

Witchcraft Killed My Unborn Baby Daughter

I've waited 15 years to write this article. I implore you to read every word.

As young church planters in one of America's darkest regions, Amy and I, along with our two oldest boys, who were little guys back in 2001, launched Revolution Church. The vision was intense, and our passion was for revival that would launch in that strategic city and impact the nations.

Manitou Springs, Colorado, is famous for its dark history and present liberal leanings. Rumor has it that Anton Levey wrote at least some of the Satanic Bible from his home there. It's a quirky town at the base of Pikes Peak near Colorado Springs. We started the church there in a 700-square-foot office space and then quickly grew to a core of 25 people. We moved to our second of four ultimate locations, a 2000-square-foot storefront right in downtown Manitou Springs. That's where we met Janet (name changed for the sake of this article).

I'll never forget the Sunday-morning service as the sun shone brightly through the large plate-glass windows in our small meeting place at the Arcade in Manitou Springs. Janet was a first-time guest, and she seemed to be attempting to engage during the service. Understand, at the time, Christians in Manitou Springs were few and far between, so it was not common to see Spirit-filled people visiting, unless they drove from Colorado Springs. In fact, I was invited to preach at a Manitou Springs festival the first year we were there. The organizer had no idea what he had done! In the middle of my fiery message, a bold declaration of the power and necessity of the blood of Jesus, a tall man in flowing garments stormed to the front and demanded equal time. This alternate religion, New Age leader was agitated by the anointing. It was uncommon

in Manitou Springs, and his turf was certainly being threatened.

At the end of the service, I invited people to come forward to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Janet sprung from her seat and knelt at the altar. I quickly realized she was not even saved.

After spending time with her, introducing Jesus to her and ministering to her, she boldly asked a question, "Do you ever pray for people in their homes?"

We agreed to meet at her townhouse that week to pray and encourage her. We had no idea what we were about to get ourselves into.

Janet's House

We arrived one evening, sat on the couch and prayed for Janet and her baby. It was an unusual moment for us as I felt little to no anointing. Something was hindering our prayers. Janet confided in us that she had dabbled in witchcraft and was ready to move on from it. I applauded her courage to break away from what I know is a very strong, seductive spirit. She repented of her involvement, and we prayed some more. The breakthrough remained elusive. I asked her if she owned anything inappropriate that she should get rid of. She reluctantly admitted she did and disappeared upstairs to retrieve some items.

She emerged down the stairs with a T-shirt with some occult symbolism on it. She also held the witch's handbook.

She surrendered these two pieces of occult paraphernalia to us, and we again prayed. I thought it would be easier to pray now that she had removed them from her life. I was wrong. Amy and I didn't understand why it felt so dead in her home, but we had done all we knew to do. We encouraged her again and prepared to leave. She then asked us, "I've heard of anointing

homes in oil. Do you do that?" I told her to find some Crisco.

We anointed doorways, windows and anywhere else we could dab some oil. After we finished anointing and praying downstairs, I led the way up the staircase. At the top of the stairs I saw a guest room and a bathroom. I also saw Janet's room. I was not prepared for what happened next.

I stepped into her room and immediately could not breathe. It felt like I had stepped into a swimming pool sideways. I was engulfed with a suffocating, heavy, evil presence. I stepped back outside her room. Relief.

I didn't share my experience with Amy or Janet, but instead prayed through the guest room and bathroom. I then stepped back into Janet's room. Crushing suffocation.

I attempted to pray in tongues, but there was absolutely no way I could. Every prayer fell dead to the ground.

I urgently asked Janet if there might be any additional items she should throw in the trash. She slowly, casually looked in her closet and pulled out a couple things and placed them on her bed. That didn't work. I was gasping for air, but not only air, for the breath of the Holy Spirit. We needed God to move in that place, and quick!

I was very direct with her. I said, "Janet! I will not pray for you, and you will not find freedom if you don't immediately eliminate every single thing from your life that is impure!"

I was standing between her bed and the wall, next to her nightstand. She placed several more items on her bed, but it was not helping. One final time, as I was ready to get out of there, I said, "There is something you are holding on to that is much more evil than anything you've surrendered so far. What is it? No more delay!"

She reluctantly glanced over to the night stand, inches from where I was, and pointed at something I had not noticed. She said, "Well, that's where I perform my sacrifices." I looked at a small altar with ashes all over it. Yes, that was it.

She ran down and grabbed a large, plastic trash bag. We renounced what was happening at that altar and threw it away. Immediately I could pray in the Spirit. The wind of the Spirit was refreshing beyond description. The fire in my prayer was a stark contrast to how debilitated I was previously.

