totally free from any anger, but has become one of the greatest men of God I know. My mother grew up verbally and emotionally abused. It was a very non-Christian home, and her mother left her father when she was three. She was lied to at a young tender age that her biological father wanted nothing to do with her. This seemed to cause a dark shadowy figure of rejection to come upon her life and follow her much of her life.

Looking back at our troubled family growing up that truly was sincere about Christianity, my parents and I agree that generational curses and familiar spirits brought a lot of havoc on all our lives. I was always very rebellious beginning around the age of 13. I was lonely, rejected by peers, suicidal, and very much hated my life and family. The reason I hated my family was because I believed they were rejecting me (even though they were not). There was a lot of strife and rebellion in our home for no real reason. My parents faithfully took us to church and truly did pray for us, and I know they loved us. They did an incredible job raising us, but something was causing the deep level of strife, division, rebellion, and darkness that plagued our lives. None of us knew what it could be. Of course I had no idea how much that spirit of rejection my mother received as a young girl was now tormenting my life by causing so much rejection by my peers and causing me to feel rejected at home. To give an example of a typical day of my life I would sit in my bedroom most of the day, and I would play guitar and pass the time sitting around listening to music. I was very depressed and lonely. I had no one.

As strange as this is, I was strongly impressed upon (by the enemy) that one day I would marry and would truly experience unconditional love. All this rejection would be gone, and I would truly know what it is like to feel loved. I felt rejected by my family, everyone at school, and even at my own home church. This is why I was suicidal. I am not saying all these people were rejecting me, but I felt like they were for various reasons. There were things done and said that I took as rejection although not all of it was. This cut open a very large emotional wound I carried for years to come. Little did I know at that time just how much of a "set-up" by the enemy the thoughts about marriage would turn out to be. It would one day set me up for the ultimate betrayal that almost brought me to suicide.

I went to a private Christian school for one semester of my high school career. My mother had taken me on a mission trip the summer before school started and I truly was touched by the Lord. When I got back I wanted to go to a Christian school to help me live the life I had always failed to live up to this point. I felt like such a failure to God and an embarrassment to my family although no one ever really knew that I felt that way. So my junior year begins at a Christian school. I was able to live a Christian life a lot better at this school, but did face some rejection there as well. The rejection at this school was nothing compared to what I had already faced. I decided to go back to public school because I already hated school as far as the learning, and this school required one to be way to self-motivated to learn for me. This was the biggest mistake of my life. I fell so hard spiritually that I almost didn't get back. I was led by satan into sexual sins, drugs, alcohol, and partying badly. I desired to be popular and accepted by this time. I had even allowed some bisexual activity in my life and major perversions. I was at a low point at the end of my senior year when I was not only a party animal, but now I had also found a fascination with witchcraft because of the sexual perversions and power. I was interested in the darkness of it all. I was very lonely inside, lost, and confused. The introduction to all of this was through a series of movies called Witchcraft 1-6. I watched as many of these and others that I could find. I was drawn to them. These and other things like this are recruiting tools into satanism and witchcraft. Of course I did not know that at the time. I got into some serious fights that could have took my life. I was in circumstances I could have easily died in. I know if it wasn't for praying Christian parents I would have either died or given my life to satan at that time, because I was looking for something- especially a sense of belonging.

### **Coming to Christ**

A dear friend of mine named Michael came back into my life. He was a Christian and never judged me too much about what I was doing. He hung out with me and eventually in January of 1995 I asked the Lord to forgive me and gave my life fully to him. I had gone so far from God, and opened myself up to so much demonic activity, that I didn't even feel any difference after accepting Christ other than the fact I felt lighter. I knew I had to get out of the area. I lived in a small town of east Texas and would basically work by day, and then drink and party by night. I only had bad friends with the exception of Michael. I needed to relocate to get away from all that was there. I knew I was spiritually weak enough to go back if given too much opportunity.

So Michael and I decided to move to Dallas. We had a friend there that was living with his grandmother. We were able to sleep in his room on the floor until we got an apartment. This went well and his grandmother was kind to us. A minister named Russel heard of our sleeping conditions and took Michael and I into his home. It was a beautiful home that was an honor to live in. Him and his wife were very kind to let us stay there and save enough money to get an apartment. This time in my life was a time of spiritual foundation in Christ. I was going to a church that taught the word and put an emphasis on knowing the scriptures. I memorized scripture, prayed, and read the Bible regularly. Russel water baptized me in Lake Ray Hubbard and also helped disciple me. I am very thankful for him. He was a gift from the Lord.

I knew that I was called into the ministry. While growing up my parents would always send us to summer church camp with the Assemblies of God. I always had encounters with God there. At the age of 15 God told me I was called into the ministry. Even though I fell away from God as bad as I did, I know these times in my life prepared me for what I am today. None of these encounters with the Lord were wasted. I know now that generational curses and spirits were the cause of almost all of the problems my family and I had when I was young. My parents agree with this. What exactly was it in me that was so rebellious and why was it there? Why did I have so much rejection? These were the work of generational spirits (called familiar spirits) that I have since been delivered from. I am leading somewhere in my testimony progressively. I wish I was delivered at this time in my life, but

there was much more pain to come before I was truly set free. Parents don't ever give up on your kids. They can change the world when they get set on fire!

## **Bible School**

I decided I wanted to go to Bible school. I enrolled at Southwestern Assembly of God University in Waxahachie Texas. I had a hard job that got any laziness out of me throughout the time I lived in Dallas. I met a man that gave me a job in a warehouse. It was hard work and hot in the summer and freezing in the winter. It was fifty hours a week. I started college and went to full-time to Bible college while working at this job although my hours went from fifty hours a week to thirty hours a week (only working Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), because I was in full-time school. I went to full-time school on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Monday nights. I am thankful for my employers working with me at this time. I had a good foundation laid in me of the scriptures during this time. I was so on-fire for God. I would witness to everyone I could. I also would go to revival meetings. I remember going to see Claudio Friedzen from Argentina at a local church in South Dallas. I had never heard of Claudio, and I loved the meetings. They were filled with dancing and Holy Spirit fire! I never experienced God's presence like this before. I went down for prayer, and Claudio laid hands on me. I was hit by the power of God and began to speak in tongues! I hadn't done that in years. I had gotten saved, water baptized again, and now God rebaptized me in the Holy Spirit! I was moving forward in the Lord. Little did I know the major open doors that remained in my life would allow demons to come back in and cause so much pain in my life and almost completely snuff out the fire.

