

# Notes for the Ekklēsia Meeting

Info: (651) 283-0568 Discipleship Training Ministries, Inc www.dtminc.org Today's Date: August 26, 2012

## Taking Ground Bit By Bit

by Dan Trygg

“...upon this rock I will build My church; and Hades’ gates *will not* prevail against it.”

Matthew 16:18

“...We tear down arguments<sup>5</sup> and everything raised up against the experiential-knowledge of God, and we take every thought captive to make it obey Christ.”

II Corinthians 10:4,5

Recently, I met with a young man, who I will call Jeff, and his girlfriend, who I will refer to as Donna. They had been referred to me. When they first arrived, Jeff could barely speak. His girlfriend did much of the talking. The presenting problems were that he changed personalities at night. He spoke with other voices, at least 5. He was having increasingly violent thoughts, and would do crazy things, like scratch the wall. Donna said one identifies itself as a werewolf, another as a vampire, another as a witch, all with different voices. Jeff was feeling more and more overwhelmed and controlled by them. He recognized that without some intervention, this was not going to end well.

Jeff said that he had been harassed all day long. He was feeling very anxious, and *something* inside him did not want to be there. He was very uncomfortable. Since we sat down together, he felt hot all over, and was “burning up”. He was having trouble even speaking. I could see that something was constricting his speech. He would try to form words, and his mouth would stop and his throat would tense up. He could barely get out any sound, at times, and his voice was little more than a whisper. At several points, I could see another appearance come upon his face, and the voice would start to change, and become lower and “growly” sounding. I immediately rebuked it, commanded it to be silent, and to release Jeff. I then asked Jeff to confess Jesus as Lord. He was able to do so with much struggle, though barely above a whisper. I told him sometimes we have to press through the resistance. I asked him to confess again. This time it was easier. I then led him through a number of confessions and professions, based upon what Christ had done for him on the cross, triumphing over the enemy. Then I asked him to call on Jesus to set him free.

I asked him to tell me more about what had happened. He was adopted. He doesn’t know anything about his birth parents. He had been raised in a church-going home, and had believed in Christ as a child. The home was very abusive and dysfunctional. His mom and dad eventually split up. At first, they continued going to church, but as his dad’s business started to prosper, and they stopped attending. In late teenage years, he started reading fantasy books that included magic and sorcery in the story line. He became fascinated by this, and did further research on his own, and online. He began to practice sorcery, which included “invoking spirits” or “calling up spirits”. Well, they showed up, ...and he has been *tormented* for several years. Recently, it has getting noticeably worse.

I told him that since he had trusted in Christ by faith, he was under the blood and grace of Christ. He needed to renounce the spirits and practices he had been involved with. I led him to do this. Then I told him to take authority over these spirits that were in him and command them to leave in Jesus’ name. I told him to renounce them, to tell them they were no longer welcome, and to declare that he belonged to Jesus Christ and wanted to live for God’s purposes for his life. I then got up and went over to him, put my hand on his chest and prayed over him, again declaring that in the name of Jesus I was binding the demons present together, breaking their power, and I commanded that they leave. I could feel them moving inside his stomach, and I felt him trembling. I spoke in a tongue quietly under my breath for a few moments, then said, “If you think you have any claim or right to stay, I order you to bring your charges before the court of heaven, or to leave”. After praying for a few moments, I went and sat down again. I told Jeff that we had made a transaction on earth that would have ramifications in the spiritual realm. He said that he could feel that it was still there. I said, “Demons are like spoiled children. They don’t *want* to leave, and often they will resist. If we stand fast, however, and remain firm, they *will* leave.” I told him about the value of team ministry. I talked about the gift of discernment, and the words of knowledge and wisdom that God will often give in that context. *Together* we can more powerfully come against any resisting spirits, and can enforce the eviction notice.

He had much more freedom. He was feeling lighter. He was not tense. He was able to speak freely. I said we had accomplished a significant amount already. I told him that what was important right now was to draw closer to God. I asked if he had any praise music at home. He did, so I told him to put that on, and spend time in the Bible and in prayer. I pointed out, again, how he had found increasing freedom by calling on Jesus and confessing Him as “my Lord”. I said, “Do that, if you are under attack.” I also told him that it was not unusual for people to leave, and be attacked again. It was important to not get freaked out by that. They will attempt to convince him that none of this worked. I pointed out, again, the freedom he had gained by what we had done, and assured him that God will fully redeem and set free those who are His. He left, joyful and encouraged, but ready to fight the attacks of the enemy.

He told me the next day that it did, indeed, try to come back and assert itself quite harshly, but he was able to press through all of that and hold fast to Christ. It did *not* gain control again. He felt like it was still there, but it did not have the dominating power over him that it did. (Praise God!) We made arrangements to get a team together.

