

LARRY GRANT DESTROYS —



THE SORCERER'S STONE!



The powerful, fast-moving story of a teenager who saves an entire student body from a terrible crisis while doing it in totally unexpected ways.

An adventure story at a boarding school that is filled with suspense, gradually building to surprises on nearly every page.

At the same time, it is also a book which warns the reader against the dangers of witchcraft, and books about it, while helping to deepen his faith in Jesus Christ.

Interwoven in an unforgettable action-packed story are solid, practical facts which make this an extremely helpful book.

INTRODUCTION

Why are people fascinated by witchcraft?

First, there is the thrill of the unknown. It all seems so mysterious that people are lured on and on till they get in trouble.

Second, it claims to offer great personal power—power which, in reality, it is never able to deliver.

Third, upon dabbling with it, people sense that more than human power is present.

After they are involved deeply enough, the curious discover the whole thing has become a pool of quicksand, from which it may be impossible to escape. They are being captured by a mysterious force—a supernatural mind which cannot be seen.

The end result may be demon harassment or possession, in one form or another. It may take the form of unshakable depression or it can lead to criminal actions, insanity, or suicide.

This book was written to sound a warning against an attractive, yet captivating, power which is in many of the books, movies, and videos on the market.

Framed, within a dramatic story set in a New England school, are facts needed by the reader about one of the most insidious dangers of our time.

The methods of witchcraft are not taught in this book; but enough facts are given to alert the reader to its special names, the nature of its attractions, and the dangers resulting from it.

Included as part of the story are actual instance which have occurred to people who have dabbled in witchcraft.

Larry Grant, the central character of the book, is a person who is genuinely good. A solid Christian who, by his clean, godly way of life, provides an example worthy of imitation by anyone aspiring to live a better life.

A day-to-day example of basic Christian living is demonstrated in the first part of the book. Later, in answer to practical questions by students at the school, key points on how to come to Christ and stay close to Him are explained.

A truly worthwhile book, designed to really help young people prepare for the future.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Just so you won't get mixed up, here is everyone named in the book:

Len and Ruby Grant, Larry's parents.

Larry Grant, their son.

William C. Steger, a Boston businessman.

Peter Crockett, Larry's roommate at the boarding school.

Skip Cramer, their close friend in the room next door.

Chet Arnold, a boy down the hall who saw something in the corner.

Jed Corvor, the boy who attacked Larry.

Mr. Adams, the boys' dean.

Mr. Ned Oliver, the head of the carpentry and maintenance department at the school. His wife is Karen.

Miss Stevenson, the head librarian at the school.

Ms. Circe Centaur, the lady teaching the strange, new class.

Dr. Vandersleeve, the president of the school.

Mr. Silverton, the school treasurer.

Draco Chaos, the mysterious person living in the village.

Cliona Vetala, another mysterious person in the village.

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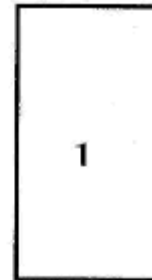
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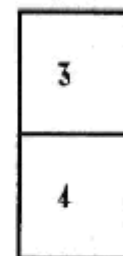
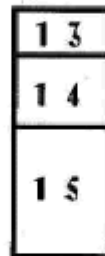
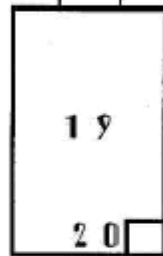
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|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1 - Boys' Dorm | 6 - Cafeteria |
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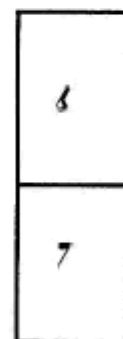
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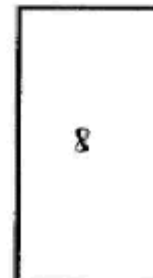
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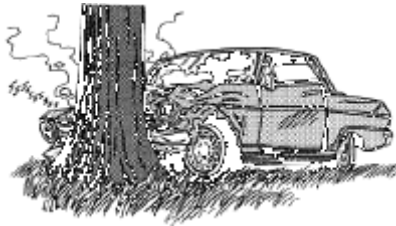
LARRY GRANT DESTROYS —



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER ONE -CLOSE TO DEATH



Suddenly they hit! Shattering glass, mashing of steel. And then silence and the strong smell of leaking gasoline.

For a moment, both sat there stupefied, trying to gather their senses. Then, over the hill came headlights and screeching brakes.

“What happened? Are you all right?”

“We can’t get out and the car may explode!”

Len and Ruby Grant were returning from a visit to friends on an unfamiliar country road. It was late at night; when, rounding the top of a hill, Len saw a large deer directly ahead. Swerving to miss it, he went off the road and struck a tree.

“My baby! My baby!” screamed Mrs. Grant in the darkness. Suddenly she realized her infant son was no longer in her arms. He alone had no seat belt.

In the darkness, she leaned over—and felt warm cloth. It was his tiny shirt. Little Larry was laying on the floor. But there was no sound from his little body.

No longer worried about the danger of fire, Mrs. Grant pled with God to save her child.

Notified by a cell phone, a police car and an emergency vehicle arrived very soon. Warned in advance that the doors were jammed, they brought with them *jaws of life*, an extraction device.

“Folks, try to slide back from the door! We’re going to pull it off!” With a massive wrenching sound, the door was ripped from its hinges.

Sirens whined as the rescue vehicles sped down the road to the hospital. But the couple could think of only one thing: What had happened to their three-month-old son?

“You were fortunate to have seat belts on,” the doctor said. “You came away with only scratches. Please rest quietly now. The baby is in surgery.”

Given an empty hospital room in which to wait, hours wore away as the distraught parents sat there in an agony of suspense. Then a doctor entered the room.

“I am sorry, very sorry. But there seems to be something wrong. When your son hit the dash, his bones were terribly shattered and he may never recover. We are trying to do the best we can. Please be patient.”

More hours passed, and night turned into morning. All the while, as Mr. Grant blamed himself for the accident, his wife was on her knees pleading with God to save her baby.

“Oh, please, God, please, if Thou wilt save my child and restore him to normal, I will dedicate him to be Thy servant.”

At 10:30 a.m. the door opened once again. It was the same doctor.

“I—, I really do not understand—.”

Mrs. Grant could not speak. “Tell us; we’re ready for the worst,” stammered Mr. Grant, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“It seemed the child would either die or be a lifelong cripple. But,—but he is all right! I do not understand it. About half an hour ago, he began breathing normally and a natural pink returned to his body. New X-rays reveal no broken bones at all!”

The months passed and turned into years. Ruby Grant determined that God had miraculously returned her only child to her, and she would dedicate herself to raising him for God.

But her son, Larry, had to make that decision his own. Although she repeatedly told him of how God had saved his life, Larry did not share her concerns. Although not a bad boy, Jesus and obeying God were not the center of his life.

Then one afternoon when he was ten, Larry was busily exploring the limbs of a large maple tree behind the house.

Creeping out along one large one, he gripped another limb, just above, to help steady

him. Larry was sure he had a good hold on it. What he didn't know was that it was dead. With a loud *crack*, it snapped under his weight. Down they both went.

"Help me, God!" Larry cried. A large limb was below him, but somehow he missed it.

When he awoke, his mother was bending over him, weeping and praying.

"Larry! What happened? Are you all right!"

Fortunately, he had not hit any branches as he fell and a recent rain had softened the ground.

"Are you all right, Larry?"

Coming to his senses, the boy looked up into the face of his mother. It had been a close call, and he could not forget it.

Silently, Larry listened as a physician discussed his findings.

"You could have landed on the back of your head and been a paraplegic the rest of your life, without the use of your arms or legs. You could have landed on a rock and broken your back. Instead, you landed flat on fairly soft earth."

Twice God had saved his life. Young though he was, Larry was convinced that if he did not dedicate his own life to God, the third accident might be his last. He owed so much to his parents and to God.

After the doctor left, Larry went alone into his bedroom and knelt by the bed.

"Oh, God, please accept me! I give You my life. Everything. Nothing held back. I give You everything. Please guide me and protect me. From now on, I belong to You!"

When he came out of that room, his mother could see he was a changed boy. Larry had made the dedication of so many years earlier his own.

But, unlike many conversion experiences which do not last, Larry decided he would not just be a fair-weather Christian. He had seen how other young people would ask God for help when they had problems and then leave Him the rest of the time.

Over the months and years which followed, Larry's decision to remain close to God gradually produced in him great strength of character.

He would need it. Little did he realize what was ahead.

Just here, we need to pause a moment. We want to get into the action—and there's a

lot of it in this book. Larry has done many unusual things, and we'll discover the first of them in this book. But before we start, we need to spend a brief chapter explaining why he was able later to take on challenges which even adults around him feared to tackle.

CHAPTER TWO - BUILDING A SOLID FOUNDATION



After the accident, Larry was determined to deepen his experience. It was not enough to love God. He needed a closer connection with the source of wisdom and strength.

Larry already knew how to read fairly well. He now decided to only read worthwhile things; no more trash for him. He especially liked the Bible. He found that time spent with it did something for him that nothing else seemed to do. He was better able to handle the problems and challenges that each day at home and school brought. He recognized that this special Book must be his guide if he was to succeed in life.

“Mom, would you tell me how I can better understand the Bible?”

“Sure Son, as soon as I finish the dishes, I’ll sit down and show you a few things.”

Quickly, Larry helped dry and put them away. He found that getting the work done was more fun than trying to avoid it.

Sitting by the dinner table, Mother said, “Well, Son, there’s one thing you’re already doing; you’re taking time each morning and evening to read in the Bible.”

“I’ve found that if I miss just one day, something starts telling me I don’t have time for it. You know how it is.”

“Yes, that’s how the devil works, Son. He tempts us to stay away from God. It’s a pity that so many people don’t believe Satan exists. He laughs because they’re serving him and don’t really know it.”

“Well, what I want to know just now is how to find things better in the Bible.”

“One way is the cross references in the center margin,” replied Mother. “You probably already know about them. And here’s another way.”

Walking over to the bookshelf, Mother brought back a large book and showed it to Larry.

“This is Strong’s Concordance. It will help you find what you are looking for. It’s far better than Cruden’s Concordance because it is complete; Cruden’s isn’t. Larry, It makes me happy that you love the Bible.”

Larry was silent for a moment. Then he said,

“About all that a lot of kids at school are interested in, is listening to wild music, playing games, arguing about something, or reading stories about people doing bad things. I want something better than that.”

“Larry, God is going to give it to you. The Bible is the best place to start. Make it the foundation of your life, and God will give you wisdom to meet what is ahead.”

Larry thought a moment and then said softly, “You know, Mom, I fell because that branch had a rotten heart.”

“That’s right, Son.”

“I have to live so I won’t have a rotten heart or I’ll fall again.”

Larry’s conversion had changed him in other ways also. He decided he was not going to let his mother wear herself out while he sat around idle.

When not involved with school studies or reading God’s Word, Larry spent his spare time carrying on a variety of duties around the home. He took total charge of keeping the house clean, hauling in wood to the woodstove, sweeping off the porches, and carrying out the garbage. Larry thoroughly enjoyed work.

A few months had changed Larry into a studious, hard-working son. He was gaining valuable lessons in self-reliance. He was also learning to tackle obstacles, overcome them, and carry a job through to the end.

Before long, Larry had learned to use a chain saw, split wood, and drive vehicles off-road. Whenever there was work to be done, he pitched in. Gradually he learned a lot about carpentry, plumbing, and a smattering of electrical work by helping a man who lived nearby.

Someone might think all this made Larry a dull person. Far from it. The kids at school found he was fast becoming a clear-thinking leader they could rely on. Yet Larry knew the source of His increasing ability: trust in God, regular study in the Bible, silent prayer when he needed guidance, and a cheerful willingness to get in and do what needed to be done.

“Mom, how can I build my body and get stronger physically?”

Laughing, his mother replied, “Well, you’re doing pretty well already! Working about the place is one way—and you’re already doing that.”

“Is there anything else I can do?” asked Larry.

His mother could see he was serious, so she thought a moment and then suggested a few things.

“Well, Son, from what I’ve read, professional body builders eat very carefully of solid, nourishing food. They eat no junk food. They do not eat between meals. They have regular times to eat and work and rest. In other words, except for emergencies, they stay on schedule. They make sure they get enough sleep at night. They do little extras like drinking a couple glasses of water an hour before meals. They even take vitamin and mineral supplements.”

“If that will help me build a stronger body, that’s what I want!” said Larry.

“As a result, they wake feeling refreshed every morning and ready for a hard day’s workout, whether it be work or a sport.”

Larry listened thoughtfully, jotting notes as she spoke.

“Okay, Mom, no more Krispy Kibblers for me. No more junk food. No more soft drinks. No more white sugar. No more candy. And no more eating between meals.”

“Whatever you want, Son; it’s your life.”

“It’s my life, Mom, and I’ve got to get ready.”

“Ready for what,” Mother asked, puzzled.

“I don’t know. But I’ve given my life to God, and He’ll have something for me to do; I’m sure of that. It’s my part to get ready. It’s His part to give me the assignments.”

Larry began a regular exercise program that started to build muscle and physical endurance. He found that this meant eating a little more. But, since it was all good food, he found he did not need to overeat. In fact, he quickly discovered that trying to stuff his body, to help build muscle, only drained him of energy. Moderate, careful, scheduled living was the answer.

Going to the library, Larry checked out several books on body building and started taking vitamin and mineral supplements. But he avoided the pitfall of a high-protein diet.

Checking it out, he also discovered that taking steroids to build muscles was a way to ruin yourself. Not only do they eventually damage body organs in various ways, but when a person stops taking them, he generally gets fat.

Within a couple months the kids at school began noticing that Larry not only had a clearer mind than they had, but he was becoming stronger.

While others thought that entertainment was the greatest object in life, Larry had a plan of action. Youth is the time to build a foundation, and that was what Larry was doing.

By the time Larry was twelve, he divided his spare time between studying in the Bible and in history and science topics.

“Why do you want to learn so much?” asked his mother.

“History explains the past, so we won’t have to repeat its mistakes. And science is a field of special interest.”

“What are you going to do when you grow up, Son?” asked his mother.

“I’m not sure yet, but I want to be ready for whatever God has for me.”

CHAPTER THREE - SOMETHING NEW



Len Grant was a good man and a good father. But he was not a Christian.

One day, Larry asked why that was.

“I was raised in a church-going family, Son; but I got away from religion when I went to college and on through my university training,” said his father. “Some of my teachers were evolutionists and the others thought best to keep quiet about their religion. So I guess the evolutionists won out with me. There’s a surprising amount of scientific evidence against evolutionary theory, but I wasn’t interested at the time in digging it out.”

Mr. Grant was a mathematician, with undergraduate work in biology. Later post-graduate work in chemical engineering had rounded him out.

A careful researcher, Len Grant was in demand whenever the government had certain types of scientific contracts that needed filling.

Unfortunately, while working on those contracts, Larry’s father was generally quite busy and he did not have a lot of time to spend with Larry, who was their only child. But

Len Grant was a good father who loved his family and wanted the best for them.

Larry had just turned sixteen in June, when his father called the family together to tell them the news.

Excitedly, they gathered in the living room.

“Well, the new contract came through. We will be moving to northern India.”

“India!” shouted Larry.

At this, the father hesitated. “Well, it’s like this, Son. You won’t be going with us. You will be starting your third year of high school this fall, and there’s no good English-language high school in the area where your mother and I will be. I’ve already checked into this, for I wanted you to be with us. But the political situation in India is not good at this time.

“But, Dad,” pleaded the boy. “You know how much I want to be with you both! We’ve never been separated before!”

Mother sat silent. Father replied,

“I know, Son, and it bothers me a lot. But I don’t know what else to do. I want you to have a good high-school education, and you only have two more years to go. Your mother already offered to home school you there, but I have decided you should attend a good boarding school here in the states. The contract is a tight one and we will not, under any circumstances, be able to return to the states till next May.”

“Where will the school be?” asked Larry.

“I have found one that I am told is a good school. It’s in northern Massachusetts. You will leave near the end of July for the school, the same week your mother and I leave for India.”

Mr. Grant’s current contract was in Philadelphia. So, before leaving, they decided to visit the historical buildings in town. Driving in from the farm they were renting in the country, they parked near the Delaware River and walked down Walnut Street to Carpenters’ Hall.

“This was the meeting place of the First Continental Congress in 1774,” Mr. Grant said. “If it wasn’t for those men back then, we would not have our freedoms today.”

Next door was Independence Hall. “Back then, this was the State House. The Second Continental Congress met here a year later. It was right here in Philadelphia that Ben Franklin helped Thomas Jefferson write the Declaration of Independence.”

“What gave those men the courage to do this, when it meant death if the British captured them?” asked Larry.

“They were Christians, Son,” said Mother.

“That’s actually right,” Father agreed. “They were Christians. I guess we need more people like that today.” His voice trailed off as he spoke those words.



Soon they were standing in front of the Liberty Bell. “It’s a huge bell, isn’t it?” said Larry.

“Over 2,000 pounds of metal, the sign says,” Mr. Grant said. “I think it’s brass, but it may be bronze. Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc. Back then, bronze was an alloy of copper and tin.”

Bending down, they read farther and found that it was set up in 1753 in a yard outside Independence Hall, where it now rests. It rang at each anniversary of the Fourth of July adoption of the Declaration of independence in 1776. But a large crack appeared in 1835.

“Oh, look, there’s an inscription on it!” said Larry.

Around the top of the bell was an engraved sentence.

Larry read it: “ ‘Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof,’ Boy, that’s sure a good motto.”

“That’s from the Bible, Son,” his mother said. “It was a proclamation to be made to everyone in the land, so everyone could be set free” [*Leviticus 25:10*].

“A few years ago, a crazy man came here; and, as he stood in front of the Liberty Bell,” Mr. Grant said, “he pulled a large hammer out from under his coat and struck savagely at the bell, hoping to break it. But he only hit it once before guards overpowered him.”

“That was odd. Did it hurt the bell at all?” asked Larry.

“Not a bit,” laughed his father. “All the man did was make one tiny dent in the rim. He could have pounded it for a year with that hammer and accomplished nothing.”

“That heavy bell is like a Christian character,” said Mother. “Hammers can’t hurt it.”

“That’s right,” said Larry.

CHAPTER FOUR - HEADING NORTH



On the jetliner, Larry found himself in a center seat with people on both sides. He wished he had been by a window, so he could watch the scattered clouds and see what was below them. But, lacking that, as soon as the plane was airborne he took out his Bible, rested it on his backpack, and started reading.

On his left was a man reading a newspaper. Looking up, he was startled to see what Larry was reading. “Whatcha got,” kid?”

“I’m reading in my Bible.”

“Why do ya do that?” asked the surprised man.

“Because the Bible helps me. It gives me courage to do what needs to be done and guidance to do it right.”

“Uh, huh,—uh, yea.” Back into his newspaper went the man.

A few minutes passed. Then the man on the other side of Larry said, “I like that, youngster. We need more young people in America who read the Bible.”

“Do you read the Bible too?” inquired Larry.

“No, I don’t.” A pause, then, “I used to years ago, but I got away from it.” Another pause, then. “I wish now I hadn’t.” Another pause, and this time embarrassed that he had said so much, the man said, “I guess I’d better get back to my reading.”

About ten minutes passed, as all three continued reading. “Young man, may I ask—.” The man on Larry’s right hesitated.

“Yes, sir,” responded Larry.

“May I ask,—well, does reading the Bible really help you that much?”

“I could not get through a day without Bible study, and along with it prayer throughout the day.”

“You really are committed!” said the man in a surprised tone. “Tell me more. I’m interested.”

“Christ died to save each of us from sin. The wonderful news is that, through the grace of Christ, Sir, you can be forgiven of all your past sins. And, more through that same grace, you can be strengthened to obey His Inspired Word.”

Silence for a moment, then, “Son, this is what I need in my life right now.”

For the remainder of the trip, Larry was busy leading the man on his right to Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

All the while the other man kept his nose buried in his newspaper while carefully listening to all that went on.

As they arose to get their baggage, the newspaper man turned to Larry and shook his hand. “I want you to know I appreciated what I heard. I’ll be thinking about this.”

Larry left the plane with his newfound friend, the man he had brought to Christ.

“I’m an prominent businessman here in Boston,” he told Larry. “My name is William C. Steger. This is my business card. If you ever need help, give me a call.”

“Thank you so much. May God help us both be faithful. Remember, it’s not enough to give God your life one day; you will have to keep doing it every day for the rest of your life,” said Larry, as he put the card in his wallet.

“Thank you for those words. I count you as a real friend.”



Outside the terminal at Logan International Airport, Larry waited for the bus from the school to arrive. Soon he and a few other students had boarded it and rather quickly were headed north on the interstate.

Everything was interesting, for Larry had never been in Massachusetts before. He had taken a seat at the front, across from the driver, so he could look out the front window as they drove along.

Glancing over, the bus driver said, “Well, young man, I see you keep a Bible with you. I read the Bible also.”

Amid the busy traffic there was no further opportunity for conversation. Pulling up in front of a two-story building, as the driver helped the boys unload their luggage, he turned to Larry and said, “It was good meeting you. Maybe we’ll see each other again before the year’s out.”

CHAPTER FIVE - MEETING NEW FRIENDS



[see MAP of Campus](#)

Larry found himself at the entrance to the boys’ dorm at Badger Bay Academy. Located at Badger Bay, a little above Salem, Massachusetts, it overlooked the Atlantic Ocean.

The buildings were clustered in the shape of a T, with the top of the T running north to south.

Scattered beyond the campus to the west, across a little-used highway, were a number of faculty and other homes in what was called the “village.”

The school was located on a promontory, with a short walk to a view on the east of the bay and ocean spread out below it.

Rather quickly, the boys in the dorm were to find that Larry was a little odd. He didn’t spend time in hijinks, wasn’t interested in wasting time, already knew a lot about many things, and (although a junior) was physically stronger than most people on the campus.

And they found that Larry was smart. He always seemed to have a good solution. Yet he had this strange habit of insisting on time alone with God and the Bible for a while every morning and evening.

Yet he seemed like a nice guy, so they put up with his quirks.



Larry's new home for the year was a room at the end of the first floor. Because it was a corner room, windows were on two sides which overlooked the hardwoods of the Northeast. Larry was thankful for this.

"Hi, are you going to be my new roommate!" In the door walked Peter Crockett, an easy-going junior. "We're glad to have you here!"

"Well, I'm glad to be here too," said Larry. "I've transferred in as a junior. What's it like here on campus?"

"Oh, pretty good. I've heard they got a new course; other than that, everything will probably be the same as last year."

"Hey, who's there?" The door was half open and in walked Skip Cramer. A freshman, Skip got along well with Larry and Peter as soon as he met them. He was glad that he had a room next to theirs.

"Well, everything's stowed in our rooms now," said Peter, ignoring the fact that some of it was still dumped in the middle. "Let me show you around the campus. We can finish the rooms later in the afternoon."

"Great," said Skip. "I'm for it; this will help us learn where everything is in advance."



Peter enjoyed his roll as their official tour guide. "The boys' dorm is on the north end of the campus," Peter explained as they walked along. "And here," pointing to a large two-story building, "is Chaffee Hall. It's the largest building on campus where all the classes, other than woodwork, are held on the second and third floor.

"The Assembly Hall is on the south half of the first floor, with an entrance facing south. The cafeteria is on the north part of the first floor, with an entrance on the north side.

The entrance to Chaffee Hall is in the middle, facing east.

“Next to Chaffee Hall is the building housing both the library and a second, somewhat smaller auditorium. Behind the library is the administrative headquarters. We call it the ad building. That’s where the president’s and treasurer’s offices are located.

“On the other end of it is the bookstore. Next to the ad building is a building housing the café and campus store. The campus store has groceries, hardware, and things like that. We’re far enough out in the country that we are a little community all our own.

“Behind the campus store is the heating plant and the service station. Behind the ad building is a building housing the garage, a room where woodwork is taught, and the carpenter’s shop.

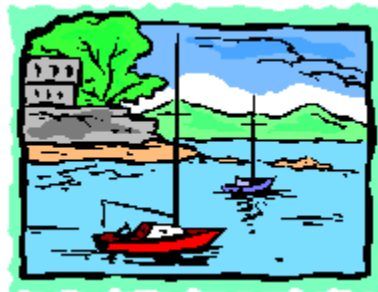
“Behind that is a large warehouse. I don’t know what that’s used for. Probably general storage.

“Over there is the girls’ dorm, on the south end of the campus. Both dorms look alike; each one is two stories in height.

“The faculty and staff live in homes close to the western edge of the campus. Scattered beyond are a few other homes. And that’s about it; the rest is woods.”

“Pretty nice,” said Skip.

“Oh, yes, there’s one more thing here.” Turning right, they strolled along a gravel road. Suddenly, there before them was the Atlantic Ocean.



“Terrific!” said Larry. “I heard it was around here somewhere.”

“This is called the ‘overlook.’ Fortunately, it’s not far from the boys’ dorm,” said Peter. “Makes a nice place to come and sit while watching the ocean.”

Recognizing that the guided tour was nearly over, Peter said in a scholarly tone, “Badger Bay Academy is located on the edge of Badger Bay, a little above Salem, Massachusetts. The campus overlooks the Atlantic Ocean. The school got its name from the bay, which someone who couldn’t see straight thought was shaped like the foot of a badger.”

At this everyone laughed.

“We’re standing on a bluff overlooking the bay, with the ocean beyond,” he added. “But, near here, there are several paths that lead down to the beach.”

“Great, let’s go down there!” exclaimed Skip.

“What time is it; I left my watch back in the dorm,” said Larry.

“It’s 2 o’clock,” said Peter. “We have the entire afternoon free. Registration is not until tomorrow morning, and we can straighten up our rooms later this afternoon and all evening.”



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER SIX -DOWN BY THE OCEAN



Soon the three were walking along the beach. “Boy, that water’s cold,” said Skip, who had never seen the ocean before.

“That’s the way it is up here in northern Massachusetts,” replied Peter. “You enjoy it, but you don’t go in it.”

As they walked along and conversed, they learned that Skip had lived all his life in Ohio; Peter was native to Massachusetts while Larry had lived in many places.

“My father is assigned a new government contract each year, it seems. So we are always traveling to interesting places,” said Larry.