I was attending a church in South Dallas that I served at and was being mentored in. It was a time of spiritual growth. I scrubbed toilets and served the church. I was treated like an insignificant hireling, but I loved being about the Lord's work. To me it was a joy, and I needed a humbling time in my life. Unfortunately, there was problems with one of the staff members that I had come by his invitation and the church leadership. He left on bad terms with them, and I was swept away in the conflict although I still don't know to this day what it was all about. After this I ended up having an invitation to apply for a youth pastor position at a small church in the east Dallas area. I went for an interview and was asked to come on board.

Up to this point in my life I had never prayed once about anything generational bondages, unhealed wounds, or open doors to satan. I never heard a sermon on any of these issues and didn't know they existed. I was about to find out just how tragic these things can be. It is exactly like what I put at the beginning of my testimony. The enemy targeted the weak areas of my life. I didn't know iniquity was a inner pulling toward generational sin at this time. I had no idea that I even needed any help in these areas! Tragically this is how many of God's people are today. They have accepted Christ and move straight into ministry without having been through the necessary freedom they desperately need.

## **The Ministry Starts**

I took the position although I look back now and know I wasn't ready for the job. I desperately desired to be mentored by a man of God. I approached the pastor about him discipling me. He was not only not interested, but treated me like I was a very annoying stupid young man that didn't deserve his time. This suprised me, but I didn't know this was really all that wrong. I mean I had never been in ministry or asked a minister for that before. So, maybe this is the way it was supposed to be I thought. I am sure the spirit of rejection that haunted me was working on him as well. I was annoying, young, and cocky. So I don't blame him for his feelings.

Now is the time in my life when the unhealed wounds and unclosed doors to satan began to become increasingly evident. During the next five years of my life were the darkest of all. What was about to come would have truly destroyed me if it was not for the incredible love and patience of our Lord. It is

not easy writing about our failures and sins openly like this, but I hope that even if it encourages only one young man to not give up and helps close open doors to satan so he does not have to go through what I have, it will be worth it all.

Let me simply say here that in front of me were moral and other simply foolish mistakes, but in my heart I was truly sincere. The year of this time was around 1996 and I was around 19 years old. I had been right with God out of deep sin and bondage for less than two years before being thrust into a battle of which I was not ready at all. This is one of the reasons I stated earlier that I was not ready for this position.

I was single and living the Christian life the best I knew how. I had absolutely no mentoring of any kind and very little sincere kindness showed to me at this particular church I was at. There was some, but there seemed to be a coldness overall. I was doing everything I knew to do in ministry according to what I learned from Bible school and others. So I had a lot of activities going on to draw in the young people. The youth group grew from around 10 to almost 80 in a church that ran only 200 on a good Sunday. This was amazing growth, but it was also superficial and shallow growth. The young people were coming for pizza, lock-ins, and fun, not really because of spiritual reasons. I was sincere and suprised really at the anointing that would come at altar calls for salvations. I wasn't much of a minister at all, but when it came to street witnessing and calling souls to salvation there was some kind of gift and anointing that was in my life. Remember the gifts and calling of the Lord are without repentance. This seemed to choose me instead of me choosing it. I imagine it was imparted to me through the laying on of hands by someone throughout my pentecostal journey at some point. I had the crowds (80 was an amazing crowd at this church...believe me) and seemed to be doing well in ministry on the outside, but I knew there had to be more. I would pray for an hour every morning sincerely looking for something I didn't even know what. I had to learn lessons I never had learned up to this point. For example, the youth would worship with dimmed lights. The older board members told me we were not to do it anymore because if a young person touched another one sexually we could be sued. I found that far fetched and felt that the young people worshipped better with the lights dimmed, but after continuing the dim the lights, I was called in and scolded strongly. I realized I was in rebellion and asked their forgiveness. I left the lights on bright after that.

Some friends of mine had went to Pensacola Florida to a series of revival meetings at some Assembly of God church there. They were telling me about how incredibly God was moving there! I really wasn't all that interested, but I decided to go. The change I saw in my friends was enough to make me want to go. I went in March of 1996 for the first time. I was amazed at the lines outside the church, the feeling of expectancy, and what I felt simply being on the property. At the service I was in the balcony and the presence of God was awesome! I could feel the electricity and fire of God's holy presence in the atmosphere. When the altar call came hundreds ran to the front to get saved. I went down for prayer. My friends had already told me to go down for prayer as much as I could. In the back of the sanctuary a man on the altar workers team approached me and laid hands on me. I was thrown backward and out on the floor under the power of God. There was a fire that entered me that I had never had. I wept so much during the whole service, but now it seemed I was being so refreshed and strengthened. I began to realize just how truly shallow my ministry was. Here people were coming to church and waiting in lines to get in, not for pizza and events, but rather for the presence of God. I knew that is what I wanted, but it would be a while until I truly began to walk in what I experienced.

When I got back home it was as though something was stirred up against me. I was never so on fire in my life. I was preaching with fire and anointing. People would weep as I preached and the power of God was invading the meetings now. Little did I know this caught satan's attention. I was so young in the Lord I truly had no discernment back then at all. As I began to minister with a new fire and passion, young people were now getting powerfully touched by God. Something was up. I knew I had received something while I was in Pensacola and it came back with me. The local satanic forces were not happy, but I had no clue they even existed. The crowds remained and fun activities were still

there, but now an emphasis was put on prayer and God's presence among the youth. God was moving and young people were responding, but still the open doors to satan haunted me, and I had no idea what the enemy was really capable of. The backlash against this spiritual fire was strong from satan's kingdom. I would still battle with lust, anger, temptation with alcohol, pride, and others sins. I was able to keep above water by not doing them at this point, but the oppression and pull was beyond my description. It would be something someone would have to experience themselves to fully understand. It was as though powerful forces in the city were connecting with something inside me!

