

ELIZABETH'S STORY

INTRODUCTION: Many years ago this beautiful young woman, Elizabeth, became my friend. She and I began a friendship in Our Lord that was unique in every way. Though she was given to me to befriend and help, she taught me profoundly how to live the faith of Jesus. She cried out from the depths of her soul and Jesus was there to free her, leading her, step by step, to a deep union with Him. I am forever grateful. She hoped her story would be published, but I was not able to find a publisher. Now with a website, it is possible to have her story accessible; and she will be happy about it; no doubt praying with and for everyone who reads it.

It is hard for me to talk to a tape recorder. I'd sooner be in person to talk with you, Nancy. Guess what? I got this tape recorder at a garage sale for four dollars – a good tape recorder. Better than spending a hundred dollars, huh? I told the Lord, if He wanted this book written about me, He'd have to find me a tape recorder that didn't cost over a hundred dollars. The Lord is so good!

I'm fifty years old now. I was fifty in July. It is so hard to explain everything – what my life is about and what I went through as a child. I remember when we were very, very poor, we moved into this house in a city in Iowa. I was about three years old. A lot of bad things were in that house. It wasn't a safe house or a healthy house to live in. It had a lot of different spirits in it, even to say, demons who lived there. It changed our whole family's life.

I remember when we – my sister Anne and I, were in the bed in the middle room upstairs, a man walked through, but really it was a spirit. When we screamed, my parents came running, looking for this man. There was no one there. We had a lot of evil spirits we thought were ghosts. We were very afraid because that ghost would walk back and forth, back and forth. We were scared, we were very scared little kids. I never forgot it. But we couldn't move anywhere else. My mom and dad couldn't afford another home.

Not only was it not a good house, but was very cold. In the wintertime in order to stay warm getting ready for school, I dressed under the covers because I was so cold. We would take hot water bottles to put under our feet and our bodies so we could be a little warm in bed. Then in the morning, we would scramble out, run downstairs and jump in front of the oven.

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There was constant chopping of wood for our wood/coal furnace. We didn't have money for coal, but we had wood that people would drop off in the driveway. Then we had to chop, chop, chop. Once I had my period with extreme cramping, and didn't want to be out there in the cold chopping, but we girls had to get out and help the boys. I've always been thankful to have a warm place to live and neither chop wood or be cold.

Our family wasn't treated very good in Catholic schools. The nuns picked on us very badly, especially my brother Paul and my brother David. In those days the nuns favored the wealthy people rather than being for the poor. We were sorely picked on; for instance, the way one nun with some of her students was always ridiculing my brother Paul. He was kind of shy; we were a shy family. He had those kind of eyes that read backwards; today they call it "dyslexia." One day Paul had been blamed continually for things he did not do. Then this nun brought my brother into my sister Anne's class. She was an A student, but the nun belittled my brother in front of everyone for his lack of intelligence, so they thought, until my brother and sister were not only embarrassed but hurt to the quick.

For years Paul had such a deep hurt and anger at the way the nuns treated him as a child that he almost became an atheist. My brother David, too. For some reason we picked up the spirit of fear. Paul read backwards, but he and my brothers David and Arthur, and I all had the spirit of fear that made us believe we weren't capable of doing anything. All of us had a hard time reading. We four had that spirit of fear on us; the rest of the family didn't have it. In high school I was so shy – I as so terribly shy, I was picked on a lot. When he was in the eighth grade my brother David was being ridiculed and all of a sudden he couldn't take the hurt any more. He pushed a nun up against a wall. She'd pushed him so much, beating his knuckles with a ruler and beating him with words that he finally pushed back. But that fear that we couldn't learn was on us, always weighing us down.

I do believe there was a curse on the family from that house . . . curses on us. First a fear spirit that we couldn't learn, but there was worse as you'll see. My sister Anne did quite well with the reading part of it, but she felt she wasn't intelligent either. Some of my family had only an eighth grade education. We needed a lot of healing and deliverance. I stress that because I went through so much.

It is hard to bring up the past. I'm not angry about it now, but when this book is finished, I'll forget it all. I don't hate those nuns today. I realize that they are just human beings; they are just women behind the cloth. They can make mistakes like anybody else. One of my good friends is a nun today, and her choice of that life makes her very happy. I've never had that desire, but she was called to be a nun and its just right for her. I believe that the nuns who so mistreated our family were forced to be nuns, and they didn't

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ever really what to be nuns. That is why they turned out to be so mean sometimes; they were angry about doing something they didn't want to do, or worse, having to be something they didn't want to be.

I want to tell you about my mother. I guess sometimes I'm pretty hard on my mother. She had a rough time from her own father who mistreated her. She was an Irish girl, and her father wasn't a very nice Irish man; he was a very mean one who didn't treat his girls good. They were treated like slaves instead of with respect and love, so she grew up probably feeling mean about herself and others, too.

Yet, I have a lot of forgiveness toward her. I have forgiven her. I love my ma, even with all the pain in our relationship. There are a lot of good things about my mother. Lots of nice things I like to think about. My mother loved to bake. She didn't have to measure at all to make the best pies and homemade cinnamon rolls. Boy! Did she make some good ones! She cooked such good food.

I like to remember the good times when she was happy. When were very young, one of my cousins had polio and lost the use of one of his arms. Mom was concerned about this disease and had us rest. She would have us all lay down for a nap, reading to us out of the Reader's Digest – it was very nice.

