

# Spiritual Warfare & The Purple Robe Book 30



✝ Christ End Time Ministries

**Vision:** Wholly & Solely led by Jesus Christ. Wholly & Solely led by the Holy Spirit

**Mission:** To the Glory of the Father

# Dedication

The Lord Jesus Christ appeared to me Personally on the 6th November 2006.  
Jesus covenanted to teach me Personally.

This He said would be done through  
Spirit illustrations;  
Spirit visions;  
Spirit trances;  
Spirit dreams

The following chapters of this Script were given to me by the  
Lord Jesus Christ Personally.

The Scripts were received and written in Spirit and have to be  
understood in Spirit.

They relate to the brownish Scrolls which the Holy man, John handed to me.

This Script in its completeness, was afore written, and the outcome of each  
event has been brought about entirely by the Holy Lord's decision.

I now covenant these Divine Revelations in their entirety for the  
Glory and Majestic Purposes of  
God the Father,  
God the Son and  
God the Holy Spirit

Amen

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**JEREMIAH 1: 19**

**They will fight against you, but they shall not prevail against you, for I AM with you,  
declares the LORD, to deliver you.**

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## PSALM 138: 7 - 8

**“Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me; Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me. The LORD will PERFECT that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth forever: forsake not the works of Thine own hands.”**

### Strategies of Wickedness 1

Once again, the electromagnetic frequencies pierced into her eardrums smothering the atmosphere. Wearily she drifted off to sleep in that she experienced the terribleness of the unknown all that night! Clueless of what was manifesting she fought insomuch that whatever assaulted her weakened.

This continued until one morning, it was revealed to her in a dream this same relative who was responsible for most of the evil conjured up against us. She had bolted the front door of the flat securely where they had grown up. Instantly, a demon in human form appeared but was unable to gain access. With strategy, it knocked very softly at the door. Although she let out a warning that in no wise should this thing be given access, ignoring the severity of the warning, this relative ran to unbolt the door and gleefully chatted with what was forbidden to enter.



Within seconds, she showed a clean pair of heels, bolting the attic door when evil raged violently. It had the ability to smell where she took refuge. She noticed that evil exerted through its smell and sight. Its power to sniff shredded any door she had bolted. In this frightful situation, she opened her eyes much shaken.

What actually happened in her dream manifested evil fire which covered her futon. In many encounters, its powers of smell and sight were neutralised, cast into a vortex of fire and was cast back to sender, in Jesus' Name.

Twisted, evil strategies manifested as intertwined warfare continued. While her spirit discerned that a shift had taken place, she came face to face with the unexpected. Manifesting unusually, was the same generational wicked spirit which to all appearance was the Chinese female. Warfare had raged for months especially when I began menstruating.

I became very, very sick and thought I was going to die, vomiting until I almost collapsed. I could not eat or sleep as I rolled and twisted on my bed. One morning, my mother heard my desperation and hurried to my bedside. “I have to forgive this certain relative (name),” I

blurted out as demonic claws began shredding. I moaned and groaned and twisted in agony, my face said it all. I was in a bad state.

This was the relative who had locked me in a witchcraft bag, who delighted and took pleasure in causing my whole life to be a living hell. I do not actually have the words to describe it all, but I had experienced suffering since an infant. After 38 years of every type of humiliation and intense suffering at the mercy of this person, deep roots of hatred only deepened resulting in unforgiveness and bitterness.

Reader, I swallowed a very bitter pill called “Unforgiveness.” After I repented and confessed this sin, my mother prayed for me. Thereafter, she headed to the battlefield where this furious Chinese wicked spirit spewed out venom into the atmosphere. A hefty battle loomed as this Chinese thing was renounced, and all legality wiped out with the Blood of Jesus. Evil strategies to keep alive “unforgiveness” was broken causing this Chinese thing to flee. Meanwhile, I recuperated immediately. So, what does that tell you? Done!

She opened her eyes shaken from what seemed a dream but was actually reality. Within a split second, there was a shift and change. A different realm opened up which appeared like universes of pure utter darkness. In comparison, she was tinier than an ant. Imagine! And so, we begin...

Evil began manifesting like a source of unstoppable unknown energy. War strategy of the Spirit was placed into her prayer, “I send the Blood of Jesus into the vastness of this universe of darkness...” [Repeated as much as necessary] “The Power of the Godhead is in the Blood of Jesus...” [Repeated as much as necessary] “The Fullness of the Power of the Father... the Son... the Holy Spirit Covenant is in the Blood of Jesus... The Godhead cannot fail... I proclaim the Covenant of the Godhead in the Blood of Jesus... This universe of darkness... is wiped out, in Jesus’ Holy... Righteous... Powerful... Name...”

Whatever it was weakened and fled, for this was Divine Strategy placed into her spirit for the glory of the Godhead, in Jesus’ Name. And so, we continue...

She was taken into two different dreams in which an evil spirit without shape or form moved toward her. As it made its attack, there appeared four arms with hands. Once again, in the other dream, this relative [as always mentioned previously] together with his two daughters were in spirit form.

On hearing one saying, “Let’s kill her!”, immediately, whatever was released went for the kill. In this dire situation, she began grappling with sharp hand like knives. Much shaken, she opened her physical eyes, lying in wicked fires. And so, we continue as one wicked strategy failed it was intertwined into something worse.

In this adverse condition, she realized as she opened her eyes, that a fierce battle raged, “The Power of the Godhead... in the Blood of Jesus reverse this agenda... ‘to kill’ back to sender seven-fold in Jesus’ Name... Jesus’ Authority...”

This type of rebuke was repeated until it weakened and weakened even though it fled and returned, its four arms were bound in a straitjacket, in Jesus’ Name. Victory in Jesus through

the Power of the Holy Spirit - each time battle raged this thing fled. As time passed the aura of Fire around her caused this thing to flee.

Well, it's that time of the month and so this Chinese wicked spirit returned but lost all power over my menstruation. Satanic temple built into the generational bloodline was totally obliterated and uprooted. All power to cause pain beyond what anyone could bear disappeared. DONE!

Yet demonic onslaught was strategized in such a way that only the Holy Spirit could reveal these wicked strategies. It was shown to her in what appeared to be reality yet a dream. As she was on her way, a great storm arose out of the blues. Emerging from the flood appeared a ferocious black dog.

All its teeth snapping and grinding, its bloodthirsty hellish eyes scrutinized her movements and began circling around her. The atmosphere turned ugly, it was determined to go for the kill to wipe her off the face of the earth. Was it a demon in animal form?

As their eyes met, she took full and absolute Authority over what seemed impossible. The rebuke was sharper than a two-edged sword causing this foul spirit to flee. The over frustrated owner was overwhelmed watching as it fled with its tail between its legs.

And so, we begin... When she opened her eyes, she sighed, "So now you die... You who violently assaulted me in my sleep... die." Immediately, a battle raged, "I lock your head in a muzzle of blazing Holy Fire... I use Heaven's lock that cannot be tampered with... it cannot be undone... I bind you with Fire... I remove your sting by Fire... I remove your power in your head by Fire... in Jesus' Name..." This wickedness ceased as so many intertwined agendas failed. DONE! For weeks we had peace and rest as the satanic temple built into the fridge was obliterated, in Jesus' Name. AMEN!

Well, it was the eighth day of the New Year when she opened her eyes, sleeping in a bed of red-hot, evil fires. She had bruise marks over her body and worst of all was the appearance of her leg – covered in purple and red hurtful patches with unbearable itching pimples. It had turned pitch-black then blue as prayers continued for her. After a month of treating her left calf, it disappeared. Praise the Lord.

