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Another Deliverance

by Dan Trygg

“The Spirit of the Lord Yahweh is upon me, because Yahweh has anointed me To bring good news to the afflicted; He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to captives and freedom to prisoners; ² to proclaim the favorable year of Yahweh and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all who mourn, ³ to grant those who mourn *in* Zion, giving them a garland instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, the mantle of praise instead of a spirit of fainting. So they will be called oaks of righteousness, the planting of Yahweh, that He may be glorified.” Isaiah 61:1-3

This passage from Isaiah 61 happened to be part of my devotional reading yesterday morning. I had no idea, when I started my day, that I would end up literally fulfilling this passage by the end of my day. One of my friends who works at Perkins had mentioned to me that they knew a young man, whom I will call Andrew, who really needed to talk with me. I had been so tied up with other things, that I had not gotten around to it. Last Sunday, as I was moving my daughter, we brought a load over to my friend's house, and I had the opportunity to meet Andrew. He is a young native American man, about 22 years of age. He seemed very genuine. He told me he was hearing voices, and things were getting worse. I said that I would try to meet with him in the next few days. It helped to have a face to go with the name. I began to pray for the Lord's direction, and that God would prepare him for our meeting.

The next couple of days were very hectic, so I could not meet with him. Last night, however, I managed to get freed up around 8 p.m., so I texted to see if we could get together. I picked him up and we went to Perkins. On the way, I tried to make conversation in the car, but his answers were very short, and extended, awkward silences would ensue, until I asked another question. He really had a lot bottled up inside, and didn't really know where to start. He said that there were things he was not comfortable talking about, so I tried to steer him with questions to get the process started. Eventually, as he began to unload, more and more came out, as he unpacked bits of information, experiences and feelings from his past. His mom and dad were from different reservations. It sounds like they split up shortly after his birth. He was raised in South Minneapolis by his grandmother. There were a number of other relatives in the house, including half-brothers from his mom and another man. There was a lot of rejection, emotional, verbal and even physical abuse in the home. He was definitely made to feel like he was not wanted. In school, he was picked on, and it seemed like he was a loser. He did not care much about school, and did not apply himself to study. He felt very powerless, depressed, and without much hope for his future.

In his junior and senior year, he kind of drifted into a goth sort of persona. At first, it was accidental. He liked to wear black clothing. Eventually, however, he embraced the counter-culture negativity of the goth persona. He began to dabble in drugs, mostly pot and synthetic pot-like substitutes, some of which were very powerful. He also began to read about and experiment with the occult. He played with Tarot cards, and cast an occultic circle in his room. He called himself a “night Wiccan”. He began to worship the goddess of the night, Nyx, and seek occultic power and soul travel. He purchased and utilized occultic paraphernalia, ...a special cloth for conjuring, etc. Thankfully, he did not get very far into all of this, but far enough to have picked up a demonic parasite. He began to hear voices in his head. They not only affected him, but they began to pester his girlfriend, as well. He could sometimes see the demon peering out at him in the doorway, or from behind furniture. He began to draw pictures of what he was seeing, which seemed to make things even worse. On the one hand, he felt compelled to draw what he saw, but in doing so these visions or “appearances” became even more elaborate, clear and extreme.

Eventually, he grew out of his fascination with the occult. He continued to see demonic-type of figures appearing to him, from time to time, especially when he was using synthetic drugs. He became used to them, and they didn't terrify him, so much as just irritate him. Last spring, all of the pent-up emotion, the spiritual harassment and the depression all combined to drive him to a hopelessness he had never felt before. He became very suicidal, and eventually admitted himself to the psych ward. They helped to stabilize him.

He met a young lady who my friend knows. She is also native-American. They started seeing each other, and soon he moved in. He has continued to hear voices in his head, and recently his girlfriend reported

that she started hearing voices in her dreams. They were accusations that he was being unfaithful to her, which often developed into dreams where he was doing just that, and she would catch him. She has often awakened in the morning with seething anger at him, even though he has not actually done anything wrong. When he shared all of this with my friend, he was encouraged to meet with me.