Amy then began to pray with Janet and talk with her. I was praying in tongues and doing my best to hear what God was saying. God instructed me to ask Janet about demons visiting her room. God had given me incredibly precise revelation. I revealed to her that those demons require written documentation about her interactions with them. Her jaw dropped and her eyes spread open. She had never been more stunned at something someone said. I read her mail.

She went to the closet and pulled out a stack of at least 20 spiral notebooks. She said she had much more stored on her computer. She confessed that demons visit her every night and terrorize her. She is forced to write about their visits. That is why she invited us to her home. She wanted the demons to leave.

She put the notebooks and many additional things on her bed. Six trash bags of occult and witchcraft materials were taken to the dumpster.

Janet's Struggle Continues

After that experience in Janet's tiny townhouse, you'd imagine she would have gone on toward radical deliverance. Sadly, that didn't happen, at least as far as we know. She disappeared. We aggressively searched for her and finally, after several weeks, did track her down. She would attend church occasionally, but would manifest demonically at times. She

aggressively confronted my wife once and then ultimately vanished again. That was the last time we ever saw Janet—well, sort of. Janet was about to visit some people in their dreams.

Halloween Season in Manitou Springs

October in Manitou Springs is always extremely volatile. Witchcraft is rampant and the atmosphere in that town is heavy. Creepy. Threatening. Also, it was my favorite time of the year. We knew we were called to contend against the darkness as we were advancing toward revival.

Each year in Manitou Springs, we'd prayer walk the city as we witnessed small fires in the foothills of the mountains ignite. The flames would dance as though the mountains were alive. Witches were having their meetings, and we were having ours. We'd never consider hosting a harvest party or other event like that on Halloween. It was all-out war, a spiritual war, and we had no option but to be alert, armed in the Spirit and on assignment. It was time for prayer.

The attack during October each year was intense. Three years in a row, precisely on Oct. 31, our oldest son was admitted to the hospital with a severe asthma attack. The suffocating spirit was assaulting him every October until God gave us some revelation on how the enemy was assaulting us. We responded, and the Halloween attacks on him then ceased.

In 2003, two years after we had planted Revolution Church, and quite some time since we'd seen Janet, Amy was pregnant with our third child. One night, in the middle of October, Amy shot up in bed, frantic, and woke me up.

She was shaking. She said she just had a horrifying, vivid dream of Janet wielding a large knife. She drove it into my wife's stomach and killed our baby.

After praying, we went back to sleep, shaken but confident

that God was in control. The next morning, we awoke and prepared for a scheduled church staff meeting at our home. At the beginning of the meeting, I asked our staff for prayer and started to mention Amy's dream. I was interrupted by one of our staff members. She said, "Amy, I had a dream about you too last night. It was disturbing. I saw Janet with a knife. She stabbed you in your stomach and killed the baby."

We were speechless. Another staff member was beside herself. She said, "I didn't have a dream, but I had a vision about the exact scenario you both described!"

Later that day, a friend of Amy's who had never met Janet or known anything about her called. She was upset. She didn't want to scare Amy, but she had to share about a dream she had. "Amy, there was this girl (she went on to describe Janet's unique appearance precisely), and I saw a large knife in her hand. She attacked you, stabbed you in the stomach and killed the baby!"

Amy and I proceeded to do literally everything we could. We prayed, of course. We stood in our authority. We had a powerful deliverance minister and his team conduct a spiritual house cleaning in our home. They reported it was the cleanest house they had ever been in.

A Christmas Eve to Forget

A couple of months passed, and we had shaken off the disturbances that October visited on our family. In fact, we were excited about a special doctor's appointment on Christmas Eve. We hoped we were going to discover the sex of our baby!

I will never, for the rest of my life, forget what happened in the waiting room. Amy, our two sons and Amy's parents were there as we waited our turn to meet with the sonographer. Our appointment was the last of the day, and doctors, nurses and receptionists were scurrying around, closing up shop and preparing to head out to various holiday festivities. Joy was

in the house!

Suddenly, I felt an extremely heavy, holy blanket of grace descend upon me. My emotional strength suddenly tripled at least. I was spiritually tuned in, sensitive, wondering why God had decided to strengthen me in that manner. I was about to find out.

"Amy Burton," called the nurse. It was our turn.

Amy and her mom joined me in the ultrasound room. Amy lay back, as we were all excited about seeing our wonderful new baby. The sonographer placed the instrument on Amy's belly, and instantly removed it.