Stan and I met with Jeff the evening before the team was to meet. I wanted Jeff to meet Stan ahead of time, to dispel unfounded fears. He had come early and was waiting for us. He shared that he had been apprehensive about coming. He felt a lot of inner agitation. There was an incredible difference, compared to the first time I met him, however. On that occasion, he could hardly speak. Now, he seemed just a little up tight. There was no sign of any physical manifestations, at all. As Stan and I shared, he became noticeably more relaxed. At one point, Stan asked him, "If you were to die tonight, where would you go?" He said, "I'd go to hell." We asked him why he thought that. He said, "Because of all the bad things I have done." We went on to explain that Jesus took *all* his sins to the cross. None of us gets into heaven by virtue of our behavior. It is only by the *gift* of righteousness *provided by God* through the death of Christ, that any of us can be allowed into heaven (Rom. 3:21-26). We receive this gift by faith. We trust that it is *not* by *our* behavior, but by *His* grace that we can be saved. He extends to us an offer of forgiveness from our sin and the choice to live a new life that honors Him. If we embrace that offer, then we can be assured that we *will* go to heaven. Stan led him through a prayer of confession and commitment of his life to follow Christ. By the end of our time, he was *very* relaxed, talkative and looking forward to our meeting the next night. The difference was amazing!

We arrived at the house a few minutes before 7. Jeff was feeling very disturbed and agitated inside. He felt like he was going to "let loose" at some point, so he asked if it would be OK to put his glasses in the kitchen, so they would not get broken. We said, "Sure". He said that he was feeling incredibly hot. I told him that was an indication that the Holy Spirit was already beginning to work. John brought a small waste basket, and we began. We worshiped for about half an hour. As Stan began to play his guitar, and sing, the Holy Spirit came powerfully into the house. I felt it immediately, as "holy goose bumps" came over me, and joy welled up inside. I looked across the room, as John also said, "Yes, He is here." Todd also acknowledged the same.

I was walking through the house, praying in the Spirit, and joining in the singing from time to time. Jeff was noticeably agitated. His hands were shaking. His face became very red. He put his head back, and started expelling air, like a soft growl. When he started to get loud, I rebuked him and told him to be silent. He tried to continue, and I rebuked him again, and he stifled. The presence and power of the Lord was very strong. The demons were *very* uncomfortable. At one point, I noticed that John was overcome with the Holy Spirit. He was breathing deeply and rapidly, and looked like he was experiencing the heat of the Spirit's working within him again, as he had previously.

When we finished worshipping, we gathered around Jeff, and Stan anointed him with oil, ...in fact, we all anointed each other. Stan asked him the question from the night before, "If you were to die tonight, where would you go?" Immediately Jeff replied, "Heaven!" "Why," asked Stan. "Because Jesus paid for my sins, and purchased my salvation. It is about what *He* has done, not about my failings."

Jeff was concerned that he might get physical. It never got bad, but when we started to pray over him, the demon did start to manifest. When Stan said that he could see it, the demon started to try to pull away, swinging Jeff's arms and kicking his legs. We held onto his hands to keep him from getting too wild, and commanded the spirit to stop. It stopped, but as we kept commanding it to come out, Jeff began to shake, growl, and flatten out. He kind of slid off the couch to the floor, and Stan commanded it to let Jeff go. The demon said, "Either I go out violently, or I don't go out at all!" Stan rebuked it, and said it was not in a position to bargain. It *must* come out. Soon after, Jeff's body bent forward, his mouth opened and he started gagging. Stan could feel it working up Jeff's esophagus, and we all were praying earnestly for the Holy Spirit to drive it out (Matt. 12:28). Jeff bent over the waste basket and wretched.

Immediately after that, another voice told us that it would not leave because Jeff had been a sorcerer, and his father had been into sorcery. We commanded the demon to withdraw and called Jeff forward to renounce that unholy tie with his father. We emphasized that he was an individual, responsible for his own life (Ezk. 18). We declared again that every charge that could be levied against him was nailed to the cross (Col. 2:13,14). We commanded the spirit to leave, and Jeff immediately went limp. Stan could detect that the demon was just hiding, and challenged it again. Then it began to talk, ...saying this, and that..., which we tried to sort out and deal with, but, to our chagrin, it managed to tie us up for about 45 minutes. Later, another voice said, "I give up" and Jeff lifted up his face and sighed a deep sigh. Stan went after yet another demon, which came out through coughing. In the end, we knew we did not succeed in removing *everything*, but the new level of freedom was incredible. We closed in worship, and Jeff was able to wholeheartedly participate. We asked God to seal up what was accomplished, to fill Jeff with the Spirit, and to continue to set him free from the enemy. We are convinced that whatever strongholds have been established in someone's life, they will crumble before the power of God's Spirit and the Word of truth. Jeff has reached a new level of clarity and purpose to live for God. God always leads us in His triumph in Christ (II Cor. 2:14). We are confident that Jeff will find complete freedom as he persists in following Christ, taking ground bit by bit.