

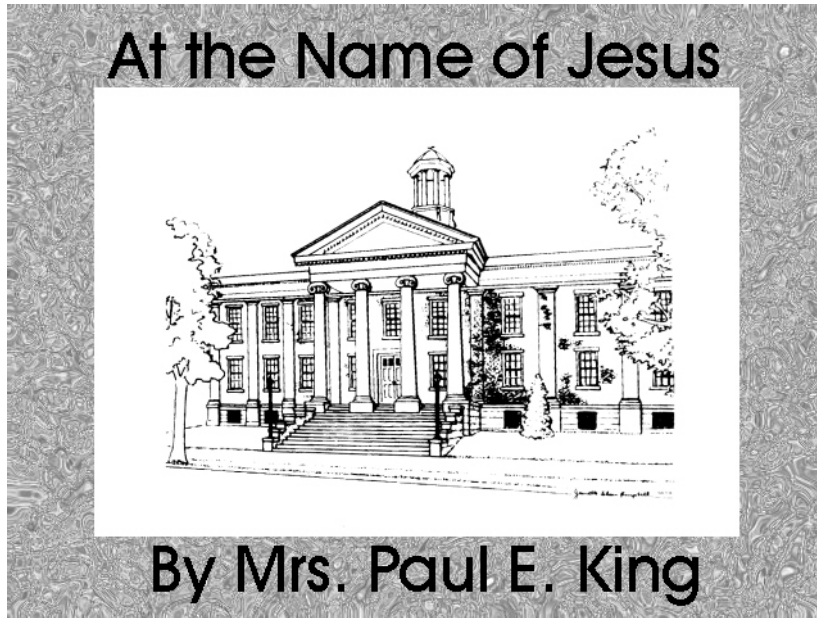
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AT THE NAME OF JESUS
By Mrs. Paul E. King

I didn't particularly want to go to the student lounge with Jan when she asked me to go, but popcorn and I have a real love affair. I mean, I love popcorn. Even eat it cold for breakfast. So when Jan asked me to go with her, and I heard that it was to be one humongous popcorn party, well, how could I refuse! Especially when I knew there'd be buttered popcorn, cheese popcorn, herb-seasoned popcorn and caramel corn. Personally, I prefer mine

battered. But still, the announcement that it was to be a "variety-flavored popcorn party" did sound unusually inviting and appealing and I knew I'd be eating some of each, for it was popcorn, wasn't it? And I love popcorn.

I studied hard and diligently before going to the lounge with Jan. I promised to give my studies my very best shot when I enrolled in college and I meant to fulfill and carry out that promise. No wasting time -- or hard-earned dollars -- for me. I had come for one purpose and that was to get my teacher's degree, then enter the field to which I knew the Lord had called me.

"Are you coming?" Jan called, just as I finished writing down the last notes for the following day's lessons.

"At your beck and call," I answered, closing the book and stacking everything neatly on top of the desk in preparation for the early morning class I had the following day.

Jan and I chatted like a couple of magpies as we hurried to the lounge, where the wonderful aroma of the hot, dancing, popping kernels of corn drew us like a magnet into the cheerful room.

The atmosphere was one of gayety and pleasant camaraderie. Not that the girls were Christians or, in some cases were even religiously inclined; they weren't for the most part. So far as I knew, Jan and Babs Herrington and I were the only three Christians there. (And we availed ourselves of every opportunity -- without becoming obnoxious -- to let our light shine for Jesus.) The girls in the lounge were decent and respectable girls, however. They weren't among the "high flyers" -- that certain well-known "in crowd." This was by choice -- on their part. I admired them for the stand they took regarding not becoming a part of that reckless, daring and sometimes frightening crowd.

Jan and I took our bottles of Gatorade and cans of Hawaiian Punch over to the counter top where more than half a dozen corn poppers were making a symphony of merry noise and began filling tall styrofoam cups with ice and the juice drinks we'd brought just as Gayle Evans called out loudly,

"Come and get it while it's hot --
Choose your flavor -- buttered or not.
Some like it cheesy, some like it cold;

I like mine spicy, or caramelized like gold.

