

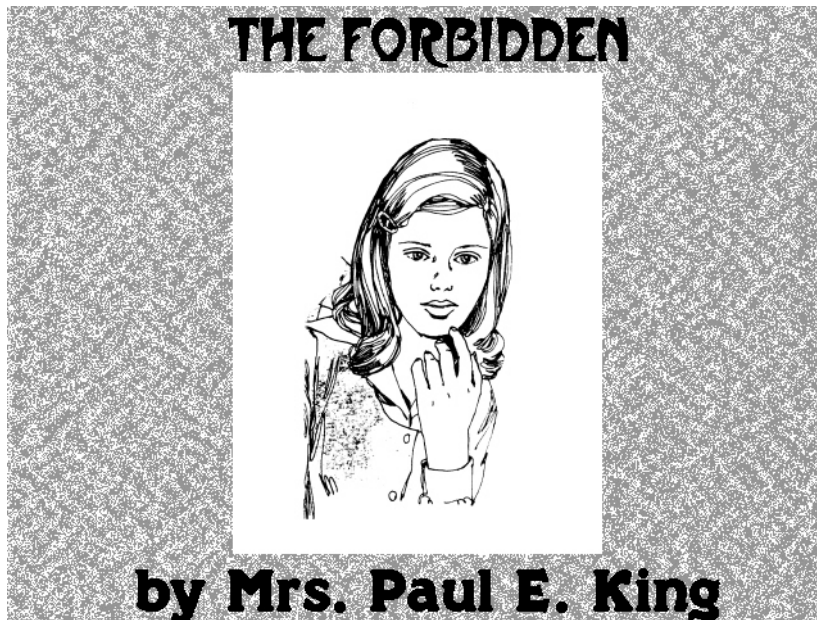
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Digital Edition 10/22/2001  
By Holiness Data Ministry

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The Sunday School Beacon  
October 27, 1991



**THE FORBIDDEN**  
**By Mrs. Paul E. King**

I couldn't quite decide what was going on when I entered Kayla's house. I guess I had thought it would be only Kayla and me there; her folks had had to go out of town for the afternoon and wouldn't be returning until late into the night, they had thought. So Kayla asked me to come over for the evening and my parents had consented, since they felt sure Kayla's older

sister Lenisa would be there also. Lenisa worked at the supermarket in our town, after school.

Kayla and I were bosom friends since we were small children. We played together with our dolls for so long as I can remember; we waded the crystal-clear, toe-tingling-cold brook together, grew up together, and "graduated" from the church's nursery class on up until we were presently in the Delightful Teens class.

We shared silly secrets, giggled over what my big brother Ben called "Inspid Nothings," and we cried together when sadness of any kind entered either of our homes. We were converted in the same wonderful revival meeting in our church and were sanctified wholly shortly thereafter, Kayla around the family altar in their home and I at the church altar.

"Guess what?" Kayla asked as soon as I was inside the door.

"What?" I rejoined, laughing.

"Lenisa asked Marti over till Mom and Dad return, and Marti brought Lizette along. She said she was sure we wouldn't mind; especially since Lizette's still new to our little town and can't seem to adjust to our 'laid back' ways, as she calls our way of living. She's from California, as you know, and was used to city life, whatever that's like. She's surely different. In all ways, it seems."

"I'm thankful we're living here," I replied seriously. "Lizette will come to appreciate our slower pace of living. At least, I hope she will."

"I'm afraid that's the problem," Kayla said softly. "Lizette's used to the bright lights and the night life. She told someone she'll die from boredom until her parents get back from overseas. She's sorry, now, that she didn't go with them."

I was silent for a long time; my mind was in a flurry of thoughts. "We need to put Lizette on our prayer list," I finally said.

"That's a for sure thing, Susan. Now come, Marti said Lizette wants to teach us a few things."

"Like what?" I asked, sensing strangely-frightening vibes inside my being.

"I don't know; she didn't say. I think Lenisa's kind of nervous, though. She got off work half an hour ago and thought Marti may be lonely since her folks are gone also, so she asked Marti to come here until her folks get home."

I felt uneasy. Lizette gave me that kind of feeling almost every time I was around her. Something about her set alarm bells off inside of me. Not that Lizette was creepy-crawly looking or any such thing; not at all. On the contrary; she was actually very beautiful. She had long flowing hair, much the color of newly-cut wheat straw -- golden blonde. She was tall and slender and carried herself like a princess. She had enormous true-blue eyes, a complexion that was flawlessly beautiful and she knew how to make all the right hand-arm-and facial gestures at the right time. But something about her alerted my heart to the fact that she was wordly-wise in areas that she should not be; areas that were forbidden. Always, I had this same feeling in her presence.

"Are you coming, Susan?"

Kayla's question jolted me out of my silent fears. Praying quietly, I followed my friend into the family room. "Hi, everybody," I said.

"Sh! Sh!" Lizette said softly as she laid a long, beautiful, slender index finger over my lips, "I'm getting a message," she whispered. "I can feel the vibes coming into my body."

I felt vibes too; mine were those same fearful kind I sensed when in Lizette's presence. I began pleading the blood of Jesus.