Often we didn't have the ordinary cups and glasses, and one day my brother was drinking something very hot out of a glass jar. It broke over my back, burning me. Mom tore off my sweater and blouse, and put on some healing ointment we had. She tore up sheets; we didn't have gauze or bandaids, and bound the wound. Someone told on me at school. The nurse checked out my burn. I told her, "My Mom knows what she is doing." And the nurse, seeing how it was dressed and bandaged agreed, "Yes, your mom does know what she is doing."

Outdoors Mom planted iris and we had several big, what we called, "wedding bouquet bushes" as well as two lilac bushes and gladiolus. When we were a little bit older we planted to apple trees and a cherry tree. She liked a nice yard and it was quite pretty. The man next door, though, decided he didn't like the lilacs and cut them down. They were on our land, but they were gone. Mom and Dad were quite upset.

My Mom and Dad were good Catholics. They made us go to church; we always went to church. It seems that when we got older the household was more peaceful than when we were young, even though the terrors never went away. I think everyone has an uneven kind of upbringing, good and bad. I don't want to make mine sound all bad, or simply emphasize the bad, but it is true that the dark times are what injure us and make us open to all the problems that we carry the rest of our lives. Everyone bears these painful wounds deep in their being, but we can escape from their bondage when we give them to the Healer and let them go.

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When Mom used to come home, sometimes from the bars and sit at the table, I would listen to her sorrows, her cries, her hurts. She didn't get over the death of my little brother Luke. She never did. She had a spirit so she couldn't get over it. I've learned that it is "grieving" spirit. It is a small spirit that operates under a bigger spirit called Heaviness, the Spirit of Heaviness. She needed to be healed of that. It is too bad that she had to grieve, but Heaviness came over her after the death of Luke. Just a child, I was only three years old when he died. He used to carry me around because he loved me. Luke had a nice gentle personality. Maybe that was why mother liked him so. He was very smart and intelligent.

I guess my mother didn't start drinking until after Luke died of diphtheria. I thought she drank before that. But now it seems that she had a nervous breakdown over Luke. I would be awfully hard if a child of mine died at seven and a half years old. I can see that.

But instead of coming to You, Lord, she didn't know how to come to You; she went to drinking, sobbed in her drinking, and tried to solve her problems with the bottle.

I was never really close to her. I always remember my mother mistreating me as a child. Instead of loving and encouraging me, it was always put down after put down.

My dad was a gentle man. He never hit us in any way. All he needed to do was bang the table and that scared us into behaving. He never laid a hand on any of us kids. My dear Papa. One time as a small child, when it was too hot upstairs, we were allowed to sleep downstairs on the floor. A wood ant got into my ear. We didn't have money to be going to the doctor, and my dad took this ant out with a tweezers – so very gently.

But I understand my mother's side of the story now, not just my father's side. I've always favored my father rather than my mother. Yet, he would step out on my mother and that was a lot of hurt to her. But she would gripe and bitch a lot. You don't have to punish people constantly with your tongue. *But neither of them knew how to come to You, Lord.*

They didn't know how to have Jesus Christ to be their own personal savior. I wish they had known, but they didn't. I do believe before my dad died at 84 years of age, he gave his life to Christ. So I know for sure that my father went to heaven. I praise God that I feel peaceful about that.

One night we were all sleeping upstairs and Mom and Dad were having a fight. We heard Mom beating the heck out of my dad; Dad never touched her. (Today everyone seems to think it's only men who hurt women.) I think that Mom was so abused herself as child from her own dad that she carried all this rage

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that she didn't know what to do with. But this kind of anger – it is in the news so much lately – can be stopped. It doesn't have to go on from generation to generation. This line of abuse can be broken. I know for a fact because of my own life that this can stop! You don't have to be so angry that you beat someone else, or sexually abuse someone because you have had that in your past. We need to realize that it is the unclean spirit within us that we can't control; but as powerless as we are, Jesus is powerful and can free us from every evil or unclean spirit. We have Jesus to save us when we ask Him personally to take over our lives. That's what having a "personal Savior" means; it means saying to Jesus, "I give myself to you like you already have given yourself to me. Now I am yours and do with me what you will." He always wills to heal and deliver us.

My mom died when I was nineteen years old with cancer. She died a horrible death – a terrible death. I maybe wasn't very close to my mother, but for sure I didn't like my mother dying of cancer. For a long time I wasn't sure that my mother made it to heaven. I hope she did. I prayed in Jesus' name she did. Then a few months ago in prayer the Lord Jesus assured me that my mother was in heaven and my heart was filled with peace for her.

For Jesus' sake I had to have a forgiving heart. One of the hardest things, one of the reasons I want this book written about me, is because I feel the hardest sin for all people to get over is unforgiveness. We must forgive, or God will not forgive us. It is a Bondage spirit – that unforgiveness; oh, yes, you can have a spirit of bondage keeping you from being delivered, to stop you from going on in life. Once you start desiring a forgiving heart God can start helping you get your whole life out of bondage.

I think unforgiveness is one of the main reasons I had such bad arthritis. I had a lot of anger in my heart toward my mother and my oldest brother, and a cousin of mine who raped me when I was a young girl. My brother raped me twice. I always thought it was my fault. As a young child I really did blame myself. If you are raped as a child you know you feel guilty about it, because you know it is wrong. They encourage you to do it, but you put the guilt on yourself. For many years I felt ashamed and very, very angry toward my brother and my cousin. When you are sexually abused as a child you never really like yourself until Jesus takes all that pain away. He certainly has for me. Over the years I have forgiven my older brother and my cousin, and I have forgiven my mother. I don't really think about my childhood so much anymore.