While she was in this state, days later, whether in my body or out of my body, I was in a place that was very dark. The most shocking and frightful experience was before my eyes. More than reality I was watching currents of red-hot fires. These were moving like waves but what caught my attention was an invisible force. It was endlessly dragging a sea of lost souls along as its force swirled and churned, stoking balls of angry waves of fire.

And so, we continue... It happened in less than a blink of an eye as demonic onslaught persisted. Out of the blue, without her consent to accept what had just taken place, someone moved faster than lightning, placed a ring on her left hand and vanished into thin air. Bewildered at the unexpected, the demonic fires ran over her entire futon. What wicked strategy had been put into place without her knowledge? And so, the battles raged spiritually and physically but when all legality was renounced and revoked and the necessary done the vehement torrent stopped.

Days later, as she opened her eyes at six in the morning, not only badly assaulted in her sleep but also covered in wicked fires. It appeared as though her entire futon became a pool of liquid burning lava which clung to her physical body. She was in the most terrible state and began anointing herself with olive oil. As she persisted in earnest prayer seeking the Lord for answers, not knowing her desperation, I was given revelation upon my bed.

Before me appeared a deep rocky hole in the ground. To all appearance it was the most diabolical opening that shattered my imagination. Ubiquitous darkness such as one would never be able to grasp arose from this type of bottomless pit.

Out of this pitch-black darkness came forth a substance which had no image or form. With eyes as big as saucers, my troubled spirit rolled and twisted within me. Reader, once again, I don't have the proper words to describe the wickedness coming out of what seemed bottomless.

Not knowing what terribleness she suffered, I approached her late afternoon after she related the beyond-wickedness strategized. She was desperate and I understood the urgency of her matter. "So that is what the most disgusting smell was that entered the house," she sighed.

"When I came out of the prayer room the most disgusting smell assaulted me," she sighed. "But it soon fled when I wiped it out with Holy Fire mixed with Holy Electricity a trillion percent full blast."

Two days later, exhausted, she fell asleep and opened her eyes in a much worse state. What now? As she anointed herself, it was revealed to her to anoint the USB speaker she had just purchased. To her surprise, the entire speaker was covered in a layer of the same type of wicked fires which tormented her as she slept.

"I deactivate the spirit of python and cobra initiated into this USB speaker through witchcraft technology, in the Name of Jesus... Every pact and agreement which was made by the manufacturer and the kingdom of darkness is disannulled and revoked through the Blood of Jesus... I consecrate this USB speaker to the purpose of the Lord's work by Fire and the Blood of Jesus..."



THIS IS ONLY AN ILLUSTRATION

This illustration is what she found. So, when the different colour lights were flashing a wicked cobra spirit was activated and moved in atoms or vapour smoke as in the illustration.



Well, during the two weeks, she found it strange to be able to breathe. At times a deep sleep would overpower her. At night, during her vulnerable hours, atoms moved in her bed. She opened her eyes all beaten up as slept left her weary eyes. In this dilemma, she Googled and discovered that it was the cobra spirit. What about the mamba, or the adder, or the python, or the viper which are all spiritual serpentines? So, what does that tell you as reader?

Spiritual violence turned into a nightmare until the USB speaker was returned. While removing it, it appeared as if she was carrying a very heavy load although it was a very light speaker. A heavy, dark aura wrapped itself around the small box. Is this how wicked spirits enter houses - spirit of darkness strategized in technology?

Well, we had slept until she dreamt that this same relative confessed that he had always been a satanist and so was his entire family. He had used evil strategies of ridiculing, wicked strategies of mocking, belittling, scorning, evil laughter etc. to entrap her.

And so, evil began manifesting night after night, and morning after morning, she opened her eyes covered with evil fires. And so, we continue...As weeks of torment passed, one day as purple bruise marks appeared on her body, the Spirit prayed,

"I use the Authority of the Name of Jesus by the Power of Almighty God... and I bind and destroy by fire... all strongholds in the air, water, land and bush assaulting me in my most vulnerable time, in Jesus' Name... I use the Authority of the Name of Jesus in Power... I command all witchcraft powers of the night and day, and all curses to be bound, chained and cast back into the abyss, in the Name of Jesus..."

"Authority in the Name of Jesus is all Powerful... there is Almighty Power in the Authority of Jesus' Name... I use this unmatched Authority invested in the Name of Jesus and I trample on the serpents and scorpions... I break your head... I crush your head and cast you into the abyss, in Jesus' Name... I use the Authority of the Righteous, Holy, Power-loaded Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and I loosen myself from the grip of [name of relative] ..."

Whatever was conjured up fled! DONE!

And so, many inexplicable warzone battles were fought in Jesus' Name and Authority of His Power. One night, as she dozed off, evil kept assaulting her in her weariness and fled when she opened her eyes. It repeated over and over that night until she finally drifted off to sleep.

## Room of Preparation in Heaven

Immediately, she was experiencing a lifetime's reality in which she found herself in a room. Observing the scene that a doctor had someone placed on an operating table. A gadget was placed to the person, and a laser beam went through the body of the person. Instantly, as the laser detected an uncleanness, the corpse was shoved off the table in convulsion. The second was also placed on the table and went into convulsion and was shoved off the table as unclean. She knew they were doomed and condemned as unclean.

The doctor motioned her to lay on the table. Immediately, she felt a laser beam passing clear and clean through her head. She heard the doctor's voice saying, "There is no blockage, it went through clear and clean. This one will go on through her journey..."

She was carried and laid to rest as the laser took its toll on her physical body. I stood watching her when her sister appeared beside me. My mom took the mouse and clicked on the icon and motioned for her sister to watch what she would.

As her head rested to the side, she heard those present say, "She is gone! She is no longer with us!" Mom said that as her physical eyes closed in death, she stood up and as she looked at herself, she heard a voice speaking to her. Turning around to see who it was, the Angel of the Lord said, "Follow me." The Heavenly being took her to a certain room where the redeemed, the saints of the Lord were discussing how they would prepare her to meet the Lord Jesus.

Amazed at what was before her, she turned her attention toward the corridor on her left. The sounds of jubilation and excitement filled the air and there appeared more of the redeemed. They were all rushing in to meet her, each one contributing onto a silver tray towards her preparation. Reality hit deep into her spirit that she was to meet the Lord Jesus.

As her spirit felt the weight of this reality of truth and that she was in Heaven's Room of Preparation, a fountain of depth in her spirit broke open. Wells of unstoppable tears flooded her eyes and flowed like a river. Deep sobs shook her spirit body as it heaved up and down. Realising that she was to meet the Lord Jesus, her Saviour, her physical body on the futon on earth was simultaneously reacting.

The excited, gleeful, cheerful and delighted redeemed of the Lord filled the room eager to meet her, among them was Sister Cornelia. Everyone present understood Spirit, wept and stood with their heads bowed in the greatest respect. They had the deep knowing of this reality to meet the Master, the King, the Lord, and Redeemer!

As tears flooded in the spirit realm, so it was flowing in the physical realm as she slowly opened her eyes before five the morning. She had returned in this Heavenly atmosphere. The fountain of life overflowed and flooded onto the futon.

How long she was there she don't know but for hours her tears flowed taking her into deep prayer. As Heaven's atmosphere hallowed over her, she compiled this portion of script to the glory of the Lord Jesus. So, what does that tell you as reader? Is she being prepared to meet the Lord Jesus, her greatest desire she valued so greatly? Or is the Rapture closer than what you or I realize?