“Where are they living just now?” asked Skip.

That question was never answered; for, just then, Peter said, “Who’s that over there?”

Coming down a path onto the beach and toward them were two girls.

“You must be freshmen; for I’ve never seen you before,” said Peter.

“No, we’re both transfer students. My name is Barbara and this is Jennifer.” We’re both juniors, from a boarding school in the western part of the state.”

“Just call me Jenny,” said the other girl.

After everyone had introduced themselves, Barbara eyed Larry for a moment and

then said, “What’s that sticking out of your shirt pocket?”



“That’s one of my Bibles,” said Larry.

“A Bible! Get this! A Bible at this place, and you even carry it around in public with you!” said Barbara in a tone of mock surprise.

“I am never ashamed of the Bible,” said Larry. “For centuries, Christians were burned at the stake rather than deny their faith in God. Why should I be ashamed that I carry a Bible around.”

Barbara was taken aback at the calm certainty with which Larry spoke about his Christian faith.

“Well, if you’re a fanatic,” you sure don’t look like one,” she said unthinkingly.

At this Larry really laughed. “Do I give that impression?”

“No, you really don’t. It’s just that Bible. Why do you carry it around? Is it for looks or something?”

“Not a bit,” replied Larry. “Whenever I have a little extra time, I take it out and read in it. I get strength from the Bible.”

“Strength! Now I’ve heard it all!” By this time Barbara was beginning to realize that she could not dent Larry’s confidence in his faith. Indeed, he seemed to have a more solid foundation than she did. But she sure wasn’t going to tell him that.

“Jenny, you haven’t said much yet,” said Peter.

“I don’t talk as much as Barbara,” said Jenny softly.

At this everyone laughed.

“Well, we’ll probably meet again on campus,” said Larry, and led the two boys on down the beach by themselves.

“Why didn’t you want to spend more time talking with them?” asked Peter.

“There will be time later to talk to girls,” but we shouldn’t be talking to them alone

here. It's not a good thing. We always have to keep our standards high or we can get in trouble."

Both Skip and Peter liked this. If they hadn't, they would have dumped Larry quick as a friend. But they saw in him a friend with high morals. Something they wanted for themselves.

In fact, they liked Larry so much, they didn't mind the fact that he took time each morning and evening to have personal worship, read his Bible and pray. He never seemed to be ashamed of God.

Returning to the dorm, the boys cleaned up their two rooms and put all their stuff in place. Peter especially liked having a roommate for a change that went to bed on time at night. He said the one he had the previous year would wander in at midnight and wake him up. Peter also liked the fact that Larry was so well built. "If I stick with you, you'll make a good bodyguard," Peter joked.

CHAPTER SEVEN - ROOM FOR SQUIRRELS TOO



"What's this?" said Peter, as they stood in line for registration. The three boys were looking through the Fall Course Schedule, which they had just been handed as they entered the lineup.

Larry looked at where Peter was pointing. "The title of the course is 'Recreational Studies.' The description says it is required of all students, that it will meet throughout the year; and, it says here, 'it will provide a pleasant diversion from the usual studies.' "

"Wonder what that's all about," Peter commented. "Sounds sort of mysterious."

"It looks as if it was meant to be—till we get in there," said Larry thoughtfully.

Heading down to the bookstore, the three got their textbooks for the first semester. But when they asked for the texts for the new class, they were told that, because it was rather new, any required textbooks might be announced in class within a week or so.

"Maybe this is all about nature walks," laughed Peter as they headed back to the dorm.

"Well, that is something I think we would all enjoy," said Larry.

"Me too," chimed in Skip. "I think I'll enjoy a little escape from the daily routine."

That afternoon, Larry stopped by the grocery to see what was available, either on the shelves or by special order, and then went to the building Peter had pointed to as being the carpenter's shop.



“Hi, may I come in?” asked Larry when the door was opened.

“Well, look who’s here!” said the older man who came to the door. “It’s the young man with the Bible!”

Larry recognized him immediately. It was the man who, the previous week, drove the bus that brought him and several other new students from Boston’s Logan Airport to the school.

“It’s good to see you again. I am Larry Grant. May I ask your name?”

“My name is Ned Oliver. I’m in charge of the heating plant, all maintenance on the campus, and have keys to the buildings. I don’t do all the work; but, for some reason, they thought I was smart enough to be put in charge of it. I guess I fooled ’em,” Mr. Oliver said with a grin.

At this, Larry laughed. He knew he had found a good friend.

“I have a strange request,” said Larry.

“Sure, what is it?” said Mr. Oliver.

“Back home, before coming here, I fed squirrels, chipmunks, and birds at a window in my house. And I would like to do it here.”

“Well, that’s the best I’ve heard yet!” laughed Mr. Oliver. “Do you think you’ll attract any?”

“Yes, I do,” replied Larry. “I have a corner room on the first floor of the boys’ dorm, and there is a large tree limb that comes rather close to one window. The little creatures could either fly or jump onto the edge of the window. The only problem is I’m not sure if chipmunks jump from limbs. I know they can climb trees.”

Laughing again, the kindly man said, “I’ll have to tell my wife about this one! Well, how can I help you?”

“I was wondering if I could get a piece of wood which could be used as something of a landing platform for my little friends, where they can eat sunflower seeds.”

“Where are you going to get the sunflower seeds?”



“I checked on this and the store has them.”

“I’ll tell you what,” said Mr. Oliver, “Because you are a special friend, I am going to make you a super-duper one. What are the dimensions?”

“According to my specs, it would be about 16 inches deep and 12 inches wide. I—I had hoped to add something to it.”

“What’s that, son?”

“Well, I was hoping to be able to add a vertical T piece underneath, set back about 2 inches from the 16-inch length. It would hang down between the desk and the window sill; so, when my desk is pressed against the wall, the platform would hold steady when squirrels jumped from the limb onto it.”

“You do know what you want,” said Mr. Oliver.

“I’ve done a little carpentry in the past, so I’m acquainted with the field.”

“Okay, I’ll tell you what. You stop back tomorrow afternoon and I’ll have it ready for you. Any other suggestions?”

“Well, said Larry, “I realize this will be a weak joint: a vertical board fastened, on end, to a horizontal one. So it would be best to drill holes and use screws. Then countersink and putty over them so the paws of the little creatures will not be cut by the screw tops. And, to strengthen the joints, solid wood would be better than even exterior-grade plywood.”

It was obvious to Mr. Oliver that this boy knew more than most young people his age about carpentry.

“By the way,” Mr. Oliver added, “What happened to the squirrels you left behind when you came here?”

“No problem,” chuckled Larry. “They were all born wild, raised wild, and never in a cage, so they know how to take care of themselves. As soon as I left, they just went back to eating things in the woods.”

The next day, the students headed to their first classes. “Everything seems to be going well,” thought Larry. “I hope I can be a help to someone while I’m here this year.”

That afternoon, he stopped by the carpenter’s shop. “Well, here you are!” said Mr. Oliver. “I’ve got it ready.”

“Solid oak! Thank you so much!” exclaimed Larry. “And it has a wooden lip around the edges, to keep the seeds and shells from falling off! Great! What do I owe you?”

“You owe me nothing. You are my friend.”

“Thank you Mr. Oliver,” as the two shook hands.

When Larry set up his feeding station, both Peter and Skip were intrigued. They had discovered a new side to their pal.

“Why do you like little animals?” queried Skip.

“They’re God’s creatures too,” replied Larry. “It’s natural for Christians to want to be kind to animals. God has done so much for us; we want to do what we can to help others. Besides, these pets aren’t in cages. They always have their freedom.”

CHAPTER EIGHT - TROUBLE BREWING



Since everyone was required to take the new class, which was taught by Ms. Circe Centaur, it had been split into several classes. The content each week was the same in all of them.

But this only added to the puzzle. Why was every student in the school—including the juniors and seniors—required to take this special, new course, and why was a new teacher put in charge of it?

“All we know is that she moved here from Salem,” Peter said. Salem was the nearest large city.

It turned out that Peter and Skip had been assigned to Centaur’s Monday class while Larry attended it on Tuesday. So Peter and Skip were always a day ahead of Larry in

learning what was being taught that week.

As Peter and Skip entered Larry's room, they saw a squirrel jump out the window. But they were getting used to this.

"Well, the first class has met; and all the teacher told us was a review of ancient legends and folklore," said Peter, puzzled. "This doesn't sound like nature walks."

"Some students seem to like it," noted Skip. "But it's all sorta, well, uh,—wayout. But there will be some who like that kinda thing."

"Well, at least there's no homework yet. That's helpful," added Peter. "We sure have enough to do on literature, math, and science assignments."

"Perhaps they brought in a new teacher because none of the current faculty were qualified to teach whatever this new subject is," suggested Larry.

"Could be right," said Skip thoughtfully.

"Another odd thing about this," Peter said, "is that the teacher says she wants to present class lectures for a number of the initial classes, without being interrupted by questions. So, for awhile, it's just learn and take notes."

"That's strange," Larry said, "Does she want to put things in our minds, without our asking any questions about it?"

This was getting more puzzling all the time. The three met outside the library. In this morning's class, Ms. Centaur had told the students they should be closer to nature; and a good way to do this was to be more like the animals of the woods.

"Ms. Centaur said today we need to practice the 'nature activities' of the ancients in order to feel better and do better," said Skip.

"The ancients!" exclaimed Larry. "What kind of ancients?" he asked.

"She didn't say," replied Skip.



“She also said that the students at the school were very bright, and this class would deepen their wisdom,” added Peter. “She always seems concerned that we read those children’s stories about magical lands which are unreal; you know, Wizard of Oz and the more recent fantasy books sold in Christian bookstores. She especially recommended the Harry Potter books. She said they would really help us.”

“Something is building up here,” said Larry. “We need to be careful.”

Seeing Larry walking on campus, Peter and Skip ran across the lawn and stopped him. “This time Ms. Centaur is saying that fairy tales open the imagination, so we can enjoy new worlds; whatever that means.”

“Yes, what does that mean?” responded Larry.

“Some of the kids say this class looks like it’ll be real nice, with little homework,” said Skip. “They think they’re going to enjoy it.”

“Actually, it doesn’t seem like this will be a very difficult class,” added Peter. “The teacher said the best preparation we can make is to borrow from a large collection of fairy story books and children’s books about witches and dragons. She said they will open the doorway for the deeper truths she will give us soon.”

“How can fairy stories help teenagers prepare for the responsibilities of adult life?” queried Larry.

In the cafeteria and in the dorms, the new course was becoming a hot topic of conversation. Some thought it was great; others shrugged and didn’t much care as long as it didn’t involve homework. Many thought it a big joke. But a small, but growing number were becoming concerned.



Out the window flew two black-capped chickadees, as Peter burst into the room, “What is this all about!”

“That teacher is saying the students are going to learn how to cast spells. She says it will really help us.”

Skip added, “She said this will erase our gloomy moments.”

Both boys looked at Larry, who said nothing for a time. So the two boys sat down and the three just looked at each other for a moment. Then Larry said slowly, “I think this

may be spiritualism.”

“What’s that?” asked Skip.

“Never heard of it before,” added Peter.

“Spiritualism is the worship of Satan.” Silence for several minutes as those words sank into Peter and Skip.

“Do you really—?” began Peter.

“Yes, I’m afraid so.” Another pause and then Larry added, “I’ve got to study into this.”

Reaching for his well-worn Bible and pulling his large concordance off the shelf, he set to work as the other two went next door.

Since no roommate had been assigned to Skip, he and Peter went over to his room to study together, so Larry could have it quiet while he began researching into this in the Bible.

CHAPTER NINE - COULD SHE BE A WITCH?



As they opened the door, they knew they really had news for Larry. Trying to ignore a cautious squirrel who munched on a seed while watching to see if they got too close, Skip spoke in a tone indicating a solemn announcement was about to be made. “The lesson today was the importance of repeating a word over and over again. We were told it will help expand our minds and prepare us to receive new light.”

Larry slumped back in his chair. “I heard somewhere that repeating a single word or saying a nonsensical sentence repeatedly is a way to be hypnotized,” he said thoughtfully.

Hearing what Larry had just said, Peter decided he needed to sit down too. “Well, I’ll have to say,” he said, it doesn’t really sound good.”

That afternoon, Larry headed to the library and checked the inter-library loan data on the library computer. Then he ordered several historical and technical books.



For the first time, he met Miss Stevenson, the librarian. Although quiet as most librarians are, she seemed to be a very capable person.

By the end of the next class session, the objective was becoming more apparent.

Anxious to learn the latest, Larry stopped them outside Chaffee Hall. They had just emerged from Ms. Centaur's class.

"In this class session, something slipped out," said Skip. "Ms. Centaur said that 'Wicca' means the study of nature and how the things of nature can help us. What did she mean by that? What's Wicca?"



Both boys were stunned when Larry said, "Wicca is witchcraft. That's the modern name for it. I know that much, but I don't know a lot more yet."

"You mean we've got witchcraft on our hands?" Peter said in a shocked tone.

"She said it. So it must be part of what she has in mind," replied Larry.

"Has in mind for us?" wondered Peter.

Slowly, the three walked back to the dorm, each lost in his own thoughts. Then they entered their corner room and sat down.

"This sounds like trouble," said Larry darkly. "Friends, we need to pray. Would you pray with me?"

When they arose, Larry sat down and he looked a little white under the gills.

"Don't you feel good, Larry?" asked Skip.

"An idea just flashed into my thinking. Could it be that Circe Centaur is a witch?"

“Witch!” the two boys said almost together.

“What do we know about her?” asked Larry.

“Well, about all is that she is a new teacher and that she moved here from Salem, Massachusetts.”

“I’ve begun reading into this subject. Do you know what is in Salem?”

“No,” both boys chimed.

“It’s a nice little city; but it has, for its size, the largest collection of professional witches in America.”

Larry went to the library and ordered more books by inter-library loan.

CHAPTER TEN - TO SEE THE PRESIDENT



Several days had passed, and there was a growing pile of books stacked in an apple box beside Larry’s desk.

The more he studied, the more concerned he became. In the cafeteria, some other students had told them they were worried about the class too.

But what could be done? Larry knew where to find the answers.

Kneeling down alone in the room, he pleaded for help. “Please, Father in heaven, please give me guidance. What should I do? If this is wrong, how can I go about stopping it?”

Larry well-knew the power of prayer. He had learned, from the experience of years, that staying close to God and, by faith in Christ, living by the Bible, frequent prayer would bring the help and guidance he needed.

Rising to his feet, it was clear needed to be done next. Walking next door to where Skip and Peter were studying, he popped his head in the door, “Hey, anyone want to go with

me to see Dr. Vandersleeve?”

“The president of the school!” exclaimed Peter.

“What do you want to see him for?” asked Skip.

“This thing seems to be developing into a real problem. His office is the first place we should go,” responded Larry. “I really can’t say more. All I know is that I should go.”

Dr. Vandersleeve’s private secretary looked up as the three boys entered the outer office. “Well, boys, what can I do for you?”

“We need to see Dr. Vandersleeve.”

“He’s on the phone just now. Do you care to wait a few minutes or would you rather return later.”

“We’ll wait. Thank you so much,” replied Larry.



Sitting down, all three silently prayed for success. Living with Larry was changing both of them. They were learning the value of prayer.

“All right, Dr. Vandersleeve will see you now.”

Glancing up from the papers on his desk, the distinguished-appearing man looked at Larry. “Gentlemen, what may I do for you today?”

“What do I say now?” Larry thought to himself. But, remembering how Nehemiah darted a prayer to heaven before addressing the emperor of Persia [Nehemiah 2:4], with but a moment’s hesitation, he was ready to speak to the most important person on campus.

“Dr. Vandersleeve, a number of the students have expressed their concerns about the new courses which are being held. I thought it well to speak to you about the matter. Surely, we do not want to do anything to injure the reputation of the school or its administration.”

The president was expecting a comment like this, but the last sentence caught him off guard. It hit him in a soft spot.

“Well, uh . . . how concerned are they?”

“They are concerned. Some feel it is very serious. Some students are becoming a little agitated.

“I thank you for stopping by. I,—, uh, I can’t do anything about, uh, I mean I will check into the matter. Thank you.”

At this, the president arose from his chair, signaling that it was time for the boys to leave.

“The president is usually so self-possessed in his talks to the assembly, when all the students are gathered. But he sure wasn’t when you spoke with him,” said Peter, wondering, as they left the administration building.

“I don’t know what to make of it,” muttered Skip.

“He seems afraid of something,” Larry said.

Silence for a moment as they thought back over that conversation; then Larry spoke, “Yes, he seems afraid to do anything about the situation.”

“What are you going to do next, Larry?” asked Peter.

“It seems I’m not going to be ready for action until I have a clearer understanding of the problem. In a few days I may be ready.”

“Ready for what?” asked Skip.

“I don’t know. God will guide.”

“Living with you, I’m learning that more and more,” said Peter thoughtfully.

LARRY GRANT DESTROYS —



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER ELEVEN - WHAT LARRY DISCOVERED **



****Special Information!**

“Well,” Larry announced, “I think I’ve figured this thing out.”

“Good,” said Skip, “What’s next?”

“It seems that first I should explain it to you two. Then we’ll go from there.”

“Okay, we’re ready,” said Peter, anxious to hear what was really behind all this. All three had the evening free.

Special note: This chapter contains facts that Larry Grant discovered during his study of the Bible and research into the origin, history, and effects of various forms of witchcraft. This is what he explained to his two friends and, later, to others.

For the sake of greater clarity, it is presented here in one chapter rather than being scattered in many conversations throughout several chapters. Although the facts are simple, they are very important.

The information here could save your life, if you were eventually confronted by a witch or tempted to read books written by people who like witches. To be forewarned is to be forearmed!

“Peter and Skip, I think I can tell you exactly what we are dealing with. People all across America are being deluged with books on witchcraft, and now it is being taught here at this school. The situation is going to get worse, not better.



“We’re dealing with spiritualism. The Bible is very clear about how dangerous it is. Spiritualism has existed for thousands of years. It is contact by humans with demons. That is nothing to play around with!

“Spiritualism (also called spiritism) has many names: witchcraft, sorcery, shamanism, mediumship, occultism (‘occult’ means ‘hidden’), and the dark arts. Modern names for it include channeling and parapsychology. Other, more recent words are New Age and psychics. It is also called ‘magick’ with a ‘k.’ (Spiritualists say that ‘magic,’ without the ‘k’, is merely the tricks done by a stage performer.) But it is all spiritualism, and it is based on demon worship.

“Closely related are the Eastern religions, such as yoga and Buddhism which are meditative. Yoga is a branch of the Hindu religion which aims at union with Brahman, a heathen god. A yogi is one who practices yoga to achieve salvation through paganism.

“Modern witches—including those in Salem—use the name, ‘wicca,’ to describe their witchcraft activities. The word comes from the original Anglo-Saxon spelling for the modern English word, “witch.”



“Female mediums are called ‘witches,’ and males are called ‘wizards’ or ‘warlocks.’ They communicate with evil spirits, which are demons. Demons are evil angels who obey Satan.

“Spiritualism, commonly called witchcraft, is satanic paganism. Witches and wizards enter into a covenant with the devil to serve him. They hate God and Christ. They hate Christianity and the Bible. They hate the ten commandments, the grace of Christ, and obedience to God.

“They idolize selfishness, force, cruelty, death, and dead corpses. They love to inflict pain, suffering, and death on both people and animals. When they can’t kill people, they kill animals. They love cemeteries and dead bodies.



“Their animal ‘pets’ are owls, black cats, bats, buzzards, snakes, and spiders. Anything that could possibly be considered gruesome, they enjoy. Everything clean and pure and holy they hate. They have a special liking for snakes and often worship them. Their pictures frequently include snakes and the head of a goat in the shape of a five-pointed upside-down star. (The horns, chin, and two side beards are the five “points.”)



They especially like pictures and statues of snakes and goats because, in the Bible, both, at times, symbolize Satan [Genesis 3:1-5 and Leviticus 16:21-22]. Of course, we can understand why spiritualists like symbols of Satan, for he is their master.



“Their superstitions include creatures, most of them horrid, that don’t exist—such as ogres, trolls, elves, goblins, gnomes, fairies, mishapen giants, banshees, dragons (imaginary giant four-legged snakes), and blood-sucking vampires. Other non-existent creatures that they talk lovingly about include unicorns, the phoenix, and a large three-headed black dog.



“They talk about these imaginary things in order to frighten people. They know that the minds of people who are afraid are easier to control.

“But we know that perfect trust in God casts out fear; it rejects superstitions. If we cling to Jesus, we will be safe.

“Spiritualists love to figure out devices to either control people’s minds or, hopefully, curse them with disease or other problems. But they cannot injure anyone who trusts implicitly in God and stays away from their dark kingdom. They usually can only hurt people who get too close to them.



“Anton LaVey [1930-1997], founder of the Church of Satan in San Francisco in the 1950s, was a leading twentieth-century spiritualist. In his Satanic Bible, he wrote the rules of demon worshipers. Those rules include selfishness instead of helpfulness, indulgence instead of self-control, vengeance instead of forgiveness, and love for sin because it produces immediate gratification. He said man is just an animal, and should live like one. All morality should be ignored. Selfishness and brute force are the highest good.

“But is such miserable living something anyone should want for his life? No, of course not.

“Even though all forms of spiritualism and witchcraft are extremely dangerous, people are intrigued by it because it seems so mysterious. They are curious to know more. It is their curiosity that catches them.

“But when they dig more deeply into it, all they find it to be is a bunch of lies and fakery. It is like cobwebs on the wall. There is really nothing there. But, by the time they make that discovery, it may be too late for them. They have been caught.

“You might ask, ‘Caught by what?’ Caught by the one thing in spiritualism which is not a fake; it is real! Along with the mystery, it is what keeps people coming back until they are snared in a net.



“The curiosity seekers sense that a supernatural power is present in all this, and they crave to have that power for themselves. They want to be able to either control or hurt others. But that selfish craving leads them into a pit from which many never escape. They are the ones who are controlled; they are the ones who are hurt.

“They have entered a web of demons. And the power which controls them is the power of Satan.

“Those who let these chains be placed on them, have been captured by evil angels. Unless in the strength of Christ they break loose, they will be lost souls.

“All forms of spiritualism are extremely dangerous, and none of them should be toyed with. Even though the whole thing consists of only false claims and mysterious apparitions,—you and I can still be trapped by it if, through curiosity, we start liking any of it.



“Actually, the whole thing is a gigantic fake. Witches say they can fly, but they can’t. They say they can put curses on people, but they can’t. They say they can pronounce magic formulas and make magic potents, but it is all worthless.

“Yet there is power there! It is the power of Satan. Oddly enough, the spiritualists don’t have this power. Instead, it is a power controlling them which has it! It is a power, working through them, to catch others who get too close.

“These evil angels can cause people, who start playing with spiritualism, to see things that are not really there. It may seem real and exciting, but what those persons think they see—are only appearances, also called apparitions.



“At the request of a paid visitor, the medium mutters incantations and something that seems to be a dead relative may appear. It looks exactly like the person and talks the way he always talked. But it is not that person who is talking; it is a demon.

“This is exactly what happened to King Saul when, in the Bible, he visited the witch of Endor [1 Samuel 28:7-15]. The witch had entered into a covenant with Satan, to do his

bidding. While the prophet Samuel was living, Saul despised his counsel. But now, in a time of crisis, he wanted to talk to the prophet—who by that time had died.

“So Saul asked the witch to show him Samuel. Then something appeared in the room which looked like Samuel.

“But both you and I know that God did not permit a servant of the devil to bring Samuel up from the grave into that room! And Satan cannot restore life or raise the dead.

“Nor would a witch be permitted by God to have any power over Samuel, either when he was alive or after he died. We know that’s true because God repeatedly said in the Bible that witches are bad and no one should have anything to do with them.

“Even though that apparition may have said something true, it was not Samuel but a demon that spoke to the king. It was one of Satan’s devils in the form of a man.

“Here is another reason it could not have been Samuel: The Bible clearly states that King Saul died because he went to that witch for advice instead of going to God! We are told that Saul ‘inquired of it’; that is, the evil spirit. He didn’t talk to Samuel, but to a demon:

“ ‘Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord, even against the Word of the Lord, which he kept not, and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it; and inquired not of the Lord; therefore He slew him’ (1 Chronicles 10:13-14).

“God forbids us to go to witches, wizards, or other spiritualists for guidance, or to seek counsel through them from the dead. Here is another important Bible verse:

“ ‘And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter, should not a people seek unto their God? [instead of] for the living to [seek guidance of] the dead? To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them’ (Isaiah 8:19-20).

“Now, these appearances—or apparitions—can also take other forms as well. Under a satanic spell, people can think they see a person rise into the air, a stone change into a snake, or some other amazing thing.



“In the Bible, in order to show that he was acting under the guidance of God, Moses was told to throw his shepherd’s staff down and it would turn into a serpent (Exodus 7:8-12). He did this in the presence of Pharaoh. That piece of wood had actually changed into a living snake! Only God can do that; only He can make life. But then the king’s magicians, who were wizards under the command of Satan, threw their sticks to the ground,—and they also appeared to change into living, wiggling snakes! Yet the sticks had not changed into snakes at all. There were just sticks laying there. Satan could only produce an appearance, an illusion.

“In the 1970s, an American tourist in India came upon a fakir, the name for a wizard in India, who regularly charged visitors money to see an interesting sight. Immediately, this tourist began filming what took place.

“The fakir threw down a coiled rope onto the ground and, as he uttered an incantation, the end of the rope began rising up into the air by itself! As soon as it stopped (when the top was about ten feet up), a native boy stepped forward and began climbing the rope. It was as plain as anything. As he reached the top, the fakir pulled a long knife out of his belt and also began climbing that rope. By this time, that thin rope was apparently supporting an immense amount of weight.

“When he reached the boy, the fakir cut off the boy’s head as the tourists screamed with terror. Then both the fakir and boy jumped ten feet to the ground, without being hurt. Immediately, both were standing on the ground and the boy was unhurt. The tourists went wild with applause.