I was at church one morning and in they came, three people I had never seen before. They were well dressed, but something seemed strange about them. I blew it off. It seemed as though a black cloud had descended upon me and that I was beginning to live more in a daze than I ever had in my life. I felt strange. The three people that came acted kind, but the two men and one woman were instantly received by the church as being from God. The woman was quickly (within maybe two visits) placed on the piano at the front of the church. I was longing deep inside for a wife and satan knew this open wound of rejection was there and a longing for a wife was intense (remember back to my youth). One of the older young people of the church one day told me that the woman within that group of three was in the process of being divorced, her husband was living with another woman (all of this was true in fact), and that she was interested in me. I blew it off at first, but strangely enough something seemed to reach out and grab me from the conversation. The young man was related to her and was only relaying the message. I never thought much about it, but again the strange feelings, the daze, and all that was involved seemed to fully engulf me over the next couple of days. It never even dawned on me that just because she was "in the process of divorce" that she was not fully divorced. So her and I went out on a couple of dates for the next two weeks, but I thank God no sexual intercourse happened. It was his grace that prevented this I know. I was not in a frame of mind or spiritual walk to overcome it at this time. This of course was enough ammunition given to those at the church that already never liked me for them to act. The board and pastor found out about it and called me in. The pastor explained to me I was in sin, and that I had to break off the relationship with this woman now! Believe it or not, this was actually a revelation to me. I wish he had spent a little more time with me up until now. I did exactly what I was told to do and was made to apologize to people that didn't even know anything happened. After the smoke cleared, the strange feelings ended, and the daze broke off of my mind, I realized how wrong and stupid I was! I couldn't believe how foolish I was to get mixed up in something that was obviously of satan! But it was too late. I hadn't even began a real ministry and had already failed God miserable. I was a failure, and I knew it. The pastor didn't like me anyway, and this was his excuse to get rid of me. He was about to leave to take another church in Florida and advised the board to get rid of me. They did not for whatever reason. The next pastor came, but he was much more cold to me. I am assuming since he was told what all happened.

I thought going into ministry that church people and pastors were loving. I thought they cared about people, would love and teach them, and were at least somewhat forgiving. I was to learn not all are that way. For reasons I don't even remember (because they were so minor), the new pastor asked me to leave. Within a week of me leaving he called and told me he realized he listened to the wrong people who went to him gossiping about me, and asked me to come back, but I was too hurt to return. I knew I failed God and moved back home to east Texas with my parents. I had no real intentions of ever being back into the ministry. I saw what it was like and what people were like. I asked God to forgive me for all my shortcomings and failures and was not going to go back into the ministry. Truly the young people of the church didn't even know of the incident and it really had no devastating impact on the church. This is amazing of course, but it was like God gave grace through it all. "I was so wrong and sinned so terribly. Could God ever use me again?" These were the thoughts I had. I was also terrified that if I ever tried later in life to do anything for God that people would only bring up my failures, and as a result, I would not be able to ever do anything for God again. Even though this may seem a bit overboard, and it was, satan has built fortresses in my mind of fear and condemnation. I was in deeper bondage now than before! It was tormenting.

## **First Cycle of Destruction Complete**

I had no church home or pastor. Not that the ones I had cared about me very much, but the fact was I was alone except for my parents. Out of desperation one day I called a well known minister who was being used powerfully in revival at that time. I had just lost everything. I lost everything except my parents. Now looking back on the situation years later with the knowledge I now have of how satan works, I believe the three people sent to that church were probably satanists. They certainly were not Christians. I think this because of how dark, evil, and cold they seemed to me. They came in at a key time, caused havok, and then dissappeared. The confusion and "daze" I was in was probably the result of witchcraft coming against me. Mind control can be powerful. I had no idea back then on how to take authority over the enemy and break witchcraft coming against me. I don't feel I was a real threat to satan in myself at all, but I think the fire that was released in me at Pensacola, and then through me to the youth I had, was a real threat. I came under an age old tactic of satan and was nailed. I was hurt and lonely again, which seemed to mark my life. The phone call took place so long ago I don't remember exact words, but I do remember enough to give you a good idea of what the conversation went like.

## **A Not So Encouraging Call**

I called the evangelist's office and the phone was answered by a secretary. I asked to speak to the man of God. She said she will see if he is busy or not. The man of God gets on the phone and says, "We are the real deal here, that is why I am taking this call." I said, "Thanks for taking the call." He says, "What do you need." I told him I had just lost everything and been through a lot of hurt at this church. I didn't know what to do and was upset about the turn of events that occurred. He said, "Ministry is hard and not for everybody. Maybe you are not called into the ministry. Many in this nation aren't. I am preaching on that right now. In the ministry you have to be tough and have tough skin. Maybe you need to consider getting out of it." Then he prayed for God to "open the doors that are of him and close those that are not of him."

I know that the information was correct in some ways, but the conversation only took me further down in depression, severe discouragement, and made me not want the ministry. I already had a major rejection issue and obviously major open doors for sexual demons at work in my life. I had never been through anykind of deliverance, inner healing, and only very little mentoring back when I first got saved about the basics of salvation. This furthered my discouragement. I didn't know what to do with my life without the ministry. I had went to Bible school and only had schooling for the ministry to fall back on. I looked into taking a full-time position for the United States Postal Service from which my father retired. I was offered a position and the Lord made me turn it down. That was a hard thing to do, but I obeyed. Let me rewind a bit and give another work that was going on in my life before I left the church mentioned above.

I was deeply wounded by all that happened by my own moral failings and foolishness. I was wrong and knew it well. I went from confession and repentance to excessive sorrow and deep guilt. I remember being in the sanctuary after everything went down with the woman I dated for a few weeks and simply weeping uncontrollably in the dark. I knew I had failed God. I was at the altar area asking his forgiveness. I literally felt arms around me and that my head was on a shoulder. I don't know to this day if it was the Lord or an angel, but I do know I was not alone that day in the sanctuary.