## Strategies of Wickedness 2

The following night, spiritual violence peaked. The EMF pierced into her eardrums. As the demonic realm became more violent by force, she sought the Lord once again for what was hidden in the dark. It appeared for more than a week - her head was smashed and bashed to what cannot be explained, not to mention the rest of her physical body which took inexplicable assaults. What now?

One night, the Holy Spirit led her to open the gallery, then to open the recycle bin on her cell phone. Lo and behold, the accursed stared at her with such ugliness that she uttered, "This is definitely not good... have to empty the recycle bin!"



While watching one of Pastor Jimmy Evans [Tipping Point] videos, she noticed these satanic hand signs which left her with an unusual migraine which lasted for two hours. This snapshot she took of Jimmy Evans preaching while doing the 'horn' hand sign as illustrated was deleted. That night, she slept peacefully and thanked the Lord Jesus for exposing these types of hidden strategies. So, what does that tell you as reader?

She had been standing in the gap for me and suffered greatly as spiritual violence escalated into inexplicable assaults. Weeks of spiritual violence had passed when she was shown in a dream that I was released through a little window in the front door. Looking out she beheld a very frightful demon like that of a black gorilla to all appearance disappearing into the dark of the night.



I handed a bank note to her saying, "This is what I was given by this thing!" The image of this entity's head was on the bank note, to which I added, "This will be the new world currency." Reader, what does that tell you? The future currency will have the invisible spiritual image of this entity!

And so, we continue... Spiritual violence such as not yet experienced was beyond her imagination insomuch that she dreamt that we were living in a haunted house. Imagine! Many battles were fought in such a way that its head was smashed, crushed and ground to powder.

She did not realise that a different entity had slipped through, intensifying with greater spiritual violence. Yes, it was once again that Asian Chinese entity that reappeared, as it was that time of the month for women. As I lay motionless without eating for two days, she realized who had attacked her so fiercely so that only her lips moved a bit as she called out to Jesus. While talking to the Lord, this evil thing fled and so wicked fires lifted from her entire physical body. Overtired, she dozed off; feeling refreshed she headed to the battlefield.

"Jesus break your head... Jesus crush your head... The Lord rebuke you... I shred your head... I crack your eyeballs... I shred your power... and cast you into the abyss ... in Jesus' Name." This was repeated each time it returned but soon fled and so the battle was subdued through the Power of the Lord.

As she was over-exhausted, the Lord granted her nights of peaceful sleep. Whatever had abusively attacked her in her sleep continued. This is how the Spirit led her to rebuke, "I break your head with the Sword of the Lord and with Fire... Blazing Fire... burn... break... crack... your head... I burn your eyeballs with Fire... Fire of the Sword of the Lord melt your eyeballs... I slay you with Fire... blazing Fire from the Sword of the Lord... in the Name of the True Almighty God..."

For weeks different methods of spiritual abuse strategized during her most vulnerable moments. Indescribable evil fires covered her bed; each night she opened her eyes feeling sick. In her dreams, she fought evil spirits in the appearance of children three years of age. Then at other times, she fought a wicked spirit which had the shape of a human, yet its arms and legs were thin branch twigs.

During the wee hours, sleep left her as overwhelming intensity such as not yet experienced hung heavily which led her to pray along with Agapekind [D'Blessing] "[Let the Blood of Jesus speak, Blood Bath 2]" [<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fd5cFxmVb6g>]. It was five in the morning when she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep. She fell on the knees when she opened her eyes as the Spirit took her into fervent prayer. On heading to the battlefield whatever it was fled.

And so untold intense spiritual violent assaults continued during her most vulnerable hours. Whatever it was, its head was continually crushed by Fire, broken by the Blood of Jesus, and destroyed with the Power of the Cross and locked in a strait jacket.

Yet spiritual abuse intensified the more until she was shown in a dream that this certain relative together with his partner went too far trying to wipe her off the face of the earth. In her desperation, the Lord helped her in which they were subdued and totally defeated. To her astonishment the partner fled but this relative shape-shifted into a white rat. Instantly, she bound this rat in the Power and Spirit of the Lord.

In one revelation, she was shown to intensify Authority given to her to which was to her full advantage. And so, as they violently persisted, in her desperation, Authority took full control, in Jesus' Name.

"In the Name of Jesus, I forbid any entry into my house. In the Name of Jesus, no-one is coming in and leaving the perimeter of my house. I call down the Fire of Almighty God to come down... consume... Fire of destruction... consume... consume... the intruder... consume all evil spirits that had trespassed into my house... I call down the Fire of Almighty God ... fill this house... consume with destruction any evil presence, any intruder... burn by Fire... die by Fire... I issue an unstoppable and unbreakable decree that no one can come in and go out. I bind, chain and cage any intruder trespassing to be locked up, in Jesus' Name... Burn by Fire... Suffer and die by Fire..."

As warfare toward night reached a very intense and violent level so that evil suffocated the molecules of the atmosphere, she called down Fire... of God... fill this house... consume every intruder trespassing... consume... Fire of God fill this house... I issue an unstoppable decree... Fire of Almighty God... fall... fall... fall... fill this house... consume any evil intruder... in Jesus' Name..."

And so, this type of evil violence was fought to such an extent that it fled. And thus, God's consuming Fire of destruction accomplished with greater intensity of Power and Authority! Glory to the Lord Most High.

Yet spiritual violence just got heated up! For many days she lay flat thinking she had chronic flu but actually turned out to be something she never imagined. During this time, it was revealed that she faced multiple spiritual violent abuse. And so, we continue...

Sick to the core, she opened her eyes which appeared to turn over with intense headache. She experienced her head to be bigger than she could handle with a throbbing pain causing stiffness in her neck as painfulness gripped her throat and chest. All the while, her heart took an unusual blow with sudden heart palpitations.

It was not when darkness fell but when she dozed off during the early hours of the morning that she experienced the terribleness of something. Although her chest was not tight or blocked, she actually heard something wrapping around her making a wheezing noise and something was clearing its throat. Her futon was covered with extreme wicked fires causing her to sit up sick to the core.

Dumbstruck and bewildered yet overwhelmingly sick to the core, she did not know how she made it through the night and struggled through the day to recuperate. This continued for many, many days and nights causing her to vomit, yet nothing came out, but something sucked her breath out. Several times she heard scratching under her futon mattress as she dozed off.

In this dilemma, she cried to the Lord for many days for mercy. One morning, she opened her eyes very sick only to come to terms that something heavy rested on her head and around her neck onto her chest. An overwhelming demonic pressure caused her eyes to almost turn around in her head as pain got the better.

For the first time, she heard with her spiritual ear evil manifesting and raging calling her to the warzone. As she removed the covering on her head, it said everything she wanted to understand. So, after she got rid of the head covering the manifestation that was once raging weakened. So, what does that tell you as Reader! Is this the dream she had that morning that she came face to face with a creature about a quarter meter tall?

After some time, she had some rest when she was violently assaulted while asleep. As the days passed seeking the Lord and waiting for answers, prayer became more desperate. It was past four one morning as she closed her eyes a vision flashed before her. To all appearances a tall black figure like a shadow moved like a flash of lightning. Upon opening her eyes, the warzone was before her. Immediately, she raised her hand, "I disintegrate atoms in a form of a black shadow with FIRE..." In an instant, it fled, in Jesus' Power and Name.

During the wee hours of the following morning, evil lurked and tormented her during the vulnerable moments moving like flashes of lightning. Once again, the warzone became raging and hefty. "Enough is enough!" she exclaimed. "Black shadow, I release the flaming Arrows of the Lord... the Spear of the Lord... I unsheathe the Sword of Fire... pursue... pursue... the intruder... die by Fire... I renounce you from this generational silver cord... through the Power of the Blood of Jesus... cleanse this generational history..."

