

## Chapter Three

The angry knock on the door shook the pastor out of his gloomy reverie.

“Come in,” Pastor Wally said with both trepidation and anticipation. Doing battle with demons was not easy, but it was exciting.

Jim Simons barged through the door, his dark eyes glaring, daring Wally to look into them. The “evil eye” it was called. Jim was about as close to being possessed as you could get.

Wally jumped to his feet, pushed the door closed and grabbed his Bible. Simons hissed at him.

The pastor began to read loudly from several sections he’d marked off for just these times. Verses that declared his authority over demons. Scripture from the book of Revelation that described the ultimate demise of the devil and his “little devils,” the demons, the unclean spirits.

As Pastor Wally read, Simons snarled but backed away into a far corner, holding up his hands and arms in defense, as though the words were daggers being thrown at him. After a few minutes, he began to twitch and moan, and finally slumped to the floor.

Wally’s heart was racing, astounded every time at the power of the Word of God. Even more so, how just the name, Jesus, could overpower the enemy. “In Jesus name, I command all demons to get out of Jim and out of this office.”

Finally, Jim opened his eyes. They were no longer black, but they were devoid of life and hope. How could the Associate Deputy Director of the CIA come to this, both Jim and Wally pondered once again.

Jim raised up and plopped onto the couch. “Uh, hello Pastor Wally. Sorry about the, uh, the... “

Wally smiled for the first time that day. “Don’t worry about it. Just be thankful that we have the solution in our hands.” Wally held up the Bible as though it were a weapon.

“Yeah, I still can’t believe this is all real. When I’m in the office, it’s as though none of this ever happened. I feel as though I’m in charge of myself, but my thoughts, my actions, all come from a different place.”

“Well, as we’ve learned together, they do come from a different place,” Pastor Wally agreed. “The devil is alive and real and has taken over much of your mind through his demonic army. But he always stays in the background, not wanting people to be aware of him. In fact, he prefers that no one even knows he exists. Just a fairy tale, like I used to believe.”

Jim sat up suddenly. Wally grabbed for the Bible again.

“No, don’t worry, they’re still gone for now,” Jim said. “I was just remembering what’s been going on this past week. We’ve got problems a lot bigger than just my own issues.”

“Like what?” Pastor Wally asked.

Jim leaned forward, his voice hushed, as though the walls had ears. “We’re being mobilized into action now. All the talk, all the planning, is coming to fruition. Somehow I never really thought it would. But the breadth and scope of the conspiracy is mind-boggling.”

Wally’s eyebrows raised in puzzlement. “More trouble in Iraq? The Russians acting up again?”

Jim snorted. “No, a lot more serious than all of that. I’m terrified of even mentioning any of this to you. It could get us both killed.”

Now Wally’s heart started thumping again. What, oh what, was he getting himself into? “Well, then, maybe you shouldn’t say anything. We can deal with your personal issues and demons without getting into your work secrets,” the pastor said hopefully.

“But that’s the problem, my personal issues and work issues, as you call them, are part and parcel of the same dynamic that has me tied up in knots.”

“Can you give me a general idea of what you’re talking about without getting into the specifics?” the pastor asked.

“Not really,” Jim answered. “I’ve got no one to talk to but you. But more than that, the entire world needs to know what’s going on, what’s going to happen.”

“Another terrorist act?” Wally asked, his eyebrows wrinkled in confusion.

“No, far worse than all of that. In fact, I think the Bible has a lot to say about all this. The end-times are really beginning to happen.”

Wally frowned. Eschatology, or the study of the end-times, was not his strength. Revelation and other prophetic Scripture usually went right over his head, and that’s where he wanted them to stay. While the seminary offered some courses, they were mostly electives because they weren’t deemed important to the work of a pastor within a church.

“Have you studied this before?” Wally asked.

“No,” Jim answered, “but I know just enough to recognize that what’s about to happen in the world sounds like some of the things I remember reading in the Bible when I was a teenager and considering a career in the ministry.”

Jim laughed contemptuously. “But that was when I could actually read the Bible. Now, I can’t go near it without going into convulsions.”

“Yes, those demons will do anything to keep you away from God’s truth,” Wally observed. “It’s a wonder that you’ve actually been able to come here. The training, or should I say brainwashing, you’ve received from the Masons and then the Illuminati have created strongholds in your mind that allow the demons to seize control of you whenever they want. Except, of course, when confronted by Jesus and the Word of God.”

Jim nodded. “That’s why I need to regain control of my mind and soul. I think God is calling me to fight the enemy from within, with you as my partner. But then, that seems ridiculous. How can two people, albeit in somewhat exalted positions, try to derail Satan’s plans on their own?”

Wally pondered that awhile. What was going on? Where was all this leading?

“You know, the Bible is filled with stories of ordinary people, like David, Gideon, Esther and others who accomplished incredible, miraculous victories because they were chosen and empowered by God. If He were to choose us, it would still be Him accomplishing it through us, not just us on our own,” the pastor finally answered, trying to encourage himself to overcome the well of fear boiling up within him.

Jim’s eyes suddenly blazed in hatred as he leaped off the couch to attack Wally.

But instead, it was as if Jim bounced off an invisible barrier and was thrown backwards, crashing against the wall and ending up in a pile on the floor.

Pastor Wally’s eyes were wide with fright and relief. What had just happened?

Jim opened his eyes again, but this time they were calm. “Wow,” he said. “That was something else!”

“What just happened?” Wally asked, truly puzzled.

“I was completely taken over,” Jim explained. “I was filled with just one thought, to kill you. I had no self-control whatsoever. But just as my hands were about to close around your neck, I saw a huge being standing behind you, glowing but glowering at me. He simply flicked out his hand and I went flying.”

Pastor Wally thought about it for a moment and then realized, “That must have been my guardian angel protecting me.”

Jim shook his head in wonderment, still leaning back against the wall, “If I hadn’t seen it, I wouldn’t have believed it. All this talk of demons and angels has my head spinning.”

“Well, you know, the demons are just the fallen angels,” Wally explained. “The Bible says Lucifer, once an archangel himself, rebelled and one-third of the angels followed him and were eventually banished from heaven, left here on earth to plague us. But there are still a lot more angels for us than against us.”

“That’s a good thing to know,” Jim smiled ruefully. “I’ll try to remember it next time before I attack you again.”