It was January of 1997. During this time, the Lord called me to a radical life of prayer. This all began after my sin, but even before I left the church in the east Dallas area. God had broken me and I was ready for his touch. I began to pray for hours a day and get into the word. After leaving the church I continued this life of prayer. Living with my parents, being single, and being rejected by people

helped me have plenty of time for this. I would spend at times 12 hours straight in prayer. Right before I left the previous church I was at, I attended a powerful revival service with anointed man of God there that was a visiting evangelist. I had seen this type of service my whole life, but this was different. I knew this man was someone that walked with God. He came by me and put his Bible on my head during the altar time at the end of the service. I fell over sideways in my pew. He went on praying for others. Then after I stood up, he called me down to the front and said that when he was around my age, a man from London came to preach where he was at and passed his mantle onto him. Then the evangelist went on to say, "The Holy Spirit says you are to receive this mantle tonight." This evangelist prayed over me seven times baptizing me into what he called his mantle. I fell each time and others picked me up. Those around me told me later that the whole group around me would fall too and others would have to rush up to the front to come pick me up. All I remember was feeling God stronger than I ever felt him in my life. I was out for a long time pinned to the floor under the glory of God. It was the strongest encounter with the glory and power of God I had ever encountered up to this time.

I had left the church devastated, and it was now in 1997 that I would revisit the Pensacola revival again. I knew that my life was in a destruction period and I needed answers. I had a girl friend that I met at the church before I left that I would marry later. I had just read a book by Benny Hinn called The Anointing. During the reading of this book, the Lord spoke to me that I was to be an end time Apostle. This was not encouraging at all. This literally scared me half to death. I never felt I would really even be in the ministry. I was a failure and knew it. How could I ever do anything for the Lord. I didn't even know what an Apostle was! I wept through reading the whole book The Anointing and couldn't put it down. While in line at the revival in Florida a man from London approached me. He said, "I have a word from God for you." I was open to any kind of encouragement that could possibly come to me. He said, "You have a strong Apostolic calling upon your life and the next ten years will be a great preparation for you to be a great pastor." Those were his exact words. Again, the Apostolic thing! What is going on with that. I didn't really want to hear that. I spent some time with this precious father of the faith. His name is Roger, and he has been a great spiritual father to me over the years. He spent time while we waited in line with me and prayed with me about all that was going on in my life. He actually loved and cared about me even in spite of my failures. I was surprised to say the least. Since being in Europe and here in America, I feel there might be a little more love and grace in Europe for those that struggle spiritually. After the ministers that fell in the 1980's, there seems to be a great coldness to those that struggle. God knew to bring this particular individual into my life.

God touched me powerfully again in Florida as was always the case. I was to later keep in touch with Roger and he came to visit me from London many times in Texas. Remember this was the work of God going on in my life at this time. I have shared the work of the enemy, but not all was horrible. I went to see him on a visit to London. I realized through my conversations with him that I was directly related to the youngest Prime Minister of London's history William Pitt. I have little proof of this, but it is true. William Pitt was also a great hero to London having led them through Napoleon's threats of invasion and France's oppressive dominion trying to overtake them. During my visit to London in 2003 (I am skipping ahead quite a bit), I had a vision of an elderly woman in an Anglican church in England giving her children and descendants to the work of the Lord. I feel chills really thinking about this. I knew she was an ancestor of mine in the vision. My mother had said to me before leaving for London, "You should look up Sandy Millar while in London." I laughed! That would be the equivalent of saying to someone, "Hey, you should look up Benny Hinn next time you're in his area." I thought Sandy Millar was too busy to meet with me. Even though many "big name" ministers are great men and women of God, I had a bad experience and didn't want to have anything to do with them at that time. What made me contact Sandy Millar was that I felt a fire shoot through me when my mother suggested I contact him. So I wrote a letter to him. He actually responded and invited me to his house. I sat and talked with him for some time. He was very loving and kind. That surprised me. At

the end of the conversation he laid hands on me and prayed over me. Without any knowledge of the past mantle from London, do you know what he prayed over me? He touched my shoulders and said, "mantled." I fell straight down as something shot through me. I then went with Roger to a small Anglican church in Bonnington as we were heading to Hythe. His mother was buried there and the church was built in the 1200's. It seemed so hallowed being there. We went inside and Roger went up to the podium. I thought he was joking around, but he began to prophesy over me and commissioned me into my destiny. All of this happened from London and obviously there was some generational blessing from London that chased me down and overtook me. How did these mantles find me and these great men from London spend any time with me. I am the greatest of nobodies! This was bigger than me.!

I skipped forward quite a bit in my visit to London with Roger I know, but let me take you back to returning from Pensacola in 1997. I was still in bondage to many things. I had a demon stand over me one day as I fell asleep. I awoke to see him standing over me chanting in a foreign language I did not know. It scared me. Sandy (my wife) and I didn't know each other at this time and we both were so unstable in our Christian walks to say the least. If I could go back in time I would handle so much differently, but I can't. I am actually so thankful for all I have been through. I know my ministry now has great stability and strength, but it took the failures to prepare me for what God has truly called me to do. I believe there is a special calling upon my wife and I to minister to people that have been hurt emotionally and need healing. There also seems to be an anointing upon us for deliverance. There are many Christians out there that are sincere, but they are also so unstable because they need deliverance and healing. This is my heart and what God has prepared me for. I know even some ministers that have fallen need love, healing, forgiveness, deliverance, and to be restored gently because God is not through with them. These are not easy areas to deal with, but someone has to love people enough to help them. I am about to get into some more of my failures, lack of stability, and sufferings that have prepared me. But just like Jesus was wounded by the world and for the world, then received the authority to change the world, I believe God allows people to suffer in the areas they are called to have authority in. I have seen people that have been through painful divorces get healed and then turn around and minister with great anointing to those that are going through that same hurt. Our suffering prepares us by giving us compassion for the hurting which releases an awesome anointing for their needs.

The beginning of 1997 was a time of true drawing of the Spirit into the word and prayer in a very serious way. I had left Bible school already, but God was putting me through the school of the Spirit. I was learning how to pray and flow with the anointing. God sent me Ruby and Addie before I left the church in east Dallas. They were two elderly precious intercessors in a local church that disciplined me into how to pray. They were among the few that showed great love for me. I was so honored by their time and love. They saw something in me. It is interesting how a few saw past the current unstable Scott and saw what the Lord was doing in me long term. They taught me how to pray, fast, intercede, and flow with the Holy Spirit in a powerful way. I am eternally in debt to them and still keep in touch with them to this day. They are some of my heroes of the faith. As you can see there were two current and very real works going on in my life at this time. One we can see the work of the Holy Spirit and at the same time the work of satan. I was unstable and needed to be free, but there was still a time for that to come. Before I could reach that place I had more mistakes to make, and I sure did a great job of making them!