As she repeated with might, "The Power of the Blood... The Power of the Cross... The Power of the Blood Covenant..." [Repeat as the Holy Spirit gives utterance] Black shadow faded into nothing! "I can do nothing without You, Lord..." she confessed as peace swept through.

When night fell a hefty battle broke out, "The Word of God speaks and justifies me... The Word of God condemns you... The Blood of Jesus cleanses me for Jesus was made sin Who knew no sin... He bore it away for me in His own body on the Cross of Calvary... The Power of the Cross..."

The Power of the Cross was repeated many times with force and so black shadow faded away. She closed her eyes utterly weary playing prayers of the Blood of Jesus through the night. It so happened what caused her to open her eyes was the severity of her painful body. What now? Once more she headed off to the warzone field hearing boiling over manifestation of utter evil.

As Spirit utterance poured forth with Fire... "I overcome you with the Blood of the WORD of GOD... [Repeated as the Holy Spirit gives utterance]

The BLOOD of the WORD of GOD justifies me... The BLOOD of the WORD of GOD cleanses me... The BLOOD of the WORD of GOD loosens me from your power... [Repeated as the Holy Spirit gives utterance]

The BLOOD of the WORD of GOD loosen the iniquities of my bloodlines' sins... JESUS is the WORD of GOD... JESUS BLOOD has POWER... The WORD cannot fall to the ground... JESUS is the WORD of GOD... JESUS' BLOOD is the POWERFUL WORD of GOD... The BLOOD of the WORD of GOD is POWERFUL... [Repeated as the Holy Spirit gives utterance] A beautiful peace swept through to the glory of the Lord our God.

The rest granted to her was short as multiple demonic onslaughts raged almost out of control. As she fought on behalf of the children of God, she was shown a long line of wicked armed forces who had their victim strapped down. They were throwing evil fires burning this person who screamed out in agony and torment beyond belief. Together with a little group they fled but knew that they would be hunted down.

The same morning, she rushed into my room on hearing a commotion. I had been badly terrorised by certain relatives whose treacherousness turned demonic. Those who were used to terrorise and torment and destroy my image came back to confess their guilt.

On opening my eyes, I was in a terrible state as manifestations of deep groans night and day for weeks. My mind and brain were in trauma and deep agony. Although the incident happened a long time ago, bitterness and hatred once again emerged as one who once was a close relative brought the police to arrest my innocent mother causing me to have a nervous breakdown at a young age. This person's whole feature manifested Satan who had entered him.

Although I had forgiven him many years ago, I came out of a dream with deep groaning in a bad state which said it all. I did not know that she was in a fierce battle with a wicked army spewing out terror which hung heavily. It became unbearable as warfare was to no avail.

Is this the wicked army used by this certain relative that she has to combat? Two weeks prior to what was revealed, she was in earnest prayer morning and night with groanings interceding for me and for many.

"The Holy Spirit also helps our infirmities for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit Himself makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And He that searches the hearts knows what is the mind of the Spirit, because He makes intercession for the saints according to the will of God." [Romans 8:26-27]

Was this Spirit preparation for what was to unfold? She had gone within those two week to the Sanctuary for help. Instant fierce battles raged but were quickly subdued.

In another dream, she was with a large group of whom many left to board a train. Contemplating what was before her, she joined a few who stood in a short line. While waiting to board the vehicle a person in charge made an announcement, "This is the Line of Authority."

Who was this person? As she stood in the gap for me, she came face to face with the unknown in a very violent battle. "Spirits of mind-binding torments, I neutralize all your powers to torment Yolin's brain... Spirits of mind-terrorizing, I take authority over all your powers to terrorize Yolin... I renounce all of you as I stand in the gap for on her behalf... I bind all your powers and chain every one of you... I bind your gatekeeper...and cast this army back into the abyss, in Jesus' Name... Jesus in me... Jesus through me has all Authority over your powers..." At this point the wicked army fled.

Mom explained that she experienced for the entire week, about three-thirty in the morning, spiritual assaults. The moving of it was like a slow-motion vapour which began from her feet

upward. It chewed into her bones causing severe agony in her sleep. Evil fires not only covered her but also her futon. For this reason, she sought the Lord.

One day, she came into my room and lo and behold there it was in plain daylight. I had bought a bottle of vanilla essential oil and poured it into a holder. The following morning, she told me without a doubt that as the essential oil vaporized into the air, it released the spirit of it in a form of a vapour. She could not sleep and early the morning removed it, flushing it down the toilet and threw the bottle far from the premises. In that, she bowed her knees and wept before the Lord. "That I may know You, Lord, even in this..." Manifestations of vapours that were severely dealt with fled and so peace flooded through. This evil vapour blocked the way that no Light was shed on the Word - it appeared as a locked door. When vapour was dealt with and cast out, amazing Light and understanding shone from the Word of God.

Yet the battles raged fiercer day by day so that she could not word it. It was when Spirit utterance poured out it caused this type of persistent evil to flee. "I release the Sword of the Lord to pursue you... Sword of the Lord with Fire... accomplish... Bring glory to the Lord God, in Jesus' Name..."

It was one midnight when an enormous battle broke out. An evil slithered onto her futon causing tremor like shocks. No amount of rebuking weakened this type of onslaught. An hour-long heated battle broke out until Spirit utterance poured through, "We are redeemed by the Blood of Jesus... The Blood of Jesus atone for us... The Blood of Jesus purify us... For it is written Jesus took our infirmities, our sins, our iniquities in His own body... He redeemed us by His own Power in His own body on the Cross..."

This thing weakened and weakened, and a peace swept through as she closed her eyes. When she awoke evil had already polluted the atmosphere leading her directly into what was raging, bubbling and boiling over. Once again, Spirit utterance poured forth causing this mind-binding, lying, terrorizing, traumatising, wicked spirit to go into the cage and was locked up.

Her confession was "Jesus Christ of Nazareth – Lord of lords and King of kings." Jesus cancelled the handwriting of ordinances which was against us and nailed it to His Cross. Her confession was "the Covenant in Jesus' Blood prevails in Almighty Power. To the glory of our God!"

It was allowed that she was to experience what happened to me on the day this person caused me to have a nervous breakdown. The violent, abusive words with treacherousness covered her, a permanent cage of hurt, pain so very deep that no amount of counselling could break through. When she opened her eyes, she thanked the Lord for answering her prayers as she stood in the gap for me.

Untold warfare was fought as this force tried to break my mind as I could not see past the hurt and bleeding state my soul experienced. During this period, a severe heaviness around her heart caused her to cry out to Jesus. The overwhelming assaults grew very bad causing her to seek Spirit utterance.

One morning, badly beaten up after earnest prayer, she headed to the war zone. Immediately, Spirit utterance poured forth asking the Father to send help from His Sanctuary. The strongman together with the evil host behind the violent attacks was severely dealt with. Immediately, peace flooded through as she continued daily to counsel me.



During the wee hours of the following morning, over-tired she dozed off and saw herself asleep. The unexpectedly happened. Instantly there appeared a force yet a substance like a blob. This was of its own kind in nature, extremely violent, moving like a whirlwind. She shuddered under its immense weight and force of appearing and disappearing within less than a blink of an eye. It appeared to spin out of control on her chest, disappeared and then reappeared more fierce. It left no time to figure out or know what had actually taken place. Heavily, she opened her weary eyes under mind-control.