"Someone, or something, did something to hinder the message," she said with snapping eyes. She looked at me like I was a villain then she walked away. "What month were you born in?" she asked Marti. "I can forecast astrologically."

Marti laughed; a bit shakily, I thought. Then she exclaimed with jolly humor, "Stop it, Lizette; I'm a Christian: Christians don't go in for such things. God's Word is against it."

Lizette persisted. "Who made the stars?" she asked quickly. Nicely. Coyly. Almost too nicely, I thought.

"God, of course, " came Marti's instant reply. "And He doesn't want us fooling around in this astrology thing. Like I just said, God's Word forbids it. I'll read something to you from Deuteronomy 4:19 and Jeremiah 10:2," Marti added, hurrying to where the Bible lay open on the coffee table.

"Don't do it!" Lizette exclaimed, grabbing Marti's arm. "I'm not interested in what the Bible says; I'm a believer in the stars -- the horoscope. I'm a Pisces and. . . . "

"Lizette, the Bible warns about astrology," Lenisa said calmly. "It's dangerous to dabble in things like that. Deuteronomy 18 forbids the practice of magic or fortune-telling. And in Acts, chapter 16, Paul cast the demon out of a girl who made a profit by fortune-telling. These things are demonic and come from Satan himself. Please don't mention anything more about any of these forbidden things. I know my folks wouldn't allow it; neither will I. Let us pray for you; Jesus can deliver you from these evil desires."

"Are you kidding! I'm happy living just like I'm living. And I'm not interested in what you have to offer me."

"Not what, Lizette;" I said kindly, "rather, we have a living, risen, kind, loving Savior to offer to you. He's not a what; He's a Divine Being! A wonderful. . . ."

"Don't try to convert me!" Lizette snapped angrily. "I'm as committed to what I believe in as you are to your Christianity."

"But Lizette," Marti cried softly, "what you believe in doesn't give your heart peace and rest like Jesus does when He saves one's soul and forgives their sins. Nor do you know you'll go to Heaven when you die; rather, unless you repent of this demonic, satanic belief and become converted, you'll burn forever in the fires of hell and damnation."

Lizette's eyes seemed to flash fire, literally. She thrust her long, slender arms outward and began chanting something in an undertone as she looked fiercely intent upon each of us.

The air was pregnant with an unholy presence and feeling. Involuntarily, and almost as one, Marti, Lenisa and Kayla and I fell on our knees and began to pray, pleading the blood of Jesus as we did so.

In a voice that was all but screaming, Lizette shouted, "Okay! Okay! Stop the prayers. I can't do anything. Nothing works. I'm leaving, do you hear me? It's obvious I can't convert you. I came in here to my aunt and uncle with the express purpose of trying to spread and convert and propagate my beliefs, and to get a new group started for my master; but I see it's not going to work. You're so very puritanical; so religious. Why don't you get in the groove of things? You're bores; everyone of you. I'm leaving. Leaving! I'll go back to my friends in California and worship my master."

"But Lizette, that . . . that's the devil whom you're worshipping. God never leads one into what you're dabbling in!" Marti cried. "It's demonic, Lizette!"

"Dabbling in, did you say!" Lizette shouted angrily. "We have turned our life over to our master. We who are dedicated do not dabble: we are committed! Good night, little angels," she added as she walked from the room to the door and, laughing a laugh such as none of us had ever heard before, she slammed the door and was gone.

I guess if I live to be a hundred years old I'll never be able to describe what we sensed and felt as Lizette made her last and final speech before she left. Stating it mildly, it was anything but the sweet, sacred Presence all four of us love and cherish and are so familiar with. We were fighting the powers of evil and of darkness as we prayed. It was very real and very frightening. The blood of Jesus was our mighty, all powerful and only defense; our weapon, if you please! And, like always, it prevailed and overcame the power of Satan.

"I'm sorry, Lenisa," Marti said, when we recovered from the horror of what we had just felt and witnessed. "I pitied Lizette. I thought tonight would be a good time to let her see that Christian young people have beautiful and wholesomely enjoyable times together. I've witnessed to her about the Lord quite a few times. I'm sorry I invited her here. Forgive me, please. I had no idea she was into anything satanic!"

Lenisa put an arm around Marti's shoulders. "There's nothing to forgive you for," she remarked gently. "In fact, I believe God had this night planned especially for Lizette. He is faithful to every soul; tonight He opened a new door for Lizette; He gave her an opportunity to turn from her sins and her wickedness and to come to Him. What she does about it will determine her eternal destiny and her abode. We must continue praying for her. It will take a miracle of God to get her out of what she is into. But we know that God still works miracles."

It was after Lenisa had finished speaking that I told them of the feelings I'd had when Lizette was in my presence or I in hers; and without exception, Marti and Lenisa and Kayla had each experienced and felt the same, identical things which I had.

We got Bibles then, and began reading and running scriptural references on the forbidden -- the forecasting and fortune telling. Then we had a prayer meeting. I guess I'd be more accurate in saying it was a praise meeting -- on our knees -- for the power of Christ and for the covering, protecting Blood.