### **The Instability Continues**

After my return from meeting Roger I went home to the east Texas area. I was still living with my parents and working some part time at an Eckerd's drug store. I didn't feel worthy to do anything for the Lord, but something in me wouldn't let me get into secular work long term. Even over the years I was offered some management positions the Lord would not let me take. I started attending a church my

parents went to in east Texas. I was involved in the work and it wasn't long until I was the associate pastor of the church. I had a girl friend from the Mesquite area I spoke of earlier. Now remember back when I said as a teenager I had a lie planted in my mind of this fantasy "true" love in marriage that would be everything I ever needed. I should have found that in Jesus. Satan had picked this girl for me. I am not saying she was a horrible person, but she was simply not for me. I struggled so much with being too physical with her and it led to falling into sex with her before marriage. This happened well before I was an associate pastor and only once after I became one. I was completely devastated that I wasn't escaping this life of sex sins, lust, and was so unstable. Before being back in the ministry it only happened once and I asked forgiveness and quit letting it happen, but as an associate Pastor I went to a leader at work in the church and confessed it and got prayer. I felt so broken and again such a failure. Why did I not get this resolved? Why couldn't I conquer this?! I hated myself. I eventually married this girl and the first year went well. Now looking back I can see generational curses on her family that kicked in radically. I kept praying about curses during that time frame, but I had no real knowledge of what I was dealing with. This was a double hit because I had my own issues of deliverance! After a year of marriage I left the church I was at as they got a new pastor and I felt led to go. I moved back to Dallas. I was lied about at the church after my departure. The lie was that I told people to leave the church and caused problems. The people that left the church left without ever hearing anything from me! I never told anyone to leave the church. But the spiritual people did leave because they knew things were off. I never tried to get anyone to leave. They left on their own.

### **A Marriage on the Rocks**

I had been married a year, was currently out of the ministry, and was living back in the Mesquite area of Dallas. After a year of marriage she told me she didn't love me anymore, didn't want to be in the ministry, and didn't want me. The threat of divorce scared me as well, because I knew the denomination I was with would have nothing to do with me if it happened. She began leaving me because of my stance for wanting holy things to come across our television. At least that was the beginning. I tried to work things out with her. I was broken hearted to say the least. It seemed she knew exactly what to say that would hurt the most. I had a false pretension put in my head as a teenager that set me up for this to hurt 100 times more! I thought that this would be perfect love, and that caused this too hurt much more than it should have. I totally laid down my leadership role as a husband and tried to give in to whatever she wanted so that we could work things out. This was the worst mistake I made up to this point. Now Jezebel and Ahab had full reign. I remember that my prayer times up to this point were around two to three hours every morning. I was so on fire! I was witnessing to everyone at work. I lived in prayer and the word, but once I made the decision to go with my wife into compromise to work things out, I chose her over God. I didn't realize this at that time, but I did. I remember during this time Jesus appeared to me twice. I was in prayer in my bedroom and literally his face appeared in front of me smiling. I will never forget the radiance, beauty, and love that radiated from him. Trust me it was not from this world and therefore could not be explained in mere human terms! I was thrown backward under the power of God and couldn't move for some time. After I got up it all happened again. I heard the Lord say, "This is my son, in whom I am well pleased." I broke down and cried for a long time. The old wounds of rejection were never healed in me, and my wife (she didn't mean to be used of the devil) would tear them much deeper and wider. She kept leaving me threatening divorce if I didn't let her have certain things she wanted and some things we couldn't afford. I gave her what she wanted. Of course none of this made her happy, so I had been out of the ministry for some time now again. My life again was lonely, rejected by the previous church I was at, and at a place a lot of pain. I had no real friends at this time. I remember right after the Lord appeared to me a thick black cloud once again moved over head. I couldn't feel God's presence and felt rejected by him. I went into the deepest depression of my life. Over time I began to drink heavily. I hadn't drank since I had gotten saved years earlier, but it was the only thing I could do that numbed me enough to make it through the days. I was not angry with God only hurt and felt deeply rejected

by him, my wife, and that because of the way things were I would never be in ministry. Once again I had failed God. Once again, I was not what I should be. I also began to look at pornography again! I hadn't done this since before my salvation either. After months of this drinking and suicidal tendencies I truly went to take my life. As I moved forward to do this, there was literally something between me and the means to kill myself. I couldn't do it. I broke down and cried out to God. I hated myself. I decided to ask God's forgiveness for turning to alcohol to numb the pain, and I turned away from it. I truly got on my face and repented.

### **Familiar Faces**

Right after that the old pastor that ran me off from my first church wanted me to come back and help him. He felt it was never God's will for me to have left in the first place. I felt it was, but not for the reasons I left or with the circumstances surrounding my departure. I was desperate to get close to God again and prayed about it. I knew I had sincerely got forgiveness from the Lord and was living right at this point in time. After praying about it, I felt God was in it. I know all of this is hard to believe for some out there. I was as unstable as they come. I think we would all be suprised at how many there are out there like this. I was back at my first church for six months and saw a move of God's Spirit. Young people were being baptized in the Holy Spirit, getting right with God, and hit by the power of God. This was a great encouragement to me when I needed it. My wife didn't support me at all and didn't attend some of the youth services, but she knew how to look good to the church people so no one knew the darkness in our marriage. I connected with my spiritual son there and he is with me to this day.

### **The Second Cycle of Destruction begins**

I was at home one day in my recliner when I felt an evil spirit enter my home. I recognized that presence as being with me before when I lost everything. From that moment on I literally began losing everything again. I would say within around a two month span I had lost everything again! Within this time frame my wife had a miscarriage, the pastor once again turned against me with the same type of false accusations as before (it was exactly the way it happened years ago), and my wife left me around the time of September 2001 when the twin towers fell in New York. I remember watching it on the news. She came through the house and took all she wanted leaving me with what she didn't want. Some of this was because I refused to take on her debt she had acquired against my wishes.