The following night and morning, she headed to the war zone area after earnest prayer. "Almighty Sovereign God's Power is Jesus Christ of Nazareth... Jesus Christ of Nazareth Who was crucified upon the cross of Calvary is the Power of God unto Salvation... Jesus' Blood shed on His cross of Calvary remit and nail the handwriting of ordinances against me to His Cross... I am redeemed... my sins are remitted by the Blood of Jesus Christ...

Jesus Christ of Nazareth the Power of God (6) ... Jesus Christ is the Power of God in Heaven, on earth in all realms over all principalities, powers, dominions... Jesus is the Power against you... Jesus is my Power against you... Go to where Jesus sends you and never return...to God be the glory..."

This thing weakened and weakened and weakened and so she closed her eyes after many days. Meanwhile, she continued counselling me insomuch that the deep groanings of unspeakable torcher of the mind lessened and lessened.

Yet she headed toward the warzone area day after day until during the wee hours of one morning as she had drifted off to sleep utterly exhausted only to open her eyes very sick. Her entire body very painful while demonic fires covered her futon. Fierce battles broke out continuously but to no avail. One morning, she entered the warzone area as Spirit utterance poured forth, "Strongman of lies and torment, I loosen Yolin from your torturous power of lies and deception... I loosen Yolin's mind from your power of torment to break the spirit of her mind... I loosen her from your mind binding powers... I renounce your powers and sever her from your strongholds of lies... I loosen her to the glory of Almighty God in Jesus' Name..."

This strongman was cast out and weakened and weakened and lost its grip over my mind. Thank the Lord for Spirit utterance. But when night fell, guess who returned, and so the painfulness of spiritual assault persisted until she entered the battlefield. "God's Power... Jesus Christ... bind you... I have God's Authority over all your powers... I renounce your legality over her... God's Sovereign Power... Jesus Christ bind you... I bind you... God's Power cast you back... back where you came from, in Jesus' Name..." This thing fled.

She then rested for two nights when a fiercer stronghold manifested causing me to groan more under its sway. As I fell into a heavy weight of deep depression the battle raged fiercer. A torment many more times stronger caused the atmosphere to hang heavy. It appeared that even our prayers felt like a pinprick. For days, I lost my appetite causing her to have battles more darker and painful.

For this reason, she continued to stand in the gap for me, fasting half-days. She faced what I am not able to comprehend or word. In the living room, spiritual warfare psalms were playing all night and in her bedroom prayers of "Let the Blood of Jesus speak for me. Agapekind" was

played all night. Over-exhausted, she drifted off to sleep only to open her eyes severely beaten up, the futon covered in evil fire.

Sick to her core, she continued to anoint herself with pure olive oil, prayed together the same prayer with D. Blessing until darkness lifted from her physical body now in a state. As she prayed for her futon, it appeared that wicked spirits were breaking her arms and elbows. She had spent half the night in heavy warfare until demonic frequencies which hung heavy with force and fury, lifted.

Exhausted beyond what you could comprehend, multiple battles raged for months causing her to drift off to sleep. On opening her eyes, the monster who hated her beyond any words could describe manifested. Fierce battles broke out the entire morning causing the impossible to flee only to return over and over until there was peace.

And so, we continue... Battles became longer and fiercer and more exhausting. One night, at two-thirty in the wee hours of the morning in deep sleep, her spirit clearly discerned a very dark anointing being poured over her. The Holy Spirit set her upright as she began praying, "Let all this dark anointing lift from my physical body by the Authority of Jesus Christ for I've been redeemed by Jesus' Blood... I am a Joint Heir with Christ... By His Authority... Jesus' Authority... I command that all demonic anointings be lifted off my bed... off my blanket... off my physical body, in Jesus' Name... Jesus' Spotless Blood..."

"The Blood of the Spotless Lamb" she prayed as many times as needed. "The Spotless Blood of the Lamb of God... God's Lamb is Spotless... The Authority of the Spotless Blood... Back to sender demonic anointing what you came to do... go back to sender seven-fold by the Authority of Jesus..."

Instantly, boiling bubbling lava fire and burns lifted. This wickedness was bound by the Authority of Jesus. Each day, she would anoint my head with pure olive oil and prayed according to the leading of the Holy Spirit.

Battles grew weaker as she rebuked, "I break your head with the sceptre of iron and fire... I crush your head..." As many times as the Spirit of God persists. "As Joint-Heir with Christ's Authority and the Blood of the Spotless Lamb of God... I obliterate and cancel all legality you operate through... I bind, chain and cage you and send you back to sender together with your gatekeeper. Never return, in Jesus' Name..."

When it manifested weaker than usual, she raised her hand, "I break your head with the sceptre of iron... (as many times as necessary) I crush you as Joint-Heir with Christ's Authority... I cast you back to sender together with your gatekeeper... bound... chained... caged... never return, in Jesus' Name..."

That night, we closed our eyes drifting off to a peaceful sleep. The torments of my mind grew weaker and weaker. As she continued standing in the gap for me, continued counselling me, continued through Spirit utterances on the battlefield for me the mind-terrorizing grew weaker and weaker. Well, that is what we thought when spiritual violence only increased after a couple of nights of rest. It was during the wee hours of one morning that she opened her eyes under very heavy demonic assault. As she sat three in the morning anointing herself with pure olive oil, she drifted off to sleep over-exhausted.

Severity struck hard assaulting her blow after blow causing her to open her weary eyes slowly. Once again, after she sat anointing herself, the warzone was before her. Spirit utterance burst forth, "As Joint-Heir with Christ's Anointing, I call down fire and brimstone with great hailstones of fire... I call down a frightful, fearful tempest and whirlwind of the Lord... beat them to pieces... fall upon the covens and obliterate... cause desolation... that they never rise again... to the glory of God Almighty, in Jesus' Name..."

Immediately, whatever it was fled and peace returned. It appeared to be an integrated attack with fierce spiritual fierceness. As she fought, she confessed, "God is my Rear Guard!"

And so many, many battles were fought which is not possible to word. It reached a point as she was bending over to clean the carpet a dart pieced her heart causing her to stagger. When I entered, I was shocked - before me was my mother gripping her heart as Agapekind mp3 prayer was playing she agreed upon the Blood of Jesus over her heart. Glory to God, there is Power resting upon this prayer [Let the Blood of Jesus speak, Blood Bath 2] [<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fd5cFxmVb6g>]

Well, it's the middle of October 2024 and you have guessed correct it's halloween season! I do not have the words to explain it all but what was turning uglier was coming from the realm of darkness. It was one morning that I was given a dream that one of the family members of this certain relative entered our home. She had a mission to which her very presence said it all.

The following month, the same type of dream was given to my mother. Weeks later, she was shown that a complete stranger glared at her sardonically. Her spirit understood it all - that without her knowledge the house of her parents had been sold on the market of the night. Spiritual wickedness worse than what you could imagine raged night and day. It reached such a turning point that I suffered tremendously under all types of terrorizing and torments of the mind.

As halloween drew nearer, wicked powers manifested chaos. Then she remembered that one of the relatives had a dream that a double-storey had been built over our home. Reader, there were spiritual tenants reigning with a cruel hatred. Who would understand it all?

She would wake up all bruised, accompanying severe pain devouring the small of her back and hips. Evil fires covered her futon so that she was actually lying in a bed of red, hot lava. That morning, she was led to prepare a patch of ground for casting concrete when lo and behold the amount of witchcraft buried under the deep roots of the grass was removed. As long as it was not removed off the premises, evil spirits manifested darkness. For weeks, she dug up witchcraft planted under the deep roots of the grass in the garden.



