

As Alliene drove the car away from June's home, I heard myself scream: "God! What about the boys?" The cry came from my heart for I seemed sentenced to die within the year. I had recently had a hysterectomy that showed massive cancer in both ovaries. The cancer had metastasized, and in spite of having the *gold treatment* (a live radioisotope flown in from one of the nation's stockpiles and inserted in the stomach), there now appeared tumors in both breasts, necessitating another operation and the horrible fear that with all that medical science could do, the days with my family on this earth were numbered.

Earlier, Alliene had picked me up and taken me to the doctor. She had driven around the block while the gynecologist explained the results of a mamograph made with an X-ray machine. The mamograph showed the tumors but only a biopsy would show whether the malignancy had spread into a new area. This discouraging news caused my heart to sink. Steeling myself, I began to summon every ounce of self-control I could muster to hold myself together.

Alliene returned with her car and as I stepped from the curb into the car, she knew the verdict. She said, "Lord, do you not care that we perish?" She could not believe that it was to end this way. We had been in adjoining labor rooms in the hospital when each bore our second sons. Hoping to comfort, she suggested we visit a mutual friend before returning home. We arrived at June's house just before an unexpected rainstorm began to pelt down great raindrops. As we viewed the storm through June's picture window, I thought, "That's just how I feel on the inside: everything in me is wrenching and breaking loose. There is such a storm of weeping within that I must hold every movement of my being together, or I will totally crack up before these friends of June's. For now, other visitors had begun to drop in out of the rain. They were laughing and talking about their boys going off to college. I thought, "Oh God, I may never see my boys go to college or graduate from high school."

Catching Alliene's eye, I signaled for us to leave. She was barely able to move the car out of the driveway before the scream escaped my lips: "God! What about the boys?"

In silence, we drove the short distance to my house. Kenneth, my husband, had taken our sons to their grandmother's to spend the night. Alliene didn't want to leave me alone in such a desperate condition. We talked for a while. As we sat side by side on the sofa, she did not quote Bible verses and she did not say, "There, there, everything is going to be all right." Soon Alliene's true belief in a Father God, in His Son, Jesus Christ, and the reality and comfort of the Holy Spirit began to permeate my spirit. There was comfort in knowing that Alliene knew the same Lord that I knew. This communion of truth needed neither *trite words* nor *worn clichés*.

As I began to relax, the storm within me subsided. Sitting there beside Alliene, I was totally unprepared for what happened next. In my left ear and yet not in an

audible voice came the words, "MAKE A COVENANT WITH SATAN AND YOU CAN LIVE." I could not believe what I had heard. The words had been very distinct. There was no confusion concerning the implication. All evidence pointed to an early death for me. I would leave my husband, two young sons, and many loved relatives and friends within the year. I had the best of medical care, the prayers and support of church, family, and friends. I believed that God was the Great Physician, but why hadn't He healed me? This proposition from the enemy came at the crucial moment when I was desperately seeking to live. As you read this, I hope this does not shake your theology as much as it did mine. I didn't know that a Christian could make a "covenant with Satan." This covenant would have been a conscious covenant: but I have since learned, in talking to others, that many wonderful people are *doing this subconsciously* every day! You can be born again, baptized in the Holy Spirit, serving God, and be totally unaware that Satan has deceived you into choosing to agree with him. By doing this you can give him your permission to put death upon you or upon a loved one. The more noble the Christian the more likely he (she) is willing to sacrifice himself (herself) in some subconscious way to bring about the salvation of someone. This subconscious agreement accomplishes the will of Satan who has deceived the person into thinking it is the will of the Creator God for him (her).

We are warned, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of an antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come: and even now already is it in the world" (1 John 4:1-3)

That crucial evening as I sat beside Alliene in my home, I turned Satan's proposition over in my mind. How could this be? I was a Christian. I truly loved the Lord, and yet I had heard those words, "*Make a covenant with Satan and you can live.*" Suddenly, I realized whether it fit my theology or not, whether even renowned church leaders would accept that such a thing could happen – *it happened to me. I wanted to live, but I did not want to live without Jesus.* Oddly enough, the very realization that I had heard from a representative of Satan, thereby proving that he did exist, made me all the more positive that the Almighty Father Creator God also existed.

This God, my eternal Father, had given me a free will and I was free to choose. "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve: whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15)

I realized that desperate people do desperate things and make desperate agreements. This all took place within a few minutes without Alliene being aware of what had just transpired. My decision was made. I would trust God. He had led

me as a tender shepherd for many years. If it was time for me to die, then I would die. "And as it is appointed the second time without sin unto salvation" (Hebrews 9:27-28)

I would not make a covenant with Satan in order to live. What would I want with the kind of life that Satan would give me? Besides, he is a liar and the father of lies. "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it" (John 8:44)

The rain had stopped. Alliene returned to her home and I went to bed for a peaceful night's rest. I had committed myself to God in total relinquishment: whether to live or die was in His hands.

Sticking our heads in the sand won't keep us from being deceived by the enemy. "Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices" (II Corinthians 2:11). Perhaps you have wondered why some are having such a hard time. Could they be making subconscious agreements with Satan? Go cautiously here, for this is uncovering one of Satan's devices. It is better for us to check ourselves first to see if we have fallen victim to this satanic maneuver, then we are in a better position to recognize when this has occurred in another's life. There are many other reasons why we humans get into messes. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all" (Pslam 34:19). Let God's Word deal deliverance from this specific satanic device: *casualty covenants*.

NOTE: The following chapter deals with a device of the evil one to keep you ill, in poverty, or in ignorance. It is imperative that this roadblock be removed before moving on in your spiritual journey to receive God's blessings provided through His Son, Jesus Christ.