But as a child, I was filled with fear. I know as a child – I have some papers – that I was an A student. But I got very sick when we lived in this house in Iowa. As I have told you, it wasn't a healthy house. The one year that I was sick, I had pneumonia three times and ended up being allergic to penicillin which ate at my hands and feet. That put me in the hospital. When I finally got back to school, I didn't have a tutor so I fell

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back. Have you ever felt a spirit of fear come upon you? Fear overcame me, and I never did catch up when I was a young lady. I was so afraid that I couldn't read or write or spell. But I know today that I can read and I can spell. But I had so much fear in me that I didn't believe I ever could.

Just four years ago, I found out the way that this spirit world works, and that you can be delivered from it from a TBN T.V. preacher, Benny Hinn. I'll explain more about this later in my story. Since understanding this, I've been getting my freedom. The Lord is a gracious and beautiful God. He can really deliver you from all these fears and bondages that you may have, too.

We think all wrong about these compulsive problems – we think we have to have them the rest of our life. We don't have to have them the rest of our lives at all. It found in this past year that there is a spirit of fear that can control you, unless you are set free from it. And it is wonderful to know that! Ever since I found out, I have been asking God for that freedom and then thanking Him that I can read, write and spell, and even do math. *Praise God for that!* (One thing that our heavenly Father through our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Spirit- that is the Holy Trinity – loves very much is when we praise Him. I love to praise Him through the scriptures. I'll tell you more about that later.)

The spirits that most oppressed me were bondage and fear. These Benny Hinn taught were controlling spirits. He names the Spirit of Fear and the Spirit of Bondage. Controlled by the strong demon are inferiority complexes, phobias, worry, a sense of danger and nightmares. The other leading spirit is just as bad; it is the Bondage Spirit which is responsible for bitterness, addiction to alcohol or drugs, and spiritual blindness. I was in bondage with so much anger and bitterness I wanted to hurt someone. The way I was mistreated as a child – mistreated by my older brother and my cousin, planted anger in me. And anger in them with guilt, too.

When I was very small, my cousin took me into our upstairs bathroom and forced me to have oral sex. That's a miserable thing for a little girl to go through, and the pain in the memory is even worse. After my cousin sexually abused me, he tormented me. On Fourth of July, he threw firecrackers right at me, terrifying me. He felt guilty about that he did to me. I know it must have been guilt that caused him to be so mean to me.

Quite a few years ago when his mother, my aunt, died and we went to her funeral, I made up my mind I was going to forgive that man. I remember making sure that I was peaceful towards him. They as were about to leave for home, I went up to him and hugged him good-bye to make sure that he knew I had forgiven him.

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As you know, my sister, Ruth (I am using other names because I don't want everybody to know who my brothers and sisters are. Today they are upright people and I don't want them to be harmed, or have this used to hurt them in any way). But Ruth didn't have a good education. I think she went to eighth grade and that was it. But she treated us so good as children. She brought home her checks to help out the family with food on the table and clothes on our backs. When I was a teenager she married the boy next door. They have been married ever since and I pray that her marriage will continue to work out. She was like a mother to me, so gentle and loving. Today she is a very close friend of mind; not only a sister, but she's close to me, I'm close to her. We look something alike. Ruth was never touched as a child. A couple of my sisters were never touched. One of my sisters said she used to lock herself in the bathroom and say, "Leave me alone!" Sara was a very strong individual: good for her and good for Ruth. They were never harmed in any way.

Into my teens there was a time when I liked these young kids up the street. We had some green apples and the kids would take the green apples off the tree. I was sitting on the blanket with one of these friends. Mother came home and saw me sitting on the blanket – I was sitting, not lying on it. The fears of her own life rushed forth; she shoved me upstairs and slapped me across the face. She hit my face, and told me I shouldn't be sitting or lying on a blanket with a young man. She put a terrible fear into me. She was very upset with me, and instead of explaining what she didn't want that done, she kept hitting me till her anger and fear drained away. Her fears would overcome her. It was a big problem with her. She had fear for me that I would do what she did as a young person. She had an out-of-wedlock baby. I don't even want to imagine how her father reacted to that. Her fear set the same fears in me.

This was one experience that years later my friend and I prayed about. When I met a friend to pray with, she began to counsel me and pray about the different things that hurt me in my childhood. All of those wounds waited for the healing process that I needed to go through. I had to forgive my mother for what she did to me. We would go back to those memories and we would pray over the different things that still made me so fearful.

After I was ill and fell back in my math, reading, and spelling, Mom tried to help me with my work, but she didn't have very much patience. Instead of helping me, she would beat my head angrily with a pencil. I'll never forget it. It was a painful thing to go through and reinforced all my fears. She didn't have the patience to sit down and really explain what things meant; all she could think of was to hit me. Her anger and fear became mine.

She had anger from her own childhood, and more anger because she lost her son. She had anger because she wasn't getting along with her husband, and he was stepping out on her. She had a lot of pain, but she

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took it out, not only on me, but also on my other brothers and sisters. She needed counseling, but most of all deliverance from evil.