The previous day, an hourglass fell and broke - the pieces were swept up and thrown into the dirt-box outside. To her surprise, there was a shift in the spirit realm and evil that began manifesting faded and fled. Wow! What does the hourglass have to do with the warzone area?

It was one-thirty when she was awakened by something evil causing vibrations over her futon. On opening her eyes utterly exhausted, not only was she lying in a pool of evil fire but her entire physical body felt covered in burning fire. What a nightmare! She was covered in bruises as she faced an hour and power of darkness impossible to explain.

It was two in the morning, and sick to the core, vomiting as she sat anointing herself with pure olive oil. Imagine, as her futon turned into a warzone, she understood it was only the hand of the True Living Sovereign Almighty God that could deliver her. From this incident each night, the hour and power of darkness assaults were at its cruellest.

For this cause, she sought the Lord earnestly also requesting intercessors to pray for her especially through the nights. "You are my God before Whom I stand and whose I am... let not man prevail against You..."

Because it was not clear what she was actually coming face to face with, warfare turned into a nightmare. Her desperation grew more intense until the week after halloween she was shown two black and yellow snakes. Understanding that these though a meter and a half in length were deadly, she showed a clean pair of heels.



Spiritual violence and aggressiveness got very, very bad for weeks causing her to open her eyes covered in bruises. It was only until one morning the Holy Spirit prayed through her Romans Chapter 8 as Spirit utterance came forth with fire.

Thank the Lord for His true intercessors whose faithful and dedicated razor prayers prevailed greatly as the warzone turned worse. Though she thought it was an impossible nightmare, she was then shown this frightful entity. Who would believe what was an integrated attack.



This spider appeared to be 40 cm in diameter with hundreds of legs having the ends like a scorpion with sharp knives. She found herself wrestling with the impossible.

And so, we continue... The Lord's intercessors faithfully remained in intense prayer for us as one fierce battle after the other broke out. The more witchcraft was removed from the premises, the more witchcraft was buried in awkward places. As she was removing it, a severe pain shot in the area of her heart causing her to be drenched in sweat. Imagine the enormity of what she faced! I could not help her.

Evil only thickened, especially at night, deep darkness moved over her futon. Each time she dozed off she would open her eyes from strange dreams she could relate to, only to find herself lying deep in wicked fires.

“I use the Rod of God... the Rod of Authority... crush the legs of witchcraft spiders... burn all witchcraft cobwebs... crush all witchcraft devices placed in this futon... deactivate all witchcraft devices placed over this property and garden ... be destroyed with the Rod of Authority of God, in Jesus’ Name...”

“Every evil altar... every evil gathering... every evil tongue... I break all connection points through the buttons on the futon mattress by the Authority of God’s Fire and Rod of Fire... all witchcraft frequencies be neutralized by high voltages of Holy Electricity... Holy Fire... lift up and leave, go back to sender by fire... by faith... in Jesus’ Name...”

“All witchcraft agendas against my legs are destroyed... all witchcraft devices attached to my legs are broken... by fire... in Jesus’ Name... I set every tree ablaze with fire in my garden... destroy all spider webs... cobwebs spun over this entire property... house... garden...”

And so, it was to the glory of our God, in Jesus’ Name; she dozed off. As prayers grew intense for me and as battles were fought, the Lord faithfully gave me a dream. This once upon a time close relative could not be found, but the believers were keeping a memorial service. I understood that although the evil perpetrated by him was hurtful, they preferred to remember the good works once accomplished by him. I opened my eyes as a peace swept over me. I related it to my mother. Well, I thought I had peace when my situation got worse inasmuch that deep growling persisted 24 hours without rest.

The growling grew more and more demonic until one night, I went through deliverance during which a force of air left through my mouth accompanied by two large yawnings. That night, I had the most peaceful sleep and opened my eyes feeling good. Not knowing that, she opened her eyes with every joint aching, but as the time went by, I started making noises as mom headed off to the warzone.

During one gathering, we dealt with the spirit of rejection which had followed me for years. This demon started manifesting as her leg appeared red and swollen with huge unbearable itching pimples. As this wicked spirit was dealt with during counselling beside severe warfare, the battle in my mind weakened. Mom faced horrendous spiritual abuse during her most vulnerable hours when she dozed off. This is a very violent, wicked spirit. And so, we continue...

The more earnest her prayers became, the deeper my groans manifested and the more violent was the spiritual abuse especially when she had dozed off overly exhausted. Yet she continued to counsel me scanning for answers. It happened that one morning as she opened her eyes under the heftiness of what happened in the spiritual realm, we would brush it off as a bad dream but in reality, there appeared a pack of ferocious, wild dogs. These were blood- thirsty beasts roaming with all deviousness to break into the house.



There appeared certain of the relatives who with purpose continued to open windows for this to happen, but each time, she would close and latch them. How it came to be that a small one invaded astonished us, but she grabbed it by the scruff of its neck. To our surprise, it lost all power and shrank in size. As it was thrown out, this thing clung to her hand.

On opening her eyes, the warzone became intense as battle after battle was fought. "I take God's full Authority over you... God's Authority... [6] in Jesus' Name..."

"The Blood of Jesus... [8] The Fire of the Holy Spirit... [8] It's impossible for God to fail the Covenant of Jesus' Blood... God cannot fail the Covenant Fire of the Holy Spirit, in Jesus' Name..."

So, what have the snakes, the spider, the pack of ferocious dogs to do with what was an agenda to break my mind? Yet warfare became more intense, 24 hours a day, "Jesus is my Authority... Jesus is God's Powerful Authority... Jesus' Authority cancels and replaces all legality you hold... Jesus' Authority with Power with Fire... with His Authority, I cast you back into the abyss... Jesus is Lord... Jesus is the Door... Jesus' Authority rules and reigns..." This stubborn thing vanished but soon returned over and over.

"I reign in the Word of His Authority... Jesus gave the Authority of His Word in Power over the forces of darkness... The Authority of His Word reign... reign... reign as I renounce all your legality with the Word of His Authority... in Jesus' Name... I cast you back into the abyss... never return, in Jesus' Name..." This stubborn thing fled.

When she opened her eyes one morning, warfare was intense and persistent but when she followed our cat to the far end of the garden, there were two dead pigeons. Their chests ripped out and the contents lying next to them. When they were removed off the premises, a peace swept through. Yet whatever it was returned once again and so the warzone turned ugly, "I break and crush your backbone with the hammer of the Lord (as many times as needed) This thing fled but later returned.

"I bind and chain you and cage you in acid and burn you with Fire... (as many times as needed) Die in acid and fire... (as many times as needed). This thing fled as Jesus' Power reigned.

One morning, she opened her eyes covered in evil fire. Meanwhile, whatever it was that had been traumatizing my mind into the wee hours, manifested in the warzone spewing out venom suffocating the atmosphere. "I command you to be bound and chained in a vortex of fiery acid... (as many times as necessary) die by fiery acid... in the Power of Jesus... (10) in the Authority of Jesus... (10)"

Whatever it was fled, yet evil persisted so once again battle raged! "Root of depression, I cast you out... root of resentment, I cast you out... root of unforgiveness, I cast you out... root of bitterness, I cast you out... In Jesus' Name." Whatever it was fled.

One morning, she approached the warzone and raising her hand rebuked, "As standing in the gap for my daughter, I have all Authority over you, in Jesus' Name... Where she had opened herself up knowingly or unknowingly giving you legality to traumatize her, I have all Authority given to me... We repent of opening up doors and footholds to you... we renounce all your legality through the Blood of Jesus...