Let me give you examples of what type of reasons surrounded my being asked to leave the church again. This was very similar to the way it happened the first time. I was accused of running off a family whose daughter was very rebellious, and I had to get onto her once for her lack of respect. When I called the father to ask why they left the church he said it had nothing to do with me. I was accused of being rebellious because I left a paper I was given in my mail box at the church. I had no office in the church and no office at home. I left it in my box after reading it because I didn't have a safe place to put it. I read it! I did what it said! I just didn't take it somewhere else. The third accusation was the worse and biggest of all the lies above. The pastor had authorized a very small loan to me that I was paying back out of my paycheck weekly. The church financial secretary was taking a sum out of my check before I saw the check. This loan was authorized by both of these people present. The board asked the pastor about the loan and why they weren't involved in the decision. He didn't involve them because it was such a small loan for a couple of hundred dollars. Of course under the pressure he denied ever authorizing the loan in the first place and basically said I stole the money. These were the three reasons I was asked to leave. I was only there for six months.

### **Destruction Cycle Complete Again**

For the second time in my life I had lost everything. I was broken, devastated, suicidal, and lonely. I had a night job as a security patrolman and was about to move in with a friend of mine. I had nothing so it would have been easy to move in with him. My father called to tell me he really felt I was to move home. I was totally against it in my pride, but I really had nothing anyway. So I agreed and quit my job to move back to east Texas again. How could this keep happening? I was sincere in my heart! I loved the Lord and didn't want to keep going through cycles of failure, defeat, and losing everything. I wanted to live holy and please him. I moved in with my parents only days after the twin towers fell. I was back in Pensacola out of sheer desperation on September 15th, 2001. Joseph Garlington preached and it was awesome. I needed the laughter he brought as well as the anointing. He is such a funny and anointed man of God.

Before I lost everything again the Lord had given me a word while sitting on patrol one night as a security worker that he was "releasing to me a double-portion anointing and the triple-portion was for a time to come." How in the world could this be. I was such a failure! God could never use me, I thought. While in Florida Pastor Kilpatrick prayed over me and a ball of fire shot into my stomach that began to consume me. It was as though I could breath again spiritually. It was right after this experience I never saw my wife again. She filed for divorce and was married shortly after it finalized. I found out about that through someone I knew. The Lord released me from her, and I moved on.

### **Time for change: deliverance and healing**

I moved in with my parents. I complained about losing everything to the Lord and was really devastated. While at home I came across Rebecca Brown, Derek Prince, and Cindy Jacobs books (to name a few). I began to see how my life really was. I wondered why rejection haunted me everywhere I went. I mean it affected even Pastors and Christians! I realized it was a generational spirit that entered my mothers life as a child. I wondered why I was going through cycles of losing everything. I realized I had generational curses from the Cherokee Indians on my dad's side of the family and Freemasonry on my mother's side. This was also why the black cloud and demons were at work. I was considered a traitor to satan's kingdom for not continuing in the service of satan as my ancestors were, but serving his enemy The Christ. I realized I had never dealt with soul ties and sexual bondages from the past (thus sexual sins and lust), generational alcoholism, and generational Jezebel and Ahab tendencies. My past sins still had some strong power over my life. I had major unhealed emotional wounds that caused weakness and being easily offended I had to deal with. I had a chip on my shoulder and was very sensitive to hurt. There were huge gaping holes (gates of hell) for demons in my life.

As I dealt with these issues I shared the problems with my parents and we all made it a matter of prayer and fasting. I learned about deliverance and healing from the Lord taking me through it all by myself. Noone I knew would have known who to help me anyway. As I prayed I felt demons leaving me. I felt the skies above me opening. I felt I could see and breath in the Spirit again. I saw light and hope. Suicide fled from me. A river of the Holy Spirit and open heaven seemed to invade my life. I was able to pray and read the word again for hours. The atmosphere of heaven filled my life. I spent the next three years of my life in prayer, fasting, and the word of God. All the failure in my life was replaced with a great resolve and I was determined to live a holy stable life at any cost. Even back during my time of depression and drinking I would cry as the Lord's presence would fill the location where I was at even stronger than I would feel at church many times. Jesus saw this day coming. He loved me even in my weaknesses and failures. He knew where I was. He knew my heart was sincere to live holy and serve him. I hated sin and where I was at during those days. I hated myself. But now I finally had the opportunity to be free! It was wonderful.

### **Tested**

I was praying about what was next. I was in my room in prayer and the Lord spoke to me to speak at a girls home! I was offended. I didn't want to speak at a girls home for several reasons....the first being I was not a woman! Besides I had just truly been delivered and was going through emotional healing. I didn't want any temptation in my life! I called the home out of obedience with a bad attitude and simply said if they ever wanted me to come speak give me a call. They did call me and when I spoke God fell for two years of a massive revival with signs and wonders following it. I was blown away. Even though I was surrounded by only women, this time it was completely different. I wouldn't fall, and I didn't. I was different! I knew something had come out of me. I knew so much had left me. I knew I was brand new. This is what Christianity was about....freedom from sin! I loved it. By this time I had met Sandy as well as others at a church my parents attended. She was married and I only knew her from praying with her about some issues. I was under the covering of this church as an Evangelist that preached when the opportunity arised. The main speaking I did was at the girls home. I was so different it was amazing. It was like a huge black cloud had lifted from my life. If someone doesn't believe in curses, look at my life of cycles of destruction, defeat, and instability. I had ancestors that worshipped and served satan! But now there was no more rejection, destruction, fears, and falling back into old patterns of sin. Now I was finally free from generational works of satan and also the bondages from my past sins!

