

“Ministering Spirits”

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In the early seventies, I was (among other interesting things) doing research and writing for the senior pastor of a church in Denver. One day he told me he wanted to preach a series about Satan: his origin, character and mission.

Next morning, I was gathering related information. By noon, I was well into it. As I was leaving for lunch, I put into my pocket a booklet on the same subject, written by Corrie ten Boom. I would digest it along with my chef salad.

I was cruising along North Cherry Creek Drive, on my way to Wyatts Cafeteria. Soon, I got into the left lane to make a left turn further down the street. Traffic was light. I saw no one in front of me.

Suddenly, I felt gentle but urgent external pressure on the front of my body – from head to toe. I had the sensation that if I didn't stop immediately, I would be squeezed as flat as a Russian potato pancake. Feeling foolish, I slammed on the brakes. The mysterious pressure left immediately, and only then did I see a car with its left turn signal on, standing in front of me. There must have been an inch between our bumpers.

As I munched lunch, I couldn't help trying to figure it out. Satan does not like factual publicity about himself. He does not want anyone to understand who he is, what he's like and how he operates. It must have upset him that we were on his case. That's why he wanted to have me blinded long enough to hurt and scare me. But, his agent failed to anticipate my guardian angel's lightning reaction.

I experienced both the power of Satan and the power of God simultaneously. And you know what? God is greater. God is The Greatest! Satan is the Destroyer. God is the Savior. Satan hates me. God loves me.

But, I better stop. This is the account of what happened to me on North Cherry Creek Drive, not an introduction to the senior pastor's subsequent sermon series on Satan.