“The tourist realized he had something sensational in his camera. As soon as he returned to America and had it developed, he checked to see what he had. This is what was recorded on the film:

“The fakir threw down the coiled rope and stepped back. The tourists stood there watching him. The boy stood nearby. Then the tourists began looking upward. The rope still lay coiled on the ground. All at once, they looked toward the boy, who continued to remain motionless. Then they looked slowly upward again. Suddenly, they looked at the fakir, as they thought they saw him climbing also. Soon they screamed in horror. Then everyone began laughing and applauding. Yet all the while the fakir and the boy had stood there by the coiled rope.

“It was only an appearance, or apparition. Satan caused them to see something that was not there. This story helps explain the mystery of the magicians’ snakes in Exodus 7.

“Those that dabble with spiritualism do not gain anything worthwhile. They do not become the great and powerful people they had hoped for. Instead they become demon-harassed or demon-possessed.

They have chosen to step onto Satan’s enchanted ground. They don’t feel good, they

experience continued depression. They experience doubts and lose confidence in themselves. The happiness they used to have is gone. They have anxiety attacks. They have more fears. Although they may have excitement at times, they no longer have peace of heart.

“It is not the witch—but the demons—who are in charge of what happens to those people. And the demons enjoy giving many of them even worse problems. They may fall to the floor. They may lay there unable to move. They may go into a coma. Some crawl around on the floor like animals, sometimes making animal sounds. Some slither on the floor like a snake. Others develop shakes or have fits of laughter which they cannot stop. Some become sick, even chronically. Many become insane and some commit suicide. Some commit murder.

“Since we are confronted with the beginnings of it here at this school, if I didn’t tell you in advance what it is all about, you might be intrigued by what you were told day by day in class. The spiritualists will tell you a little here and a little there to draw you in. (But seeing it all at once, shows it to be nothing but empty foolishness.)



“That is why the children’s witchcraft books, sold in the stores, are so dangerous. Something exciting seems to be there. People seem able to enter a supernatural world and obtain great power. On each page is a little more, and gradually the reader is drawn into it because everything seems so fascinating.

“So, by way of warning, here is what the spiritualists—the wizards and witches—work with:

“They have spell books in which are written incantations, spells, and charms. They imagine that, by pronouncing them, they accomplish something. But they don’t. They use these spells to utter curses on people and animals (and countercurses on other witches).

“What is a spell? It is a meaningless group of nonsensical words. Nothing more. It has no power to accomplish anything. If I sat here and babbled such sentences, you would think I was only six months old. But if a wizard does it, people imagine it to be something very mysterious.

“Satan was once a mighty angel in heaven, but he rebelled against God and now he is the lord of confusion—and of selfishness, suffering, fear, and death. Those are the gifts he offers you in spiritualism.



“Witches also love cauldrons. Those are black iron pots in which they boil plants, algae, and fungi. Mandrake root is a favorite. They think that, by drinking those miserable mixtures, something great will happen. But it never does.

“An exception is when they add wormwood to the mixture (which is recommended to the reader in Book I of the Harry Potter series. Drinking that will cause delirium, paralysis, convulsions, brain damage, kidney failure and death.



“Spiritualists wave sticks (which they call “magic wands”) in the air, thinking that also accomplishes something. But it doesn’t. Isn’t it a little foolish sitting around, waving a stick in the air? Only little babies do that.

“Since all forms of spiritualism and witchcraft accomplish absolutely nothing, one wonders why anyone would be interested in it. But do not forget that a person is initially attracted by the mystery and false claims. Then, when he pauses to look at it a little, he senses that a supernatural power is present.

“If he does not immediately flee, soon he is captured by that power; and it is only with difficulty that he will escape.

“In order to attract the curious so they will also be captured, the spiritualists have to keep everything appearing mysterious. They get a devilish delight in having others share their desperate, miserable lives.

“To add to the mystery, they write words in runes, which are either ancient German characters hard to read, or some other meaningless scribbles. They talk about magic numbers (numerology) and magic lines (geomancy).



“Anything random is said to mean something: whether it be tea leaves in the bottom of a cup (tea reading) or lines on a hand (palmistry). Anything meaningless becomes important. But things that are very important, like the Bible, the ten commandments, moral principles, and the saving power of Christ are ignored or ridiculed.



“Crystal balls are highly valued because, when anyone looks into them,—he can’t see anything! What a crazy way to obtain information. But Satan uses sticks, meaningless sentences, and confusing glass to hide the fact that there is nothing real in all the messages, predictions, and appearances of witchcraft.



“Ouija boards and Tarot cards are something else you want to totally stay away from. They may seem harmless, but demons will enter you if you use them, even for a short time. Another very real danger is dowsing rods, hanging pendulums (a small weight on the end of a string), and water witching. They are not harmless, but stepping stones toward more captivating problems later.

“One thing that is very real in spiritualism is hypnotism. It is satanic power used to capture and control a human mind. Beware and have nothing to do with it! A spiritualist waves his hand meaninglessly or gets you to repeat one or a few words over and over. He does this to confuse your mind, so it will go into a dreamy state. But when one mind controls another, Satan controls both. Do not let someone else control your mind.

“There is medical hypnosis, research hypnosis, psychiatric (counseling) hypnosis, and recreational hypnosis. All of them can be dangerous.

“Yet you cannot be hypnotized if you refuse. Do not relax. Keep your mind clearly fixed on Jesus, pray, trust in Him,—and get your friends and yourself out of there. Do not

linger.

“Psychics pretend to be able to predict the future, but it is extremely rare that one of their predictions comes true. If they had any ability at all, they should be able to get at least 51 percent right instead of about one-half of one percent.

“Horoscopes are another fortune-telling device that are as worthless as the rest. Astrology is based on the idea that everyone born on a certain date will, day after day, year after year throughout their lives, have the very same experiences. But that does not happen.

“It is a good rule to avoid reading stories by people who like witches. Such children’s stories are not as harmless as they appear. Some who read them are later led into contact with actual witches. We should avoid whatever might give Satan closer access to our minds.

“Fairy tales may seem harmless and apparently produce no harmful effects. Yet they are unreal and, although obviously about imaginary creatures, prepare the mind to like reading such things. The person who reads them will later be more favorable toward the reading and enjoyment of stories more openly about witchcraft. Later still he will be more susceptible to astrology, hypnotism, and contacts with spiritist mediums, today called channelers.

“Fairy tales lead young people away from a love for God’s Word. Later, when the Gospel is presented to them, they may be harder to reach. They prefer living in an unreal world.

There are so many things today which cause young people to continually crave greater excitement, that it becomes easier for for Satan to lead them into various addictions. They have become dissatisfied with everyday living.

“The Bible says that Satan is a liar and the father of it (John 8:44). Spiritualism is nothing more than a bunch of lies, carefully packaged to bring a lot of sadness and heartache into your life.

“The Holy Scriptures are our only safe guide. God has given terrible warnings against having anything to do with witches, wizards, enchanters, and sorcerers.

“Here is part of what the Bible says about this. The warnings are very strong, for God knows that spiritualism is especially used by Satan to take control of people:

“Spiritualists are an abomination to God— ‘There shall not be found among you any

one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch . . . or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee. Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God' (Deuteronomy 18:10-13).

"Have nothing to do with them—'Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God' (Leviticus 19:31).

"Saul died for asking advice of an evil spirit—'Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord, even against the Word of the Lord, which he kept not, and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it; and inquired not of the Lord; therefore He slew him' (1 Chronicles 10:13-14; see 1 Samuel 28:7-15).



"God will judge them severely—'And I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers' (Malachi 3:5).

"Do not listen to their lies—'Therefore hearken not ye to . . . your enchanters, nor to your sorcerers . . . for they prophesy a lie unto you, to remove you far from your land' (Jeremiah 27:9-10).

"God does not want them to continue to live—'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live' (Exodus 22:18). 'A man also or a woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death' (Leviticus 20:27).

"Spiritualists will not go to heaven—'Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies . . . I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God' (Galatians 5:20-21).

"Go to God and the Bible for counsel, not to spiritualists—'And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? [instead of] for the living to [seek guidance of] the dead? To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them' (Isaiah 8:19-20).

"In the last days, many will be deluded into placing confidence in spiritualists—'Now

the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils' (1 Timothy 4:1).

"If you believe the Bible and want to be redeemed by Christ, you cannot have anything to do with witches, wizards, psychics, and all the rest," said Larry.

With that, Larry ended his presentation.

Silence for a moment, and then Peter spoke, "We're with you, Larry."

"Yes, Larry, we're with you," agreed Skip. "Whatever it takes, we're with you. What do we do next?"

"Well, I've prayed about this and I'm convicted that we can't just keep this to ourselves. We have to take these facts to the student body and win as many as possible to our side. People could lose out on heaven over this thing."

"I agree," said Peter. "How do we begin?"

"Probably the best place to start is right here in the boys' dorm. We're going to have to work carefully, but we must move fast."

"Whatever you say, Larry," said Peter.

A pause, and then, "There's another thing . . . In view of what I've just told you, I'm no longer going to attend that class."

"You're not!" said Skip.

"They'll eventually kick you out of the school if you refuse to attend a class required of every student this year!" exclaimed Peter.

"I realize that," said Larry slowly. "Should I be listening to a witch or a representative of them?"



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER TWELVE - LARRY STARTS HIS OWN MEETINGS



Special note: In chapters twelve through eighteen, and again in twenty-one, several brief incidents are mentioned in which students encounter problems due to their having delved into witchcraft. Each one of those experiences is based on an actual event which has happened in real life. The only difference is that, in this book, the problems are quickly solved; whereas, in real life, people may suffer for years with depression, anxiety attacks, demon possession, and insanity.

By this time, news of the strange course was being talked about more and more on campus. Ms. Centaur was now telling the students to memorize formulas from her spell book. Some did so while others didn't. A number of the students were experiencing depression.

Then, in the girls' dorm, one girl had an anxiety attack, followed by a second girl down the hall.

After this, a girl fell unconscious in the hallway at Chaffee Hall, but the nurse managed to revive her. By this time, some of the students were becoming frightened.

"I'm done with it," said Peter.

"I've made my decision too," chimed in Skip.

The two boys, just returned from the latest class, were so agitated they hardly noticed two squirrels munching seeds.

"What's up?" asked Larry, wondering whether, amid the growing pressure, they had abandoned him.

“We’re not going to that class anymore either,” said Peter. “They can kick us out, if necessary. We’re going to stand by the Word of God!”

“I’m so thankful to hear that!” exclaimed Larry. The three shook hands and agreed by a solemn compact that they would carry this through to the end.

That afternoon, Larry was in the campus store, purchasing something, when he heard a scream in the other part of the building, which was the café. Larry ran through the open doorway connecting the two.

A girl was sitting in a chair at a table, with several people around her. She could not seem to move or even speak. Nothing seemed to arouse her.

Quickly sizing up the situation, Larry dropped to his knees by the girl. The others standing nearby, sensing the seriousness of the situation, also knelt and Larry began praying aloud. This continued several minutes and then the girl seemed to visibly relax. Soon, she was able to speak again.



“I was sitting here, trying to memorize the stuff from that class, when suddenly panic swept over me. I felt like my body was stiffening up. I can’t explain it. I just went rigid. I couldn’t move my mouth!” The thought of it still frightened her.

“But I could hear you praying,” the girl added. “And everything became all right when you prayed. The oppressive something seemed to leave. Thank you so much! Thank you so much!”

That evening, Larry began holding meetings in the boys’ dorm. Peter and Skip attended each one. By the third night, they understood the points well enough that the two of them together were holding their own meetings.

The next morning, a boy started shaking and fell to the floor in the library building. No one, including the school nurse, could arouse him. Running outside, a student saw Larry walking by and, remembering how he had helped the girl in the café, yelled to him to come quickly.

Rushing in, Larry told the growing crowd to stand back, so the person could have air.

Then he got down on his knees beside the boy and began earnestly praying for God to deliver him from the demon.

This went on for about half an hour while students and teachers gathered awestruck about them. The boy aroused, just as a physician arrived.

They led him over to a library chair where he sat down. Then, in a voice that was still weak, he told them he had been memorizing the spells and practicing them harder than most anyone he knew.

Turning to Larry, the physician said, “I’m glad you were here. I’m not sure I could have helped him.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN - MEETINGS BEGIN IN THE GIRLS’ DORM



The news quickly skyrocketed through the school.

In the cafeteria that day, Larry, Peter, and Skip found themselves seated with Barbara, Jenny, and another girl.

“What is this all about!” demanded Barbara.

Over the meal, Larry talked almost steadily and explained the whole situation, as he knew it up to this point. He explained the essential points of what spiritualism was and how it captures people.

By the time he finished, the cafeteria was empty, except for the six at that table.

“I’m going to share what you’ve told me all over the girls’ dorm!” announced Barbara. Larry knew she could do it, for she was great for talking. And whatever she decided to do, she did.

Jenny piped up, “And I’ll help.”

“What’ll you do?” asked Peter.

“I’ll keep her encouraged,” said Jenny timidly.

Everyone laughed.

“By the way, Larry,” said Barbara, “I’ve got something to tell you.”

“What’s that?”

“I really thought about what you said about not being afraid of the Bible, and now I am reading it every morning and evening too. Last week, I decided to be a real Christian. I’m tired of just being a put-on.”

“You have a big job ahead of you. What can we do to help you?” asked Larry.

“Let me phone you from the girls’ dorm when I need to refresh myself on some of those points.”

“I’ll tell you what,” said Larry. “This afternoon and evening I’ll type up my complete notes on this. It’s probably only a couple of pages in length.”

“Great,” said Barbara. “Will you include all those Bible verses you mentioned?”

“I sure will.”

“We’ll want copies too,” said Skip.

“Listen,” added Peter. “I’ve got a great idea. Give me one of those sheets; and I’ll take it to the library and run off several hundred copies, so we can hand them out in both dorms as we hold meetings.”

“Okay, that’s a great idea,” said Larry. “We have to hit this thing hard.”

“There’s a growing number who want to know what this is all about,” said Skip.



Having left the cafeteria, Larry was walking by library building, when a girl stopped him. “Some of the girls say that, after class was over today, Ms. Centaur privately promised that, if they would study hard, it would make them more beautiful. But, she said they must carefully follow her instructions.”

“She must be getting desperate,” said Larry. “That’s ridiculous. Look at every picture

of a witch; they all eventually look hideous. Sallow faced, wrinkled, pitted skin; always with a mean look on their faces. There is no happiness in their lives, and it shows.”

Everyone laughed.

“Now I’m not saying she is a witch,” added Larry. “But she is teaching witchery; and misery is what comes to anyone dabbling in it.”

Larry was a good typist; and, by that evening, he had the information sheet finished. It filled two pages, front and back.

Looking up, he saw Skip and Peter replenishing the supply of seeds at the feeder.

“Okay, Peter,” it’s all yours, said Larry. “You’ll want to make copies and take half of them over to Barbara. Put hers in a file folder, and ask for her at the front desk. When she comes, give her the folder without saying much. We have to be careful what we do here, if we’re going to get through to all the students before we’re stopped.”

“Before we’re stopped?” asked Peter.

“Yes, before we’re stopped. You were with me when I spoke with Dr. Vandersleeve. We can expect him to try to stop what we’ve been doing. Besides, we’re illegal now: We’re no longer attending those required classes. It won’t be long, and word of this will reach his office.”

“And I should say this,” added Larry, “I’m sorry that there has to be secrecy and speed. We should always try to respect delegated authority; but, when we are defending God’s Word and trying to save souls, we must look to God and the Bible as the higher authority.”

At this, the three knelt and pleaded that the hand of God would be over them. And they rededicated themselves to carry this through, regardless of the outcome.

The meetings continued, now accompanied by handout sheets at the conclusion.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN - CHET BEGINS A NEW LIFE



“Well, we really have news for you now!” said Peter. “I’ve learned that two ‘guest lecturers’—at least that is what Ms. Centaur calls them,—are now instructing the students at each of her classes!”

“Not really!” exclaimed Larry. “What are they teaching the students?”

“I’m not too sure since I’m no longer attending them,” Peter replied. “But I understand it’s supposed to be ‘advanced instruction in better living.’ ”

“Where do they live?”

“In the village somewhere. Someone learned that they live together, even though they’re not married.”

“Par for the course,” muttered Larry.

“What are their names?” was the next question.

“I knew you’d want to know that, so I wrote them on my clipboard. Here they are,” said Peter as he handed the sheet to Larry, who read it aloud.

It read: “The man is Draco Chaos and the woman is Cliodna Vetala.”

“Those are unusual names,” said Larry. They almost seem to mean something.”

Not long after, a boy began screaming in his room. His roommate ran to Larry. By the time he arrived, a crowd was beginning to gather.

The boy was sitting on the edge of his bed, horrified, staring at the corner of the room.

“He says he sees two snakes—over there—in the corner,” said his roommate excitedly.

“They keep coiling and uncoiling,” screamed the distraught youth.

“There’s no snakes there!” cried Larry. “What’s your name?”

“Chet Arnold,” the boy said between sobs.

“Listen, Chet, if you will pray with me just now to Jesus, He will deliver you from that sight. Will you believe? Will you pray with me?”

“Yes, yes, I believe,” he sobbed.

The two knelt down as Larry pled with God for help. Soon Chet was becoming calmer. The apparition in the corner was gone.

“Do you know why this happened?” asked Larry.

“Well, uh, I’m not sure.”

“You stepped onto the devil’s ground by dabbling with witchcraft. We have to stay totally away from that kind of thing.” explained Larry. “Don’t listen to it, don’t read any books that tell you that magic and witchcraft might be a good thing.”

That night, fearful that it might return, Chet prayed again on his own. That incident made an earnest Christian out of both him and his roommate. From then on, they both had daily worship and studied the Bible, first thing in the morning and again at night.

The next day Chet met Larry in the hallway. “Can I come to your room?”

“Sure,” said Larry. It was obvious he was worried about something.

When they were both seated, Chet was astonished to see birds flying in, one or two at a time. The black-capped chickadees and white-breasted nuthatches would land on the window sill, hop in, look to the left and right, grab a seed in their bills, then fly off to a twig and crack it open. Farther in the feeding station were two goldfinches, in their darker winter coats quietly looking down, picking up particles left by squirrels which had arrived earlier.

Larry’s voice saying, “How can I help you?” brought Chet back to what he wanted to say.

“Larry, I’m worried those snakes might come back.”

“Have you given your heart to Christ?” asked Larry.

“Yes, I have,” replied Chet.

“And you are reading in the Bible every day and praying to Him?”

“I am,” answered the boy quickly.

“Well, then, you are safe. But here is the danger: You might forget to stay with God in the future. And you don’t want to do that. As long as you stay close to Jesus, trust Him as your Saviour, and determine in His strength to obey what you read in the Bible, you will be safe.”

“Oh, thank you! That’s encouraging! I don’t ever want to see those snakes again!”

“It’s like this,” said Larry. “When people give themselves fully to God, He takes charge of their lives and guides them day by day,—but only to the degree that they continue leaning on Him for help. Fellowship with Christ is not an automatic button we push and it stays on from then on. The Apostle Paul said, ‘I die daily’ [1 Corinthians 15:31], and that’s what you and I have to do. Every morning we must fall on the Rock and be broken anew [Matthew 21:42-44]. Then we are with Him and God can use us to do the work He has

assigned us. It is clinging to Christ that keeps us safe.”

“That’s what I want!” replied Chet. “That gives me a reason to live! To live my life for God!”

Chet thought about that for a moment and then said, “But I’ve heard somewhere that if we try to obey, it’s legalism.”

“If we try to obey God’s Word in our own strength, we will always fail,” explained Larry. “And, yes, that sure is legalism! But if we obey the ten commandments and other things in the Bible, through the enabling grace of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour, we can do it. We can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us; that’s what the Bible says [Philippians 4:13]. Whatever is done out of love for God and in the strength of Christ is not legalism. We’re just living good, clean lives, and that is pleasing to God. That’s the way He wants us to live! There’s nothing wrong with that. But, apart from His help, we can’t do any good thing by ourselves, though we try as hard as we can.”

“I see,” said Chet thoughtfully. “You’ve really helped me. I was thinking that the one dedication yesterday might be enough.”

“Every morning run to Christ, and then remain with Him all day long. That is the way to have continual victory. It is the only way to maintain an ongoing experience, so you won’t drift away.”

“You know,” said Chet slowly, “I like that. I want God to have me, the rest of my life. He can guide me all through it—and use me for whatever He wants me to do. That’s what I want for my life!

“In fact, as I think of it,” Chet added, “it’s more exciting than going to parties, running with a gang, or getting in trouble. Thank you, thank you, Larry, thank you so much. I had no purpose in life before, but now I have a special reason to live: to live for God!”

“Just make sure, you start every day anew with God—on your knees, as His little child, reading the Bible, asking Him to guide you that day.”

Later that afternoon, Larry left his room and went a short distance into the woods, on the north side of the dorm. Here, in a favorite spot, he knelt and cried to God for help. On campus, everyone looked up to Larry as a giant of strength. He generally seemed to know just what to do, with the courage to do it immediately. But his secret were those times alone when he prayed earnestly to God for help.

Larry is like all the rest of us, just a person who needs God’s help every day. But, like him, when we take time to get that help, we are better prepared for whatever each new day may bring.

And there is such a peace in knowing that you are going through the day with God.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN - STARTING TO LEARN THE SECRET



Heading over to the library, Larry learned from a friend that a boy in woodshop class, after beginning to feel peculiar, started hallucinating. He was seeing objects flying around. When one flew toward him, he screamed. Then it all went away. Taken to his room in the dorm, he was resting when Larry stopped by his room.

“You were fortunate it went away. Dedicate your life to God or it could come back,” Larry warned. “Once you’ve had a spiritualist encounter, the problems could return.”

The boy told Larry that, the night before, he had been practicing some of what Ms. Centaur had been teaching. He said he thought it would help him become more important in the dorm. “But I’ve learned my lesson,” he said. “I don’t want any more of that!”

They prayed together; and the boy said, “I’m going to follow your advice. From now on, I’ll read the Bible and pray every day. I need God’s help, and I intend to have it.”

“Connecting with God is far better than connecting with the demons,” Larry replied.

Returning from campus, a couple days later, Larry had just arrived back at the dorm, when he was told there was a phone call for him. It was Mr. Oliver.

“Larry, could you stop by the carpenter’s shop this afternoon?”

Sensing a nervousness in his tone, Larry replied, “I’ll be right over.”

As he neared the shop, the door opened quickly and Mr. Oliver motioned him to come on in.

“Here, in here to my office, if you would.” Mr. Oliver seemed more anxious than his usual self.

“Sure,” replied Larry. Everywhere he looked were carpentry tools, including many he had never seen before. Larry could not help thinking how he would like to learn how to use them all.

But Mr. Oliver’s next words abruptly brought him back to the present.

“Larry, please be seated. No one knows you came, do they?”

“No one,” replied Larry.

“You need to know this,” and then a long pause. It seemed as if Mr. Oliver was trying to find the words. “You’ve probably heard about the two people living out in the village who are now so-called ‘guest teachers’ in Ms. Centaur’s class.

“Yes, I have. I’ve wondered about them. They seem to be taking the students deeper into black magic.”



“Larry, they are the real thing. The man is a wizard and the woman is a witch. They are from Salem, where Ms. Centaur is from.”

Larry gave a low whistle. “I had wondered about that.”

“You may have noticed that she does not seem to have the depth of experience in witchcraft that the other two have.”

“That is what I have heard,” said Larry.

“But there is more. Have you wondered why the administration puts up with this?”

“Yes, I have,” said Larry excitedly, sensing he was about to be told something big. “Why does President Vandersleeve allow this to continue? Why did he let these people teach this class in the first place?”

“Those two in the village are blackmailing him. That is why he dare not stop this class from continuing.”

“Larry sat there a minute in silence, taking it all in. “Can you tell me more?”

“I cannot tell you more at this time. Be patient. There are reasons. I have to wait.”



The next day, a girl was walking into the lobby of the girls’ dorm, when she began

shaking all over and speaking gibberish. Nothing but nonsensical words came from her mouth. Then she fell to the floor.

Since Barbara had been warning the girls, they quickly ran to her room. By the time Barbara arrived, the girl was unconscious. The other girls had managed to carry her into a nearby dorm room and lay her on a bed.

But this was something new for Barbara. Kneeling down she prayed for the girl, but nothing happened.

“We’ve got to get Larry over here!” she announced. The girls’ dean, thoroughly frightened, said that was okay; and a quick phone call brought him on the run. When Larry arrived out of breath, he told the girls they must all kneel around the bed and pray silently as he prayed aloud. The girls’ dean agreed to this, and knelt with them.

It was a full forty-five minutes before the girl awoke. Sitting up, she asked where she was, for she had no memory of what had happened.

When Larry inquired, she said that she thought the new class would be a great way to become more popular. So ignoring Barbara’s warnings, she had been faithfully doing everything the teacher said.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN - LARRY GETS ANOTHER HELPER



That afternoon, when Larry stopped by the library, to see if a couple more inter-library loan books had arrived, the librarian, Miss Stevenson, always a soft-spoken, but firm lady, said, “Larry, could I speak to you for a moment?”

Directing him into her office, Larry wondered if he had not returned all his books on time. He sure had quite a few by this time.

“Larry, please sit down.” She looked nervous.

“Larry, none of the teachers will speak to you about this, but they all know what is going on.”

“Oh, really?” said Larry.

“Yes, they do not want this new teacher and her class here either,” said Miss Stevenson. “Although not a Christian school, Badger Bay was always conservative. But something has changed, and now we have this situation.” Her voice trailed off. She was silent for a long moment. Larry knew he should be quiet till she spoke again.

“Larry, this may get me fired, but I don’t care. As you may know, the library has the second largest auditorium on campus. You are welcome to use it to hold meetings with the students any time you want.”

Larry was so surprised, he had to catch his breath before speaking. “You realize the implications?”



“Yes, I do, but we’ve got to fight this thing,” said the librarian. “I know you are trying to hold meetings in the dorms, but that is not good enough. You need an auditorium. Until I am discharged, you will have the use of our auditorium.”

As Larry headed to the dorm, he thought over Mrs. Stevenson’s final words: “None of the teachers want witchcraft taught on this campus. They are all supportive of what you are trying to do.”

“Why don’t they speak up?” he thought to himself. “I guess they’re afraid they might lose their jobs.” The situation was looking more serious all the time.

