

# Delivered From the Occult

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*“Thy Word  
Is  
Truth”*

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## **The Apostolic Faith**

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**DELIVERED FROM THE OCCULT**

UP, UP, UP THEY CAME, like little cat feet, starting at my toes and creeping up my back until they stopped at my shoulder. A horrifying, evil snarling emanated from my “visitor.” This was no dream or imagination. I knew if I looked over my shoulder I would be possessed!

That night I discovered there are two real powers in the world – God’s and Satan’s.

How had I become involved in the occult? It had begun very gradually without any realization of what a dangerous thing I was getting into.

During my early life I was taken to Sunday school. But even as a young child I felt there was something missing in the church my family attended. When I was a little older, one day my best friend burst into the school library, her face glowing. She exclaimed, “I was saved last night!” But I looked at her skeptically. “Saved? From what?” She said she had attended a church service the night before and had given her heart to Jesus. Now she was a Christian. I did everything possible to talk her out of this Christian business and make her give up what I thought was only foolishness.

My family moved to Vancouver, Washington, when I was entering my teens. This move from a smaller town had a devastating effect on me. In my home town I had been active in school events and

had many friends. After the move, I was a nobody in a large high school. I became shy and withdrawn.

To make matters worse, my family began to have problems too. The insecurity was terrible. There seemed to be nothing stable in my life.

Then I met a young married couple who set out to “help” me. Knowing my family and the pressures in my home, they let me know their door was always open.

It happened so gradually that I didn’t realize the couple’s intention was to introduce me to the occult. We built up a friendship. After a while, they began talking about communicating with spirits and visits from extra-terrestrial beings. Since my mother’s family was said to have a strong “sixth sense,” I was interested in psychic phenomena.

Before long I was totally involved – communicating with spirits, having prophetic dreams, transferring thoughts, doing astral projections. I thought, This is what I’ve been looking for, something real – not just an empty “religion” that never did a thing for me. What we did was full of power, but at the time I did not realize it was Satan’s power!

Then came the experience which opened my eyes. I had just gone to bed that night and was still awake when a strange feeling came into my room. Our home was by the freeway and traffic noise was heard constantly. But my room became still – quiet as death itself, and icy cold. It seemed as though I

was caught in a vacuum in space. Then I felt the little cat feet creep up my body, and heard the snarling. I knew if I looked over my shoulder I would be possessed by it. I was terrified – paralyzed by fear. Even though my mouth was wide open and I was screaming in my mind, not a sound came out.

I was an avowed atheist, a scoffer against God, but I began praying, “Oh help me, Jesus!” I prayed it over and over. Gradually the sounds from the demon became softer until they stopped altogether. I felt the little cat feet retrace their way down my back. My room became warm again. The trucks rumbled by. Everything was back to normal. I had had my first encounter with the power in Jesus’ Name. I would never doubt His existence again.

Sometime after this experience I met and married my husband. Since I now believed in God, I thought I was a Christian. But Don had seen true Christianity. He told me, “I know what real Christians are like, and you are not a Christian!” What a revelation that was!

God began leading us to Himself. But, always the rebel. I did not want to give in without a fight. Don started listening to the radio broadcasts of the Sunday worship service from the Apostolic Faith Church. I always made sure I was off reading a book or doing something else when the sermon came on. On Sunday Don confronted me, “Come and listen. It will do you good!” It did, too!

Not too many months later we came to church. After the service, my husband started forward at the altar call, pulling me along. We knelt to pray. God helped us humble ourselves and repent of our sins. That day He saved us and our lives were changed.

The years since then have been the best of my life. Christ is the constant, steady Presence I had always been seeking. He has blessed us abundantly. Oh, we still have problems – everyone does. But now we have Someone to help us through them. And we can live a life of victory over sin.

When our son was born he had some severe health problems. But we prayed and he is healthy today. As we teach our children about Jesus, I remember the emptiness in my life when I did not believe in God. I'm thankful we can give our children the solid foundation of knowing Christ is real – Kris Scholz.