### **Overcoming the Pride of reputation**

I had been through so much slander, lies, gossiping, and character defamation that I was beginning to fall deeply in love with my new reputation now. For the first time in my life, I was under a blessing and seemed to have great favor wherever I went. I read and heard about the incredible power of a blessing from John Kilpatrick. I asked my father, pastor, and other men to speak a blessing over me and my life. Rejection was something that was no longer a part of my life. I didn't want to lose this. I had been free for some time and felt drawn to Steve Hill's church which is Heartland Fellowship Church. I found out about it by chance, but I know it was God. The church was not public yet and started out of his home here in the DFW area with less than fifty people. I started to come when it moved out of his home into the recreation center of that area. I was one of the first fifty that came. I had a meeting with him in his office as he asked me about myself and prayed over me God would anoint and use me. He also prophecied over me of a coming harvest God had for me. I was honored to have that time with him. A little later after my visit to London in 2003 I previously wrote about, Jeff Baldwin (College Pastor at Heartland) asked me to speak in the College group at Heartland. The Holy Spirit moved powerfully and Jeff and I became great friends in ministry. We worked closely together for a couple of years. It was truly a new day for me. I later asked Pastor Steve if he would cover my ministry as I felt led to start a work in East Dallas. He said, "I see Jesus in you," then laid his hands on me to bless and pray over me. He directly placed a minister over me in the Lord that I love dearly as a personal covering. God released me into this work. I had a great name this time. I was not rejected and felt a part of something, but the Lord had to kill this love of my reputation that had become an idol. See, the Lord doesn't care about our reputations like we do. The scripture the Lord gave me to confirm this death to reputation that was about to happen was concerning Mary the mother of Jesus. She was used to bring the greatest work of God into the earth of human history, but it came in a way that caused everyone around her to think she had gotten pregnant out of wedlock which totally destroyed her reputation. Things back then were not as they are now. This pregnancy outside of marriage could have brought capital punishment to her. She was certainly seen as bringing disgrace on Joseph and her family. I don't think people really realize what she went through to fulfill her destiny. Jesus' reputation was smeared throughout his whole ministry. I believe the death of reputation is important in all ministers. For example, I recently have seen a high profile minister that guards his reputation with fierceness. I have a friend that is on staff at his church and lies were spread about him at the church. The pastor ripped him to shreds trying to protect **his own reputation!** He was obviously scared that the lies about my friend would hurt his own reputation along with my friend. I hope this shows how that idol and taint our ministries if we are not careful! I lived in fear

that I would lose this reputation and the respect and ACCEPTANCE that with went it. I had to die to rejection completely, and I have now.

As you have read about at the end of Sandy's testimony, God had spoken to me about marrying her. I was shocked that my covering, my father, and spiritual father agreed this was God. It was hard to get mixed up in all the mess that Sandy was in. She was being lied about, had a husband that molested her kids with CPS involved, and this was not something that would look good on me getting involved in. See how my love of reputation almost caused me to miss one of the greatest things God has ever given me! I also knew her girls were so hurt at losing their family, what their father had done to them, and were probably not interested in me being a part of the family at all- especially this soon. She had filed for divorce a year before the Lord spoke to me about marrying her, but her husband was purposely delaying the divorce because of some trick with his lawyer regarding the criminal charges he was facing. I really didn't understand how delaying the divorce would help his case, but obviously they felt it would. I also knew Sandy needed deliverance desperately and also needed to be free from the marriage she was held in bondage to. Satan was giving a very strong final tug to get her back through all of this.

So this is how the Lord crucified my reputation once for all. I asked my fathers and covering what they thought of me spending time with her. They said, "she is divorced in the eyes of God. It is okay to spend time with her. Just keep it holy." This is exactly what I did. I spent time with her and her girls. I now can see why God wanted me in her life at that time. He could have waited until all the smoke cleared. I was able to protect Sandy a lot. There were demons and satanists coming to her home to kill her. She saw black hooded people around her house one night after I had left. These were the local satanists of that area. We knew who they were and what they were up to. They were connected to Sheri's old coven. I was not there because it was late at night, but she prayed and God protected her. She said her dogs were violently attacking these people and they left. I remember times when several demons would knock her unconscious and take her completely over. Sometimes this was so subtle that I would be in conversation and I could barely see the change in her eyes, but something carefully and quietly took her over. Other times it was very obvious as something would walk right into her and threaten me through her vocal cords to get out of her life or else. I would take strong authority in Jesus' name and the demons that had walked into her would walk out. Sometimes this would result in her picking up on the exact sentence she left off of 30 minutes ago, or other times she would collapse as though she had died. It was a difficult time of intense spiritual warfare. The presence of evil was so thick it was hard to breath at times. Sandy wouldn't even remember anything that happened when she would awake after being knocked unconscious. I get a little irritated with people that don't believe Christians can go through this. The reason why so many do is because churches don't believe them and send them to mental hospitals instead of helping them. Secular help is the last thing they need! Some of these demons would knock Sandy unconscious and use her body to try to seduce me into sin with her, but it didn't work. Remember I was different now! We are both thankful for God's grace to stand during those times. She hated what was going on, but she was not in control at this time. Some evil spirits tried to hurt her or make her take off running out in the woods! I know that if I had not been in her life at that time she could have been seriously hurt and would not have been delivered by the time we were to marry. The divorce finally came with much prayer and fasting. I prayed and fasted so much. The soon-to-be x-husband and others were spreading lies about Sandy and myself. The husband tried to take her and her daughters for everything they owned. Sandy was almost willing to just give him what he wanted if he would simply let the divorce go through. She was getting desperate to just move on with her life. She didn't want to continue to live in that area were everyone knew what happened. I didn't blame her. I prophecied to Sandy that because her soon-to-be-X had justified molesting the girls, acting like he did nothing wrong, and then was lying about us, God was going to judge him. I told Sandy, go to court and ask for whatever you want, God will give it to you. Right after I released that word, a district attorney of that area began to have a personal vendeta against Sandy's soon-to-be x-husband. He wanted to have him locked up and the key thrown

away. The husband and his lawyer became so scared they settled out of court giving Sandy whatever she wanted! This released Sandy into the next season of her life. Thus God fulfilled his prophetic word of judgment and gave Sandy everything she wanted.

### **The other hand to the cross**

My reputation had one of its hands nailed to the cross by getting involved with Sandy to begin with. I mean it didn't really look good spending time with the woman who wasn't divorced completely yet, but God didn't care what critical people thought and revival was breaking out in Sandy's life and the lives of her children. God was more concerned about them, and their protection, than he was with what gossipers thought! After that the Lord had spoken to me about Sandy not being without a spiritual covering. This is actually a very serious issue. I don't think people really have any real idea about how much in bondage Sandy really was in. She has only told about 10% of her story and I only share what is necessary. The thought of her without any covering reminds me of what Paul warned in 1Corinthians chapter 11 when he said because of the angels a woman should have a sign of authority on her head. I knew that satanic spirits already sexually raped Sandy, and I could feel the loving deep concern her father in heaven had for her safety after the current covering was removed. The Lord showed me that as she was officially divorced from her husband, although he may have not been very godly, since he was a Christian man that she belonged to (property- a sign of authority) in the eyes of satan, she would have been incredibly vulnerable for some serious hurt to come into her life. The Lord showed me she would be wide open for major attack from satan. She was not at all ready to stand by herself without a covering or someone living with her to protect her when all hell broke loose. I knew these things, but not being married to her, I was not a covering and I did not stay with her throughout the night. So I knew the Lord had spoken to me to immediately get married to her right after the divorce finalized so she would not go without a covering and protection I could provide. Of course this didn't look very good to some and gave ammunition to others that already wanted to hurt us with their lies, but I loved God and Sandy more than my reputation and was willing to do this.