For a long time I felt resentful and it took time for all this to be cleansed. My friend would pray with me going through those painful times seeking the healing necessary to get over those hurts. It took a long time for me to forgive; to go through those memories, and to forgive my brothers and my mother so that I could be healed. Part of it - what happened with my brothers and cousin, was because she wasn't there. I had to forgive her for never being around.

But I believe today that my brothers too, had a sexual spirit that made them do what they did. And they never understood sex in a right way. When we girls had a period we had to hide that, and we couldn't let our dad or brothers know about so natural a thing. It was a sin to let them know about it. People don't think that way today, but at that time we did. My sister Joan still hurts over these things. She hasn't been healed or delivered in these areas yet. My sister Anne was sexually abused by my older brother's friends who came to our house - you can see something bad was there. We had this all bottled up for many years, we didn't know . . . we kept it from one another. I finally told my mother that my older brother sexually abused me, and she confronted him. Then it stopped. But the memories and the hurt were still there, and I still didn't feel good about myself until I was constantly prayed with for deliverance in this area. The healing of Jesus is wonderful, it is just wonderful! It will happen for my sisters too. In fact, it has already begun.

Something else happened in that house that may be a reason I had oppression by those different spirits. (Oppression is different from possession. I was never possessed by Satan.) I could have been good in gymnastics if as a child I had been taught how to do it. Once I was doing acrobatics, jumping from one bed to another, like kids will, when I fell and knocked myself out. My parents didn't take me to the hospital; they waited. I had a serious concussion and I was out for an hour. I'm surprised that I didn't die, but I believe today that is the reason that spirits found a foothold in my mind and body. I understand from those who know about these things that they can enter the unconscious mind. The sexual spirits and others, a lot of the fear spirits, and the infirmity spirit were in the house. While I lay on that bed unconscious for an hour, different demons came into me. I know how they entered (there are other ways), and even though I gave my life to Christ when I was twenty-nine years old, it has taken a process to reveal them to me. Once I knew and named them, then God helped me to be delivered from them.

For all who read this, if you don't know the Word you will continue to be the same. But by reading the Word, God will reveal to you where you need to be delivered. Then you can ask - He wants you to know and to ask - and He Will set you free. Unclean spirits may tempt us to sin, but we have responsibility to

seek freedom from both sin and demons. Our heavenly Father through Our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit has mercy on our sinful ways when we face them and confess them. There is not a man, woman, or child that doesn't have sin that needs to be forgiven, cleaned up and taken care of. The cleansing begins when you take Jesus Christ as your Personal Savior. When you say to Him, "Yes, Jesus, I need saving. You be my Savior," He begins to clean you up. To be saved means to be made whole. Some people think that when you give your life to Christ you are going to be perfectly clean of everything, whole right then. No, your spirit may be clean then, but that mind and that soul of yours has to be cleaned up through confession and healing prayer. It has to be willing to take on change, to be willing to change, and that takes time.

I guess I grew up, at least I matured and became a woman - sometimes we don't really grow up for a long time because of these obsessions that hold us back. When I was twenty-one years old, I fell in love with a nice young man who was about to join the Marines. My mom actually introduced us. We used to write back and forth. My aunt would help me write the letters because I had fear that I couldn't do them. We never did do anything wrong - nothing like that, because he had respect for me. But we didn't end up being married. After my mother died he asked me over the phone to marry him. I asked him to become a Catholic. He didn't want to be a Catholic. I should have never asked him; he had the right to be whatever religion he wanted. He certainly did not want to be a Catholic. I should have honored him for that, but my Dad pressed me that I should ask him to become a Catholic. Well, it never did turn out between Danny and me; and, in a way, that was too bad because he was really a nice man. I ended up having more fear and rejection, now it was because he didn't want me any more. I used to have nightmares about him always leaving me, and of course, he did leave me. It was another rejection that joined the others.

Today I can be happy we didn't marry because I was so messed up with the sexual part of my life. With so many fears, the marriage wouldn't have had a chance and I have to be glad that I didn't marry him because chances are it would have ended in divorce - a worse sadness for both of us. So I can see that God spared me from that, even though it hurt me at the time. I suppose at the time it hurt Danny, too. Sometimes what we think hurts us is really a blessing in disguise.

I never married, even though I always wanted to. I think marriage is a wonderful thing when it has commitment on both sides. Certainly, I'm not afraid to be married today, but I was before my healing. I was terrified that I would not make a good mother or wife. Today, I think I would make an excellent wife and mother.

When I was in my early twenties, any time a nice young man would come my way, I was afraid to get close to him because I was afraid to let him know me, afraid he wouldn't like me. I would run away from that relationship. It seemed like I would only date people who would mistreat me, guys who took

advantage of me. The mistreatment of my childhood had marked me for receiving more of the same. Today, it would be really nice to have one of those particular men in my life just to know that they would have treated me with respect.

Yes, I have always wanted to be married, but I was so troubled and messed up, now I can see it is good I didn't get married earlier. To just need a man is not the right reason to get married. It is not for one person to have all her emotional and physical needs met by another person. No man can take care of a woman by meeting all her needs; only God can take care of each person's deepest need. What marriage means to me is that you are on the same level with a person who will be a partner, a friend, in fact his best friend and he yours. Together then you become as one in Christ Jesus.