"In other words, it's ready. The poem was just for fun. There's Sprite, Pepsi, Pepsi Diet, Hawaiian Punch and Gatorade to drink."

It was so much fun and so relaxing, sitting there eating popcorn and just being friendly in a casual, carefree way.

"We should have waited until Laura Jane or Babs or Jan offered grace," Missy Needmore said, with a hand full of popcorn poised above the bowl in her hand. "They prayed over theirs; I saw it. I think that's neat. I'd like them to pray over mine. Anyone else care to join me?"

"Sure, why not?" It Sounded like the answer was unanimous.

I nudged Jan; Jan and Babs said, "You pray, Laura."

Not wasting a single precious moment of time, I said softly, "Let's bow our heads, please." I then thanked the Lord for the delicious snack, the delightful fellowship and for God's greatest of all gifts to us -- Jesus. Nothing lengthy; only what I felt would glorify, honor and please Him and let the girls know that always, there was Jesus.

"No one ever did that over my food before," Missy stated reverently when I finished. "Thanks, Laura; that was beautiful."

"Since we're on the religious side of things tonight, at least for right now," Dawn Scott said, "I wonder what you girls think about that strikingly beautiful, black-haired Junior that's gaining quite a bit of 'notoriety' on campus here for her E.S.P."

Dawn looked at Jan and Babs and me as she spoke.

"She gives me the creeps, " Babs declared. "I saw her a few times in the library. She's beautiful, to be sure. But there's something scary about her."

"She's deep into whatever it is she's into," Dawn said. "And one of the girls in her class said she's studying everything she can find on the occult and Satanism and witchcraft. Guess it's becoming quite a growing thing here

on campus. She's organizing -- or forming -- or whatever you call it -- quite a few groups right in this local area, so goes the report. Now, my question; is this a religion? And is it right?"

"It isn't right!" The exclamation came out of all three of us simultaneously; that is, Jan and Babs and me.

"It's a 'religion,' Dawn," I said; "a 'religion' where Satan is worshipped. It's anti-God through and through and the Holy Bible forbids this. Strongly! In Exodus 20, beginning at verse one of that chapter, it says, 'And God spake these words, saying,

"I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' "Whoever worships anyone or anything besides God, is breaking the very first of the Ten Commandments. This is wrong and sinful and wicked. Very much so."

"This Diana -- that's what they say her name is," Amy Benson stated, "uses magic of some kind: enchantments, I believe someone called it. And incantations, too. I guess she's pretty powerful, from the reports that are circulating around here. I don't pay any attention to it because I'm not interested in things like that. And after all, who would be so foolish as to worship Satan?"

"You'd be surprised if you knew how many there are who are following her and her beliefs!" Candace Lohr declared. "She has charisma, and a drawing power."

Jan spoke next. "Everything the Lord Jesus Christ did, Satan has duplicated -- or tried to duplicate," she said. "Satan has power. But he is not all-powerful. Only God is All-Powerful! Remember this. Always. So, since Satan does have power, those who serve and worship him derive their power from him. And always -- always! -- his power is evil."

"It's hard for me to believe some of the things I hear this Diana is supposedly doing," Annette Corey added to the conversation. "Like making things drop off walls in rooms other than her own and even killing a bird in

flight, right outside one of the students' windows. I think someone's stretching the truth or maybe just fabricating these stories."

Lynn Borstman got up and poured more punch into her cup. Adding ice, she said, as she looked around her, "I'm afraid it's all very true, what each of you has heard and what is being told around campus. I'm not very religious -- and I'm ashamed to admit and confess this -- but I'm doing it anyhow and I feel better for having had the courage to do so. But I have a wonderful aunt who was, years ago, deeply involved in Satanism and the occult. She was so high in this that she became a high priestess in Satanism." All eyes focused on Lynn now.