Larry decided he had better wait for the right time to begin using that auditorium. As soon as he did, other things might start happening.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN - DEMON POSSESSION



Entering the dorm, Larry went up to the second floor to check on a boy who had experienced a demonic attack a few days before. The two prayed together.

As Larry left the room and started down the hall toward the stairway in the center of the building, he saw a boy who had never spoken to him before heading straight toward him. It was Jed Corvor.

“Why don’t you get out of here! Entirely! Get out of this school!” yelled Jed. Larry was shocked, but before he could say a word.

“You’re the problem here!” Jed screamed. “We hate you; we all hate you!”

Larry noticed that he had a very strange look on his face, and was trembling slightly. Frankly, he looked possessed.

“Really now, the situation isn’t that bad,” Larry said, “Could we pray together?”

When Larry said that, a bomb seemed to go off in the boy’s brain. Jed began swearing and cursing Larry as they stood there in the hallway. Up and down the entire hall, boys were tumbling out of their rooms, watching to see what would happen next.

Suddenly, the boy shot out his fist to smash Larry. But when it got to one inch—one inch—from Larry’s face, it suddenly stopped and could go no farther.

Jed was as startled at this as was Larry.

Slowly taking his hand down, the boy put it by his side. It seemed all the energy had suddenly drained from his body. Jed now looked like a tired old man. Slowly, without saying another word, he turned and walked back to his room. Then, still in slow motion, he opened and shut the door behind him quietly.

That evening, about 7 p.m., a strong knocking on Larry’s door; and it burst open. “You’ve got to come quick, Larry!” a boy said breathlessly.

“What’s happened?” asked Larry.

The words tumbled out. “That guy, Corvor, that tried to hit you this afternoon. You know, up on second floor. He’s unconscious in his room. Out like a light. Nothing we do arouses him. You gotta come. Now! Dean Adams said to get you!”

Yes, it was the same boy that tried to hit Larry that afternoon. But now he was lying flat on the floor in a total coma.

“We don’t know what to do,” said Mr. Adams. He was frightened, as were the others who crowded into the room or stood outside peering in.

“Well, first, we’ve got to make sure he has enough air. Open the window,” said Larry. As that was being done, Larry added, “We’re going to really have to pray hard over this one. He’s deeper into this thing than most anyone I’ve met here. I could see it on his face this afternoon.”

“What’s wrong with him?” asked Mr. Adams. He already knew, but wanted to hear Larry say it.



“He is demon possessed,” replied Larry, “and only God can expel it.”

Kneeling down, eight boys plus the dean silently prayed as Larry earnestly asked God to cast out the evil spirit. In the hallway more boys were on their knees.

Hours passed and nothing happened. It was not until 12:30 a.m., a little past midnight, that the boy was released.

Sitting up, Jed looked around and wondered why everyone was there. His entire attitude had changed. Calm, self-possessed, he asked what had happened.

When he learned the details, he could not thank Larry enough. From then on, Larry would not have a better friend on campus.

Before leaving, Larry said this, “That was a close call, and here are the facts: Just as in the parable [Matthew 12:43-45], the devils are now gone from you, Jed, and your house is empty, swept clean; but they could return unless you really begin praying to God on your own and studying the Bible every day. Jesus said, ‘Go and sin no more.’ That’s what you’re going to have to do—or you may get right back in the hole you just got out of.”

Jed took Larry’s advice. He later told Larry that Ms. Centaur had told him after class one day that, if he would study extremely hard, he could later become a wizard. It was in following her advice that the devils captured him so fully.

LARRY GRANT DESTROYS —



THE SORCERER'S STONE!



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN - ALMOST KILLED



The next afternoon, Larry was tired from all that the previous night had brought, so he decided to walk over to the overlook. He sat there for nearly an hour, praying and watching the ocean waves hit the beach far below. “There’s a lot to think about,” Larry thought to himself. “And a lot to pray about.”

Just then, Larry heard a voice—at least it seemed to be a voice, as clear as anything,—“Larry! Get up and get back quick!”

Immediately, Larry obeyed, not knowing what this was all about. As he turned around, there was Ms. Centaur, about fifteen feet away, walking quietly toward him.

Larry had the eerie feeling that she was planning to push him off the cliff. It would have looked like a suicide.

Startled at Larry’s sudden action, the teacher stopped in her tracks. There was a moment of silence as the two faced each other. Then, unable to carry through on her purpose, she flew into a terrible rage, swearing and cursing Larry.



Then pausing, “We are going to get rid of you!” she said in slow, measured tones of rage. She looked like she would physically attack him if she thought she could. “You will be thrown out of this campus within a week!”

Another pause. By this time, she seemed to be having a difficult time controlling herself. “And I’ll laugh; I’ll laugh!” Uncontrollable laughter came from her mouth.

Something about it sounded horrible to Larry. It sounded like the laughter an insane person would make. Larry was impressed that he should not say one word to her.

Suddenly recognizing that she had better leave before others came and heard her hysterical laughing, the woman turned on her heel and hurried off as quickly as she could.

Peter and Skip rushed down the hall and opened the door to Larry’s room. They found him praying beside his bed. As he looked up, they could see he had a deeply concerned look on his face.

“We’ve got to pray earnestly about this,” said Larry. “These are souls for whom Christ died, and Satan wants to entrap them!” Larry said.

The three knelt together and one after another sent up earnest prayers to God for help.

Seated once again, Peter looked at Skip, indicating he should be the one to tell him.

“Larry, I have news for you! Those two guest teachers are denouncing you in class. They are telling all the students you do not belong here, you are bad for the school, and the administration ought to kick you out!”

“It’s beginning to be an open war, isn’t it?” said Larry softly. “Well, we’ve got more strength than they do.”

“What do you mean?” asked Peter, knowing what he was going to say.

“We’re in the majority! We have God and all the angels of heaven on our side,” responded Larry. “All the witches have is the administration and the devil.”

“You think President Vandersleeve is on their side?” asked Skip. Larry had been careful not to tell anyone about his private conversations with the librarian and Mr. Oliver.

“I have reason to believe that, yes, the president will side with them in a showdown,” replied Larry. “You say they are telling this to all the students?”

“Yes,” said Skip, “That’s what I am told; in every session they are ranting and raving. Both must have savage tempers.”

“You can expect that of a witch or wizard. Because they have rejected God, it is

difficult for them to control themselves.”

“What if their talk gets to the president?”

“I’m sure it has by now. We should see some sparks pretty soon,” said Larry calmly.

As the boys left the room, they saw Larry get down on his knees again, with his Bible open before him on the bed.

CHAPTER NINETEEN - APPARENTLY THE END



Mr. Adams, the boys’ dean looked grave. He had tried to remain neutral, but it was obvious he was on Larry’s side. When Larry heard the knock on the door, on opening it he found Mr. Adams standing there.

“Could I speak with you a minute?” asked the dean.

“Yes sir, come right in.”

“Larry, President Vandersleeve just phoned me. He wants you to come to his office right away.”

“All right, I’ll go right over.

“Uh, before you go,—uh, Larry.”

“Yes sir.”

“Larry, you know where I stand without my telling you.” A pause then, “I want you to know I’ll be praying for you.”

“Thanks dean,” said Larry appreciatively. “It’s encouraging to hear you say that. I didn’t think you were a praying man.”

“I think I’m beginning to be one,” replied the dean.

Once again, Larry was headed for the ad building. He had not been told to bring anyone with him, but the thought forcefully came to him, that he should take someone as a

witness.

So first, he knocked on Skip's room next door. They called for him to enter. Opening the door, he found both of them rising from their knees.

Quickly, Larry told them the latest and asked if either one of them wanted to accompany him as a witness to what was said. There was always the possibility that the president might later make false charges that Larry had threatened or attacked him while alone in the president's office.

Neither Peter or Skip had thought of this possibility, but quickly recognized that something like that could happen.

"You cannot trust people who are allied with spiritualists," Larry said.

By this time, not only Larry but the other two as well were learning that earnest prayer strengthens a person, so he can face lions.

"You can know that we're sticking with you to the end!" said Peter.

Skip agreed, just as resolutely.

Arriving at the administration building, the three went directly to the head office. "I understand that President Vandersleeve would like to see me," said Larry.

"Yes, he is waiting for you. Go right in." The president's secretary looked very nervous. Larry could not help wondering on which side she stood.

The thought that he should take someone with him was apparently a good idea. As soon as he entered Dr. Vandersleeve's office, Larry could tell the president was not expecting three students.

"Uh, uh, I would rather speak to you alone," said the president.

"I believe I am in my rights to bring a witness or two with me."

At this, the president lost his composure entirely. He had hoped to flatter Larry or say whatever it took to get him to cease his campaign against the special class. But Larry's direct reply enraged him. He thought to himself, "This kid is too smart, I'm not going to be able to win him over."



In an angry tone, the president rose to his feet, drew himself up to his full height and said, “You are either going to stop this undermining of school authority or I’m going to kick you out of this school. I’ll write it in your transcript, ruin your reputation, and destroy your future!”

The president paused for a moment, waiting for an answer, but none was forthcoming. “Do you hear what I say? I have the power to do this! Either back off or I’ll destroy you!”

It was obvious to all three boys that the president was under immense pressure.

“Thank you so much for what you have told me,” replied Larry calmly. He had just darted another prayer for guidance to the Lord, as did Jeremiah in the king’s presence.

“Is that all you have to say!” demanded the president, by this time in a white heat of rage.

And then he added, “You will either start attending that class again, studying what its three instructors have to say, or else!” A pause, then, “I’ll give you one day to think it over.”

“You don’t need to,” replied Larry in a courteous but remarkably firm tone of voice. “Never again will I set foot in that witchcraft class.”

“You—, you—, You’re out!” The president’s face turned purple with rage. “As of right now, you are out! I’m kicking you out of this academy!”

“Yes, sir,” said Larry.

“And if you don’t pack your bags and leave by tomorrow morning, I’ll have you arrested for trespassing!”

CHAPTER TWENTY - BARBARA SPEAKS TO THE PRESIDENT

As the three walked slowly back to the dorm, they knew their case must be left in the hands of God.

Although he did not mention it to the others, Larry knew his personal situation was serious. Where would he go? His parents were on the other side of the world, in India. They would not return for months. He would lose an entire year on his transcript, and it would have a blot on it.

By this time, Larry had a lot of student friends on campus. As they walked slowly along, a couple students greeted them.

“Hey, how’s it going?” Larry didn’t have the heart to say much of anything. But Peter spoke up and told them what had happened.

“What! That guy is going to kick you out, when you have helped the students so much!”

Just then Barbara and Jenny heard the commotion and walked over. “What’s going on here?” demanded Barbara.

When she heard the latest, she really got angry.

“We will not put up with this!” she exploded. Turning to Peter and Skip, she began talking to them like a drill sergeant.

“Go to the boys’ dorm and tell them what has happened! I’m going over to the girls’ dorm and start a firestorm over there.”

“Wha’d’ mean?” said Peter in an awed tone.

“It’s still early in the afternoon,” said Barbara. “Get the boys over here in thirty minutes, and I’ll get the girls. Right here. We’ll meet here. We’re going to march on the ad building!”

The girls ran south to their dorm, and Peter and Skip ran north to theirs. Larry came along behind. Praying that the Lord would guide, he disliked such a show of disrespect to duly authorized authority. “But I guess, I have to stand by what I have told others. We must obey God rather than man, when it comes to standing for Bible principles. My friends are trying to stand for Bible principles and I should not interfere.”

Arriving at the dorm, he slipped in, intending to quietly go to his room. But boys crowded about him in the entrance. Yes, it was true what Peter and Skip were telling them; he had been kicked out. No, he didn't know what he was going to do. But right now he was going to his room and pray.

Peter and Skip had quickly sent eight scouts, one to each side of each wing of the two-story building. Running down the hallways, banging on doors, they told everyone to get out front immediately for a special meeting.

Mentioning briefly what happened in the president's office, Peter and Skip led them to the center of the campus. There they found the girls hurriedly gathering also.

Peter stepped up onto a low wall and was about to speak, when Barbara got up there also, interrupted him and said. "Listen! you all, quiet down!"

Everybody became very quiet. "Listen, you people, I'm angry! And we've all got reason to be angry. Half an hour ago, the president told Larry Grant he was kicking him out of the school, as of right now, because Larry would not back down and give his approval to that special class and memorize everything that Centaur and the other two teach!"

A murmur of anger ran through the crowd.

"We all know those three—Chaos, Vetala, and Centaur—have turned this place into a witch's den! You and I know we should not be holding this meeting here, but we're not just defending Larry Grant; we're defending God. And that's why it's all right to hold this meeting!

"Now, I ask you,—Are you going to put up with this! Or are you going to march with me up to the ad building—and demand that President Vandersleeve rescind this action!"

Soon they were headed west to the administration building. There was such a noise outside, that the president knew he had better get out there as fast as he could.

And there he met Barbara.

"What is this all about? I demand that you disperse right now!" President Vandersleeve cried out.

A loud voice silenced him.

"Dr. Vandersleeve, on behalf of the students of this school, I demand that you rescind your decision to kick out Larry Grant."

Shocked to the bottom of his toes, the president shouted at Barbara, "And what right do you have to make such a demand?"

But Barbara had also been sending a prayer to God for guidance. The answer came. She called out, “If you don’t, we will contact every one of our parents and they will make sure you are fired!”

At this, the president visibly crumpled. Normally, students cannot make such a demand and get away with it. But the president knew he was on shaky ground, for the students had a lot of evidence they could present to their parents about the negative effects of that class and all that Larry had done to help the students. Besides that, at least some of the parents might believe in the Bible and not want their children taught by people with familiar spirits [*Leviticus 19:31; 1 Chronicles 10:13-14; Isaiah 8:19-20*].

In a softened voice, he said, “Uh,— I’ll see what I can do about this.” Before he could turn and start toward the door of the ad building, Barbara called out to him. “If Larry is not taken back as a student, ours is not a threat but a promise!”

Before separating, Barbara told the students to keep on the alert. She and Peter would alert the two dorms as to the outcome of this. “We’re not going to let this matter rest!” she said.

After conferring with Mr. Silverton, the school treasurer and second in command, twenty minutes later, a messenger was dispatched to Larry’s room. “Telephone call for you down at the dean’s office; said it’s important!”

On the line was the president. “We have decided that we will give you more time to make a wise decision in this matter, Larry. You are still a student. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir,”

“Thank you.” Click went the receiver.

“The poor guy didn’t want to talk to me any more than he had to. He probably knew I would not change what I had said, and it would be humiliating for him to have me say that.” Larry thought to himself. He felt sorry for the president. Larry really had not wanted to cause him any trouble.

“I guess when you do what’s right, problems happen sometimes,” Larry said philosophically.

Peter quickly phoned Barbara, and news of the president’s phone call quickly circulated around the campus.

“Everything’s back to normal,” Larry said relieved to have the students quieted down. “Well, that is, except for that class; it’s still going.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE - THE FIRST BIG MEETING



“You know, Peter and Skip,” Larry said that evening as he put some more seeds on the feeding station so the birds could get them as soon as it was dawn, “I’ve been praying, and I’ve made a decision.”

“What is it,” Larry,” they asked expectantly, “I’ve been praying about all this. Souls are in the balance. I think it’s time to hold a meeting of all the students.”

“What kind of meeting?” asked Skip. “Another march to the president’s office?”

“No, no, not at all. A meeting to help explain to them exactly what the situation is. Most of them are still attending the witchcraft classes.”

Peter and Skip were totally puzzled. “Where are you going to hold the meeting? Out on the lawn?”

“You’ll see,” replied Larry.

Hurrying to the phone, he called Miss Stevenson. “Would it be all right if we held a general student meeting in the library auditorium tomorrow night?”

Although Miss Stevenson had earlier told Larry he could use the library for meetings whenever he wanted, in response to this call, Larry somewhat expected a tone of uncertainty and perhaps a turn-down.

“Absolutely!” said Miss Stevenson. “Any time; just let me know the hours so I can have it ready for you!”

“Would 7 o’clock tomorrow night be too early?”

“That would be fine,” she replied.

“Uh, could you do another favor for me?”

“Certainly, what is it?” asked Miss Stevenson.

“Could you run off enough copies of that special information sheet for the entire school body and perhaps a few extra?”

“They will be ready for you.”

Larry asked his two friends to say nothing about the forthcoming meeting till he told them to announce it. Then, at four o'clock the next afternoon, he dialed the girls' dorm and told Barbara to notify all the girls about the student meeting that night in the library auditorium.

Immediately, he alerted Peter and Skip to tell everyone in the boys' dorm.

"This thing's so big by this time, that I believe we'll have a good response," said Larry.

"Why so suddenly?" queried Skip.

"Otherwise word might leak to the president and he might try to stop it."

"Talk about the president; what about the librarian! Miss Stevenson is in charge of the library auditorium!" exclaimed Peter.

"You get the boys' dorm over there, and you'll see what happens when they get there," said Larry with a smile.

By seven sharp, the auditorium was filled with students, along with a surprising number of faculty members. They heard through the grapevine and decided to tag along.

Deeply surprised, everyone saw the head librarian, Miss Stevenson, step to the podium and announce that Larry would be the speaker of the evening. Then she sat in a chair on the podium, showing that she was giving him her full backing.

(Later, when Larry asked her why she did that, she replied, "I'm going to get fired for letting you have this meeting here, so I might as well go all the way. We've got to get the witches off this place!")

Stepping to the podium, Larry asked that they might begin with prayer. By this time, there were still a few students on the campus who had never heard a prayer in their lives. But after all that had happened, it was beginning to sound like a good idea even to them.

After Larry prayed meaningfully to his heavenly Father, a subdued, calming spirit came over the entire assembly. For the first time, some of them felt the situation would be solved after all. Expectantly, they listened to hear what Larry had to say.

First, he briefly reviewed a number of points that had been discussed in the group meetings held in both dorms, such as the origin of witchcraft and the mysterious, but empty, things the spiritualists used to entrap people into it. He also mentioned how Satan was behind it and how it was condemned in the Bible.

Then Larry said this: "I am asking you, personally, individually,—to make your decision and never again attend those witchcraft classes! I cannot make the decision for you;

you have to do it yourself. But your decision will affect the rest of your life. I guarantee it.”

At this, a student arose. Larry beckoned to him, and he asked, “You know that we’ve attended a number of these classes. Yes, we can stop now. But won’t our having attended as many as we have let the devils have power over us in the future?”

“That is an important question. I’m glad you asked it,” said Larry.

“There is a way you can protect yourself.”

“I’ll tell ’em,” called out Chet Arnold.

“Come right up here and tell them,” said Larry.

At this, Chet stepped up on the platform and told how he had wanted to learn more about witchcraft.

“I thought I could impress people; and, using the power the teachers said I would receive, I would become an important person here on campus. Then one afternoon, snakes appeared in the corner of my room. When I screamed in terror, my roommate ran down the hall and got Larry. He prayed for me and the snakes disappeared. I’ve been praying and reading the Bible ever since; and, as long as I do it, I’m safe.”

As Chet left the platform, another student arose with a question. “We need to know more. How can we protect ourselves from the spirits? Those witches brought them in and we’re afraid.”

Larry told them, “Repent of your sins and come to God. He alone can forgive; no man can. Then study your Bible every day and pray. And don’t just pray once or twice a day, but talk to God every so often all day long. Pray quietly when you’re around others; pray out loud when you’re alone. Praying is not a chore, it’s a source of great strength and peace of heart. You know that you are with God and He is with you.”

“Another thing,” said Larry, “Do not listen to anything favorable to witchcraft. Nothing. And do not read any books or watch any movies favorable to it.”

At this, a girl raised her hand, and asked, “What about the witchcraft books for children they’re selling in the stores? This stuff is on television, and they’re making movies of it. There’s a woman in Britain who’s made millions of dollars writing children’s books explaining how fascinating it is.”

“If any book or movie makes gremlins, goblins, and witchery seem interesting,—have nothing to do with it,” replied Larry. “Whether they know it or not, demons are helping people write those pro-witchcraft books and movie scripts.

“This is the test: Does it make witchcraft seem attractive, something you would like to know more about. If so, it is bad and have nothing to do with it.”



“Well that’s most all the witchcraft and fairy tale books on the market!” said another student in the audience.

“Well, I’ve given you the test,” replied Larry. “Do they make witchcraft look attractive. There is not one book in a hundred that warns you to stay away from witchcraft. Stay away from demonology, and warn your friends. If they start getting interested in such things, tell them how dangerous it is and what it can lead to: outright demon possession.”

“What about the children’s fairy tales?” asked another student.

“You’ve probably read some,” replied Larry. “Did they make you want to read your Bible or more fairy tales?”

“Fairy tales,” came the answer from all over the audience.

“You have your answer,” said Larry.

At this, Jed Corvor stood to his feet. “Please, Larry, let me say something!”

“Sure, Jed, come on up so they can hear you better.”

At the podium, Jed explained, “I want you to know, folks, I was at the bottom. I had read fairy tales and children’s witchcraft books for years. I reveled in stories of mysterious lands I could get to by passing through a mirror, being caught up in a tornado, or entering a trance.

“I also read everything I could get my hands on in science fiction. It was another never-never land, where I could escape to. Stories of murder and shooting fascinated me. It seemed like fun, watching people killing people on TV.

“And then there was the witchcraft. Looking back on it now, I see the other stories prepared the way, but it was through the witchcraft stories that I got into the deep things of Satan.

“I was so far gone that I could hardly think straight. I was in trouble before I transferred in this year to Badger Bay. And I want you to know that the witchcraft in Centaur’s classes is child’s play compared to what you will find in the Potter books, Dungeons and Dragons, the demonic videos, and some of the other witchcraft junk on the market.

“If it wasn’t for Larry’s prayers, I don’t know what would have happened to me.”

At this, Larry, who had sat down while Jed spoke, came to the podium. “Jed, can I ask you a few questions?”

“You sure can, Larry, I’d do anything for you. You saved my life!”

“It wasn’t long ago that you were totally under the power of Satan, is that right?”

“Yes, I hate to admit I was taken in so bad, but it’s true.”

“Back then,” continued Larry, “while I was holding those meetings in the boys’ dorm, warning people against witchcraft and praying with people, what were you thinking? What were the thoughts running through your mind?”

“It’s hard,— it’s sorta hard to describe,” replied Jed. Another pause while he searched for words. “I was no longer myself. I seemed to be another person—or another mind was in charge of mine.

“Ya’ know, years ago, at first, I thought it was exciting. I thought that, through witchcraft, I was going to gain power over others. Yet I never did. People became afraid to be around me. Girls didn’t like me anymore. I had become a mess. Yet, that other mind was taking over and I couldn’t get away.

“Gradually, everything became a horror, a real horror. Day and night I felt miserable. And I lived in terror. Sometimes at night, I would see things in the darkness. Sometimes something would grab me by the throat and start to choke me. I now think the devil did this to keep me in terror, so I wouldn’t try to leave him.

“When you came on the scene, Larry, I hated you. There was something telling me I had to hate you. And I feared you. Yet, at the same time, I sensed you were the only person who could help me escape. Yet I still hated you, if you can figure that out. There seemed to be two minds inside my head. One thought one thing; another thought another.—But it was the other mind that controlled mine. I don’t know if I have explained it well. It’s hard to do.”

“Thank you,” said Larry. “Okay, everybody; now you know. Stay with God and don’t even get near the edges of witchcraft.”

When the meeting was over, young people crowded around Larry and asked him more questions. He didn’t get back to his room until nearly 10:30 that night.

One girl asked, “How do you know so much? How do you know all this?”

Larry replied, “I’m nothing special. I just pray to God and He helps me know what to do next. But it’s only because, in His strength, I keep studying and obeying the Bible. Life is like a journey down a foggy road. We cannot know what the next day or even the next hour may bring. But we hold onto God’s hand and we walk along. That’s the only way we can fulfill His will for our lives. Here is a key passage I live by: *Psalm 119:105*, ‘Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.’ ”

“That must be a happy way to live!” said the girl.

“It is, but it requires dedication, patience, and self-control. We can’t spend our time pleasing ourselves and serving Him too. It just doesn’t work. It has to be one or the other.”



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO - LARRY LEARNS THE REST



The next afternoon, a student knocked on the door to Larry's room. "There's someone on the phone for you. He's an older person, not a student."

"Hello, Larry, do not mention my name out loud as you speak to me just now. This has to be confidential. Come to my house alone this evening after supper. It is important."

"How do I get there?" asked Larry, recognizing his voice.

"Take the road that goes up beyond the ad building to the main entrance to the campus. On the other side of the highway, that same road continues west. My home is the third mailbox on the right. I'll be waiting for you. Don't be late."

"Well, I'll see you later," said Larry to his two friends.

"Hey, where you going?" asked Skip.

"You'll probably find out later."

"He's on one of those secret errands of his," commented Peter. "So much is happening so fast around here, we'll probably find out later."

By this time, it was dark, but Larry had a good flashlight. He would need it when he reached the outskirts of the campus, beyond the street lights.

Larry had never been to, what everyone called, the village. Those were the scattered homes to the west of the campus, beyond the north-south highway.

“Sit down, Larry,” Mr. Oliver said, after inviting him in. “This is Mrs. Oliver, Karen Oliver.”

“Glad to meet you, Mrs. Oliver,” said Larry, shaking her hand.

“So you’re the young man that’s kicking up an earthquake over on campus!” said Mrs. Oliver. “Really, you look just like a normal young man.”

At this, everyone laughed. Yet Larry could sense a tension below the surface.

“Sit right here on the couch and let me explain,” said Mr. Oliver, as he sat in an easy chair just across from Larry.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Mr. Oliver sat back and just looked absently into space for a moment. “Larry, you cannot know how glad we are that you are here. Somehow this thing seemed too big for any one of us to handle; and, yet, we didn’t know how to tackle it together. You put the pieces together. And I know how you did it.”

“How?” asked Larry.

“You just kept praying and God guided you step by step. I know, for I’ve watched you and what you have done at each step.”

Larry nodded. “But you have more than that to tell me.”

“Larry, I told you awhile back that I had more to tell you. Well, I’m going to tell you tonight.”

Then, as Mr. Oliver started explaining the situation, Larry sat back in his chair stunned.

“The president, Dr. Vandersleeve, and the treasurer, Mr. Silverton, are involved in a storage deal with criminals.”

“How do you know this?” asked Larry.