But, if you get sexually involved ahead of time, it is not right. I can tell you why. It is because your spirits try to become as one, which is not good when you are not really made one by Jesus in a blessed marriage. The truth is you really are a single man or a single woman not committed to the other one. But without this promise made in marriage, you try to become one. I remember that when I was going with this particular man, I could see visions of him. I could tell you exactly where he was, even what color clothes he had on - our spirits were so close together. God meant it to be this way so when married we would be one. But we could not really be one, because we were not married. I even understood that at the time. I knew it wasn't right, but when I related this to him, and told him there would be no more sex without marriage, he rejected me and went his own way. Only in a marriage should we be one sexually - really give ourselves to each other completely. I think it is wonderful if a couple can have this in a marriage, and then their spirits can rightly come together as one in the Lord.

Then I moved to San Diego, California. I lived with my sister Ruth and her husband and took sewing lessons to prepare for work in a sewing factory out there. This factory made sports jackets for men. For two years I worked and dated different men. Those who were really good to me I let go, and, unfortunately, those who mistreated me I let stay in my life. I had a lot of nice men in my life but I was afraid to be involved with them. Finally, I was so miserable that I went to the doctor and he put me on nerve medicine. I was all doped up with medications to calm down my nerves. Of course what I needed was inner healing, I needed to be delivered. I needed to be healed of my past.

After a time I went back to Iowa and my sister Anne said to get off the medications. I went off of them cold turkey, and I glad I did. I would have been on drugs the rest of my life. Thank God she told me to get off of them! I went back to California for another year working in the sewing factory. Again I met some nice men, also some men that weren't nice to me, and again I had the wrong kind of sexual relationships.

At the end, Anne talked another sister Sara and I into moving to Minnesota. I told Sara that if I didn't like Minnesota I would move back to California. But I've been here twenty-five years and I like Minnesota very much. I don't like the wintertime, but it was here that I began to find Christ. We became Minnesotans when I was twenty-three years old; five years later I finally went to a priest.

I sought a priest because I wanted to commit suicide - my life was at an end. I had nothing to live for because I was, well - it was one relationship after another with men, and I didn't really know what love was. I thought love was having a man in your life, when real love is having Christ in your life - His love. I was looking for His love and didn't know it. There's is nothing wrong with married love, I'm not saying that. But I think that you have to know what it is to be loved by Christ, have His love, and His mercy which frees you from your sins and your bad life.

What brought me to the Lord was a sexual relationship with a man who blamed me for giving him V.D. I was really scared and went to the doctor to have it checked. No way did I give venereal disease to him or to anybody! And thank God he didn't give it to me! That's what made me go to see a priest ; I was at the end of my rope. I just couldn't ever figure out why I kept doing these things and that I couldn't stop. I thought "Oh, what's the use, I don't have control over it anyway."

We think we should be able to stop these bad behaviors by ourselves; we try and we can't do it, so we give up. It is only when we have a strong desire to live a different life that He can lead us out and set us free from all this ugliness. I wouldn't be an ordinary or upright person today, or be able to laugh if I wasn't free of all these things. When I was twenty- eight years old I was so low and depressed I finally went to confession one afternoon and met this good priest. (The nightly news only tells us about the bad ones: there are so many good priests). I was in another physical relationship with a man I shouldn't have been in, and I wanted to end my life, because I thought, "Oh, how miserable. " I felt so horrible. Then I met this good man in the confessional, and he seemed so very caring. He asked if wanted to come for counseling. And I said, yes, I would like to because I was afraid that I would commit suicide. He told me how much Jesus loved me, and I thought, "How could He love me with the sinful life I had with the different men in my life?"

But from then my whole life began to change. It was very, very painful to change because it all had deep roots when I was a child. I always met these guys who would mistreat me, like I've said, and all because of that abuse by a brother and a cousin. You would be surprised what wrongful sex acts when you are young can do to you mentally and spiritually; it opens you to destructive spirits who gradually destroy your self image. Then you want to kill yourself because the head demon of all, Satan, works to bring you to death while you are floundering unsaved.

Yes, I am still so thankful that I met this priest because it changed my whole life. When he told me how much Jesus Christ loved me, I thought, "Wow, I needed to hear that." But it took a long time. I guess I was counseled by him for a whole year. Then he introduced me to a prayer group where I was prayed over for the Infilling of the Holy Spirit. I also met a friend of his, and she began to counsel me and pray about the different things that hurt me in my childhood. We would go back to those memories and we would pray over the bad experiences that had hurt me, asking Jesus to heal them. *"The joy of the Lord is my strength!"* I hope it sounds to you who read it, the way it should sound, the way it is supposed to sound.

It was terrible to be depressed all the time because of the influence of the Evil One in my life. I don't know what it is to be depressed anymore. I have that freedom of a clean mind, a clear spirit, and the welling up of joy. The joy of the Lord is my strength. I just love that; I am amazed! I wake up in the morning and say, *"Good Morning Heavenly Father, Good Morning, Jesus, Good Morning, Holy Spirit;"* I think that's wonderful - I look forward to having a good day. It is not that I don't have troubles during the day, sometimes I do. We're going to have our problems, but counting on the Holy Spirit in Jesus' name helps us through all these things.

I know that you can be free today, too. I remember one time when I was so depressed because a man kept putting his hands on me. I couldn't figure out why. Why couldn't I fight back, and demand that he respect me?

