

Imagination : Old Man

Sunday, August 3, 2003 Dwight read this one in church, and it bears looking over. Reading it and discussing it led to much deliverance for everyone there. Formatted to PDF so you can print it. Paul.

Sun, 03 Aug 2003 09:29:47 From: Dwight Jester dwrightj@write.me
Subject: [Fwd: Imagination : Old Man]

This is a very powerful revelation from George. After you read it ask the Lord which evil being in you would you not be willing to give up to have your little boy/girl spirit removed from your life. This is a partial list that I have received from the Holy Spirit. Authority, power, money, things, self righteousness, alcohol, drugs, sex in any evil form, etc. I am sure there are many more that the Lord has not revealed to me. If you get any additional ones, please let me know.

In Jesus, Dwight

----- Original Message -----

Subject: Imagination : Old Man

Date: Sat, 2 Aug 2003 17:02:27 -0400

From: "Benjamin" benjamin@statesville.net

To: "Dwight Jester" dwrightj@write.me

This may be one of the better imaginations I have had of late. Let me know what you think. George

Title : Imagination : Old Man

Scriptures -Romans 6 : 12 – 13 “Therefore do not let sin reign in your mortal body that you should obey its lusts, and do not go on presenting the members of your body to sin as instruments of unrighteousness; but present yourselves to God as those alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness to God.”

Dear Dwight,

The Lord has given me some very exciting, revealing and encouraging revelation recently. I am sure you will find it likewise. It may be one of the best imaginations I have had of late. It was such an eye – opener, I just simply had to share it with somebody. As usual, that somebody is you and Pat. I know of nobody else on the face of the earth that would have the slightest clue as to what I am talking about, except for maybe Bob Wilson. I am not 100% sure that I do.

The Lord gave me an imagination this past Friday, July 25, in the evening hours at my job. It concerns my little boy spirit (what else?) and my old man structure on the inside of me. That Friday had been a particularly brutal day for me in the spirit realm. My internal demons (or should I say my infernal demons?) it seemed like were yelling and hollering at me at full strength, at the top of their voices, full capacity and maximum intensity, shouting at me as loudly as possible. It was like someone had a megaphone cupped up right against my ear and they were shouting in the megaphone as loudly as they could in my ear, except it was coming from inside. Mainly what the demons were shouting and yelling at me was what a big loser I am and have always have been. Also, how my life has been a big disappointment and how I never amounted to anything. I did a lot of things wrong and have failed to do even more right. How could God ever possibly use a big failure and a loser like me? And on top of that, I will be 50 years old next year and have now become too old to be used. That's just great! Now I have really blown it with God!

That was the general line of hammering and badgering the demons were blistering me with that day, and for the entire previous week. It had just been unusually concentrated for that day, with no let - up. They were yelling and hollering at me at the top of their voices that the covenant I have out of the little boy spirit to perform perfectly everything that female domination is demanding of me is not good enough anymore. That will no longer cut it for me in this world and in this life and I better be coming up with a new and better plan and fast!

With that foundation of verbal blasting and abuse now laid, the dredging up of old memories of past failures, the reminding of current failures and shortcomings, the Lord began to intervene in the midst of this cacophony of demon noise. Out of nowhere in the middle of this noise, the Lord began to start triggering my imagination. He began to start showing me what was going on inside of me. He began to open up my spirit and allowed me to see what was going on down there. I was seeing the pictures and images on the screen of my mind, what I would call my imagination. The following is what I was seeing.

I was seeing a large, vast cavernous room of some sort, with columns seemingly everywhere. The room looked like a meeting hall or auditorium of some sort. I believe this room was the inside of my spirit. The expanse of the room seemed to stretch into infinity. The room seemed to have no beginning, no end, and no boundaries. Perhaps you could freely describe this cavernous, unending room or hall as a temple of some sort. Perhaps this is the temple of my spirit. The floor was a highly polished dark marble or agate rock. The central color theme or scheme was a dark, drab, boring, unimaginative gray. The majority of the room was darkened, with only the necessary lighting.

You could see fairly well in your immediate surroundings. But the distant reaches of the vast, cavernous room were shadows, specters and flickers of dancing lights. The extreme distant reaches of this hall or auditorium – like structure were completely darkened with absolutely no illumination whatsoever. The boring, drab, unimaginative gray color scheme did absolutely nothing to aid the illumination. I had no clues as to what was in the outermost reaches of the room.

The poor illumination allowed me to see perhaps 20 to thirty feet in any direction at one time. I believe the whole description of this structure might be a counterfeit temple of Satan of some kind that may be located inside of me somewhere. From here on I will describe the structure as a temple.