“I got it in bits and pieces over a period of time. I have contacts in the ad building, but they must be protected. A criminal syndicate sent one of their people over and offered to pay good money if the two men who ran things here—Vandersleeve and Silverton—would let them store some things in the warehouse behind the heating plant. Since I have keys to everything and my office is located just across from the warehouse entrance, I was in a good position to learn more than most.

“Although they had changed the locks on the warehouse, for some reason, they didn’t realize I also had a key by which I could get into that warehouse. They forgot to change one set of locks on that building. There is a small room, in the far back of it, through which I can

enter the warehouse.”

Larry sat there astonished. “Are they involved in drug running?”

“No, it was just a storage deal. Trucks would arrive from somewhere north of here and unload into that warehouse. As you may have noticed, it’s pretty good-sized.”

“Why would the drug syndicate want to bother with a warehouse at a boarding school? They have enough money to build warehouses elsewhere,” queried Larry.

“Apparently, they figured that a warehouse on the campus of a boarding school would be the safest place they could hide drugs. The feds would never suspect it.”

“Where do the drugs come from and where do they go?” asked Larry.

“The best I can tell is they consistently arrive here from the north and unload. Later, another truck will come and load up; then head south. The warehouse has space for more than three large tractor trailers. Those are the largest over-the-road rigs you see on the highways.”

“Well, there’s more to this than what you’ve already told me,” said Larry.

“I know what you’re going to say,” replied Mr. Oliver.

“You said the other day,” added Larry, “that the two in village, the wizard and witch living together, have some kind of blackmail against Vandersleeve.”

“Are you beginning to see the connection?” asked Mr. Oliver.

“I think so.”

“It took me awhile to discover this one. The wizard and witch learned about the money-making storage scheme, and they threatened to tell the police unless they were permitted to teach witchcraft on campus.”

“How could they think they could get away with this?” exclaimed Larry.

“They figured they could present it so gradually that the students would not catch on, until they were so infatuated with demonology they would be helpless and could not escape.”

“The plan was for a third witch to be brought in as the main teacher of the new class; and, shortly afterward, they would enter as visiting instructors. And that is what they did.”

“What foiled their scheme?” asked Larry.

“Two things. One is you. The Lord moved on your heart to oppose it so strongly—when no one else dared to,—that it destabilized the whole situation.”

“What was the other factor?” wondered Larry.

With a laugh, Mr. Oliver said, “It was the devil himself. Have you ever noticed that Satan is not content with simple devilry. He always has to overstep his bounds and go too far. It seems he cannot control himself. When he just about has a person in his clutches, he will frighten him with snakes in the corner of the room. Or he will cause another to go crazy and have to be committed to an insane asylum. The devil is so intent on hurting and destroying, that he loves to overdo it to those more fully in his own power. He does not protect his own.”

“I see what you mean!” said Larry. “That’s right. Satan may have far more power than humans,—but those of us who are dedicated to God have more self-control than He does!”

“So, because of this,” continued Mr. Oliver, “every time a student got the shakes or fell to the floor unconscious, it frightened the other students; and they wondered whether the new class was safe. For it was obvious that the students who were most willing to study and copy what they were taught in that class—were the very ones who lost the most control over their bodies.”

“But why did the wizard and witch want this class taught on campus?” asked Larry.

“Because they are servants of the devil, and he urges them on to figure out ways to catch more people. Satan wants to capture the whole world. In addition, the people who serve him want to make money off those he captures.

“For some people Satan uses witchcraft, with others he uses wild music, for others he uses clothes and jewelry. Whatever Satan can do to get people to think only of themselves and live only for themselves, he is winning them to his side. Such people he can use to win still more.”

Larry sat back in his chair and let out a deep breath. “What a situation!” He was silent for a moment. “I’ve learned a lot tonight.”

“You are going to learn more. Please, if you will, take your coat and flashlight and we’ll be going. But we must be very quiet.”

Together they walked down the road, across the highway, and into the campus. Mr. Oliver quietly led him to a small door on the side of the warehouse, close to the southeast corner. Passing through it, they entered a small room, and Mr. Oliver opened a door on the opposite side.

Entering, Larry found himself in a large warehouse. As the two walked down the

center aisle, Larry could see large pallets full of boxes, stacked on each side. Ahead of them, the flashlight shone on a large roll-up door on the north end, where a semi could unload its tractor trailer.

“This is it,” said Mr. Oliver.

“All the boxes say ‘detergent soap’ on them,” said Larry quizzically.

“Yes, but that’s not what’s in them.”

“You are sure?” asked Larry.

“I am sure. We should leave now. I don’t like to be here too long.”

Outside in the darkness, Mr. Oliver explained, “The agreement was that if Vandersleeve would let them teach the course for just one year, they wouldn’t ask for anything more. Apparently, they thought that one year would provide them with enough new followers.”

“Why do they want them?” asked Larry.

“It is a source of money.”

“Money?” said Larry.

“You see, when a witch attracts people to the dark arts, gradually the demons enter them too. Once they are hooked, not many fully escape. This enables the witch which ‘mothered them’ into demon possession to influence them to pay her money from time to time, even though at a distance. The same for a wizard who ‘fathers’ people into witchcraft. Getting the devils into people is how they make their money. They gain influence over them.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE - GETTING MORE HELP



Separating, Larry started toward the dorm while Mr. Oliver headed home. “Heavenly

Father, what should I do? What should I do?” Larry prayed as he walked. He pled for help.

Suddenly, Larry knew what should be done next. Turning around, he retraced his steps and was soon knocking on Mr. Oliver’s door again.

“Well, surprised to see you back so soon,” said Mr. Oliver as he opened the door.

“May I use your phone? I need a secure phone where I cannot be overheard by anyone on campus.”

Quickly, Larry told Mr. Oliver that he had a friend who could help them. “Would you be willing to talk to him if I asked you to?”

“Yes, Larry.”

Sitting by the phone, Larry reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. Sure enough, it was still there. Larry was happy to see the business card had both the office and home phone number. By this time, it was about 9:30 at night; so he would probably still be awake.

“Hello, is this Mr. Steger?”

“Yes, this is Mr. Steger. May I help you? Whom am I speaking with?”

“I don’t know if you remember me, but you said to phone you if I ever had a problem,” said Larry.

“Well, I don’t really know, uh—, what you are talking about.”

“I’m the young man who prayed with you on the jet coming into Logan last August.”

“Larry! Oh, yes, I count you as a close friend! What can I do to help you, my young friend!”

Larry started to go through the whole story of what had happened in the intervening months, but rather quickly Mr. Steger interrupted him.

“This long-distance phone call is going to cost someone some money. Give me your number and I’ll dial you right back.”

As soon Mr. Steger phoned back, Larry explained all that had happened. Eventually, he reached a point where he turned the phone over to Mr. Oliver, and he told what he knew.

Asking to speak with Larry again, Mr. Steger said this: “Larry, it seems you are the one coordinating what is happening there. So here is what you want to do to start with.”

“I’m listening,” said Larry.

“Have Mr. Oliver obtain written statements from contacts he might have. There may be a few you can obtain from the students. But, remember, witchcraft is not a crime in America, and the drug storage is not likely something that the students were involved in. But statements could be taken from students who may have been physically or psychologically injured by doing what the witches instructed them to do. It is possible that a secondary case could be built on that.”

“Can you tell me more about the written statements?” Larry inquired.

“The person writes what he knows of what has happened. At a later time, depositions may be taken. Those will be sworn, written statements given by witnesses out of court, intended later to be used as testimony in court. In some cases, affidavits may be taken. They are written declarations sworn to or affirmed, usually before a judge or other recognized authority,” explained Mr. Steger.

“Anything else?” asked Larry.

“We’ll start there. Work cautiously. Phone back any time. You have both my home and office number on that card. Keep it with you at all times. You may run into trouble from the other side, and need to phone me quick. Always call collect. Here is my cell phone,” said Mr. Steger.

After writing it on the back of the business card and ending the conversation, once again, Larry prayed with Mr. Oliver.

“I have a lot of evidence, and I’ll try to obtain more.” Mr. Oliver said. “I’ll also take photographs of certain things. I have several key folk I can contact for the written statements. I know people who have additional information.”

Larry had barely started down the road again and a thought flashed into his mind. Returning to Mr. Oliver’s home a third time that night, he told him what he had in mind; and, as Mr. Oliver agreed, he asked to once again call his friend.

When Mr. Steger answered the phone, Larry said, “I got to thinking about this. Things are happening so fast that I fear they may unload that warehouse. That would remove a lot of evidence,” said Larry.

“You’re right!” said Mr. Steger.

“It would probably be best if the police raid it as soon as possible.”

“We’ll take care of it.”

Hanging up the receiver, Larry turned to Mr. Oliver and explained the latest. “I really

didn't want to bring this to an end so quick," said Larry. "But it seems best."

"I agree," said Mr. Oliver.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR - A SPECIAL REQUEST



The next morning, a student ran down the hall. "Larry, someone wants to talk to you, but he didn't give his name."

"This is a friend of yours," said the voice. Larry knew it was Mr. Oliver. "Mr. Steger phoned me back and said this was a federal matter, since hard drugs were involved; and they are going to plant cameras tonight to gather more evidence and stake out the place, so they can follow incoming and outgoing trucks and track down connections. That will postpone the final raid for a time."

"Good, that gives us a little more time to settle this matter on campus," said Larry. "What we do, we must do quickly!"

"You're right!" exclaimed Mr. Oliver.

The next afternoon, Larry stopped by the library. "Miss Stevenson, could we use the auditorium again tonight?"

"You surely may," replied the librarian.

"And, uh, I need to get some copies made of this sheet I've just typed up."

"I will have them made. How many do you want and when should I have them ready for you?" she asked.

"Enough copies for the entire student body, plus a few extra. I'll need them by 7 p.m."

"We'll have them ready," Miss Stevenson said with a beaming smile.

Once again, word went out that another meeting was to be held that evening after supper.

As soon as everybody was inside the auditorium, Larry had students hand out the sheets while he explained what they were for.

“If you have been injured in any way by effects from hearing or doing what you were told in that special class, please jot it down, sign and date it, and have two friends sign as witnesses to verify your signature. Then have someone in each dorm collect them and bring them back to me. We might need them later,” explained Larry.

It was agreed that another meeting would be held the next evening.

As Larry left that night, he asked Miss Stevenson to make additional copies and try to obtain written statements from selected faculty members she might think would be willing to provide them.

“Very likely, some of them will know more than they may be telling,” said Larry.

“I’ll do my best.”

By this time, only a few of the students were still attending the class taught by the three spiritualists. Instead of drawing everyone into witchcraft, the change in events had resulted in many students praying regularly who had never prayed before. A sizeable number of half-converted Christians decided it was time to really dedicate their lives to God. The bookstore had sold out the few Bibles it had. More that had been ordered kept arriving.

The following evening, before the meeting began, Miss. Stevenson told Larry she already had several statements and was getting more.

Students gave their written statements at the door as they entered. When the meeting started, several things were discussed. Then Larry gave them some new information:

“I’ve got something to tell you. As you know, we’ve all wondered about the strange names these three have. Well, I’ve learned a few new facts.

First, I learned that witches and wizards sometimes take the names of ancient pagan spiritualists, gods, or goddesses. You will also find this in witchcraft books, including the Harry Potter Series. A number of his characters are so named.

“Based on that discovery, I did some checking and discovered this:

“Circe Centaur is the name of the teacher. In Homer’s Greek legend, The Illiad, ‘Circe’ is a witch who can transform men into animals. ‘Centaur,’ in Greek mythology, is the name of a mythical beast with the head and torso of a human and the hindquarters of a horse.

“Draco Chaos is the name of the wizard in the village. ‘Draco’ is the ancient name for ‘dragon’—a large four-footed snake. According to ancient Oriental legends, unseen dragons guarded every heathen temple. ‘Chaos’ is the ancient Greek god of absolute confusion.

“Cliodna Vetala is the name of the witch that lives in the same house with him. ‘Cliodna’ is the name of an ancient Druid/Celtic goddess, who is still worshiped today by witches, especially those in what is called the ‘Wiccan Path.’ In Ireland, Cliodna is a legendary banshee who wails in delight when someone is about to die. Among Hindus, ‘Vetala’ is a demon that haunts cemeteries, disturbs dead bodies, and devours people.

“Just explaining the origin of the six names tells you a lot about how horrible witchcraft is, in all its forms!” concluded Larry.

“It sure does!” said several in the audience while others gasped at the meaning of those names.

“All this is too coincidental to be an accident,” said Larry. “Interestingly enough, five of those six names (all except Chaos) are also names of people in the Harry Potter books,” which are steeped in witchcraft.

Just then, a hand was raised and a student stood up. “The two ‘guest teachers’ out in the village are demanding that you come to their home and get this settled. They say you have this whole thing misunderstood.”

At this, another student stood up. “A number of us think you ought to do it, Larry. It seems this would help settle it for some of us. You quit attending that class before those two started teaching. Would you please go out to the village, meet them, and come back and bring us a report.”

Larry wasn’t sure he liked this idea. “I don’t like getting near witches; but, if I need to face them down so it will settle it in your minds,—I’ll do it!”

Then he added, “But I want this assembly to select ten people to go with me, as witnesses to whatever happens. I do not trust those people.”

Another student stood up. “Larry, that wizard has been bragging that he has a rare Sorcerer’s Stone, which no one can resist. The situation doesn’t sound good and a lot of us are worried. Just how powerful is this guy? I want you to know, Larry, that we’re concerned.”

After the meeting adjourned, Larry phoned the wizard and said he would be coming over the next afternoon.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE - OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD



Accompanied by ten students selected by the student body, Larry headed to, what he referred to as, the ‘witchcraft house.’ He soon found it to be so.

Knocking at the door, it was opened by a large man about 6 foot, 2 inches in height.

Larry thought to himself, “He sure has dressed for the occasion.” The wizard was dressed in black clothes with the usual wizard cape and turned-up rear collar. Behind him stood the witch, also dressed in black, with a turned-up back collar. Both had peculiar rounded black hats which came down to a point over the forehead.

Certain they had dressed this way to impress him, Larry thought to himself, “More of this shallow fakery, as if fancy clothes prove anything.”

“And who are you?” said Mr. Draco Chaos, with a look on his face intended to humble Larry into submission.

“Larry Grant; may we come in?” said Larry, ignoring that look.

“I had not expected a crowd. Only you can come in,” the wizard said with finality.

“Either we all come in or we’ll talk to you right here at the door,” answered Larry, with even more certainty.

“Well, uh, all right; please come in.”

“Won the first round,” thought Larry, as the group entered their living room, Larry sent up strong prayers to His Father to protect them all, guide his words, and show him when to leave.

Fortunately, the room was a large one, and there were enough chairs for everyone. Larry thought to himself, “They may use this room for ongoing meetings with other spiritualists.”

Everyone took a seat, but Larry remained standing close to the front. The wizard took his position at the front of the room. The witch stood to one side.

As Larry stood there, searching their faces, he saw not one hint of happiness on either of them. Both wore cosmetics to hide the dissipation brought on by years of selfish living.

“You will be seated, young man,” commanded the wizard.

“I will remain standing,” replied Larry.

“You will give me your attention, said the wizard. I have the power to give you what you want in life, if you will serve me.”

Amazed by the sheer audacity of the man, Larry replied, “I don’t believe you!”

Startled by this effrontery, Chaos demanded once again that Larry be seated.

“I will not be seated. You are a fake and so is that witch!”

“If you do not yield, I will cast a spell and overcome you on the spot,” cried the wizard, extremely angry now.

At this, the wizard began waving his hand hypnotically toward everyone there. He was especially trying to hypnotize Larry, certain that if he could succeed, the others would quickly be frightened into submission.

But Larry spoke up, “You can put your hand down, for waving it around accomplishes nothing. We came here to talk with you; and, instead, you try to hand our souls over to the devil.” And then, in a powerful voice, Larry added:

“In the name of Jesus Christ, I call on the true God, the Creator God, the God of heaven and earth to protect us from your satanic arts. Trusting in Him, I defy you and all your devils. We are going to leave this witch’s den right now!”

Not a sound could be heard in the entire room. Even the wizard was stunned into silence.

At this, Larry turned his back on the spiritualists and said to the other students, “We are leaving right now. We have had enough of this. These people are charlatans!”

Peter, who was closest to the door, immediately stood to his feet. The others saw this as a signal to stand and begin filing out.

“Isn’t the air fresh out here? So much different than the stale air in that place,” said Larry. Others were in agreement. To stay was to be captured; to leave was to be free.

Larry had made a wise decision to leave as quickly as he did. Not even a Christian should dally in such places. It’s like going into a saloon or gambling den and lingering there.

“We’ve got to hold another meeting tonight,” exclaimed one of the students. “Yes,” said another. “We’ve got to tell them what happened here!”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX - AN EMPTY CLASSROOM



That evening, another meeting was held in the auditorium. It was obvious that the president knew these meetings were being held, but he dared do nothing to stop them.

News had traveled throughout the campus, that Larry had confronted the wizard and the witch he lived with. Not only all the students, but most of the faculty came to this meeting.

One after another, students came to the podium and told what they saw in that house with the wizard and witch.

“I’m telling you,” said one, “I’ll never read another magic story in my life! I’m done. They’re all like what I saw in that place! All these stories of spooks and haunted houses and enchanted places only lead people to be more easily get caught later by spiritualism. We have to leave it all alone.”

“That’s right,” said Larry. “It is the lure of the spirit world. We dare not play with it. If we do, it’s like getting too close to the edge of a cliff. It’s easy to fall over the side. Stay away from the cliff!”

“Yes!” was heard from students throughout the audience.

“Stay away from witchcraft in all forms,” continued Larry. “If you have any magic books at home, including children’s stories of magic tales, throw them out!”

This night marked the end of attendance at the witchcraft class. The next day it was totally empty of students. Boiling with anger at being ignored by the entire student body, Chaos and Vetala marched over to the president’s office.

Immediately, the president issued an order to the entire student body. A meeting would be held the next night in the large Assembly Hall in Chaffee Hall. This was the

largest auditorium on the campus. By order of the president, it was to be attended by the entire staff and student body.

As you might imagine, a lot of prayers were offered before that meeting. No one knew what to expect. Fortunately, by this time, there was a very large number on campus who were regularly praying and reading the Bible. Things were very different than a few months earlier, when the fall term began.

Larry thought it best to arrive early. As he neared the main entrance to the Assembly Hall, he noticed that a workman, who had been repairing a handrail on the side of the steps, seemed rushed.

Always anxious to help someone, Larry hurried over. "Can I help you?" he asked.

"I didn't know there was going to be a meeting tonight, and I need to stow all these tools, along with other tools which are in my open pickup. I found I have a flat and no spare tire to replace it." The man looked anxious. "Can you help me carry them in?"

"I'd be glad to help you," said Larry. Going over to the vehicle, he picked up a couple heavy toolboxes, easily carried them through the entrance, and followed the workman down the hallway. Setting down their load, both went back for more.

"You have quite a few tools," said Larry.

"I never know what I'll need until I go out on a job," replied the workman. "I live down the road apiece and contracted out this job. I'm not a part of staff here."

"How will you get home?" asked Larry.

"I've phoned a friend and he'll be here in a couple minutes, but he has a small car. So I have to leave the tools inside till tomorrow morning."

With two hauling in the tools, it went quickly. Then the workman turned to Larry and thanked him profusely.

"Oh, that's all right; it only took a few minutes."

"Well, I want you to know I appreciate it," the man replied, "If you ever need to use any of my tools, go right ahead."

"Thank you," said Larry.

As he walked from the hallway into the Assembly Hall itself, the thought came to mind that he should sit in the far back. So Larry slipped into an end seat by the center aisle.

Rather quickly, this, the largest auditorium on the campus, filled with people.



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN - PREPARING FOR A SHOWDOWN



Just then, the side door on the platform opened; and President Vandersleeve and Treasurer Silverton entered and seated themselves, one on each side of the podium in the center. Larry noticed that they both appeared nervous. No one, including Larry, paid any attention to a small table which had been placed on the platform in front of the podium. On it was something of uneven shape, with a drab cloth over it.

Rising to his feet, Dr. Vandersleeve went to the podium. “Students and faculty, this is an important occasion.” Larry noticed that he seemed to be clenching the sides of the podium more tightly than usual.

“We have a special speaker tonight.” With this, the president sat down.

The side door on the podium opened; and in walked Clidna Vetala, followed by Draco Chaos. She walked to the far side of the podium, stopped, and stood facing the audience. Chaos stopped on the near side of the podium.

Aside from a few muffled gasps, everyone in the auditorium was totally silent. In the minds of many, the fears of witches and wizards, which they had so recently been trying to overcome, returned. Most wanted to run out of the room, but everyone sat silently.

Seeming to enjoy the dramatic moment, well-knowing it would help his objective, Draco Chaos began speaking.

“There has been some misunderstanding here of late,” he said soothingly. “You all know that Ms. Centaur, Ms. Vetala, and I have only wanted to serve you and provide for your best interests.”

Having said that he brandished what he thought was a smile, which to the students looked more like the smile of a wolf about to tear the flesh off his prey.

“We have encouraged you to read the very best in children’s fantasy books about faraway magical lands, knowing they would provide a wonderful doorway to the glorious new and hidden knowledge we wanted to bring to you.

“And you still have the opportunity to obtain this secret wisdom of the ancients. Like so many others, you will become wise.

“And wisdom such as this brings power, power which you can use throughout your future years.”

All this sounded so very beautiful, but the students had already seen some of the misery it brought. Several students had experienced a mental depression which they could not shake until others had prayed for them. Some were recovering from anxiety attacks. They now recognized that the “hidden wisdom” Chaos offered would only bring a loss of self-confidence and self-control, not an increase of it.

“And just now,” purred Chaos in a musical voice, “I want to help you regain your peaceful venture into the lost wisdom of the ages.” As he spoke, there was a cadence to his voice similar to that of a snake charmer in India.

Draco Chaos began moving his hands rhythmically as he spoke. Gradually, he moved closer to the table. “You should know that there is great power available to you, and I want to present it to you right now.”

“It will reach everyone in this audience, and no one will be able to withstand its peaceful embrace.”

At the back of the auditorium, Larry sat listening and earnestly praying. But he was not impressed yet to stand and challenge Chaos. “What should I do, Lord?” he cried in his heart. “What should be done?”

Just then Chaos reached down, with a sweep of his hand, and took the cloth off the object on the table.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT - TAKING ON THE WIZARD



Wheezing gasps could be heard throughout the room, as Chaos paused for effect and then continued to speak. There before them was a large, intricately carved stone.

“This,” said Chaos, “is the rarest of the rare, a genuine Sorcerer’s Stone. It is for you to gain power from. It can change you into new people.

“And below it is the Magic Amulet, equally rare,” he added.

The multicolored stone, in the shape of a bundle of serpents, nested perfectly on top of a broad white stone, carved into the form of a goat’s head, with the front of it showing the typical upside-down five points.

“I have here the Sorcerer’s Stone, and it rests on the Magic Amulet. Both contain great magick, and when placed together are overpowering in what they can do,” the wizard said solemnly. Once again, his hand began weaving back and forth, like a cobra.

Silence throughout the room. Everyone’s eyes were fixed on Chaos, No one noticed as Larry quietly got up and slipped out of the room.

Sensing the distress of the audience, now, in a more authoritative voice, Chaos added, “You will not be able to resist this force. You will not resist it, You will not—.”

“Ahhhhhh,” screamed Vetala the witch, as she put her hand to her mouth. That piercing scream did not stop. Everyone was totally startled.

Then, Draco Chaos screamed too, “No, NO, NO,” The blood had drained from both of their always-pale faces.

Everyone turned to see what the two were looking at. From the back of the Assembly Hall, running down the center aisle and holding an immense flat-faced sledge hammer in his powerful grip as he came, was Larry Grant.

“You are cursed, cursed, CURSED!” screamed Draco, “In the name of all my demon

gods, I curse you!”

But the curses did not stop Larry, and he kept running.

Utterly beside himself with terror, Draco burst forth with the worst curse he could pronounce, “In the name of Lord Satan, the king of the gods, may you die on the spot!”

As Larry approached the podium, he held the hammer higher as he cried, “In the name of Jesus Christ, the Creator God of heaven and earth, I smash your little gods!”

With a powerful leap, Larry jumped up onto the side of the podium on which the witch was standing.

Then, with a mighty swing, he brought it down on the top center of the Sorcerer’s Stone. The heavy sledge went through the top stone and on through the bottom one as well. Pieces of both stones flew everywhere.

At this, Cliodna Vetala seemed ready to faint. “Ahhhhh! Death strikes the gods of Wicca!” she cried, “We perish, we all perish!” Yet she managed to regain enough strength to run out the side door, after Chaos who was just in front of her.

Somehow, the destruction of their most sacred gods seemed to totally crumple them. No one ever again saw them on campus. Not only did Draco Chaos, the wizard, and Cliodna Vetala, the witch, disappear, but that strange teacher, Circe Centaur, was never seen again either.

By this time, everyone was on their feet—yelling with joy, overjoyed with happiness to be freed from the presence and threatened power of the satanists. For that is what they were. “We’re free! We’re free! We’re free of the devil gods!” they shouted.

By this time, not even the president nor the treasurer could be seen anywhere. They had left through the backdoor also.



CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE - A TIME FOR REJOICING

Larry now went to the podium and called to everyone to please be seated. “God has freed us from the curse tonight. I had no idea what was going to take place this evening, nor did any of you. It was the Lord God of heaven, the true God, the Creator of heaven and earth, that protected us tonight from the power of Satan and his agents. It was God who delivered us from their threats and curses.”

“But,” Larry continued, “Let us never forget what we have been delivered from, so that we will never get close to it again!”

Words of agreement ran through the audience.

“Please, now, we should kneel in prayer and thank Him.

“Oh, our God, we love Thee so much, and we thank Thee for delivering us from the power of the enemy. May we, each one in this room, dedicate the rest of our lives to Thee—to love Thee, and to serve Thee all our days, whatever the future may bring. In the name of Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Saviour, we ask it, Amen.”

Standing to his feet, Larry said, “And now my friends, let us praise God from whom all blessings flow. Let us praise Him in song.”

Because a small optional church service was regularly held here on Sunday mornings, there were songbooks in racks on the back of the chairs.