"Really?" came a chorus from the eager listeners. "She had power, believe me. But all of it came from Satan, like Jan said. Whatever she wanted or desired, she asked for from Satan -- Lucifer. And she got it, she said. She could make furniture rise and pictures to fall off walls just like you're hearing about this Diana. And many other scary and horrible things besides. It's too frightening for me to even talk about it, and I'm sorry I even mentioned it now. But I just wanted you to know these things do happen."

"What about your aunt, now, Lynn? Are you saying she is no longer involved with these things?" It was Amy.

"Not for nearly twenty years, she hasn't been."

"What happened?" the girls asked quickly.

Lynn looked at Jan and Babs and me for a long time. Then she said simply, "My aunt gave her heart and life to the Lord Jesus, just like those girls have done." She pointed in our direction.

Lynn looked at the floor; then she raised her eyes again. "Auntie said she thought she had found the most powerful force in all the world when she got into the occult and Satanism. But then something happened that put doubts in her mind and made her begin to wonder: she met up with a Christian woman who approached her about her soul -- was she ready to meet the Lord were she to die that very moment? Did she know where she'd go if she did die that very instant? Wouldn't she like to break with sin and its master, Satan, and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive her of her sins and be born of God from above?"

"My aunt said the woman infuriated her so terribly until, right in her presence, she used her incantations and enchantments and tried to cast a spell on her but it didn't work. Frustrated beyond words, she tried again, appealing silently to her master for aid, and each time she did so the woman named the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in her effort to get through to my aunt's heart. And when Jesus' name was named, my aunt said she felt like she was paralyzed. That, she said, is when she knew there was a power greater and stronger and more powerful than anything she had ever experienced or yet discovered."

"My Jesus!" I whispered softly as tears coursed down my cheeks, and Jan and Babs and I hugged each other.

Lynn too was crying now. "I want to finish," she said quickly, "for this true anecdote has a beautiful ending. A wonderful ending. Seeing that this woman before her had a shining face while she questioned Auntie, and noticing that she spoke with power and authority and was fearless while doing so, Auntie asked, 'What is it you have?'

"I don't have an it,' Auntie said the lady replied as she laid her hands on her shoulders and added, 'dear, precious woman, I have Jesus: The Lord Jesus Christ is my Savior and my Sanctifier; my Lord and my King. All power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth. He is King of kings and Lord of lords. Beside Him there is no god.'

"Auntie said at that very moment her own body seemed to be frozen with fear. The Christian lady, knowing what was happening -- that there was a struggle going on for her soul -- began praying for Auntie, pleading the blood of the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver her and save her soul. And, after quite a time of prayerful persistence by the Christian woman, my aunt was miraculously delivered from that which she was so deeply into. She was saved, and later on was sanctified wholly and, my, what a blessing she is even yet today. And now, since I've said all this, I want everybody here to know that, since telling my aunt's story of deliverance and salvation from sin, I'm going to help to answer her prayers for me by doing exactly what she did -- turning to the Lord. Girls, you'll find me in Laura's room shortly --"

She looked at the three of us again.

"We'll be there, God willing," we answered.

"If anyone else would like to pray," I said softly, "we'd love to pray for you and with you. There is overcoming power and wonder working power in the blood of Jesus. His blood was shed to set us free from sin. Remember -- always -- the name of Jesus! He came to set us free. When we become a child of God; the scripture says, 'Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world' I John 4:4. Again I repeat, remember the Name of Jesus! Always."

A solemnly-sacred hush settled over the group. The Lord had used Lynn's anecdote to get the girls to thinking. I knew there would be more who would be making changes. Yes, I knew. And someday, in God's perfect timing, maybe I would have an opportunity to show them from the Bible what God's Word had to say about the wizards, the necromancers, the diviners, the enchanters, witches, consultants with familiar spirits and observers of times, all of which God said were an abomination to the Lord.

Prayerfully and thankfully, I started for my room.