She said, "Wait here. I need to see if I can find a doctor before they all leave for the day."

The next two minutes were spent in silence. Joy and gladness gave way to nerves.

The doctor finally arrived, took a quick look, and said, "I'm so sorry, your baby has died."

Witchcraft Killed Our Child

Wails, cries and tears emerged from my wife. The strength I received minutes prior was now being put to use.

The next day was Christmas morning. We did all we could to make sure it was a wonderful one for our boys. We unwrapped gifts as we sat around the tree. But every single present I had bought for Amy was either maternity clothing or a gift for the baby. She carefully unwrapped each as her turn came and placed them in a pile to return to the store.

The following day, we were in a hospital room, waiting for Amy to deliver Elizabeth Hope Burton.

As the labor inducement was quite a long time from taking

effect, Amy said I could go to a late-night prayer meeting a few blocks away. My phone was kept on, and I remained ready to rush back to the hospital at any moment. At that prayer meeting, God again strengthened me. Shortly after returning to the hospital at around midnight, we both met Elizabeth.

The doctor was shocked at the cause of death. It was a cord accident. Cord accidents aren't unusual, but this particular one was. He said he'd never seen a cord wrapped five times around a baby's neck. Elizabeth was suffocated to death. Witchcraft killed Elizabeth.

We Wrestle Not Against Flesh and Blood

Amy and I bless Janet. We pray for her, wherever she may be. We don't hold her accountable in any way. She was a hurting, lost young lady. She didn't kill Elizabeth. Extremely vile, destructive, evil entities did. At the time, we did all we knew to do to help Janet. We also did all we knew to do to cancel the curse and to wage war against hateful, murderous evil spirits. We failed. We learned.

We lost six more babies after we lost Elizabeth, but we are so blessed to have three wonderful boys and two precious girls in the Burton family.

Amy has been a champion. She has ministered to those who have lost babies to stillbirth or miscarriage. She has cried with them, grieved with them, prayed with them and stood with them.

While our faith was pounded, it was not shattered. We have learned over the years to war, to wrestle with the enemy and to contend with faith and passion. Life isn't about some set of rules that Satan has to obey. He cheats. He hates. He does all he can to rip us to shreds, and he wastes no time finding just the best way to do that.

I know many of you who are reading this are already thinking about theological issues with my story. You might think

Christians can't be touched by witchcraft. You'd be wrong.

The slightest open door or lazy approach to intercession, pride or even ignorance can give the enemy access. He doesn't fight fair. He knows our weaknesses. In fact, some of you may be considering Job. He was upright, yet struck.

Understand, the blood of Jesus doesn't grant us immunity. It grants us authority. We need to enroll in the school of the Spirit and learn how to battle. If we don't fight, the fight will come to us. If we don't engage, we will be hit.

I held off for 15 years in writing this article because it's not a happy story. But I realized that so much of today's church has become inauthentic by only highlighting that which makes us happy.

In order to win battles, and ultimately the war, we have to learn from struggles. We must understand the ferocity of the enemy. We need to be in the Word, in prayer and free from even the slightest sin or compromise.

The lesson we learned was not that we were steeped in sin. We weren't. We were living holy lives as young though immature Jesus lovers. The lesson is that we must clearly understand that the enemy is ready to pounce, and that we must be ready.

Halloween Is Evil—and No Christian Should Participate at any Level

Witchcraft is permeating the atmosphere this and every October. It's time to war, not party. Pastors, call solemn assemblies instead of holding harvest parties. This is an all-hands-on-deck season.

I'll leave you with some short bullet points that I posted to Facebook earlier today about Halloween. If you didn't understand before why I so vehemently renounce this unholy day, you now should.

Eleven Reasons Christians Celebrate Halloween

1. They don't believe witchcraft is a big deal.
2. They wrongly think the way they celebrate doesn't involve witchcraft.
3. They incorrectly assume Christians are immune to curses and the power of witchcraft.
4. They can't imagine the thought of their kids missing out.
5. They celebrated Halloween as children and conclude it didn't have any negative impact on them.
6. They wrongly equate it with Christmas, which "also has pagan roots" yet is universally embraced by Christians.
7. They believe it can be sanitized and Christianized.
8. They believe it's a great opportunity to evangelize, but without exposing the darkness or revealing how wicked the holiday is.
9. They have fallen for false-grace deception that allows them to be free and have fun no matter what.
10. They haven't experienced the wonder and terror of the spirit realm.
11. They lack discernment. {eo}

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