Now, thrilled at the deliverance from the black arts, they began singing. And did they sing! One song right after the other.

“Redeemed! how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb . . .”

“Look upon Jesus, sinless is He; Father, impute His life unto me . . .”

“On a hill far away, stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame . . .”

“Lead on, O King Eternal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of conquest, Thy tents shall be our home . . .”

“Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature, O Thou of God and man the Son! . . .”

“He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! . . .”

Then they sang this one:

“Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found; was blind, but now I see.

“ ’Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved; how precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed!

“Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come; ’tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home!”

And they ended with this one:

“What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry, everything to God in prayer. O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear.

“All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer!

“Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful who will all our sorrows share?

“Jesus knows our every weakness. Take it to the Lord in prayer!

“Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge. Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

“In His arms He’ll take and shield thee, thou wilt find a solace there.”

“Well, friends,” Larry said, “we should leave now. But let us remember that it is our responsibility to remain close to God every day—through study of His Word, prayer, and daily renewed dedication. Otherwise Satan will catch us in some other net later on.”

CHAPTER THIRTY - THINGS HAPPEN FAST



Events moved more rapidly now. Larry had barely returned to the dorm, when a call came through for him. It was Mr. Steger on the line. “Larry, the feds are going to raid the warehouse tonight and make arrests. I thought you should know this.”

The next morning, everyone learned what had happened. Not only were the president and treasurer arrested, but the drug enforcement investigators had discovered that the three spiritualists were also heavily implicated, and they were placed under arrest.

Immediately, with the approval of board members who lived at a distance, the faculty and staff met and elected the librarian as acting president for the remainder of the school year. It was decided that, in the crisis they had just been through, she had been the boldest faculty member on campus in defense of the academy's best interests.

Later that spring, the president, treasurer, and the three spiritualists were tried and given lengthy prison sentences.

The students then held a special student body meeting and elected Larry as president of the Student Association for the coming year.

But he declined, explaining that his folks would be returning in May; and, as soon as school was out, he would probably move with them to some other location, wherever his father's next government contract took him.

At this, the current student body president stepped to the podium and declared that he was resigning in favor of Larry. "He can be student body president for the rest of this year. He deserves it, for God used him to save us from the power of witchcraft."

Immediately after that, the faculty met and voted to ask Larry to continue the special class for the remainder of the year. Unless someone continued teaching it, the students could not receive credit for it. They told Larry he could teach whatever he and the students wanted. Since he would not have time to teach all the different weekly class sessions, it was decided that he would hold a single meeting once a week in the Assembly Hall, which all the students would attend.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE - THE NEW CLASS BEGINS



"Why should I be holding these meetings?" Larry thought to himself. "I'm not special. Why would anyone want to listen to me for the rest of the school year? Shouldn't one of the teachers be doing this?" These were questions which ran through Larry's mind. He was truly puzzled.

But when he laid it before the Lord in prayer, he received no indication that he should

try to back out of the job.

Then Larry realized that he had dedicated his life to serving God and helping others. Why should he hesitate to take on this, a new and different assignment.

When everyone had assembled for the first class session, it was obvious that every student in the school was there. But Larry was surprised to see that apparently every faculty and staff member had also come, along with their families. They were quietly sitting in back. Fortunately, the Assembly Hall was large enough to hold them all. “Perhaps they’re curious about what we’ll have at the meeting,” Larry wondered.

What he did not realize was that, by this time, he was deeply respected, not only by the students but also by the faculty and staff. Both students and faculty felt he had saved the school.

Larry went to the podium. “Well, this is something new for me,” he said. “Are you sure you don’t want to get someone else? I’m not a teacher.”

A ripple of laughter ran through the audience, and one student near the front spoke up, “You’ve been teaching us things for weeks!”

Everyone thoroughly liked Larry and were enjoying his modest discomfort.

“I’ve given a lot of thought to what we should do for these meetings,” said Larry. “So I’ll tell you what I have in mind, and you shoot it down if you want.

“This is a class for teenagers; and, although a few older ones have come along for the ride, everything will be for you, the students. We’ll just let them sit in as observers. Is that agreeable with you?”

Larry raised his hand and all the students raised theirs.

“Now, since this is a class just for you and me, it seems we ought to make it as practical as possible. And the best way I can think to do that is for the young people in this school to ask questions from the audience, and we’ll see if we can get some answers. How does that sound?”

Hands raised.

“My idea is for you, not me, to take charge of the direction of most of these meetings. I know you’ve got questions. Everybody does. And teenagers have a bundle of them. Are you with me?”

Hands.

“Okay,” said Larry, “I want you to ask questions that really count with you; and,

since I'm supposed to be the teacher, I'll see what I can come up with.

"And," he added, "I want you to tell me where you want these meetings to go.

"I open the floor to discussion."

A boy who usually didn't say a lot stood to his feet. "I know we've got questions here," gesturing with his arm around the room. "Since all this started with these witches, we've been talking about a lot of things, real serious things, in our dorm rooms.



"Questions we don't seem to get answers to most other places. We already got plenty of history, science, and English. But, from the best I can tell, that's not going to take care of our personal problems. Not now or later on.

"From what we've talked about by ourselves, we've got problems about God and how to keep from falling into sin. We want to know how to get through life and somehow do it right.

"We see grown-ups everywhere who've messed up their lives. Some real bad. And we don't want to do all over what they've done. But we don't know where to start and we don't know how to keep it going. If you understand what I mean."

"Well," said Larry thoughtfully. "I guess you said it pretty well."

Another student stood to his feet. "I've got a hunch that we've got a chance here, for a little while, to talk and figure out some things that we might not get figured out later."

After several minutes of discussion, back and forth, the students decided they would like it the most if Larry would explain to them more about how to have a deep Christian walk with God.

One thing was clear to them: That which had changed the situation at the school was the solidity of Larry's personal principles. And the students wanted to know more about them.

It was generally agreed that what they wanted was a stable, happy life; and they recognized it would have to be a life with God. Otherwise they were doomed to repeat the mistakes of their parents.

LARRY GRANT DESTROYS —



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO - WHY SO MANY PROBLEMS?



“Well, uh, I’d like ask the first one,” said a student hesitantly. *“Why do we have so many problems down here on earth? Why does all this happen to us? There seems no end to it.”*

“Because we sinned,” replied Larry, *“It’s not the Lord’s fault. We did it to ourselves. Man fell into sin in the Garden of Eden; and, ever since then, we’ve continued sinning. So Christ came to earth to save us. If we’ll cooperate, He is going to take us to heaven. That’s why He lived and suffered and died. He did it for us. He became a ‘Man of Sorrows,’ so we might have everlasting joy in a better land.”*

Another student asked, *“Yes, but if all this is happening down here, does God really love us?”*



“Another good question,” said Larry, “Jesus did not die on Calvary to get the Father to love us. That great sacrifice was not made in order to create in God’s heart a love for man.

Oh, no! The Bible says, ‘*God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son*’ [John 3:16]. The Father gave Jesus to us *because He loves us*. Only the Son of God could accomplish our redemption. And all members of the Godhead—the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—worked on it together.”

“That makes us pretty valuable, doesn’t it?” said a boy.

“Yes, *what a value this places upon man!*” said Larry, “Through transgression we became the subjects of Satan. Through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ we can become the sons and daughters of God!”

“But there is so much suffering down here,” said a girl, ***“it seems like, if God really loves us, we shouldn’t have all these problems.”***

“Every one of our problems,” replied Larry, “is the result of our own sins and mistakes or the sins and mistakes of others. *Every one of them*. Never forget that. The Bible is clear about this. God is not the cause of our problems. *He is not the cause of any of our problems*.

“Here are a few examples from the beginning of the Bible: Adam and Eve fell into sin by their own act. Abel died because of his brother’s angry temper. The Flood came on the world because of its wickedness. Sodom was destroyed because of the sins of its inhabitants. Korah and his associates rebelled against God’s authority, so the earth opened up and swallowed them. Lots of other examples could be mentioned.

“Whatever difficulties there are, the cause can always be traced to a problem with people, not with God. The cause may be traced to an accident, a bad diet, a genetic flaw, meanness, crime, or something else. *But the cause is always people, not God*.

“If you always remember that, you will be less likely to question the goodness of God, less likely to leave Him.”

At this, a boy rose to his feet. ***“Even though God does not directly do all those bad things, why does He not stop them from happening?”***



“It’s like this,” Larry explained, “sin entered the universe through Lucifer. Why?

Because Lucifer made a devil out of himself. God didn't make him bad; he made himself bad. When that happened, something had to be done about the situation.

"Now, God had infinite power. If He did anything to put a stop to it, no one in the universe would understand what had happened. Satan had made lying charges; and if God liquidated him in a moment, this would leave a question in everyone's mind.

"So, in his infinite wisdom, God gave Satan time to show what would result from his method of government. The devil had declared that God was selfish and His law unjust. Therefore God permitted time to elapse so everyone could see Satan exposed for the liar and murder that he was.

"The devil said his ideas would wonderfully improve life. So God gave him time to demonstrate what happens when created beings rebel against God.

"And what is it that happens when any of us rebel against God and refuse to obey Him? We become more like Satan. There are no exceptions. On our own, we always get into trouble, hurt ourselves and everyone else."



"But why do we have to suffer because the devil has to be exposed?" said another student.

"We are part of this terrible experiment in rebellion because we were born into this world," answered Larry. Someone may say, 'Well, that's not fair. We had no say about being born, so why do we have to go through all this suffering because we are in a world filled with devils tempting men?' There's a beautiful answer to that:

"As soon as Satan won a large number of angels in heaven and they were cast out, he successfully overcame Adam and Eve. That victory gave Satan the opportunity to tempt and harass all of Adam's descendants. Any history book will tell you the result: murder, intrigue, and wars. Plus famine and disease which Satan helped produce. That's what the devil gave us.

"Yes, it's true that we are all born into this miserable world, without any choice in the matter.

“But—and *this is the important part—God makes up for it in a most wonderful way!* He says, ‘Child, if you will prove faithful to Me and, amid the hardships of this life, patiently remain loyal to Me,—*I will reward you with eternal life!*’

“*What a reward is that!* In exchange for accepting Christ as our Saviour and faithfully submitting to His rule throughout these few brief decades on earth,—we will be able to live with Him through eternal ages in heaven!”

“*I see what you mean,*” said that same student.

“Think about it a minute,” said Larry. “*There is simply no loss in such an arrangement.* For a few decades of problems and suffering down here, we will be with Christ in heaven forever and ever!”



“*Well, that’s okay for those who accept Christ,*” another student asked, “*but what about all those people down here who don’t? They have to suffer and die down here,—and still miss out on heaven!*”

“But remember,” said Larry, “*no one need be lost.* God’s Holy Spirit and the good angels work with everyone who has ever lived on earth, seeking to draw them to God.

“*It is only by our own decision that any of us will be lost.* Here’s a couple Bible verses about this:

“*Titus 2:11* says this: ‘For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.’

“*1 Timothy 2:4* puts it this way: ‘Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.’

“So there you have it. God’s plan is to save everyone willing to be saved. And all those willing to cooperate with God and let Him work out His plans for their life will be saved.”

“Now, you sort of covered it,” said a girl, “but I’d like to ask this: *Why doesn’t God protect His own loyal children from the problems of life? Why do they also have accidents? Why do they have genetic problems? Why are they robbed and killed? I guess I*

mean to say it this way: Why doesn't God especially favor and care for His own?"

"Stop and think a minute," said Larry. "Any time anyone in the world appears to have an ability a little beyond that of the normal,—everyone wants what he has. They crave his power, his authority, his money, his influence. The same would hold true for special protection.

"If it became obvious that Christians had a teflon coating; that is, that they were given very obvious, special protection from making mistakes or having problems—all the worldlings, without having true repentance or forsaking their sins, would declare themselves followers of God!

"But they would only be doing it for what they could get out of God—right now. Instead, *God's faithful ones love Him, in spite of the problems of life.*

"God does care for His own, but He does it in ways that are generally unnoticed by the world. So the wicked, looking at the unselfish lives of true Christians, decide they will only lose, not gain, if they accept Christ as their Saviour.

"Have you noticed that it always seems to require a sacrifice to become a real Christian? Satan is always standing there, tempting people to think they will lose a lot if they accept Christ.

"Yet, in reality, people lose nothing worth keeping when they accept Christ."



"But why are Christians always suffering and persecuted?" A boy asked. "It's happened for thousands of years."

"Everyone not under God's control is guided by the devil. We individually choose one or the other of the two great powers to rule over us.

"Satan constantly urges the wicked to give God's people as much trouble as possible. The devil is hoping to discourage them and break their hold on God.

“As a result, down through history, we find that God’s people were maligned, ridiculed, persecuted, hunted, and slain. Satan works through the wicked to make their lives as hard as possible.

“Yet, in spite of it all, *God’s faithful ones choose to remain loyal to God because of principle—and for no other reason.* They don’t do it to gain fame, wealth, or honor in this world.

“They do it just because they love God and want to do what His Word tells them to do. They don’t do it because they are expecting Him to load them with benefits in this life. *They serve God, not for what they can get out of Him, but because they love Him.* They do it in spite of the treatment they receive from the ungodly. They are loyal to God regardless of any outward rewards they might receive in this life.

“Abraham is an example of this. God promised him great things, but he wasn’t going to get them until he could go to heaven. *Hebrews 11:9-11* says this: ‘By faith he [Abraham] sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.’

“*Only in standing true to God, in spite of having to share in the problems down here on earth, could the genuinely faithful be tested*—and show they really were on God’s side and not on the side of the rebels.

“Let’s put it this way: Isn’t it a fact that everyone would serve God if He would immediately give them everything they asked for and provide all their immediate gratifications?”

“***Yes, you’re right,***” said that student.

“Well, I think we’ve gone long enough tonight. Are these the kind of meetings you want?” asked Larry.

“Yes,” said the students.

“Okay then, next week, same time, same station,” replied Larry. “By the way, if there’s anyone here who does not have a Bible, you would do well to order one at the bookstore. You need to have a good, readable Bible you can read in every day.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE - HOW CAN I COME TO CHRIST?



During that week, both in the cafeteria and dorms, the students talked together about the new class. It was generally agreed that they were getting more out of this class, that could help them in the future, than a lot of classes they could take.

It was because the meetings were interesting, because they were practical and met the needs of the students. For the first time, many questions were being answered.

As the students arrived for the next week's meeting, they found that, once again, the entire faculty and staff were taking seats in back. But the students didn't mind, because it was their meeting, not the faculty's.

"Well, I've been talking to the acting president, Miss Stevenson," Larry told the audience; "and she told me I could change the name of the course to anything I wanted. So I thought about that a little and selected *"Principles of Life"* as the course title. But I want your approval, for this will be the course name recorded on your transcripts at the end of the year."

A student raised his hand. "That means there will be no record that we ever had any classes in witchcraft?"

"None at all," said Larry.

Everyone was happy about that, and the vote was unanimous.

"Okay, it's time we start our class," said Larry; "and, you know what? We forgot to start and end with prayer last week. I really apologize for that." Larry looked embarrassed. "I guess we all got excited about something new that we were beginning. Is this all right with you if we have prayer at our meetings?"

Every hand went up.

"Okay, who would like to give the opening prayer?"

A student raised his hand and then prayed.

"What's the first question today?" asked Larry.

"According to what you told us last week," said a girl, ***"God loves us as much as***

Jesus does! That sounds almost too good to be true. I got the idea from somewhere that God was vengeful and anxious to see us suffer.”

“Oh, no,” said Larry. “He is kind and loving. ‘God is love’ is what the Bible says about Him. Listen to this:

“I John 4:7-8: ‘Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.’

“Think of it a minute: Think of the matchless love of God for a world that did not love Him! *Think of all that God does for us every day, even though we are so unthankful.* He keeps our hearts beating and provides our food. *He sent His Son to die on the cross to save us. Yet we killed Him. And He still loves us!*

“The thought of God’s love humbles our hearts as we think about it. It causes us to want to love Him all the more. All heaven was poured out in the gift of Christ to us! Throughout the eternal ages we will praise Him for His inexpressible gift—eternal salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.”

“I’m so thankful to hear that!” said a student near the front. “Listen, can you explain this: *Why can’t we just save ourselves? Why do we need Jesus to save us?*”



“Back in the Garden of Eden,” explained Larry, “before Adam fell into sin, man originally had great strength and a well-balanced mind. He was perfect in his being and in harmony with God. His thoughts were pure, his aims holy. But through disobedience, all that was damaged. Selfishness took the place of love. The nature of man became so weakened through transgression, that it was impossible for him, in his own strength, to resist the power of evil.

“And that’s where we are today. It is now impossible for us, by ourselves, to escape from the pit of sin in which we are sunken. Our hearts are evil, and we cannot change them. *There is only one solution: There must be a power outside of ourselves, a new life from above, before we can be changed from sin to holiness.*

“Now that power is Christ! Only by His grace can we be attracted to desire clean, pure lives. Only He can draw us to God in repentance for our sins.

“The Bible says, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world’ [John 1:29]. We have the power to choose to return to God. We have to come to Christ for that salvation. For it is only through Christ that we can be brought into harmony with God.”



At this another hand went up. ***“But how are we to come to Christ?”***

“The first step is repentance,” Larry said. *“Repentance includes sorrow for sin and a turning away from it.* But we are not going to renounce sin until we see its sinfulness. And that is not likely to happen until we realize the sufferings Christ went through to save us. But until we turn away from sin in heart, there can be no real change in the life.

“As we behold what Jesus suffered for us, something special happens and our hearts are yielded to the influence of the Spirit of God. Our consciences are quickened. It is then that we recognize that we are sinners and how sacred is God’s holy law that we have broken. We realize that God’s moral code is the foundation of God’s government in heaven and on earth. The law of God convicts us of sin. The law becomes a mirror [James 1:23-25], leading us to Christ who alone can save us. The law itself cannot save us. It can only tell us we are sinners.”

“How can I know if I’m really sorry for my sins, so I can come to God?” questioned a girl. ***“It’s so easy to pray and not seem to get through to God.”***

“The prayer of David, after his fall, helps explain this [Psalm 51:1-17],” replied Larry. “David had true sorrow for sin. *His repentance was sincere and deep. There was no effort to cover over his guilt.* David saw how greatly he had sinned against God. He was terribly ashamed of his sin. He wasn’t just praying for pardon, but for purity of heart. He longed for the joy of holiness. *He wanted to be restored to harmony and oneness with God. This is the kind of repentance we need.* But we can only have this experience with the help of Christ.”

“Sometimes everything seems hopeless,” said a student. ***“I try and just keep falling.”***

“Christ is ready to set each of us, without exception, free from sin; but He will never force the will,” said Larry.

“As you see how terrible sin is, as you see yourself as you really are, *do not give up in despair. It was sinners that Christ came to save.* Remember that! When Satan comes to tell you that you are a great sinner, look to your Redeemer and talk of His merits. Acknowledge your sin, but tell the enemy that ‘Christ came into the world to save sinners’ [1 Timothy 1:15] and He wants to save me!”

“I like that!” said another student. **“But how do I confess my sins?”**

“That’s a good question,” Larry said. “This is what the Bible says. ‘He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy’ [Proverbs 28:13]. The conditions for obtaining the mercy of God are simple. They’re not complicated.

“In sincerity of heart, you confess your sins to God. You know that He alone can forgive them, and it is true.

“But those who have not humbled their souls before God, in acknowledging their guilt, have not yet fulfilled the first step of acceptance. We must be willing to humble our hearts and comply with the conditions given in the Bible.

“Remember that *earnest confession that is the outpouring of the inmost soul finds its way to God. He has infinite pity on the helpless sinner.* He knows all your problems and temptations.

“*True confession is always of a specific character and acknowledges particular sins.* All confession should be definite and to the point. The Bible says, ‘If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness’ [1 John 1:9].”

“So what is needed is a sincere, full repentance; is that right?” asked the same student.

“That’s right,” Larry said. “God’s promise is, ‘Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart’ [Jeremiah 29:13]. The whole heart must be yielded, or the change can never be wrought in us by which we are to be restored to His likeness.



“We’re in a war and we’re the center of it. *The deciding point is our choice*: What will we choose to do? Whose side will we choose to be on? If we choose God’s side, good angels will instantly help strengthen our decision. But if we choose to waver, then evil angels will lead us into one of the devil’s traps.

“The warfare against self is the greatest battle that was ever fought. The yielding of self, surrendering all to the will of God, requires a struggle. But *if we will submit our will to God’s will, we will be safe*. Good angels will help us.

“Well,” we should close this meeting. Who would like to pray for us tonight?”

“I will,” said a girl near the front.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR - HOW DO I SURRENDER TO GOD?



As the next meeting began, Larry said, “Instead of a class in psychology, sociology, or anthropology, this is a class in how to walk with God. Is this what you want? Is this meeting your needs?”

A chorus of “Yes” from the students.

“Well, I’ve had a number of requests for a rousing song service to start each meeting. How does that sound?”

Another “Yes.”

“Well, let’s start with a really good one!”

And did they have a great one! So good, in fact, that they were late getting the question-and-answer period started.

“Oh well,” said Larry, “We made up for previous meetings without a song service. We’ve had our opening prayer. What’s the first question of the evening. After a week of thinking, I’m sure we’re brim full of them.”

“What do I have to give up in order to be accepted by God?” inquired a student.

“Well,” Larry answered, “last week we talked about surrendering to God. So this would be the next logical question: What do we give up in order to make that full surrender?”

“In giving ourselves to God, *we must necessarily give up all that would separate us from Him.* That’s easy to remember, isn’t it? Everything that would separate us from God must be given up.

“Satan will make us think that we are sacrificing something, but it’s not true. All the devil does is lie to us. —If there is anything you have to give up in order to be a Christian, it is generally something that wasn’t good for you!”

“Well, then,” asked a student, ***“is it a matter of will power? We give up this, and we do that, and we are accepted?”***

“Of ourselves, we cannot do anything acceptable to God,” replied Larry. *“We have to make the changes in Christ, not apart from Him. Whatever we try to do, in the Christian life, by ourselves will never succeed.*

“There are those who profess to serve God while they rely upon their own efforts to obey the ten commandments, to form a right character, and secure salvation. Their hearts are not moved by any deep sense of the love of Christ, but they seek to perform the duties of the Christian life as that which God requires of them in order to gain heaven. Such religion is worthless.

“But what we do *in Christ* is entirely different. When Christ dwells in the heart, the soul is so filled with His love, with the joy of communion with Him, that it cleaves to Him; and in the contemplation of Him, self will be forgotten. For His sake, nothing is a sacrifice.

“You have become like a little child holding onto your father’s hand. As you cross the dangerous highway of life, the closer you press to your heavenly Father, the safer you are.

“Everything becomes different. Love to Christ becomes the spring of action. Those who have this experience do not ask for the lowest standard, but aim at perfect conformity to the will of their Redeemer.



“There’s a lot of talk about making the Bible the standard of life. Well, in the life of the genuine Christian, the Bible actually becomes his standard. He reads it because His heavenly Father wrote it. He obeys it because he wants to obey the letters His Father sent him. Yet that obedience can only be carried out in the ongoing strength of Christ.

“But think not that this is a works program. *It is just heartfelt Christian living.* The Bible says we are to cease from our works [Hebrews 4:10], which are dead works [Hebrews 6:1; 9:14], and do good works [Hebrews 10:24], which are works done in the enabling strength of Christ. ‘Without Me,’ He said, ‘ye can do nothing’ [John 15:5].” That is a promise. Believe it and live by it.”

“Sometimes it just seems that it is too great a sacrifice to give everything I have to Christ, to dedicate myself to Him,” commented a student.

“The devil tempts us that we will lose a lot if we live for Christ,” Larry explained. “Or he tells us that we had better wait till some later time to come to Christ. *Satan knows that if we do wait, he will so fill our lives with problems, that we’ll forget all about coming to Christ.*

“Yes, I understand how easy it is to be tempted to think that it is too great a sacrifice to yield all to Christ. *Just ask yourself the question, ‘What has Christ given for me?’* The Son of God gave all—life and love and suffering—for our redemption. And can it be that we, the unworthy objects of so great love, will withhold our hearts from Him?

“Ask yourself the question, ‘What do I give up, when I give all?’ We give a sin-polluted heart—for Jesus to purify, to cleanse by His own blood, and to save by His matchless love. And yet so many think it hard to give up all!

“*God never requires us to give up anything that it is for our best interest to keep.* In all that He does, God has the well-being of His earthly children in view.”

“Well, getting right down to it, I have a friend who wants to make this surrender of himself to God,” a boy said. ***“But it seems there’s some kind of hurdle here that he can’t surmount. What’s the answer?”***

“This is the problem,” said Larry. “A person desires to give himself to Christ, but he is weak in moral power, in slavery to doubt, and controlled by the habits of his life of sin. His promises and resolutions are like ropes of sand. He cannot control his thoughts, his

impulses, his affections. The knowledge of his broken promises and forfeited pledges weakens his confidence in his own sincerity, and causes him to feel that God cannot accept him,—*but he need not despair.*

“So often, this is the situation with all of us. *What we need to understand is the true force of the will. This is the governing power in the nature of man*, the power of decision, or of choice. Everything depends on the right action of the will. The power of choice God has given to men; it is theirs to exercise.

“You and I cannot change our heart, we cannot of ourselves give to God its affections; *but we can choose to serve Him. We can give Him our will*; He will then work in us to will and to do according to His good pleasure. Thus our whole nature will be brought under the control of the Spirit of Christ; our affections will be centered upon Him, our thoughts will be in harmony with Him.”



“Wow! *So choosing is the key*,” said the same student. “*It is putting my will on Christ’s side.*”

“That’s right,” agreed Larry. “Desires for goodness and holiness are right as far as they go; but if any of us stop here, we will fail of obtaining our goal. Many will be lost while hoping and desiring to be Christians. They do not come to the point of yielding the will to God. *They do not now choose to be Christians.*

“Through the right exercise of the will, an entire change may be made in your life. You will have strength from above to hold you steadfast and thus, through constant surrender to God, you will be enabled to live the new life, even the life of faith.”

“*And so I just choose to go to Christ; that’s it. Just deciding I’ll go to Him?*” inquired a girl.

