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Just For Fun? Beware!!



by Mrs. Paul E. King

JUST FOR FUN? BEWARE!! **By Mrs. Paul E. King**

I shall call her Jayla, a name I made up purposely; totally fictitious and new, even to me. But like I said I made the name up purposely so no one will think I am writing about him/her. But it could just as easily be Mary or Brittany or Sally; George or John or Harry. Again I repeat, the name is totally fictitious, but the story behind the name is not. It is true! Facts -- cold, dreadful, fearful facts!

Please do me a favor and read every word in this story. If I may help only one of you, my dear readers, I shall feel well repaid. But I pray that many will not only read, but heed the warning and flee to God for help and for mercy. And deliverance, too, if you are bound, and going through what Jayla went through.

It all started off as a joke, a fun thing, she said . . .

"Hey, Jayla, Starla's having another big party at her house Friday night. You're to come. She couldn't reach you so she asked me to tell you. What with us being together so much, she knew I'd be seeing you."

"Anything special on the agenda?" Jayla looked meaningfully at Jita's face.

"Meaning. . . ?"

"O you know, Jita! We're not 'little girls' any longer. I like excitement. Fun. Starla's full of new ideas . . ."

Jita's face creased in a dark frown. "Sometimes I'm frightened over some of Starla's 'specials.' For as beautiful a girl as she is she sure can come up with some scary, far-out ideas. Honestly, Jayla, if my mom knew some of the things we do when we're together, she'd flip. Positively and absolutely, flip! And Dad . . . well, if he ever found out, it would be the last I'd ever get to go to one of Starla's 'extravaganzas.' I get all creepy feeling sometimes just being around her. Honest I do."

"Jita, you're kidding!"

"No, I'm not kidding! I get creepy feelings around Starla. Only at certain times. It's kinda' funny, too. Now, if I was religious like Bethany Printess and Mona Waters, maybe I'd have enough sense . . . or courage, one . . . to just turn Starla down nicely and politely and never again go to one of her parties."

"But I love her parties, Jita!" Jayla exclaimed. "They're electric with excitement, intrigue, and . . . and mystery. Starla's a great party getter-upper. Even the fellows say so. And as for Bethany and Mona, pfff, who cares about them. They're real religious kooks, so there! "

"Whatever Bethany and Mona are, I know one thing, no, two things: they're two of the most wonderful and most respected girls in all of our town, and they're happy. Truly happy. There's not one bit of superficiality about them or their happiness, either. Whatever they have is real. And they'd never come to any of Starla's parties. I try to analyze this -- why they wouldn't come, I mean. Someday, I'll have to ask them."

"Starla wouldn't have them, Jita. Why, nothing could be done; nothing would work. You must have a mutual blending of spirits before it works. And please, before I forget, tell Starla I got the message and I'll be there."

"The fellows will be coming earlier in the evening, Starla said. Everybody's to meet out in the fabulous garden under the beautiful pagoda first. Starla wants everything to be just right. She's having the fellows there early to rig up lights for special effect, I understand. And she said the stars and the moon were perfect, too. She's weird sometimes. But so beautiful. And a perfect organizer."

"She's marvelous. And electrifying. She taught me how to tell fortunes. I'm earning money on the side now. Good money! Not bad for a small-town gal, Jita. I mean to stay with Starla and profit by her know-how. She's a whiz at reading the stars."

Jita was silent for a long while. "Do you believe all that?" she finally asked.

"Do I believe it! What a perfectly ridiculous question to ask! Of course, I believe it. Starla's dedicated to this thing. She turned herself over completely to this . . . this . . ."

"What is it Jayla? What do you call it -- demon worship or . . . or . . .?"

"Oh, don't be silly, Jita!"

"I'm not; I'm dead serious. And if what I feel isn't demon power, I don't know what it is. Its cre-e-py! Br-r! "

"Oh, well! Starla herself has supernatural power. And I guess that's one thing that fascinates me."

"Don't forget Friday night, Jayla. I must run; Mom wants milk. But fast."

"You coming then, Jita?"

"It all depends on the vibes I receive: good and gentle, yes, I'll be there; chilly and creepy, count me out! I'm going to begin making up my own mind instead of always 'yes-in'" to Starla. She's got a strong hold on a bunch of the kids, you included. I'm about ready to split. I know it would please Mom and Dad. They think she's into 'something forbidden' (their words.)"

"That may account for your feelings, Jita -- parent pressure. Well, run along and be a mommy's girl all your life . . ."

Jita didn't answer; Jayla's words stung her too hard. Tears flushed from her eyes. She knew that Bethany and Mona would never have spoken to her like that.

Friday night found Jayla at the party though Jita wasn't. The entire garden looked mysteriously strange in the faint light. Off in a barely-lighted clump of trees was a cluster of tables seating four each. Starla directed her guests to the tables, each table having a ouija board on it. "The night is yours," she announced light-heartedly. "Enjoy yourself. Ask what you will of the board . . ."

Jayla felt a strange power possess her the minute she laid her hands on the board. It was like something . . . or someone . . . had entered her very being and was directing her fingers, and her thoughts. She was fascinated, captured completely and possessed! Every spare minute found her consulting the ouija board. She wanted no part of anything else Starla had planned for her garden party. The board possessed her.