Lord Jesus, justify our cause to be forgiven as we uproot all resentment... bitterness... unforgiveness... and opening ourselves up to what is not of You, in Jesus' Name..." At this point, this thing vanished, and a peace swept through as we gathered.

Yet spiritual abuse continued especially at night. One morning, she opened her eyes in shock as two fierce black bulls somehow entered the place causing everyone present to climb to safety.



That night, battle raged into a nightmare causing her to hardly close her eyes. On opening her eyes, warfare raged out of control - her rebuke became like a pinprick. Hours had passed when the Holy Spirit led her into deep worship of "Alleluia"; together she prayed declaring and decreeing Psalm 18.

"...The LORD is my ROCK, my FORTRESS, and my DELIVERER; my GOD, my keen and firm STRENGTH in WHOM I will trust and take refuge, my SHIELD, and the HORN of my Salvation, my HIGH Tower... The cords of death surrounded me, and the streams of ungodliness and the torrents of ruin terrified me. The cords of Sheol surround me; the snares of death confronted and came upon me.

In my distress I called upon the LORD and cried to my GOD; HE heard my voice out of HIS TEMPLE, and my cry came before HIM, into HIS very ears. Then the earth quaked and rocked, the foundations also of the mountains trembled; they moved and were shaken because HE was indignant and angry. There went up smoke from HIS nostrils; and lightning out of HIS mouth devoured; coals were kindled by it. HE bowed the heavens also and came down and thick darkness was under HIS feet...

Out of the Brightness before HIM there broke forth through HIS thick clouds hailstones and coals of Fire. The LORD also thundered from the heavens, and the MOST HIGH uttered HIS voice, amid hailstones and coals of Fire... And HE sent out HIS arrows and scattered them; and HE flashed forth lightning and put them to rout... HE reached from on high, HE took me; HE drew me out of many waters. HE delivered me from my strong enemy and from those who hated and abhorred me, for they were too strong for me...

With the kind and merciful YOU will show YOURSELF kind and merciful, with an upright man YOU will show YOURSELF upright. With the Pure YOU will show YOURSELF PURE, and

with the perverse YOU will show YOURSELF contrary... YOU cause my lamp to be lighted and to shine; the LORD my GOD illumines my darkness. For by YOU I can run through a troop, and by my GOD I can leap over a wall.

As for GOD, HIS WAY IS PERFECT! The WORD of the LORD is tested and tried; HE is a SHIELD to all those who take refuge and put their trust in HIM. For WHO is GOD except the LORD? Or WHO is the ROCK save out GOD..."

Immediately, a peace and calmness swept through for the first time, and she was very sick under the strain of what is almost impossible to word. To GOD be the Glory, in Jesus' Name in the Power of the HOLY SPIRIT.

Yet I was consumed by torment when revelation came through that it's not the particular close relative who was the cause of my torment but a shapeshifter who had taken the image of this person. That night, after months of the unimaginable, we had a peaceful rest, yet I continued groaning and blowing through my nose.

One morning, she sought the Lord as no amount of warfare helped. There seemed to be waves of evil moving around her and over her. As she prayed along with the audio psalms, there was a shift in the spirit realm and a peace swept through. The spiritual assault appeared to be a thousand times worse than anything she knew!

We gathered praying and as the old year passed, we entered the new year partaking of the Lord's Body and Blood and declaring and decreeing The Blood Covenant into 2025.

It was not even an hour later that an extremely disgusting smell swept through causing a violent Fire battle to rage. It was past three a.m. when she closed her eyes only to be greeted by the unknown when she awoke. "I bind you with Fire... God's consuming Fire devour you... Devouring Fire consume you... I burn you with devouring, consuming Fire... Let nothing remain... die by Fire... Jesus' Name be Fire..." This thing fled but soon returned.

Days later, she dreamt of what looked to all appearances a human, but the eyes said it all. This thing was murderous beyond imagination to steal, kill and utterly destroy. Spiritual abuse reached 1000 times worse than a human mind can ever comprehend.

One day, as she was vacuuming the house the Holy Spirit led her to a certain place in my room. Shocked to her core the abominable was hidden behind a drawer. "So, this is what is influencing and manipulating my daughter's mind", she sighed. On removing the statue head of Kali, the Hindu goddess who represents the opposing forces of destruction and creation, as well as death and rebirth, she was very, very sick to the core.

When I arrived home, I could not perceive how sick she was but became obstinate why she was forcing me to remove the statue off the grounds. I was deeply hurt and pained and totally blinded by what was really happening in the spiritual realm. This wicked force of utter darkness moved freely as disgusting smells filled the house, which I could not smell. That morning, when she approached me once more, I blurted out that I was not getting rid of the statue.

Imagine, that night turned into a nightmare when the Word of the Lord came to her, "Be still and know that I Am He..." Immediately, the Spirit of the Lord brought her into a stillness and



so it was that her brother came. That afternoon, before he left, he spoke to me when I blindly blurted with outrageous anger, "I will not get rid of the statue" and stormed into my room banging the door.

It happened that during my absence, he quietly removed it and took it completely out of the region. I had no idea that they were terminating this evil assignment and declaring it null and void in the Eternal Authority of Christ but when she returned, she lead us into prayer, breaking the backbone of wickedness.

That night, she collapsed early onto her bed and opened her eyes refreshed and continued fasting and praying for me. At this point, she came out from standing in the gap for me so that He could deal with me His way. Spiritual abuse stopped for a couple of days during which her physical body recovered. And so, we continue...

Intercessors continued in earnest prayer for me declaring and decreeing as mom fought off the persistence of wickedness. "In the Authority of Jesus Christ Who died and rose again... Whose Name is above every name... I declare your power broken... Your assignment to influence this situation is completely terminated... In the Power of Christ, I declare your assignment null and void... the Blood of Jesus paralyze you...

As a child of God, I am clothed in Christ's Authority... I command you to cease and desist... You are bound by the Power of Christ... you are unable to operate... you are unable to influence this situation... you are unable to deceive... in Jesus' Eternal Supreme Authority."

Days later, it happened that I told her I was happy and prepared myself that night for the gathering the following morning. I did not know that something violent attacked her at four in the morning. It was turning violent with ugly, evil fire which covered her bed. So, once again she headed off to the warzone.

One night, as I passed her room, her eyes were opened as she watched me and my shadow pass. But something extraordinary happened in that she also noticed a black shadow following me. When I returned the same thing happened and the black shadow followed me back to my room. That night was beyond what a normal mind could perceive, leading into the morning as a black shadow persistently manifested.



The day turned out to be a fierce warzone and deep into the night through the wee hours of the morning. No amount of rebuking helped as this type of wickedness appeared unstoppable. When she finally opened her eyes, the abominable appeared boiling over choking the atmosphere. It was five-thirty a.m. when she stood in the fullness of Christ's Authority, declaring His Name above every name...

“All Authority has been given to Jesus in Heaven and on earth and in every realm” ... She stood on all that represents Who Christ really is, all of His Authority of Power against what was fiercely manifesting. “Jesus is my Master... Jesus is my Lord, and He is Lord over this situation... The Authority of all of Who Jesus really is, is Powerful... He is Powerful... He is Authority...”

At this, the abominable weakened and weakened and weakened. “Christ is my Power of Authority.”

That night, she replaced the new fleece together with a brand-new blanket but something else happened. She dreamt that a dark force moved over her bed. As she wrestled with what had no hands or shape, it simply moved her hand away with ease hardly using effort. Next, she saw something like a mini whirlwind wrapped around her new sheet throwing it into the passageway. All the while, the mp3 prayer of the Blood of Jesus was playing on her bed. Was this normal?