“Yes, with all your heart, confessing your sins, having true repentance for how you have hurt Christ—*just go to Him!*” said Larry. “He will receive you! As your conscience has been quickened by the Holy Spirit, you have seen something of the evil of sin. You have seen its power, its guilt, and its misery; and you look upon it with abhorrence. It is peace that you need. You have confessed your sins and in heart put them away. You have resolved to give yourself to God.

“Now go to Him and ask that He will wash away your sins and give you a new heart.”

“*What is the next step after that?*” asked a boy.

“After you’ve confessed your sins and accepted Christ as your Saviour,” explained Larry,—“then *believe that He has accepted you!* This is crucial. *You must believe!*”

“Satan will tempt you to doubt. But you are to believe just because He has promised in His Word. You believe because He died for you on Calvary.

“The gift which God promises us, we must believe we do receive, and it is ours. You are a sinner. You cannot atone for your past sins; you cannot change your heart and make yourself holy. But God promises to do all this for you through Christ. *You believe that promise.* You confess your sins and give yourself to God. You will to serve Him. And just as surely as you do this, God will fulfill His Word to you. *If you believe the promise,—God supplies the fact.* Do not wait to *feel* that you are made whole. But say, ‘I believe it; it is so, not because I feel it, but because God promised.’”

“Well,” concluded Larry, “I think we’ve covered enough for tonight. How many are ready for next week?”

Every hand went up.

“Good, we’ll have a great meeting!”

Larry paused and then said, “I think we’ve probably covered most of what is involved in how to come to Christ and accept Him as our Saviour.

“Next week, we’ll take a look at what is involved in staying close by His side, day after day, so we don’t fall away. So have your questions ready.

“Who would like to give the closing prayer?”

“I would,” said a student.

As usual, after the meeting, everyone was busy sharing their thoughts with friends about what they had been learning. Somehow, telling some of it again helped fix it all the more firmly in their minds.

The students recognized that, if they solidly put into practice what Larry had been telling them, it could make the rest of their lives happier and better.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE -ARE OUR PRAYERS IMMEDIATELY ANSWERED?



The audience buzzed with excitement, for these meetings were getting to be a special event. People arrived early, so they could visit with friends outside; and then, when it was time for the meeting to start, they went inside, expecting practical information they could use in their personal lives.

Larry walked down the aisle, climbed the steps onto the platform, and went to the podium.

“Well, the place is as full as last week!”

Chuckles.

“You know, when we talk about how to live better, cleaner, purer lives, it really is exciting, isn’t it?”

A response of “Yes” from the audience.

After a song service that encouraged everyone, Larry said, “We need to start with prayer. You know, we have a lot to be thankful for, don’t we?”

A lot of Amens.

After someone offered the prayer, Larry asked, “What’s the first question of the evening?”

A girl near the front stood up. ***“You mentioned last week that we could receive the answer, if we believe. Could you explain a little more what it is that we can have? Maybe I should say it this way: Do we receive everything we ask for? What things can we always pray for and receive?”***

“The only thing we can receive *immediately* in answer to prayer is the forgiveness of sin,” replied Larry. “For most other things, we generally have to wait and keep praying. But doing so strengthens our faith, so we will be more thankful and use it better when we receive it.

“Often our prayers are answered in a way we did not expect, but which wonderfully fills the need we prayed about.

“And, of course, we will never receive some things we ask for. God may know that having them would not be for our best good. Once I met a man who wondered why God didn’t give him a new car, even though he had prayed for it.

“But our kind Father will always give us forgiveness of sin right away. And He will always give us strength, as we keep trusting in Him, to resist temptation and overcome sin.

“Our Lord Jesus Christ said, ‘What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them’ [Mark 11:24]. But there is a condition to this promise—that we pray according to the will of God. But what is the will of God for our lives?

“It is the will of God to cleanse us from sin, to make us His children, and to enable us to live a holy life. So we may ask for these blessings, believe that we receive them, and thank God that we *have* received them.

“Ask, believe, claim—ABC; that’s the formula. Ask in faith for that which God has promised, believe that He gives it, then claim the promise. Set to work believing you already have it,—and you will have it when you need it. But you must ask according to His will.”

“I have experienced so much peace in Christ in the past few weeks,” another girl said. ***“But I’m afraid that I might lose Him. How can I be sure I’ll stay close to Jesus in the future?”***

“That’s a very important question,” Larry said. You know, every day is so important. Our lives are very short. And in our teens we are getting ready for adulthood. Soon we’ll be grown and have to face the adult world. We’ll be getting married, we’ll support our families, we’ll have children and begin raising them. And, as you know, there are a lot of perils out there. But, in answer to your question, consider this:

“Now that you have given yourself to Jesus, do not draw back, do not take yourself away from Him. But, *day by day say, ‘I am Christ’s; I have given myself to Him’; and ask Him to give you His Spirit and keep you by His grace.*

“Here is the key to success: As it is by giving yourself to God and believing Him, that you first become His child, *so you are to live in Him.*

“Unfortunately, here is where thousands fail; they do not believe that Jesus pardons them personally, individually. They do not take God at His Word. But it is the privilege of all who comply with the conditions to know for themselves that pardon is freely extended for every sin. Put away the suspicion that God’s promises are not meant for you. They are for every repentant transgressor.

“When you that are doubting and trembling look up; for Jesus lives to make intercession for us. Christ is your mediator, interceding for you in heaven right now. Thank God for the gift of His dear Son! The closer you hold on to Him, the safer you are.

“The promise in 2 Corinthians 5 is for you: ‘If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new’ [2 Corinthians 5:17].”

A boy near the back stood to his feet and asked this question, ***“How can I be sure I’ve been converted? It seems I should know the exact hour it happened.”***

“That’s probably something a lot of people wonder about,” said Larry. “A person may not be able to tell the exact time or place he came to Christ. He may not be able to recall all the events and decisions which led to conversion; but this does not prove him to be unconverted.

“Genuine conversion is shown by a definite change in character, habits, and activities. His likes and dislikes will have changed. The contrast will be clear and decided between what he has been and what he has become.

“The test is this: *Who has the heart? With whom are our thoughts? Of whom do we love to converse? Who has our warmest affections and our best energies?* If we are Christ’s, our thoughts are with Him. There is no evidence of genuine repentance unless it works reformation. The lovely, and loving, character of Christ will be seen in His followers. It was the delight of Jesus to do the will of God and help those around Him.”



“Larry, I’ve heard you say that we will be keeping God’s law,” said a boy. ***“Now that sounds sensible. Of all the people on earth, we should expect that Christians would not steal, commit adultery, or kill. But I’ve heard it said that if I keep God’s law—I’ll be a legalist! How can I obey the ten commandments safely? That sounds like an odd question, but I don’t know how else to put it.”***

“People get mixed up on this sometimes,” replied Larry. “There are two errors against which God’s children especially need to guard: The first is that of looking to their own works, trusting to anything they can do by themselves, to bring themselves into harmony with God. *All that man can do without Christ is polluted with selfishness and sin.* It is the

grace of Christ alone, through faith, which can make us holy.

“The opposite and no less dangerous error is that belief in Christ releases men from keeping the law of God; that since by faith alone we become partakers of the grace of Christ, our works have nothing to do with Christian living.

“The truth is that obedience is the fruit of faith. Righteousness is defined by the standard of God’s holy law, as expressed in the ten commandments [Exodus 20:3-20]. It is not faith, but presumption to think that we do not need to keep God’s moral law. Morality was not abolished at the cross! Surely, we dare not say that it was!

“I think we can all thank Alabama Supreme Court Judge Roy S. Moore. He has called our attention to the importance of defending the ten commandments. The atheists want to get rid of God’s moral standard; God’s people should defend it.

“The solution is to be in Christ. *When we are abiding in Him, He gives us power, moment by moment, to obey the moral code.* That is what the Bible means when it says He writes the law on our hearts [Hebrews 8:10]. But we must constantly stay close to Him,—or Satan will draw us away from God and the law will no longer be in our hearts. When that happens, we have left Christ and are out in the world again. Obedience is a matter of clinging to Christ and, in His strength, obeying His Written Word. *Without Him, we cannot do anything right. He is our righteousness. We are never our own righteousness.”*

“I think I see what you mean,” the same student said.

“Christ changes the heart. He abides in your heart by faith. You are to maintain this connection with Christ by faith and the continual surrender of your will to Him; and so long as you do this, He will work in you to will and to do according to His good pleasure [Philippians 2:13].”

“I have a question,” asked a girl. ***“Does that mean we’ll eventually reach a point where we don’t need to stay as close to Christ?”***

“Good question,” replied Larry. “That will never happen. The closer you come to Jesus, the more faulty you will appear in your own eyes; for your vision will be clearer. This is evidence that Satan’s delusions are losing their power. No deep-seated love for Jesus can dwell in the heart that does not realize its own sinfulness. The soul that is transformed by the grace of Christ will admire His character.

“A view of our sinfulness drives us to Him who can pardon; and then the soul, realizing its helplessness, reaches out after Christ. To such a one, Jesus provides wonderful help, wonderful answers. The more our sense of need drives us to Him and to the Word of God, the more exalted views we shall have of His character and the more fully we shall reflect His image. *So, the closer we come to Him, the less we will see anything in ourselves, apart from Him, that is good.*

“Well, why don’t we bring this meeting to a close at this point? It’s time for our closing prayer.”

When it was finished, Larry raised his hand as he said, “How many appreciate these meetings?”

Hands went up everywhere.

“Have your questions ready; and, when song service is over next week, we’ll start in.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX - MORE ON THE NEW BIRTH



The following week, when it was time for the first question, a student stood up. “Larry, what you’ve been talking about, the conversion experience, is about the new birth.”

“That’s right,” replied Larry.

“Can you describe this new birth to us in clearer terms?” was the question.

“What the Bible speaks of as the new birth is *the change of heart by which we become children of God*,” said Larry. “Before that we were children of the evil one, caught in his net. But then Christ sets us free as we accept Him as our Saviour.

“Elsewhere in the Bible, this experience is compared to the germination of the good seed sown by the husbandman. It is God who brings the bud to bloom and the flower to fruit. It is by His power that the seed develops. The sprouting of seeds is a miracle. The new birth is also a miracle. Our God is a God of miracles.”



“But once the seed sprouts, from then on it grows on its own, doesn’t it?” asked a puzzled girl.

“The plant only grows,” explained Larry, “because it receives nourishment from the soil, air, and sun. The same with us. *We can only grow because Jesus enables us to do so. He is our soil, our air, and our sun!*”

“As the flower turns to the sun, that the bright beams may aid in perfecting its beauty and symmetry, so we should turn to the Sun of Righteousness, that heaven’s light may shine upon us, that our character may be developed into the likeness of Christ.”

“I think I’m beginning to see how I come to Christ and, at the first, give Him my heart,” said a student. ***“But don’t I also use some other methods to grow in Christian experience after that?”***

“‘How am I to abide in Christ?’ is the question,” said Larry. The answer is that *you abide in Him in the same way you first received Him*. The Bible says it this way: ‘As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him’ [Colossians 2:6].

“By faith you first became Christ’s; that’s the new birth. *By faith you are to grow up in Him*; that’s all the rest of your Christian life. You do this by giving and taking. You are to give all you have: your heart, your will, your service. You give yourself to Him, by His grace, to obey all His requirements. And you must take all: Christ and the blessings He brings you, to abide in your heart. In this way, *He is your strength, your righteousness, and your everlasting helper* to give you power to obey.”

“This is really terrific!” said a girl. “I’m getting so much out of this. ***Now, if you would, tell me how I make sure I’ll start each day right—with Jesus.***”

“Consecrate yourself to God in the morning,” Larry said. *Make this your very first work*. Let your prayer be, ‘Take me, O Lord, as wholly Thine. I lay all my plans at Thy feet. Use me today in Thy service. *Abide with me and let all my work be wrought in Thee.*’

“This is a daily matter. Each morning consecrate yourself to God for that day. *Surrender all your plans to Him*, to be carried out or given up as His providence shall indicate. Thus day by day you may be giving your life into the hands of God, and thus your life will be molded more and more after the life of Christ.”

“But isn’t there something here I need to be worried about,” a student asked. ***“This sounds like walking on the edge of a cliff. It just seems too good to be true.”***

“There is something to fear: *Fear that you will leave Christ*,” replied Larry. “Be concerned that you will drift away, drawn by one of the devil’s attractions.

“But, having said that, know for a fact that, if you will cling to Him constantly, Jesus will guard you like a fortress. He intends that no outside power be in you, other than His

Holy Spirit.

“Actually, a life in Christ is a life of restfulness. There may be no ecstasy of feeling, but there should be an abiding, peaceful trust. When the mind dwells upon self, it is turned away from Christ, the source of strength and life. For this reason, it is Satan’s constant effort to keep your attention diverted from the Saviour. He wants to prevent your union and communion with Christ.”

“What do you mean by ‘communion with Christ’?” asked another student.

“Well, that’s a big word, and the big words can get us confused at times,” apologized Larry. “By that, I mean talking to Him! We are not only to be united with Him by faith; we are to talk to Him as often as we have opportunity all through the day.”

“ ‘Talk with Jesus’? asked a girl. “How do you do that? I’m busy all day long, and much of the time I’m around other people.”

“There is an interesting sentence in the Apostle Paul’s writings. He said to ‘Pray without ceasing’ [1 Thessalonians 5:17]. Now, if we can figure out what he meant by that, it would probably improve our own Christian experience. We know that Paul had an extremely close walk with God.

“When you first get up in the morning, pray and read God’s Word. This should not be a form, but a genuine experience. Paul said ‘I die daily’ [1 Corinthians 15:31], so he had such a genuine experience—a renewed conversion—every morning.

“Then, as you go through the day, you talk to Jesus. —You really do talk to Him! If you are alone, you can talk out loud. If you are around others, you talk to Him silently. Another way to say this is that you are praying silently, and we’ve all done that. So it shouldn’t be anything strange or new.”

“What do you talk to Him about?” asked a girl quizzically.

“Well,” chuckled Larry, “you talk to Him about what you are doing, what you are going to do. Specifically, though, you thank Him; you ask for guidance to know what to do next, wisdom to do it right, and protection as you do it. You pray for loved ones and those you are trying to help, those you will meet, those you have just met. You pray for people, you pray for yourself. You pray for guidance, you pray for protection. There is so much to talk to Him about. And there is something else: You thank Him, constantly thank Him for the blessings. The more you praise Him, the more you will have to praise Him for. Try it; it works.

“Jesus is real; and, when you are with someone real, you talk to him!”

“Well, I’d be afraid I might forget partway through the day! What if I don’t talk to Him constantly?” asked a boy.

“Don’t worry about it. Just keep aiming for it. Keep talking to Him. If you find you haven’t for a little while, no problem; just start in again. Thank Him, ask Him for help in what you are trying to do. If you are doing anything which in the slightest degree could be dangerous, ask Him for protection. Make Jesus your best friend! For He surely is!”

“You said that we are not only to have continual communion with Him, but also continual union,” a boy said. “By ‘communion’ you mean continually talking to Him. What you do mean by ‘union’?”

“This concept of union with Christ and being in Christ is found many times in the New Testament,” Larry explained. “We mentioned earlier how Christ said that He is the Vine and we are the branches [John 15:1-5]. We are to be so closely connected to Him that we, as the branches, continually draw nourishment from Christ, the parent stock. Paul says we are ‘members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones’ [Ephesians 5:30]. Jesus said we must drink His blood and eat His flesh [John 6:53-56].

“All these symbols describe this extremely close relationship. To put it another way: Each of us is to be His little child, holding His hand all through the day, trusting Him to care for us and guide us.

“The result of this continual union, or connection, is that we become like Him! Can you imagine, becoming like Christ! Yet all the while we ourselves are not aware of the change; for we are just His humble, obedient children. It was predicted that Christ would save His people from their sins [Matthew 1:21], not in their sins. In the process of taking you out of your sins, Christ makes you more like Himself. In other words, He makes you a clean, honest, pure person. You become Christlike.

“Remember how, in His last prayer with His disciples before leaving for Gethsemane, Jesus prayed for all of us [John 17], and He asked that we might be one with Him—even as He is one with the Father. What a union is this! Thus, loving Him and abiding in Him, we shall ‘grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ’ [Ephesians 4:15].



“Can Satan catch me if I don’t want him to?” asked a girl. “By this I mean, if I want to stay close to Jesus (and determine to) and read the Bible and keep praying. Is

there some way Satan can catch me anyway?”

“God cares for His own! When Christ took human nature upon Him, He bound humanity to Himself by a tie of love that can never be broken by any power save the choice of man himself. Satan will constantly present allurements to induce us to break this tie—to choose to separate ourselves from Christ. But if we keep our eyes fixed upon Christ, He will preserve us. Looking constantly unto Jesus, we are safe. Nothing can pluck us out of His hand. All that Christ was to the disciples, He desires to be to His children today.

“Our danger is being attracted by the devil’s trinkets and toys. All that Satan offers is a deception, yet it appears so attractive. In the strength of Jesus, turn away and keep your hand in Christ’s hand.

“How many are thankful that we have such a wonderful Saviour?” asked Larry, raising his hand.

Hands went up all across the auditorium.

LARRY GRANT DESTROYS —



THE SORCERER'S STONE



CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN - FINDING WAYS TO HELP OTHERS



“Well,” said Larry, after the preliminaries of the next meeting were over, “tonight, let’s talk about something different.

“So far, we’ve been discussing how to come to Christ and how to stay with Him. But there’s also something else we should keep in mind.

“What we’ve been talking about here for weeks has been a great help to us personally. But, let me ask this, now that we’ve learned so much, do you think we should see what we can do to help others?” asked Larry. “Should we just be helping ourselves?”

“I’ve been thinking the same thing,” said a girl. ***“Tell us more.”***

“The person who loves God wants to help others. This is because He is becoming like God, and God is a worker. He is always at work, ministering to the needs of the entire universe.

“Think about it a minute: *It is only dedicated Christians that consistently, unselfishly help other people.* The atheists never do. We learned earlier this school year that witches live only for themselves, and they want us to live that way also. But the children of God unselfishly try to help everyone they can.

“Wherever the life of God is in the hearts of men, it will flow out to others in love and blessing.

“Our Saviour’s joy was in helping people and saving them from sin. With this purpose in mind, He counted not His life dear to Himself, but endured the cross, despising the shame.

“When that kind of love—the love of Christ—is in our hearts, it flows outward. It cannot be hidden or repressed. *Love to Jesus will be shown in a desire to work as He worked to help everyone around us.* It will lead to love, tenderness, and sympathy toward all the creatures of our heavenly Father’s care.

“Those who are partaking of the grace of Christ will be ready to make any sacrifice, that others for whom He died may share the heavenly gift. They will do all they can to make the world better for their stay in it.”

“Well, actually,” said a student, ***“if we spend our time helping others, it will draw us closer to Jesus.”***

“That’s right,” replied Larry. “The effort to bless others will always react in blessings upon ourselves. *Those who spend their time trying to help others are brought nearest to their Creator.* The spirit of unselfish labor for others gives depth, stability, and Christlike loveliness to the character, and brings peace and happiness to its possessor.

“Strength comes by exercise. The more we try to help others, the more skilled we become at doing it.”

“I like that,” said a girl. ***“But what about those of us who spend a lot of time in the home. During the summer months, that’s where I am most of the time. And when I grow up and get married, I may be in the home a lot then too.”***

“That’s a good question,” said Larry. “It is a mistake to think that we need to go to heathen lands or become public speakers in order to help others and work for souls.

“We can do it within the narrow circle of the home, if that is where our duty lies. *We can work for Christ anywhere we are.* With a loving spirit we may perform life’s humblest duties ‘unto the Lord’ [Colossians 3:23]. If the love of God is in the heart, it will be revealed in the life.”

“That really is encouraging,” said the same girl.

“You do not have to wait for great occasions,” said Larry, “or expect extraordinary abilities before you can work for God. The humblest and poorest of the disciples of Jesus can be a blessing to others.”

As Larry paused, everyone was thinking about the implications of what he had just said. *“You know,”* said Larry, *“I think by now we need to start a missionary band!”*

“What do you mean?” asked a student.

“We’ve received so much light and help ourselves from God, we need to start sharing it with others around us!”

“Who would we help?” asked a girl. ***“Everyone on campus is right here.”***

“There are people living up and down this seacoast who have never received a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ,” said Larry. “We need to help them.”

“Where do we start and what do we do?” asked a boy in back.

“I’ll tell you what,” Larry said. “I think this is something each of us should think about a little. Let it percolate in your minds this week; talk about it together. My ideas may not be complete, rounded, or balanced. In a multitude of counselors there is strength.

“Why don’t we pray together right now and then adjourn early tonight. Then, back in the dorms, get together with others and figure out some ways we can get started. It might be letter writing, it might be by visiting people off campus. But all this shouldn’t just be something I figured out.”

And so it was that, for the next several weeks, the students focused their attention in the weekly meetings on ways to help others. Small missionary bands were organized. In cars with faculty members, some went out and visited in the surrounding community. Others went to towns in the area. Still others drove south to Salem and found opportunities there to help people. They cleaned up houses or painted them. They gave Bible studies. They made loaves of bread at school and gave them to needy families. They prepared food baskets. They located sick families that needed help.

At their weekly meetings, they would report back; and each band would tell what they had been doing. Then they would pray together for the people they were helping. A rousing song service began and ended each meeting.

The whole thing was exciting; and, as one boy said, “Real Christian living sure beats the misery, deceit, and fear we were getting from the witches.”

This work continued on throughout the remainder of the school year.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT - MORE ON WAYS TO LEARN ABOUT GOD



“Well, we’re nearing the end of the school year,” said Larry one night at the weekly meeting. “We’ve sure had a great time together, haven’t we?”

“We sure have!” came the answer from the audience.

“Do you have any questions tonight?”

“Is there anything we do that God does not notice?” asked a girl.

“A great question,” exclaimed Larry. “No tears are shed that God does not notice. There is no smile that He does not mark. If we would but fully believe this, all our worries would be dismissed. Our lives would not be so filled with disappointment as now; for everything, whether great or small, would be left in the hands of God.”

A student rose to his feet. “You know, Larry, ***I’ve been thinking that another way we can draw closer to God is by walking out in nature. It seems that outside, especially in the country, that I seem to be among His created works.***”

“That’s right,” replied Larry. “Many are the ways by which God is seeking to make Himself known to us and bring us into communion with Himself. If we will but listen, Nature speaks to our senses without ceasing. God’s created works will teach us precious lessons of obedience and trust.

“As you have opportunity, take time to walk and sit outside in nature. Look at the plants and animals and think how marvelously they are designed. Indeed, everything is perfectly designed, including our own bodies.”

“So then we can learn about God through the study of nature,” said a student near the front. “That’s encouraging. ***What are some other ways we can learn about Him?***”

“We can learn about Him through nature, through providences, through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and especially through the Word of God,” said Larry.

“Although God speaks to us through His providential works and through the influence of His Spirit upon the heart, ***He especially speaks to us in His Word.*** In the Bible, we have a clearer revelation of His character, of His dealings with men, and the great work of redemption.

“We want to daily fill our minds with these wonderful messages from our heavenly Father. The Bible contains living bread from heaven, sent down to feed our souls.”

“We need the Bible so much,” said a girl. ***“Should we read the Old Testament as well as the New Testament, or are both important?”***

“That is an important question,” said Larry. “Some people say the Old Testament isn’t important any more, but it is. ***The whole Bible is the inspired Word of God.***”

“The central theme of the Bible is God’s plan to save us from sin. We should look for it all through the Bible. The theme of redemption is one into which the angels desire to look;

it will be the science and the song of the redeemed throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. In view of that, it's surely worth our careful thought and study right now! As we do so, and as we meditate upon all that our Saviour has done for us—and is now doing,—there will be a hungering and thirsting of soul to become like Him whom we adore.

“The Bible was written for the common people. *The great truths necessary for salvation are made as clear as noonday.* There is nothing more calculated to strengthen the intellect than the study of the Scriptures.”

“***Do you have any other suggestions for how to read the Bible?***” another student asked.

“*We need to take a little time to think and pray through what we read,*” explained Larry. “We’re not helped as much when we hastily read in the Bible. One passage studied until its significance is clear to the mind and its relation to the plan of salvation is evident is of more value than a casual reading of many chapters with no definite purpose in view and no positive instruction gained.

“*Keep your Bible with you. As you have opportunity, read it; fix the texts in your memory.*”

“We cannot obtain wisdom without earnest attention and prayerful study. *Never should the Bible be studied without prayer.* Before opening its pages, we should ask for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, and it will be given. Angels from the world of light will be with those who in humility of heart seek for divine guidance. How must God esteem the human race, since He gave His Son to die for them and appoints His Holy Spirit to be man’s teacher and continual guide!

“Well, let’s continue our questions next week,” said Larry. “As you know, it will be the last meeting of our class this school year.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE - MORE ON HOW TO PRAY



At the last meeting, a girl asked, “***Can you give us additional helpful pointers on how to pray?***”

“Prayer is so important!” said Larry. “Not only do we need to carefully study the Bible, but we also need to pour out our hearts to Him. *In order to have close contact with God, we must have something to say to Him concerning our actual life.*

“Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Not that it is necessary in order to make known to God what we are, but in order to enable us to receive Him. *Prayer does not bring God down to us, but brings us up to Him.*

“Our heavenly Father waits to bestow upon us the fullness of His blessing. What a wonder it is that we pray so little! God is ready and willing to hear the sincere prayer of the humblest of His children.

“What can the angels of heaven think of poor helpless human beings, who are subject to temptation, when God’s heart of infinite love yearns toward them, ready to give them more than they can ask or think, and yet they pray so little and have so little faith?



“*The darkness of the evil one encloses those who neglect to pray. The whispered temptations of the enemy leads them to sin; and it is all because they do not make use of prayer. Yet prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven’s storehouse, where are treasured the boundless resources of Omnipotence.*”

“*Oh, yes, I want to pray more!*” said a girl. “*How can I make sure my prayers are heard?*”

“Another important question,” said Larry. “*There are certain conditions upon which we may expect that God will hear and answer our prayers:*

“One is that we feel our need of help from Him. If we regard iniquity in our hearts, if we cling to any known sin, the Lord will not hear us; but the prayer of the sincerely sorry, repentant soul is always accepted. When all known wrongs are righted, we may believe that God will answer our petitions.