Off in the distance there are some flickering lights. As I slowly approach the flickers of light dancing off of the temple walls, I can begin to make out the shadowy forms of some kind of beings of some sort. There appears to be a central being sitting on some kind of makeshift, toy, cheaply – plated gold throne. The throne is a dais, or elevated platform, used to draw attention to a central figure, perhaps a speaker or honored person. The dais, or elevated platform, is about 6 feet by 6 feet and raised about 18 to 24 inches off of the ground. This elevated status focuses attention on the occupant of the throne. At each corner of the throne is a pole with lanterns on top of the poles to provide some desperately needed illumination to the already poorly illuminated temple.

The being perched on top of the throne is my little boy spirit. He has a miniature toy purple robe on, a cheaply plated little golden crown on top of his head and a little makeshift scepter in his right hand. He makes out the caricature of a cute little prince, perched on his little toy throne on his little dais, or elevated platform, ruling and reigning and overseeing the vast expanses and reaches of his kingdom. Unfortunately, for right now, I am that kingdom.

In front of his dais, or elevated platform, are four evil beings. They form an arc or semi – circle in front of the little boy's throne. They are there to worship and adore him, serve him and to provide protection for him. That is the main purpose of the arc formation, to provide protection. The four beings are in order, from left to right : 1) The male dominating spirit. In my particular case, it is the Intellectual Religious Baal.2) The female dominating spirit.3) The exhausted, desperately overworked male servant spirit.4) The music demon. Everybody in some form or capacity or mixture has these spirits. The music demon makes my old man structure peculiar and unique to me.

They are standing around the slightly raised platform in a semi – circle formation as described in the previous paragraph. They are talking to each other and standing half – way at attention.

They are awaiting their orders from the little boy spirit. Their number one standing order at all times is to get love and acceptance and worship for the little boy spirit. They are awaiting specific instructions as to how to carry that out exactly at this particular moment in time. They are the instruments of unrighteousness yielded to the little boy spirit. They are the arms, the extensions of the little boy. He decides what he wants and they carry it out. They have yielded themselves to the little boy and their individual members as instruments of unrighteousness to sin. What the little boy has decided that he wants is love and acceptance and worship at all times. How they get this for him is up to them. They are free to accomplish this with or without instructions.

All of a sudden, with no warning and with no announcement, out of the inky black darkness walks Jesus Christ Himself! That's right! The Lamb of God, the King of Kings and the Prince of Glory! He has come in response to many years of prayer and languishing in the old man. This is my time and my season. I simply see Him as a being of light. In my spirit, I know who He is. The witness and confirmation of the Holy Spirit are enough for me. I know that's who it is, so the details of His appearance are unnecessary. The four evil beings shriek and recoil in absolute horror at His arrival! They are not worried or concerned about who I am. But they most definitely know who He is! With no verbal preliminaries or appropriate courtesies, He approaches the four evil beings, beginning with the male dominating spirit, or in my case, the Intellectual Religious Baal. With no time to prepare or defend themselves, they are dead meat!

With the index finger of His anointed right hand, He reaches out to the male dominating spirit and touches it on the scalp where the hairline meets the forehead. Since God anointed Him with the Holy Spirit and with power, and without measure, all He has to do is to touch someone and they are healed!

**When He touches the first evil being, the male dominating spirit, it immediately dies and crumples to the ground in a lifeless spiritual heap! Wow! What truly awesome power! In my human spirit, I feel this happen and know that in this area, I have died to that sin. In this area, I am now being made alive to God through and by Jesus Christ!
(Romans 6 : 12)**

Next He moves to the female dominating spirit. He touches it on the forehead where the hairline and scalp meet. The same thing happens. It immediately collapses to the ground in a lifeless, spiritual heap! It is as dead as the proverbial doorknob! They are helpless before the Prince Of Peace! There is absolutely nothing they can do about it! The same thing happens to the already exhausted, desperately overworked male servant spirit.

I am now dying to sin and being made alive to God through and by Jesus Christ! It is now happening to me just like the Bible describes in Romans Chapter 6! They have not fallen as though dead, they are dead! They are as dead as the bodies in your local graveyard and there is absolutely nothing they can do about it! When He goes up to the music demon, He touches it on the forehead where the scalp meets the hairline. It immediately collapses to the floor in a crumpled, lifeless spiritual heap. When it collapses dead at the point of Jesus' contact, at that moment the music in my head stopped. For the first time in my life, since I became aware of that demon way back in the mid 1980's, the music has stopped! I immediately throw up my hands toward heaven in unrestrained worship to Almighty God and shout at the top of my voice, "I'm free! It's dead! It stopped! I don't hear it anymore! Praise God forever more!"

