

My First Deliverance Session Changed the Trajectory of My Life

I preached my first message on deliverance with fire and conviction and walked out that night, knowing it would not be long before the Lord would challenge me to actually cast out a demon. I remember thinking, "How on earth can I be so convicted about something I've never done?" The prospect was even more unnerving than that first sermon, but I knew it was coming.

After that first deliverance sermon, I immediately got on the bus, and we drove six or seven hours over to Arkansas, where I preached at a tent that seated about 600 people.

The place was packed despite it being so freezing cold that I was surprised anybody stayed. The service went on and on, and it was beautiful. Just before I got up to speak, a lady came to my book table and said, "Pastor Locke, you're my online pastor. I love you; thank you for your stand. I appreciate your boldness. I drove all the way here tonight from Oklahoma because I need deliverance."

I nervously said, "Oh no, ma'am, you should have found a deliverance minister in Oklahoma before you came to Arkansas. I've never done that." Can you imagine? I just didn't think I was ready.

But she said, "I know, I watch every sermon, and I pay close attention to every word that comes out of your mouth. I told you, you're my online pastor, and I'm telling you right now I'm your guinea pig. The Holy Ghost told me to come here tonight to get some deliverance from you. I need it that bad. I'm so desperate that I'll stay till three in the morning in

the cold if I have to, but you're gonna have to pray over me before I leave!"



Again, can you imagine? I was nervous as a long-tail cat in a room full of rocking chairs, so I just said OK and headed for the platform to preach.

My message that night was about the lukewarm church from Revelation chapter 3. All the while as I preached, I was thinking to myself, "I hope she gets offended or has some sort of emergency and just has to leave." I was that nervous.

When I got through preaching, I went back to the book table where it's customary to shake hands with folks and sign some books and get some pictures taken. I dragged it out as long as I could. I guarantee you I spent an hour and a half standing in the meet-and-greet line, and she patiently sat there in her little seat in that freezing cold tent with her husband and sister by her side.

When I finally ran out of people and realized my delay tactic had failed, I took a deep breath and walked over to her. My heart felt like it was about to beat out of my chest, and I simply said, "Well, here we go, ma'am." I pray for thousands of people every week, but it's never felt like this. I've discovered that it requires an entirely different level of faith to truly walk in the authority that God has given you, and before that night I didn't realize I had that kind of authority.

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I then said, "Are you ready?"

And she said, "Are you ready?"

And I'm thinking, "that's to be determined." Then I said, "Just bow your head"—not because that was necessary, but because I didn't really know what else to say or do! For that moment, I felt as dumb as a box of bricks. I had read books and listened to all of Derek Prince's CDs, but I never really spent time thinking about the "how to" part of it all. I didn't know any spirit names. I had yet to truly study Leviathan or Jezebel or their ilk. And I certainly didn't have a deliverance manual to reference.

But I knew how Jesus and the disciples did it, so I just tried to keep it simple.

I put my hand on her and said, "Evil spirit, I don't know who you are, but you come out right now, in the name of Jesus." She immediately slumped out of her chair, hit the floor and started convulsing. I thought, "You gotta be kidding me! It can happen that quick?"

Then I said, "In the name of Jesus, come out right now. You hear me? You hear me, you foul devil? You hear me, you foul spirit? You better come up and out right now. You're coming all the way up and all the way out. I don't know what your name is, but I'll stay here all night. You come out right now in the name of Jesus!"

At this point she was wallowing around on the ground screaming and throwing up all kinds of white foamy stuff. Then she suddenly stood up, squalling and crying out, "I'm free! I'm free!" She immediately started praising God and using her prayer language, while hugging her sister and husband. Then she looked at me and said, "My back is straight. I've been freed from the heaviness. I've been freed from infirmity. I've been freed tonight!"

On the ride back home, I felt like a little kid. I kept saying to the guys on the bus, "It works! It not just a theory, it actually works!"



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