I knew Sandy was not very stable yet as she was recently delivered from some things with other things that needed to happen, and she was not fully healed emotionally. I could see and feel the deep concern from her heavenly father regarding her safety and protection. Unfortunately Sandy and I did not know there was a stipulation in the Texas laws that there has to be a month after a divorce for someone to marry according to the laws of the land. This really stopped me at first, but God reminded me of his command and that he already knew of this stipulation, but yet made the command. To be quite honest God didn't care about the law. He cared about his daughter. We already planned the wedding, but I was willing to cancel and wait if necessary. But the Lord reaffirmed to me that I was to not let her go without a covering to protect her for a whole month! That may not seem long to some, but it is a very long time for a lot of things to happen under the circumstances. I had to choose to obey God above the laws of the land. I know that if it becomes illegal to witness about Jesus or preach against homosexuality I will still do it, but this was different. I mean who would stand with me. I felt that my reputation was literally on a cross dying. It was as if this was the other hand being nailed to the cross. Did I love God enough to obey him in this? Did I love Sandy enough to sacrifice like this for her safety? I did. I asked the pastor who was to marry us, (he was same man that oversaw me as my direct covering at this particular time) he said "move with God." I am one that operates under authority, and so I moved with God with a clear conscious that God's command is greater than the laws of the land. So I married in the eyes of God and it was so blessed. Yes we have a marriage license and it was all worked out very quickly with us being legally married. God has a way of working all things out if we move with him. As we were married people commented on the anointing in that place. I had to admit it was awesome.

I know even reading this people really don't understand how much Sandy needed a covering. The battles she was facing spiritually were far worse than the satanists chasing her in vehicles and sneak-

ing around her house at night. She would be knocked unconscious and raped by demons, astral projected people, and would wake with cuts, bruises, and all sorts of weird happenings. Her health was being affected and she wasn't getting much sleep. It was terrible! But after I married her we went on our honeymoon. It was precious. Her emotional healing began immediately. I know it meant a lot to her that I was willing to sacrifice so much for her, but I did love her that much. She is my dream wife. I remember after consummating the marriage, the level of attack I went under for about an hour was very strong. I had become one with her, and I felt the attack she had been facing for myself now. A black and heavy presence seemed to press against my chest, but even though Sandy had went through 12 years of being overtaken and hurt so much that her faith was to sag some in fear, I hadn't! I lifted up my voice and made it clear this wasn't a part of our lives anymore and it fled.

Now looking back on everything I see the mighty hand of God. Sandy was so unstable at that time she desperately needed me. I had been prepared. If it was five years prior to this I would have been to unstable myself to help her. I would have been a hinderance, not a help. I was very patient with her because I myself had been so unstable before my deliverance. But for the three years prior to marriage, God had been preparing me for such a time as this. Now I have seen Sandy become one of the most stable, solid, sincere, and anointed woman of God I know. She is one of the champions satan has tried to target, but satan has lost.

### **Our Ministry**

I believe Sandy was the first fruits of something God has called me into. I believe the deliverance and inner healing ministry will be one of the most vital ministries of the end-times. If people are not set free, many will fall away, or at best be very unstable. I love that I have lost my idol of reputation. I don't mind getting into the mud of others being slandered and crucified by their critics. I mean what do I have to lose anyway? I know there are ministers that need to be set free so they can be all God has called them to be, but they know they can talk about it to their congregations! I want them to feel comfortable coming to me as some already have. I know there are leaders that want to be able to open up to someone and get help without their confidence being betrayed! I know there are Christians that feel they are alone and helpless because no one understands what they are going through. Friend, Sandy and I do understand. We love the people of God and want to see them arise in power to conquer as they most certainly will after being healed and delivered. We have been through the fire, but it has helped us be strong and become stable. It has given us great compassion for those that are going through what we have been through. I know that all things do work together for the good to them that are in Christ. I want to close this with a prophecy by Jim Goll about the end times. I feel it is relevent to what Sandy and I have been prepared for:

"Deliverance from evil spirits will be on the rise as the Lord grants fresh insight into breaking generational cycles--especially with the spirits of infirmity, witchcraft, sexual perversion, and the occult. Hundreds, and even thousands, are going to be delivered in both public and private settings as the wind of the Lord sweeps again with authority and power at the name of Jesus. Therefore, there will be the necessity of teaching and clarity on the gift of discerning of spirits. Understanding on spiritual warfare, emphasizing teachings on the spirit of deception, familiar spirits, necromancy, generational witchcraft, adaptive deception, and exposing Jezebel's influence will be a must. While this is true, on the other hand, there is good news! The supernatural is on the rise! People will be drawn to Christ Jesus as God encounters, angelic activity, interactive visions, and Macedonian missionary calls are experienced."

I read this prophecy not that long ago. Over the last five years I can see how God has been preparing us to be a part of this great end-time revival. The body of Christ will see billions come into the kingdom and this world won to Christ! I know evil will increase, but there will be such a glory that the world has never known come through the church into the earth. It seems so awesome to me after reading

this prophecy by Jim Goll that God has had Sandy and I coauthor some books together that deal with warfare, deliverance, deception, witchcraft, Jezebel, and just about everything Jim Goll just mentioned. Isn't God awesome.

So you see, this is not a story of defeat but one of victory. I know what it is like to have a call but live in defeat. I know what it is like to go through adversity, but I also know what it is like to have the Son of Man in the fire with me. May the liberation of God's people begin.

God bless,  
Scott and Sandy Boyd