After effortlessly disposing of the four evil beings situated before the throne of the little boy, it now has no protection. Jesus now has a direct, uncontested, clear and clean shot at it. The little boy now changes its strategy. I now see my face superimposed on the face of the little boy. Where its face is, I can now see my face. The purpose of this new tactic is to get me to think that when Jesus touches the little boy, that will kill me, not it. It doesn't work. The little boy is now a goner and there is nothing that can save it now. Or can it? Jesus begins to approach the throne of the little boy and puts His right foot on the dais, or elevated platform. The index finger of His powerfully anointed right hand is now extended to only a few feet away from the little boy's forehead. What was it going to do?

Upon witnessing this gruesome scene of spiritual carnage, Satan's voice boomed to me out of this grayish, counterfeit temple. (The condition of the temple of my spirit?) He could take it no more! He yelled, screamed and hollered to me at the top of his scratchy voice, "George! Hold on a minute here! You can't do this to me! Don't you know that you need this inside of you in order to survive and make it through life? Besides, to have something in you is better than having nothing in you, as is now currently the case!"

Well, the pressure of not having and not hearing the music demon, much to amazement and astonishment, proved to be as great as the torment of having and hearing it! Having the four spirits now dead proved to be as fearful and pressurized as having them alive in me!

Being dead to that sin was so different and new that I didn't know what to do! Maybe Satan was right. Having something inside of me was better than having nothing in me. Through crushing pressure, fear, threats and intimidation from Satan, I caved in to him and gave in. I hollered out, "Lord! Wait a minute! I don't know if I can handle the sudden, abrupt loss of this much of my old man in one fell swoop!

I choose to die, but this is so abrupt and sudden and overwhelming, I don't know what to do! The enormity of this much loss all at once is greater than my self can bear! This is too much shock to my system! For right now, let's hold off."

With that free – will choice now freshly offered, Jesus retracts the index finger of His right hand, now a mere two to three feet from the forehead of the helpless, petrified little boy. He removes His right foot from the dais, or raised platform, and begins to walk backwards, retracing His steps from where He entered this makeshift throne room. He disappears into the inky black darkness from whence He had arrived, safely out of sight. He had honored my free – will choice.

Upon seeing his old man barely spared, after Jesus had safely disappeared from sight, Satan began to release a gray, billowing cloud of smoke, a kind of a dirty, soiled counterfeit glory cloud. The gray cloud began to fill the cavernous temple, billowing in like a mighty ocean wave cresting and then crashing onto a sandy beach. The cloud filled this temple and began to overshadow the forms of these four lifeless evil beings, who had just been slayed at the touch of Jesus. Something like a wind, or breath, no, a spirit, rushed out of this grayish glory cloud and surged into the four lifeless forms. When the breath or spirit entered the slain, lifeless forms, they revived and immediately stood back on their feet. They had been raised from the dead. When they stood up, the music demon started up again, just like before.

With their lives barely and freshly spared, the little boy immediately issued new marching orders. Their new orders were to go and find new, creative, exciting and innovative ways to get it more love and acceptance and worship. My same old survival covenant cycle had been spared and renewed through fear

With fresh zeal, vigor and enthusiasm, the first three spirits were commissioned and dispatched with renewed alacrity and trumpeted fanfare. The music demon, however, stayed behind. It was within constant earshot and eyesight of the little boy spirit. It never left the little boy's presence. Its purpose was to provide constant companionship, amusement and entertainment for the little boy. On that note of pathos, the imagination sadly ended, the old man having been barely spared through my free – will choice.

Dwight, I blew it, I know I blew it and I'll be the first to admit that I blew it. For five minutes, I was so suddenly free that I didn't know what to do. It was so different to be dead to that sin. I simply renewed my same old cycle of survival covenants through crushing fear, threats, intimidations and pressure from Satan. I now know what I should have done. I should have made covenant with God through the Gift Of Faith to start living my life from now on out of the New Man. But I didn't. I panicked. But I already know that the Lord will forgive me.

Next time, I'll know what to do. Next time, I'll know to present myself to God as one alive from the dead, and my new members as instruments of righteousness unto God. Romans 6 : 13

Let me know what you think. George

P. S. Do you think this experience may underscore the importance of our free - will choice towards God? I am now becoming more and more convinced God is not necessarily looking at what we are praying, but what we are choosing. He will honor that free - will choice either way.