

Jodie saw afresh how wonderful Christ was, that he was truly the only one to trust her life to. She drew a breath, ‘Madge would you like another cup of coffee?’

‘Yes please. I thought you’d never ask. This conversation is a bit heavy. But I’m beginning to see what you are saying.’

I worship you, Lord Jesus, my risen,
glorious Saviour. Hallelujah

‘Madge, it was Christ’s action in placing himself on the cross and being a scapegoat for us that has bound Satan. The final nail in Satan’s coffin was when Christ came back to life. Let me read a quote from the Bible, ‘In this way God took away Satan’s power to accuse you of sin, and God openly displayed to the whole world Christ’s triumph at the cross where your sins were all taken away.’

‘I’m glad I had a talk with you, Jodie. I don’t feel so scared any more. Jesus Christ really does deserve our whole life, doesn’t he? Anyway, I think he makes a better master than Satan.’

‘Yes, it has been good to talk about who our master is. It is important to get an issue like this clear in our mind. I have one more quote for you, Madge.’

‘What is that?’

‘Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world.

1 CORINTHIANS 6: 19 (Living Bible)
COLOSSIANS 2: 15 (Living Bible)
1 JOHN 4: 4 (Living Bible)

A JOURNEY

BY Gwenneth Leane



*The journey of two women who find
answers to their questions*



No person can serve two masters.

He will hate one and love the other

Madge and Jodie were sitting over a cup of coffee when Madge suddenly commented,

‘When talk about Satan comes up I always feel scared. I don’t know very much about these things. I suppose I should find out.’

‘There really isn’t anything to be scared about,’ Jodie smiled encouragingly. ‘Some people credit Satan with a great deal of mysticism, when in actual fact, his only power is in his ability to make people believe his lies.’

‘What do you mean?’ Madge puzzled. It all seemed gobbledgegook to her.

‘First off, it begins with ownership. Who owns you, Madge?’

Madge looked a little startled, ‘Nobody owns me. I’m not a slave for anyone,’ she felt insulted.

Jodie picked up her Bible, riffling through the pages, finding the scripture, she began to read, ‘But if you give yourself to the Lord, you and Christ are joined together as one person.’ Jodie turned another page, and read out loud, ‘Haven’t you yet learned that your body is the home of the Holy Spirit God gave you, and that he lives within you? Your own body does not belong to you. For God has bought you with a great price. So use every part of your body to give glory back to God, because he owns it.’

‘So who owns you now, Madge?’

Well, put like that, God does. I don’t feel like he does, though.’

‘It doesn’t matter what you feel like, Madge, it is what you believe and trust in. Because if God owns you, Satan can’t. Once the very core of your being belongs to God, no other power or spirit can possess you.’

Jodie spoke excitedly, ‘Satan’s power is in the lies he tells us and our gullibility to believe them.

If Satan can get us to believe that we don’t belong to God; or that we are too bad a person; or how can Christ live within us, he has gained a certain power over us but he cannot possess us.’

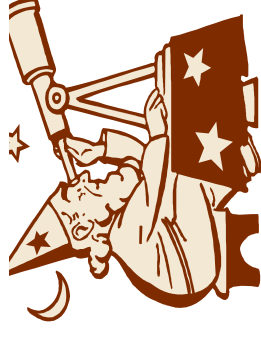
Another thought struck Jodie, ‘Fear is an emotion that Satan plays upon. He will exploit our fear by telling us not to get too religious, that there is no need to read the Bible because it’s too hard and as for praying—well that is only for kids. He will suggest that we read our horoscopes, get our fortunes told, or maybe we need to believe in good luck.’

Jodie loved her friend, but if only Madge would seriously learn what was in the Bible. Madge was inclined to believe everything people told her or what she saw on Television just because it had God’s name on it and sounded good.

Jodie wriggled in her chair, she really wanted to reach through to her friend. ‘Madge, you must know what the Bible says yourself. You must not rely on what people tell you. If you don’t know what God is saying, you will not know when Satan is telling you fibs.’

‘What about my children? Can a spirit enter them if they play with children whose parents have dabbled in the occult?’ Madge wondered aloud. She’d heard it said that if she allowed her children to play or visit with children from a home where the occult was practised that they would become affected.

Jodie rolled her eyes heavenward, asking for help. It was getting heavy. How could she calm her friend’s fears?



‘You and your husband are like a coat,’ Jodie decided a word picture might help, ‘Your Christian faith covers them, protects them until they are of an age of responsibility to choose for themselves.’

‘But what if I forget to pray for them every day. Won’t something bad happen to them?’

‘No, Madge. God is not such a puny God that he has to be reminded to watch over our children every moment of the day. Madge, because of your faith and trust, God has control of your children until they leave your covering and make their own choices.’

Jodie fell silent. She was remembering that Christ’s power was in his action of dying and coming to life again. He stood in for us, bearing thought, bearing the brunt of God’s anger and judgement that was meant for us.