When she opened her eyes, the sheet was removed as evil fires enveloped it. What in the world happened? She then bought another brand-new sheet and blanket and cleansed and sealed it with the Blood of Jesus.

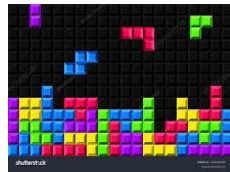
As this type of force was persistent, she fasted then faced it over and over. “I disintegrate all your atoms with the Blood of the Lamb... I break your head... I crush your head... Be disintegrated into nothing, in Jesus’ Authority... I lock every bit of your atoms in a cage and drown you in the Blood of Jesus...”

This force was weakened and weakened by Christ’s Authority and by the Blood of the Lamb together with a whirlwind of consuming Fire, in Jesus’ Name. Yet this thing returned persistently, and this is how she prayed, “I overcome you by the Blood of the Lamb for Jesus, is my testimony and Supernatural Weapon through God... Jesus’ Name bring down this stronghold... I have been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the Kingdom of His Beloved Son... Your stronghold is destroyed in Jesus’ Power... in the Authority of Christ your power is broken... your power is crushed... Amen”

She had slept for 2 nights when evil started popping out its ugly head. One night, she dreamt that a pair of feet stuck out from under the blanket. When she pulled up her legs, she realized that they were not her own legs. In this confusion, she lifted the blanket and saw one black and one brown leg. Instantly, a battle raged with two black spiderlike arms which had claw-like knives. When she opened her eyes, she was covered with demonic fire including the entire bed.



And so, we continue...The spiritual assaults grew worse as the days passed. One night, she saw a cat slightly come in causing each moment of the night to be worse than before. During this time, I was lured by a game consisting of blocks. I really saw no harm in just guiding these blocks as they fell into place. Another game consisted of fruit which had to be matched.



The next day, I wondered why the warzone had turned into a nightmare. Then as she approached me, I admitted to playing these games. We understood that although they looked like simple, harmless games, there were forces of darkness luring one to play them. So, what does that tell you as Reader that after I had repented, renounced and the necessary was done a peace swept through and mom's head was not swaying any longer.

Saturday night turned into a nightmare when she opened her eyes only to be laying in a bed covered with evil moving like tremors producing evil fire that burned her physical body. The Sunday morning, she opened her eyes to boiling over sounds of evil. "It is written, 'If your eye offends you cut it off...' As it is written, I cut off these evil legs and arms and cats that are offending me... I declare the written Word fulfilled, in Jesus' Name... For the Word of God is Pure and sharper than any two-edged sword... God watches His Pure unadulterated Word He performs... as I cut off evil, strange legs... evil, strange arms... witchcraft animals... I declare the Word of God fulfilled to the Glory of God, in Jesus' Name..."

Immediately, a peace swept through. Yet days later, a terrible spiritual assault swept over her bed and no amount of rebuking helped! What now, as this swept through every night for some time? She spent sleepless nights only to open her eyes overwhelmed with exhaustion.

One day, I approached her with revelation about the evil person who had mixed witchcraft into my blood when I was still attending high school about 20 years ago. I was shown that this wicked person went to the witchdoctor to work untold evil against my mother and me. The battles turned persistently ugly, more than a nightmare.

It fled when the written Word was declared, "I decree the Word of the Lord is Fire... I decree the Word of the Lord like a Hammer that breaks this rock of witchcraft into pieces... the Word of the Lord break into pieces this witchcraft rock... lie in ruins... Jesus is Fire... His Word is Fire... break by Fire..."

This type of evil persistently returned over and over and over! "I use the Keys of the Kingdom of Authority, and I bind you so that what I bind on earth is bound in heaven... I bind you with the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven... (as many times as needed) The Keys of Authority... I declare the Keys of the Kingdom lock you up... I decree you are locked up... chained up... caged with the Keys of Authority and cast back into the abyss, in Jesus' Name... Jesus' Authority... Jesus' Keys... lock you up... Jesus is the Keys of Authority..."

The Holy Spirit woke her up round about 1:45 a.m. when she was greeted by the most putrid smell. The atmosphere was suffocating and the EMF whirled and hung heavy as a nightmare swept through the house. "Is not My Word Fire..." was the weapon which blazed against the forces of evil.

Then she noticed that I was wrestling with the unseen and rushed to my room. I was in a terrible state tormented by what unfolded before my eyes - the African witchdoctor. While

she played the audio of Psalm 91, Psalm 23 and Psalm 27, she laid hands upon me in prayer of deliverance. I rushed to the bathroom vomiting a brown substance which poured out filling the toilet.

Again, she laid hands on me and commanded what Henie had mixed into my blood to come out with all its roots. I was very, very weak as my flesh rent and tore as it left. Anyway, warfare continued to blaze with Fire as a peace swept through the house. When I awoke that morning, I was sick to the core and very weak, but she continued laying hands on me in fervent prayer. For days, I was physically weak and had lost a lot of weight. Is this why the Lord said to her that He needed her to stand in the gap for me until He releases her? I was delivered from the mouth of the persistent torture. All glory to our Sovereign Lord God!

Well, we had rest for about two days when she was violently assaulted in her sleep. "What now? we pondered. And so, we continue... One morning, she entered the battle zone, "As it is written, I break your head with the Word of Fire... (as many times as needed) I declare the Word of Fire break your head... The head of this wicked rock is broken in pieces with the hammer of the Lord... I declare your rock broken... Jesus Christ break your power... Jesus Christ break the head of this rock... by Fire... Word of Fire... hammer of Fire..."

Whatever this thing was fled but returned over and over and over, but once again warfare raged, "It is written, Jesus Christ is the Head of all rule and authority and principalities and powers... Jesus Christ destroy your power over me... The Blood of Jesus remit my sins... covers a multitude of sins... cast you back through the porthole and foot hole you came through..."

Yet warfare raged, and so we continue... One Sunday morning, she awoke with her physical body extremely painful. Meanwhile, evil manifestations roared in the warzone. A fierce battle raged, as Spirit utterance poured forth it fled. "I bind witchcraft, in Jesus' Name... (as many times as needed) I declare witchcraft door closed, in Jesus' Name..."

During the wee hours of one morning, she was woken by heavy movements in her bed as her physical body arced. She had opened her eyes in a state and headed off to the battlefield at three in the morning. Such fierceness raged from both sides until evil spewing out in unbelievable manifestations with banging and weird sounds. As she declared and decreed the written Word of Fire, whatever it was weakened. It was past four in the morning when wickedness fled. And so, we continue...

Yet assaults continued until she rebuked, "By Jesus' Authority, I bind you... I declare the written Authority of the Word... I use the Key of Authority... return no more to this house... I declare the Hammer of Fire to break this rock of wickedness into pieces... I declare His Word of Fire to destroy this stronghold... in Jesus' Name... Hammer of Holy Fire... Blazing Fire... break this rock of wickedness, in Jesus' Name..."

Each time it fled but would return when she dozed off through the wee hours of the morning. One morning, she rebuked, "I crush this stronghold of darkness with the battle axe of the Lord soaked in acid... (as many times as needed) Battle axe pursue and complete destroy until nothing remains... in Jesus' Name...."

We had peace for that week as she found and removed witchcraft buried in the garden. And so, we continue in the next scripts. To God be ALL the Glory, in Jesus' Name by the Power of the True Holy Spirit.

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