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I saw a demonized man set free

Written by Bill Perkins

“What is your name,” I demanded.

Rather than getting an answer the demon’s host, a 260 pound man sitting on a chair in front of me, bent over and convulsed. With my right hand pressed against his chest, his fists clinched, his jaw locked and every muscle seized.

“In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to tell me your name,” I said. As the convulsion continued I placed my left hand on Curt’s head, “You’re okay, Curt. Don’t be afraid. You’re about to be free.”

“Something's Wrong”

When we first met, two hours before the demonic manifestation, Curt spoke of a growing relationship with Christ. And a growing ministry. But he said, “Something’s wrong. There’s a darkness within that binds me. I’m not a porn addict but sometimes I can’t resist the pull.”

“When did it start?” I asked.

“When I Was Eight”

“When I was eight,” he said, “a friend invited me to his house after school. When I walked through the front door I saw a stack of mags on the right side of a coffee table in front of a couch. Another stack sat on the left side. One stack belonged to his mother, the other to his dad. His bedroom walls were plastered with centerfolds which his parents gave him for Christmas. Every day for a month I went to his house after school.”

That’s likely when the evil spirit entered his life.

The Convulsion

The convulsion continued for over a minute.

“In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to tell me your name.”

Daaaaarkness

Suddenly a deep guttural voice spat out the name, “Daaaaarkness.”

Using the authority of the name of Jesus I commanded the demon named Darkness to leave.

A Hot Iron

Instantly, Curt's muscles relaxed and he grabbed his chest where I had placed my hand. "Your hand felt like a hot iron," he said, as he pulled out the front neck of his shirt and looked down, expecting to see a red hand print. My chest is burning.

Curt's shirt was drenched with sweat and he remembered nothing of the demonic encounter.

"I'm exhausted," he said.

"I'm Free"

Curt lives in Medicine Hat, AB, Canada. I called him on Skype yesterday and asked how he was doing. "I'm free. For the first time in memory I'm free," he said. "And it's weird. My mind has been transformed. My thinking is sharp and clear. And the joy is overwhelming. The pull of porn is gone."

"How long did your chest burn?" I asked.

"It was burning when I went to bed and gone when I woke up."

Had You Been There

I don't know what you think of demons. Had I not been there, I would have doubted such a story. But I can tell you this, had you been there you would no longer question the reality of evil spirits or the power of Christ to liberate.

My time in Medicine Hat last week with Cindy, my wife, was the most fruitful week of ministry in my life. While I've spoken to larger crowds, I've never seen the liberating power of Christ so displayed. And that's just one story. There were many more.

Is there a revival breaking out in Medicine Hat? I'm not sure. But one thing I'm sure of, God is on the move in Medicine Hat.

In the following weeks I'm going to address whether or not Christians can be demon possessed or indwelt, how a demon attaches itself to a person's soul, and how they can be evicted. You might be surprised by some of my thoughts. And who knows, you might even be liberated.