After I had asked my friend to pray with me, I was frightened because again I was tempted to commit suicide. I remember that demon speaking in my head, "Take that knife and kill yourself." I resisted; I didn't pick up the knife. I had enough of Jesus in my life by then that I couldn't do such a thing. The priest friend was supposed to be coming over to help us pray, but only my friend showed up. Perhaps God was showing us that all we needed was our faith in Jesus, but for some reason we never did get hold of the priest. Anyway my friend came, and we prayed together with the help of Ephesians 6:10. She prayed for me on the promises of those verses of scripture, and a sexual spirit came out screaming. That was the first spirit of many different spirits that came out of my body. By His Holy Word it is true we can be delivered and be free.

I also had a picking spirit that manifested itself in two ways. First, people seemed always to pick on me, then I physically picked at myself. I remember a time when I had sores all over my arms. I had my friend pray with me for this picking spirit, because I would pick myself raw, and other people would put me down, and put me down, and put me down. I found out it was actually a "picking spirit" and I was delivered from that. My arms completely healed up; to this day I don't have sores on my arms or on my

body. That also was a wonderful freedom from an unclean spirit. Then my friend moved away, so I could no longer come to her easily for healing and deliverance.

I have had nightmares, but some of the nightmares, the Holy Spirit gave to me so I would realize what spirit I needed to be delivered from. For instance, the rejection spirit. I remember having a dream of this man I had liked who had raped me and rejected me. I've forgotten the details, but it was a horrible dream about being rejected. Jesus let me know through this dream that I had a rejection spirit.

For a long time I felt resentful and it took time for all this to be cleansed. My friend would pray with me going through those painful times seeking the healing necessary to get over those hurts. It took a long time for me to forgive; to go through those memories, and to forgive my brothers and my mother so that I could be healed. Part of it - what happened with my brothers and cousin, was because she wasn't there. I had to forgive her for never being around.

When I was in my early twenties, any time a nice young man would come my way, I was afraid to get close to him because I was afraid to let him know me, afraid he wouldn't like me. I would run away from that relationship. It seemed like I would only date people who would mistreat me, guys who took advantage of me. The mistreatment of my childhood had marked me for receiving more of the same. Today, it would be really nice to have one of those particular men in my life just to know that they would have treated me with respect.

Yes, I have always wanted to be married, but I was so troubled and messed up, now I can see it is good I didn't get married earlier. To just need a man is not the right reason to get married. It is not for one person to have all her emotional and physical needs met by another person. No man can take care of a woman by meeting all her needs; only God can take care of each person's deepest needs. What marriage means to me is that you are on the same level with a person who will be a partner, a friend, in fact his best friend and he yours. Together then you become as one in Christ Jesus.

Only in a marriage should we be one sexually - really give ourselves to each other completely. I think it is wonderful if a couple can have this in a marriage, and then their spirits can rightly come together as one in the Lord.

I know now that I had a spirit of fear that was stopping me from doing my best, what I was really capable of doing. I discovered that if I praised the Lord every day, and praised Him and thanked Him with the Psalms, then I'm able to do a good job. My employer will see my work and he'll like what I do. With praise and scripture, my fears are gone, my work is better, and now I think that I am very good floral designer. It can be very tiring sometimes; I get really exhausted especially when we work so many hours at holiday times. But to find that I am worth something is good: Christ has shown that I have worth in what I do. Before Christ I never liked Elizabeth very much. It is not because of anybody else - it is because of our Jesus that I like myself and feel worthy. My favorite person, Jesus, is the one who loves me and encourages me to go along. The Holy Spirit helps me every day, and that's why I'm doing so well at my job.

It's nice to be who I am. I like who I am today. I really think I'm a neat individual. I know I have the love of the Holy Spirit within my spirit, my mind and my soul. When you first give your life to Christ your spirit is renewed, but you have to renew your mind and renew your soul. And that takes the daily process that I've described. It has taken me since I was twenty-nine years old to come to this place - years, but it doesn't always take years to change. It can be faster the more you apply the knowledge of the Word which is His knowledge. He can speed your growth as you soak yourself in the scriptures and are willing to listen to others who really know the Word. There are a lot of good people out there who know the Word, and I have learned from people on TBN like Benny Hinn, Kenneth Copeland, Kenneth Hagin, and Jerry Savelle, all T.V. preachers. They are very much people of the Lord, and they really speak the Word. I am sure there are a lot of good, beautiful Catholic priests who know the Word, like Fr. deGrandy. He's a person who really loves God and knows the Word.

Yet, I often feel that Catholic people are suffering because they don't know what it is to hear the Word of God preached with belief and conviction. Many of our Catholic priests today seem not to know Christ as their personal Savior. If they did, they would have faith in Jesus' healing and deliverance and His power given to them by ordination that is meant for people who have become very, very frightened.

I am not frightened anymore; I've become a very strong individual. What I have been through all my life has made me very strong. God is the one who helped me to be strong. I couldn't have done it on my own. There is no way I could have done it on my own; it is only with God's help in Jesus' name that I could win these victories.

It is important to me that I remain with the Catholic Church. Sometimes, I don't feel very filled with the Word from scripture in the Catholic Church. But I come back to the Catholic Church. I won't leave it because of the Eucharist which is Jesus coming to us in His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, He who is. The Eucharist, therefore, is healing, too. Listen to the words; it is very much all about healing. He heals by

His Precious Blood and His Precious Body. He tells us in the Gospel of John that you will not have life in you unless you eat His Body and drink His blood, (6 :54-55). How can we be healed without His life in us? If my church had a mass that was convenient with my work hours I'd go every day. But, I am thankful to have the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ on Sunday. Receiving Jesus in Holy Communion is as important as receiving Him in the Holy Word.