After hearing all of this, it was clear that he had opened a number of doors, where a demon could easily have attached itself to him. I had brought a couple of copies of the A Deliverance Session I wrote about from last summer. It contains a number of good scripture passages dealing with our spiritual authority over the demonic, and the basis for our deliverance in Christ. It also is a record of a deliverance session involving a young woman. It describes some of what I saw as the demon began to manifest, and the progression of what happened as we engaged the demon and cast it out. I suggested that Andrew and I read through this. In the handout, it records how one of the first obvious symptoms that the demonized girl had exhibited was that she began to breath noticeably more deeply and rapidly, as I read the scripture passages to her. As Andrew and I were reading these same scripture passages, he too began to breathe more deeply. He even pulled out an inhaler, and had to use it several times. I noticed this, and when we got to the portion of the handout that spoke of this symptom in the young woman, he laughed. I said, "See that? I noticed it too." He laughed again, somewhat uncomfortably. When I finished, I said, "I think it is obvious that something is going on. Do you have another voice or voices in your head?" He said, "Yes." I then said that I was going to speak to that other voice in his head.

When I addressed the demon, Andrew immediately tilted his head down forward and looked at me from the top of his eyes. I could see that his face was noticeably different. I told the spirit, "You evil spirit, I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of him. You have no right or authority to be here. Andrew has believed in Jesus as a boy, and now he is calling out to Jesus to save him. He is covered with the blood of Jesus Christ. You *must* leave." The spirit began to protest, saying that he had invited him in. I said, "That doesn't matter. What matters is that he does not want you here now, and he has called out to Jesus to save him. He *does not* belong to *you*. He belongs to *Jesus*. Whatever claims you think you may have on his life, I adjure you by God to state your claims before the court of heaven." I briefly paused, then said, "You know your claims will not hold up, because he has been bought with the price of Christ's blood. Every charge or accusation you might make against him has already been taken away and nailed to the cross. Jesus has stripped you of your power and made a public display of your defeat in the heavens. You have no authority here. I take authority over you, as Jesus Christ has instructed me, and I command you in His name to leave." The demon said, "He's mine!" I said, "He is *not* yours. He belongs to Jesus Christ. He has been transferred from the authority of darkness to the kingdom of God's beloved Son, Jesus." (By this time, Andrew was noticeably shaking. I reached over and put my hands over his hands.) The demon began to say that he had succeeded in damaging Andrew's relationship with his girlfriend, trying to get in some last licks, "The damage is done. I have *her*." I said, "You do *not*. That is irrelevant. Right now, I am commanding you to leave!" It stared at me for maybe 20 seconds, and then it left. Andrew's head briefly dropped, and when he looked up, I could see it was him. I asked if it was gone, and he said that he felt it leave. I warned him that it may attempt to come back. That is very common. "Don't freak out, if it does. Resist it. Call out to God to help you and stand your ground in Christ. It will leave." I asked him if he had a Bible of his own. He didn't, so I gave him mine. It is a NASB Life Application Bible. I have been impressed with the practical nature of the notes. A very good Bible for a new believer. As we were walking out of the restaurant, he commented, "I feel so much *lighter*!" That was exactly the same words the young woman had used to describe her feelings after finding freedom.

It was amazing to have read Isaiah 61 that morning, and have the opportunity to see it played out in my experience that very day! I was able to preach good news to the afflicted, to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and help set the prisoner free. I was used to proclaim God's favor to a man without hope, and see God transform his mourning, fainting soul into one full of joy and praise. What a day!

I saw Andrew the next day. Sure enough, the demon had tried attacking him in the night, several times, but he was able to resist and hold his own. He wanted to be baptized, so my friend and I baptized him at the public beach in Lake Phelan that afternoon. He said, "This is the first time I have felt real hope for a long time. I have been so oppressed. Now I feel like there is something positive for me in life." Praise God!