She asked Starla's permission to take the board home, promising to return it as soon as she could buy one of her own when the store opened the following day.

From the ouija board, she went on to reading the stars and dabbling in witchcraft, all practiced, taught and encouraged by Starla. She saw less and less of Jita, whom, she heard, had "lost her head over religion." Jayla was

sure that it was through Bethany and Mona that Jita's "change" had come. But she couldn't have cared less; she was too busy with her obsession.

A month passed. One month of worship at the shrine of her god, the ouija board, the stars and witchcraft. Then a terrifying thing happened; she began seeing weird and frightening things in her home -- things that no one else saw. Intangible, but very real creatures. And voices began talking to her . . . in the night hours, until she couldn't sleep. On the job, until she couldn't concentrate. Driving her car, until she nearly had an accident. They hounded her every moment, like a blood hound trailing her, she thought, wanting to scream for them to leave her alone but powerless to do so. She was in the power of demons and she could not free herself. She knew it and she was terrified. But powerless.

Her appetite left her. She became pale and thin, wanting nothing or no one but the powers that now possessed her but which she feared and was powerless to do anything about. She was living in a hell on earth.

She broke physically. Her parents were baffled. The doctors, too. The medications they prescribed for her only made the powers of the demons stronger and more real. She felt trapped. Chained. Bound. And always, everywhere, there were the weird creatures around her, the voices within her, telling her what to do, what to do, what to do.

She thought surely she was losing her sense of reason, her mind. The nights were unbearable and long. Often, she walked the sidewalk in front of the house, hoping to disengage or loose some of the powers within her. Always, they were her constant companions, telling her what to do, forcing her deeper into fortune telling, witchcraft and reading the stars. And with each added dimension of demon knowledge, there came an increased number of demons into her person until she could have been called Legion.

"Jita! Jita!" she screamed aloud one dark, long night.

Her mother came running into Jayla's bedroom. "If you don't soon get better," her mother said, "we're making an appointment with a psychiatrist."

"It won't help, Mother. Nothing will help. Believe me, I know. Unless, maybe Bethany Printess may be able to help." A ray of hope sprang into Jayla's eyes. "Yes, that's it. Send for Bethany in the morning, Mother. "

"But what could Bethany do, Jayla? She's no doctor, not even a nurse."

"I know, but I want to see Bethany. She may be able to help me."

"I'm sure I don't know what she can do that your father and I haven't done already, but I'll see if I can get her in the morning."

Jayla lay back on the pillow, keeping the light burning all night, afraid to go to sleep. "I'll get you!" a voice declared in weird tones. "You'll soon be where some of your friends are . . . Read more. Learn more . . . The board; get the board. Starla's having another party tomorrow night; go to it . . ."

It was uncanny. She felt like an animal in a small cage, being prodded, prodded, prodded. Her mind was going to snap for sure. No human could endure what was going on inside her for long and retain his sanity.

Bethany came the following morning. So did Mona and Jita.

"You look . . . happy, Jita," Jayla remarked when she saw her friend.

"Oh, I am!" came Jita's instant reply. "I found the Lord Jesus Christ. He forgave my sins and saved my soul. I wish you'd ask Him to forgive you of your sins, Jayla. He's the only one who can help you."

Jayla began shaking violently. "I . . . I can't," she cried. "I'm bound. Bound! Do you hear me? Oh, I can't stand this much longer."

"Jesus can liberate you, Jayla," Bethany said, kneeling beside the bed and laying a hand on the pale cheek. "At the name of Jesus, the demons and powers of hell must flee. We're going to pray for you . . ."

A struggle ensued such as Bethany and Mona had never seen before. Jita, knowing more about Jayla than either of the others, said, "Plead the blood of Jesus, Jayla, and denounce and renounce the ouija board and all those books you've been reading. God wants to deliver you and set you free."

Jayla's eyes grew glassy. Set. The girls prayed on. And on. And on, pleading the blood of Jesus for total deliverance for Jayla. The forces of evil were pitted against the host of Heaven. The battle raged. But the blood of

Christ availed and prevailed. Jayla was delivered -- fully, entirely, completely. She was converted, gloriously and miraculously and wondrously so. She had a burning . . . of the ouija board, the books, the cards. Everything.

She was healed physically and emotionally. Today, she is trying to warn others of the dangers hidden and lurking behind the ouija board the delving into fortune-telling and witchcraft, and reading the stars. Innocent fun? Not so! Not so, Jayla says. Demon power? Yes. Yes! Beware! Beware! Flee from it. In her words, "There is at this time in the world a great interest in the devil's works, and I feel sorry for those unsuspecting teenagers, and grown-ups, too, who, maybe tomorrow, will become entangled in something they may never be able to get out of. I would encourage Christians everywhere to first be aware of the dangers of these things and next, wherever and whenever possible, to speak out about these dangers. Who knows, it may prevent someone from going through what I went through for three years or more!"

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5:17)

Delivered? Yes. Hallelujah! Through Christ! Dear reader friend, you, too, can be delivered. Flee to Him for mercy and pardon and deliverance. There is power in His blood! For you!