Finally I knew that all this rejection I had suffered over the years was because of a "rejection spirit" and I badly needed to be freed from it. The information I received from Benny Hinn about demons and their influence filled in what I needed to know about deliverance from oppression, obsession, and depression. These lead spirits that he had learned about from the Bible are the ones that hold people from the freedom of Christ - even Christian people. Not only the unsaved, but those who are Christian can have spirits controlling or manipulating the body and mind; these cannot possess the Christian's spirit, but can influence his body and mind. So people can have demons afflict their bodies and their minds, just like Jesus said. Another Bible teacher, Kenneth Hagin, says in his book that a Christian can have spirits in his mind and body, but not in his spirit. The Holy Spirit enters a Christian's spirit in baptism; no evil spirit enters there unless a person deliberately turns his back on Christ and sells himself to Satan.

If we learn that evil is somehow manipulating mind and body, perhaps because of foolish choices, or bad experiences, we don't have to despair about that, or be afraid, because Jesus lovingly waits to deliver us by casting them out. Learning all this has helped me pray for myself, for my family, my friends and co-workers. That day Benny Hinn taught on TBN what the names of the twelve head spirits are and what personal difficulties are caused by the unclean spirits who operate under them. I've learned to pray over my family, my brothers and sisters, and their spouses and children that each of them will find Jesus Christ and ask Him to be their Savior. That is what it means to be born again, a real experience. I was baptized Catholic as a baby - reborn in the Holy Spirit then; but to have that rebirth in the Spirit be real and at work in me, I had to say, "yes" to Jesus in my need, and mean I in my deepest heart. We are supposed as Catholics to have done that at Confirmation, but most of us aren't ready then. We seem not to wake up to what it is all about until we are in pain.

We are reborn again in the Spirit, but we must grow each day. And for that we need the "in-filling of the Spirit" which is an experience beyond being born-again. We have to grow with our mind and our spirit. To grow with our spirits we must have the gifts of the Holy Spirit; it may be some do receive these at Confirmation, but most don't. We must have the Holy Spirit within to change. That's what gives us insight and strength, and that's how we become saints. Because only with the Holy Spirit are we able to become submissive to God.

Our life changes with the Spirit; it can be slowly, and sometimes we do slip back because of something we don't understand. Still in my forties and fifties, I had another close relationship with a man I thought God meant to be my husband. I have always wanted to be married, but I'm not going to marry someone who won't treat me the way the Lord would treat me with respect, with love. I thought this man was the right one for me. Lord, why is this man not changing? I prayed in tongues for him two or three hours one day. The Holy Spirit revealed to me what particular deliverance he needed. He didn't want to make a commitment to me. The Lord had enough of the way this man was treating me, and He was angry with this treatment. I could hear it in my Lord's voice, "That's enough!" I knew and I told this man what Jesus and my spirit were telling me, that he would go away. But I did anyway, the Lord wanted me to, and sure enough, he left me. I loved this man and thought because he was a born-again Christian - he prayed in tongues and everything - and a Catholic, he was to be my husband. But we must be careful even about people who call themselves Christian because they are not always Christian in the way you think. I still pray that he will be open to the truth and the Truth will eventually set him free.

Some of my co-workers are gay. I'm going to mention these head spirits that afflict gay people - the Lying spirit, the Perverted spirit, the Whoredom spirit. Believe me, these people can be delivered from these spirits. I pray for their deliverance daily. They can be set free. Something must have happened to them to make them gay. Either they were sexually abused as children, or it is a generation thing, passed from generation to generation. Some man must have touched them when they were small boys. God did not create man to love man or woman to love woman. No, and the Word in Romans tells us that it is a sin, a terrible sin that even pagans can recognize. I look at these beautiful handsome men who think they have to be gay. To want another man, or a woman wanting another woman? No, God didn't create us to be that way. Even the animals show us that God in nature made it to be male with female, never with the same sex. So why would he make man that way?

I want to tell you about one of these friends who is gay. In my daily prayers I prayed for him, and his life was changing. The Holy Spirit was doing His work and he was beginning to experience deliverance. I knew because I could see a difference in his actions, and in what he began to tell me. Then, his sister, a fervent evangelical, who no doubt meant well, told him that he was surely going to hell. She was ashamed of him, and worse, he had embarrassed the whole family. Her condemning words, seemed to him to be void of love. They pushed him back into his old way of life. We must learn to love and not condemn if we want people healed and free.

I mentioned Romans - read chapter 1 - the whole thing. Then go back to verses 24-26-29 - it tells about men having sex with men and women with women. I praise God that He has revealed it to me that these young men where I work can be free. I hope that this helps someone - I so want many people to be set

free; I want it more than anything. God has called me to pray, and my other calling is to pray with people for deliverance so this truth can be shared with many.

I was talking to a friend today at work about my life. I want to share with her because I would love her to see that Jesus is Lord. She needs so much to know that He is the one who can help her, not just to survive the horrible times, but to thrive in His love and goodness.

