

DEMON EXPERIENCES

in Many Lands

by

Various Contributors

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CHAPTER EIGHT

THE POWER OF THE NAME

There had been no baptisms for a number of years at the station to which I was first assigned. An Indian came quietly to us one day and whispered that he knew many who would become Christians if we gave them a place to live on the compound and rice to eat. We were disturbed, and set a special time for prayer for people to come without any outside inducements.

The challenge came on Sunday morning just after our church service. A large group brought a heathen woman who was demon possessed. For nine years they had taken her from one temple to another but to no avail; and “Now, what can your God do?”

I opened my New Testament. “It says here, that in the days of His flesh He cast out many demons . . .” The woman began to shake; her eyes fluttered. Apparently she was going into convulsions. I couldn't even say the name Jesus for I was frozen with horror at the evil enemy's nearness, but I could sing “Yisu, Yisu.”

As if by magic the spell was gone. “This is amazing,” the heathen said.

I asked the woman, “Do you really want to be free?”

“Oh, anything to be free from this terrible torment!”

As soon as I spoke of Christ on the cross, shedding His blood, stripping off from Himself all the principalities and powers, making a show of them, openly triumphing over them, the people cried, “Demons have seized her again.” She was too strong for me to hold, though she was a much smaller woman.

Then David, a Bible teacher, cried out, “In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave this woman and not enter her again.”

Immediately she was in her right mind and praised Jesus for releasing her.

Then she said, “Let my new name be Jisu Adi, Slave of Jesus. Please give me the Book of God.”

“But you cannot read,” I answered.

“Still, it is His Word,” she said. So I gave it to her.

Not only was she completely healed and baptized, but a year later the gift of a son was given, which confirmed to the people that Jesus is the Lord of life.

That year, around thirty men were baptized — all holding hands as they stood in the river together, waiting their turn. Most of these men suffered severe persecutions. The heathen priest's only son was poisoned but survived.

After many years they were able to build their own church building on the rock site my husband had chosen in the village of Moduchar, where there had not been a single baptized believer previously.

Mrs. Hulda Lehr Lubbers

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