I remember something that happened in my late thirties in a gathering with my family and my dad. They always drink at that time, and my sister Sara got a bit tipsy with alcohol. So my other sisters and I decided one of us should take her home with her kids so she didn't have to drive. She really got upset because we wouldn't let her drive, especially when they volunteered me to drive her home. She was so angry with me because I was driving that she began yelling at me. What I did to her at that point was all wrong. Something inside got so boiling mad at the alcohol - I could see Mom in her - that suddenly I swung around and hit her. I should not have done it! We continued with a fist light outside of the car. It was a good thing that our two other sisters were following, because we would have hurt each other badly. I should never have hit her in the first place. That same week I went back to her and gave an apology which she accepted. Much later she was able to thank me for driving her home. She finally realized that they could have been in a terrible accident. In another of His forgiving ways, God comes in and heals hurt feelings and bitterness like that between Sara and me.

Well, don't we grow though? If we can just let our anger go. Our human nature won't let us sometimes, not until we get tired of all this bitterness and sadness, and really call upon the Lord to help us with our spiritual compulsions in all these areas. Each of us has something different. Mine was the sexual compulsion, hers was the alcohol compulsion. We have to give these things to the Lord for He's the one who can deliver us and set us free from the spirits that try to control us.

The older we brothers and sisters get, the more we care about each other, and the closer we are growing to each other. We care about each other, we pray for each other, we help one another. The brothers and the sisters have seen God make us somebodies. We were nobodies, but God has made us somebodies within Him. I can see it happening with all my family. Some still need to grow, but Jesus will do that yet. We just ask everyday for the faith to believe it will be done.

The other night I was bothered by a demon, and of course, it keeps me up. I don't sleep very well at night then. I hate the dirty buzzards. I call them dirty buzzards, and sometimes I wonder why I have to be bothered with them still. But a friend of mine says that it's because I'm going to write this book that they try to hassle me. The more they try to bother me the more I'm going to proclaim the truth and let it be

known. There's no way that Satan can ever have me. I belong to Jesus. Jesus is my Lord. He's bought me at a fearful, high price by giving up His life for me and dying on the cross. So there is no way that the evil one can ever have even an inch of me again. And I proclaim that in Jesus' name who teaches us to pray, "deliver us from the evil one." These spirits have got to leave me alone in the name of Jesus.

The Lord told me (He was talking to me during the day) that I would have to learn to trust Him more. He asked His holy angels to protect me and take care of me. Even though I say scriptures and praise Him, I also must learn to relax, trusting Him even more, and know His angels are taking care of me in the night. I still pour the Precious Blood upon me daily so they cannot reenter me; but I'd like to enjoy my sleep a little bit better.

It's Friday at 5:30 in the morning. I've been watching Benny Hinn this morning. He's a beautiful man in the Lord. He said someone is being healed of muscles. I said, "What? I will claim that!" I've been having trouble with my muscles. "I receive that in the name of Jesus." It is going to be a beautiful day and I am going to proclaim it in every way.

Many times in years past I would be so lonesome for a relationship with a man. God has taken away that terrible need I had; it's wonderful to have that peace within the heart, mind and soul. I don't have to be with anybody, and I thank God for that. He has come to be my best friend. No man can fill us - men or women will fail us, but God cannot fail us. There is a man who has never failed me. I mean, He never has, and He's always there, and that is Jesus. He never lies to me, He always tells me the truth even when it's hard; He's always there to love me; He's never abandoned me, He's always cared about me - no matter what some man has done to me. Jesus is man; yes, He also is man, but He is God. He's never failed me like men; He's never left me like men. When I get terribly lonely and no one is around, I call upon Jesus to put His arms around me. And I know His presence right there. I know He has, indeed, put His around me and given me that deep, deep peace that no man can ever give me.

Lord, You know that you are more precious than diamonds and more precious than gold, and I thank You so much, Jesus, for being there for me. It doesn't matter that I have ever failed; our human souls, our human minds fall sometimes. No matter if we have sinned, You are quick to forgive when weak. And You came there and You help us out of our troubles, our bad relationships, our finances - You help me with all these finances that I have to take care of monthly, daily.

The more we die to our selves, our human selves, to our desires and wants, the more we become that saint You would want us to become. Each person belongs to You who gives their life to You. I do love You, Lord. I do love our heavenly Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit I wouldn't know what to do without

You, Blessed Holy Trinity Oh Lord, I praise and glorify you and give you thanks from the bottom of my heart!

I say, the Lord is with me and I'm going to survive this with victory with my health, with my finances, with my relationships, and with my job and with everything else. Especially I do have peace with my mind, body and soul which is best of all. For I have given myself to Jesus Christ, and I have taken Him to be my personal Savior. I've probably said it through this book constantly, but can it be said too often?

What would I do without my Jesus; what could I do without my Jesus? I literally couldn't survive without my Jesus. *Praise and Hallelujah! You take care of my every need. You even take care of my loneliness. I begin to be lonely and I call upon You, Jesus, and You put your arms around me and! know that Your presence surrounds me with Love, taking care of me.*

We can fail in our lives and go back into sin - sadly, we can choose that again. It can happen if we are not in the Word daily, if we don't go to church and if we don't pray. That is, if we don't read scripture, and we don't praise Him in song and with the Spirit's gift of language. If we are not in the Word all the time, we easily go back to our old ways of thinking, our old ways of sinning. We can even let demons and spirits come back in if we don't get ourselves steeped in God's Word daily. It's that important.

I feel contented that I've said what I wanted to say, and it is all from my own experience. God bless everyone who reads this!

THE END

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Nashville, TN

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PO Box 50126

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