“Another element of prevailing prayer is faith. *When our prayers seem not to be answered, we must cling to the Bible promises; for the time of answering will surely come,* and we shall receive the blessing we need most. But it is presumptuous to think that prayer will always be answered in the very way and for the particular thing that we desire.

“When we come to God in prayer, we should have a spirit of love and forgiveness in our own hearts.

“Perseverance in prayer has been made a condition of receiving. We must keep praying if we would grow in faith and experience.”

Another student asked, “*Where should we pray?*”

“Well, that’s a practical question,” said Larry. “We touched on it before, but here are some more ideas:

“We should pray in the family circle, with others, and in religious meetings. But *above all we must not neglect secret prayer, for this is the life of the soul.* Family or public prayer alone is not sufficient. Secret prayer is to be heard only by the prayer-hearing God.

“As we mentioned earlier, *there is no time or place in which it is inappropriate to offer up a petition to God.* In the crowds of the street, in the midst of a business appointment, while working in the kitchen, driving a truck, or building a house, we may send up a petition to God and plead for divine guidance.

“Let the soul be drawn out and upward to God in prayer. As we do this, the Lord gives us a breath of the heavenly atmosphere.

“We may keep so near to God that in every unexpected trial our thoughts will turn to Him as naturally as the flower turns to the sun. Keep your wants, your joys, your sorrows, your cares, and your fears before God. You cannot burden Him; you cannot weary Him. He is not indifferent to the wants of His children.



“There’s another point it would be good to mention before we conclude this meeting,” said Larry.

“We all need time to pray and worship together. As you go through life, make sure you are meeting with others to study God’s Word together and worship Him. We need to take time to strengthen and encourage one another in the service of God. By speaking to one another of the love of God and the precious truths of redemption, we are all encouraged.

“We must gather about the cross. Christ and Him crucified should be the theme of contemplation, of conversation, and of our most joyful emotion. We should keep in our thoughts every blessing we receive from God; and, when we realize His great love, we should be willing to trust everything to the hand that was nailed to the cross for us.

“Oh, and something else which is very important,” said Larry.

“Last but not least, we must take time to praise God. As you go through the day, talk to Him; and thank Him for the birds and plants and trees, for your body which functions adequately. Thank Him for your beating heart, your hands, your feet and mind.

“It is a fact that the soul ascends nearer to heaven on the wings of praise. As we express our gratitude to God, we are doing what the angels which stand around His throne in heaven are doing.

“We mentioned earlier that there’s a Bible passage about praying without ceasing [1 Thessalonians 5:17]. There’s also one about thanking God without ceasing [1 Thessalonians 2:13]. Thankfulness to God is extremely important in the Christian life! It powerfully strengthens you, even in the midst of problems.”

“What should I do when I am tempted to question God or doubt His Word?” asked a girl near the front.

“Well, that’s important also,” said Larry. “Many are at times troubled with the suggestions of skepticism. God never asks us to believe without giving sufficient evidence upon which to base our faith. Disguise it as they may, the real cause of doubt and skepticism, in most cases, is the love of sin. We must have a sincere desire to know the truth and a willingness of heart to obey it.

“Every one of us in this room has encountered the devastating blast of evolutionary atheism. It is in books and magazines everywhere.

“Within the next few years, all of us will be adults and many will get married. All through our adult years, we will encounter repeated temptations to question the Word of God or doubt God’s goodness.

“But we must resolutely reject every doubt. Make it a rule of your life to never question God’s Word,—and never doubt God’s goodness! The Bible is always safe.

“Settle it in your mind that God always does good. He never does anything wrong or bad. All the problems come from the devil or from our or others’ mistakes or sins.

“Never, never doubt God! *Never blame Him for anything that happens!* Never stop being appreciative for all He’s done for you and all He is going to do for you now and through all eternity to come. If you will stick by this rule, your future will be bright.”

And with that, the last meeting of the school term drew to an end.

CHAPTER FORTY - COMING TO AN END



There were a lot of sad hearts in May. School was ending for the year; and everyone was about to depart, most of them to faraway places. Some would not be returning the next year.

And everyone was sorry to learn that they might not see Larry Grant again. His humble, unselfish efforts to help them were deeply appreciated.

As they walked along the campus, Peter said, “What are we going to do next year without you?”

“I agree,” chimed in Skip. “It won’t be the same place without Larry.”

“Honestly, friends, I’ll miss you too,” agreed Larry. “But I can tell you what you’ll be doing.”

“What’s that?” asked Skip.

“You’ll be helping others, just as we did while we were here together.”

“Actually, you’re right,” said Peter thoughtfully. “And in helping others, we won’t miss one another as much.”

“It works that way,” said Larry. “Wherever we find ourselves, if we’re trying to help someone else, our own hearts are made happier in the Lord. We also make new friends in the process.

“This world is the training ground for heaven. From day to day, God gives us assignments down here. As we faithfully fulfill them, we are drawn closer to the atmosphere of heaven.

“Then, someday, Christ will return the second time and take us all to heaven; and we will be able to carry out more assignments for Him up there.

“Following the Lamb down here is the preparation for following the Lamb up in heaven [*Revelation 14:4*].

“Hey, look whose there!” Turning, they saw Barbara and Jenny coming toward them.

“Now, you know, you’re not really supposed to leave!” said Barbara. “I’ve said it, and that’s the way it is.”

Everyone laughed at this.

“I wish it could be so,” responded Larry, “but my folks will arrive here tomorrow. We’ll pack my belongings and be heading out.

“Where will you be going?” asked Jenny.

“I’m not really sure yet,” replied Larry. “I won’t know till they get here. It will be wherever my Dad’s next government grant takes him to.”

“Well, we’ll all miss you,” said Barbara, with a little different tone in her voice than Larry had ever noticed before.

“I know you will.” I’ll miss you all too.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE - ARRIVAL FROM INDIA

“Oh, how good to have you back!” cried Larry, as he ran out of the lobby of the dorm, down the stairs into the arms of his parents, Len and Ruby Grant.

“How good to see you, Son,” said his folks.

“You sure have grown!” said Mrs. Grant. During that year Larry had entered his growth spurt. In the preceding year, he had grown from 5 foot, 6 inches to 6 foot, 1 inch.

“You’re almost as tall as I am now!” said Larry’s father.

“All our belongings are being shipped from India and from storage in the states directly to my next assignment. We have till tomorrow afternoon before we will leave,” explained Mr. Grant.

“Yes,” added Mrs. Grant, “we’re staying in one of the guest rooms; and everyone here acts like we’re their long-lost friends!”

“Well, good, let me show you around the campus!” said Larry. “You can meet some of my many friends.”

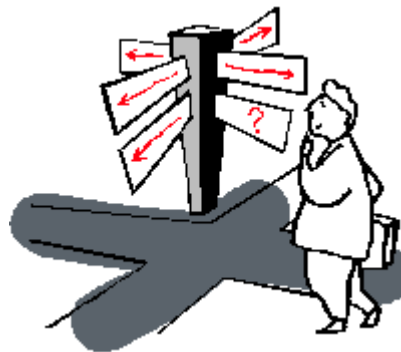
Together, they strolled around the campus that morning, and again throughout the afternoon. There was opportunity to meet with many students and faculty members. Indeed, everyone seemed very interested in meeting Larry’s parents and telling them about the events of the school year which had just ended. In the library, Larry introduced his folks to Miss Stevenson. She was very glad to see them, and they talked for a time.

That evening, Larry took his parents over to see the Oliver’s.

“I am so very glad to meet you!” said Mr. Oliver as they entered. “This is my wife, Karen. Just call me Ned.”

The four of them sat and talked for quite some time. Larry was happy to have his folks meet the Olivers, but he did not say a lot. He would rather that they visit and enjoy one another. Larry knew he would be with his folks in the forthcoming weeks and months. Besides, Larry was not the type to talk much about his own achievements, and they had been many that school year.

When they got back to the boys’ dorm that evening, Larry’s father decided to go for a walk before bedtime. It was not until over an hour later that he arrived back in the guest room where they were staying. Mrs. Grant was already asleep.



The next morning, Len Grant, Larry’s father, said, “Son, why don’t we go for a walk together, just the two of us.”

“That’s fine with me,” said Mrs. Grant. “I’ve been helping Peter and Skip with their packing. I’ll see you when you get back.”

As the two walked along, from time to time someone would stop them, in order to say good-bye to Larry.

Eventually, they found themselves walking down the path to the overlook. “Here’s a good place to sit down, Larry,” said Mr. Grant.

Larry could not help recalling to himself the last time he was here, when the witch tried to quietly creep up on him. But, fortunately, those days were past. There was not a spiritualist on the campus now.

For some time, the two of them sat there watching the ocean waves below. Larry was so happy to be with his folks again.

Eventually, Len Grant spoke. “Larry, I would like to talk with you for a few minutes.”

“Sure, Dad,” replied Larry.

“I’ve done a lot of thinking in the last year in India. I’ve had opportunity to see other religions in action, and I’ve compared it with what I know of Christianity.

“But, Son, I’ve been especially impacted in the last twenty-four hours. Your many friends have told me a lot about what went on this year and—.” Mr. Grant’s voice trailed off.

“And, Son, I—, I went for a walk last night . . . And I gave my life to Christ.”

At this, Mr. Grant began weeping. And Larry wept too.

“Larry,” Mr. Grant said, “I really admire your Christian experience and what you did this past year. I want this kind of life myself. It’s true that I’m a highly educated, trained scientist.

“But now I want to become educated in the things of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. I want that with all my heart!” Another pause, as Larry sat there silently.

“And I know that this coming year, working together, we’re going to do it together.”

“I love you, Dad,” said Larry softly. “And I am so happy, so happy.”

Back in the guest room, Len Grant broke the news to his wife,

“Oh, Len, I’m so glad!” cried Larry’s mother. “You know I’ve been praying for this moment for years!”

Later that afternoon, as the packing was almost done, Peter and Skip gave each other a knowing look; and, turning to Larry, they said, “Uh, Larry, we’ve got something to tell you.”

“What’s that, friends?” responded Larry. Something was up.

“Skip and I are going to room together next year, and we’ll be in this same corner room,” said Peter. “And guess what?”

“What are you two up to?” asked Larry smiling.

“Since you can’t take them with you, we’re going to keep that feeding station and continue feeding your pets!”

“You really are buddies!” said Larry, overjoyed.

“We’re really going to miss you,” said Skip.

“Yes, both of us,” added Peter.

“You never know,” said Larry. “We may get together and work on a project someday, some place else.”

“Yes,” they agreed, “You never know.”

“Well, it’s time to head out,” said Mr. Grant.

“Where are we headed to this time?”

“I just received word from Washington,” replied his father. “We’re headed West. The contract involves a secret government project.”

“Great!” responded Larry.

“I wonder what kind of excitement we’ll get into there?”

Mr. Grant thought about that a minute. “Well, Larry, with you with us, it ought to be quite a bit.”

LARRY GRANT DESTROYS —



THE SORCERER'S STONE



APPENDIX 1

DANGERS IN PSYCHIC PREDICTIONS

Psychics have “Prophetic Accuracy Quotients.” These are the percentages when their hunches turn out right. Jeane Dixon, Daniel Logan, David Bubar, and the others try to score high. But it is quite rare that they guess any future event correctly.

The predictions of prophets in the Bible were quite different. They were given with certainty, the certainty of God backing them. Every prediction given by a prophet always came true unless, because men repented of their sins and returned to God—or because they decided to leave Him,—the predicted outcome must be changed. If men will sincerely repent, God will give them another opportunity. But, with this one exception, the predictions of the prophet will always come to pass.

It is in the Bible that we find the predictions of the prophets. Their messages originate with God. In contrast, we find the predictions of the psychics and astrologers in the newspaper tabloids. Their messages come from spiritualism.

Prophets reproved sin and exalted the power of God; their writings lead men to Christ and warn them of coming crises.

The psychics derive their information from the dark world. They tell us that their powers to predict come from crystal balls and “spirits of dead men” who visit them.

And what of their predictions?

Every year there seems to be more psychics than the year before. And they are predicting all kinds of events—engagements of movie starlets, political results, TV star contracts, the births of new “messiahs,” next year’s clothing fashions, spiritualistic phenomena, and airplane crashes.

We need information. But sources are important. We dare not go to the wrong ones. Are the psychics and their fellow travelers (the astrologers, clairvoyants, mediums, and satanists) safe? Are they reliable? There are ways we can know.

Whereas the prophets of God received visions from heaven, warning men to repent of their sins and return to God; the psychics obtain their information from contacts that are far different.

They tell us that their powers to predict come from crystal balls, light bulbs, electronic boxes, and “spirits of dead men” who visit them; ouija boards and séances are other means of information. And, as we shall find, guesswork is yet another helpful source.

Oddly enough, the events themselves seem generally to be focused on celebrities: movie stars, singers, politicians, and so forth. More often than not, the occurrence predicted will just be a marriage or some such affair.

But not so with the ancient prophets sent to men with messages from Heaven. They received their directions directly from God through visions and dreams. And they warned men everywhere to flee from sin and return to the Lord while there was still time. And they predicted judgments upon the land.

They clearly declared that these judgments would come because of disobedience to the laws of God. And—unlike the psychics of our day,—their predictions could be counted on to come true unless men repented of those sins.

Edgar Cayce was one of the leading psychics in the middle of the 20th century. He gained prominence because of his astounding prophecies, not one of which came true. Cayce predicted that the lands of Japan, America, and the Arctic would be totally devastated sometime between 1958 and 1998. Within a single generation after 1941 (25 years), He predicted that Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York City would be blotted out of existence. He said that, by 1969, the mythical continent of Atlantis would rise up out of the ocean. He also declared that a “pole shift” would cause devastation throughout the entire world in the year 2001.

At the beginning of 1978, Ralph Blodgett decided it was time to settle this matter of “psychics.”

So he did what other people had generally only thought of doing. He went from one magazine vending counter to another, buying up the first-of-the-year sensational and gossip tabloids. Then he took his loot home and carefully compiled a list of 250 definite predictions for the year 1978.

As the year passed, he kept close tab on the news stories as they broke—in the newspapers, as well as the major news, science, gossip and sports magazines—and kept watching for fulfillments of those 250 predictions.

Then he sat down at the end of the year and put it all together. Out of 250 specific prognostications, by the thirty leading psychics of the world, *less than 3 percent (i.e., 6 out of 250)* could be listed as reasonably fulfilled. Ninety-seven percent missed the mark entirely. (The six correct ones had been stated in such general terms that it was not difficult to find someone or someplace that could fulfill them.)

“What kind of predictions are we talking about? Here are a few for 1978 that flopped: U.S. space shuttle disaster sets program back 10 years; another major power failure to hit New York City in early 1978; a fire ravages the White House; the price of gas to reach \$1.50 a gallon in U.S.; Quebec to split from rest of Canada; Carter to impose mandatory nationwide four-day work week in January; Cuba to apply to become fifty-first state; nationwide postal strike to halt all Christmas mail; Carter to reintroduce the draft in September; discovery of a cancer cure; Red China and the Soviet Union to go to war; CIA and FBI merge into a super spy agency; and remains of Atlantis discovered in Mediterranean off Turkey.”—*Ralph Blodgett, “Supermarket Psychics Spin the Roulette Wheel Again,” These Times, March, 1979.*

Not only predictions of major news events were included, but also many that were little better than ridiculous: Five different psychics predicted that “Charlie’s Angels” TV show would be canceled. It was predicted that Burt Reynolds would marry Sally Field; Lindsay Wagner would become a TV superstar rage, replacing Farrah Fawcett-Majors; “Big-foot” would be captured. (None of which came true.) Such are not the messages of God to our world today.



In order to test the validity of horoscopes, an advertisement was placed in a

Paris newspaper (*Ici Paris*) in 1979. A free, personal horoscope was offered to anyone who would report back on how accurate it had been.

Of the first 150 people who replied, 94 percent declared that it exactly fit their circumstances, their personalities, and the events of their lives. In addition, 90 percent of their friends and family agreed with this assessment.

Later, those who placed the ad revealed that everyone had been sent, not a personalized horoscope, but the same one. And it was disclosed that it was one prepared for a mass murderer.

In 1982, an organization known as the Australian Skeptics compared horoscopes found in 13 different newspapers for the same week. It was discovered that they gave a wide range of differing predictions for the same astrological sign. Checking them over carefully, they found that about half predicted good fortune for the week while the other half predicted disaster.

Seven years later, in response to a \$100,000 TV show challenge, a well-known astrologer cast the charts of 12 people after being given their birth information. After this, the psychic spoke at length on the show with each of the twelve; and it was found that his charts did not match what happened in each of their lives for the time periods horoscoped.

In 1994, the Melbourne Sunday Age newspaper challenged six astrologers to predict the winner of the forthcoming Melbourne Cup, a famous yacht race. Every one of the six totally failed to predict the outcome.

The well-known psychic, Gordon-Michael Scallion claims that his predictions average nearly 90 percent accuracy. That sounds good, as long as you do not check his track record. Out of 66 predictions made for 1995, only a few came to pass; and all those were merely the continuation of an obvious trend or worded so vaguely they could hardly fail (herbal sales will increase, the number of witches will increase, there will be more UFO sightings).

The Bible says, "Thus saith the Lord, Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven" (*Jeremiah 10:2*).

The only reliable source of information is the Lord.

" 'And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? [instead of] for the living to [seek guidance of] the dead? To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them' (*Isaiah 8:19-20*)."

APPENDIX 2 -

Levels of Reading & The Road to the Occult

THE REAL WORLD

The highest level is the Holy Bible. This book can prepare you for heaven.

Next to that are stories of great Christians and missionaries, along with stories of Christians who have been faithful in earlier centuries. These are always helpful. Reading them encourages you to want to live like them, true to God to the end.

The next level down is current events. Here we have the news of the day, much of which is worth learning about. Also included here is history, and scientific facts. (Not included here is evolutionary theory, which is a form of fantasy.)

THE FICTITIOUS WORLD

The next level down is fiction. The best type consists of books and articles which try to warn of spiritual dangers, and encourage you to live a better Christian life. The book you are now reading falls into this category. But this is not the best level of reading. God's Word is.

Below this comes a variety of fiction which is bad for you. There are millions of books which belong here. Although the stories are generally set in the real world, they encourage you to like vicious, licentious, and all kinds of evil things.

People who read fiction find it harder to handle the duties and problems of everyday life with Christian patience and trust in God.

THE FANTASY WORLD

Now we drop still lower to the world of fantasy. These are stories about impossible things in make-believe worlds, inhabited by giants and gremlins, talking animals and strange creatures. This is an unreal world, and learning to like it is not good. The reading of fairy tales prepares you for the next level down, which is witchcraft.

In this category, we find Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, and C.S. Lewis' *Chronicles of Narnia*.

Both in this category and the next, we find many of the Andersons' and Grimes' fairy tales, the Oz stories by Frank Baum,—which are about actual witchcraft.

THE SPIRIT WORLD

By the time a person reaches this level, he has learned to enjoy the things of witchcraft.

Here we find stories about witches, vampires, and other horrible creatures which although imaginary, are actually the things used by spiritualists to frighten and catch you.

Anton Lavey's *Satanic Bible* would fall into this category.

THE OCCULT WORLD

Now we come to books which actually instruct the reader in the details of witchcraft. These books do more than merely talk about witches, they explain in detail their training program and how they carry on their magick.

Here we find the actual instructional books for witches in training. Included here are J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter books. They provide entry-level instruction.

Although the *Ordo Anno Mundi* (OAM) Series contains instruction only somewhat in advance of the Rowling books,—yet they have complete witchcraft instructions. Thus, they are only a step above the Potter books!

Here is a comparative example:

OAM has seven degrees of “Magical Training,” and includes classes strikingly similar to those offered at Hogwarts, Harry Potter's school.

OAM General Education primer: “Ancient Runes.” / Potter: “Those are my books for . . . Divination, the Study of Ancient Runes” (*Prisoner of Azkaban*, p. 57, *original edition*).

OAM First Degree: “Divination.” / “We will be covering the basic methods of Divination this year” (*Prisoner of Azkaban*, p. 103).

OAM First Degree: “Spellcasting.” / “All students should have a copy of each of the following: *The standard Book of Spells (Grade 1)*” (*Sorcerer's Stone*, p. 66).

OAM Fourth Degree: “Animal Transformation (Transfiguration).” / “Transfiguration is some of the most complex and dangerous magic you will learn at Hogwarts” (*Sorcerer's Stone*, p. 134). “My transformations in those days were—were terrible. It is very painful to turn into a werewolf . . . [My friends] could each turn into a different animal” (*Prisoner of Azkaban*, pp. 353-354).

OAM Fifth Degree: “Magical Lore” / “Their very last exam was History of Magic” (*Sorcerer's Stone*, p. 263).

In addition, the Harry Potter books contain the most horrible horror stories about people being killed by Hogwarts students, who laugh about it then and afterward.

In addition, there is profanity in the books. For example, in *Book 4*, you will find it on pp. 43, 62, 127, 232, 344, 470, 561, and 626. Such books should not be read by children nor by adults.

APPENDIX 3

WHAT IS BEING TAUGHT

I want to explain here that there is NO POWER in man to do 'magical, supernatural things! It is the belief that there lies in the mind of man, some secret, untapped power that is akin to God.

Where did this idea come from?? Straight out of the Garden of Eden and Satan's first lies to Eve— 'Ye shall not surely die' and 'Ye shall be as Gods'. It's nothing new— it's been with us since the fall. Spiritists and Pagans claim their religion is ancient— it is— but there is something MORE ancient yet! It is God's TRUTH!!

It is through this idea that people can somehow learn secrets that give them super-human power that is behind all the pile of clap-trap that falls into the category of spiritualism. You see something that is clearly supernatural; you are told that the person involved has the 'power', and that he learned it and you can also. Thus you are led into closer and closer contact with demon powers; you may get your so-called 'power', but you soon learn it is a fickle power indeed.

In fact, real witches and spiritualists usually practice types of fraud as well as their actual spiritism activities. Why? Because demon spirits do not perform on cue and people paying money to consult these spiritists want to see something happen. Madam Blavatsky use to have rigs in her garden and house that would cause a dummy 'ghost' to move into sight and then vanish into the bushes.

But don't take the opposite course and think that it is all fraud. There is power but the power is not in humans it is from demon spirits!!

You can take courses and practice and meditate and read ancient books of spells and boil up blood and herbs into potions and stare into crystal balls and do ceremonies and rituals, and offer sacrifices, and — do I need to go on? It is all BUNK!! Nothing will happen unless a demon spirit decides to do it for you. and remember, they are the ones in charge, not YOU!

Witches learn all kinds of silly incantations and drawing symbols and stuff for so-called 'protection' from the forces they think they control. They don't mean a thing. Satan delights to play games with people, and he will let them think they are in

charge.

This holds true for 'magic' charms, good luck items, crystals, idols, magic numbers, words, stones, jewelry, skulls, bones and so on. None of these things have any power in themselves. If any power is demonstrated, it is coming from evil angels and its purpose is to deceive and ensnare.

He likes to play both sides against the middle— that is a 'wicked' demon with be 'held in check' by a 'friendly' demon. (Sometimes they claim to be guardian angels). It's only a charade, and the people are the dupes. One lady was led deep into satanic misery by thinking she was helping the 'spirits' of little children who had died and needed help to find their way to heaven! Those 'little children' were in actuality vicious demon powers.

At times a person will just 'discover' on their own that they have 'special powers' or a 'gift'. Something like channeling, psychic awareness, telepathy or what-not. This is demons offering you some sample bait, in hopes of luring you into their power. Even children can experience this— but always they have been exposed to fantasy, hypnotism, spiritist reading (such as Harry Potter books) Halloween or something like that.

If you find yourself with a 'power' like this, flee to the Lord, and pray for protection and that the 'power' be removed. It is NOT part of you - it is a demon spirit. There are NO hidden powers of this sort in man's mind. Don't fall for the cheese on the rat-trap.

One of the things that nearly all spiritualism has in common some form of trance initiation. Here are some methods of inducing trance:

DEVICES USED TO ENTER TRANCE —

Repeating a word over and over again

Repeating a nonsense set of words that you are told to repeat

Hypnotism

Repetative sounds

Repetative sights

Whirling

Holding your breath

Taking hallucinogens (mind drugs)

Listening to wild, senseless music

Remember that any type of 'trance' or 'transcendental state of mind' allows demons to place thoughts in your mind, control you and even possess you.

TYPES OF WITCHCRAFT ACTIVITY —

Modern spiritualism is disguised under many names: parapsychology, channeling, occult sciences, clairvoyance, spiritism, witchcraft, wizardry, spiritual healing, hypnosis, magnetic healing, Silva mind control, yoga, mind dynamics, bio-feedback training, psychic phenomena, etc.

Yes, many things that are considered just 'good exercise', 'self-improvement', 'self defense', 'relaxation techniques', 'self esteem therapy', much 'holistic healing', NLP, 'counseling' techniques, 'medical. hypnosis, and on and on.

We find it in children's books on fantasy and magic, in courses in schools or YMCAs, seminars of 'positive thinking and salesmanship', indeed, we are surrounded by spiritism in its many faces.

Upon first encountering it, people sense that a superhuman power is present; and, fascinated, they dabble with it—until they are controlled by a will stronger than their own. You do not want anything to do with it!

Those who don't quickly become 'controlled' by these forces, often experience the idea that there is something really wonderful to be learned just around the corner, as it were. 'Real Power' that they are sure they will have if they just keep studying, keep attending or keep following the various instructions given them in seminars, and workshops. They are sure that the teachers of these things, have that coveted power and a wonderful life—it is only a lie, they do not, and many live in a walking nightmare of demon harassment and enslavement.

Always led on and on, like a donkey following a carrot, hung on a stick in front of him. I heard one new-age person say she had attended hundreds of weekend seminars over a period of three years, always feeling that this next one will really have the answers; but all she had for all her wasted time and money was a broken up marriage, depression and frustration.

Demons have a thousand ways to terrify and torment those foolish enough to come under their control.

Just a word here in regard to the many forms of Martial Arts: We are here dealing with another subtle form of spiritualism. There is a certain degree of strength and skill that can come from technique and training, but all Martial Arts Masters will tell you that the highest levels are reached only through meditation.

Why is this? Because the higher levels are attained through the power of demon spirits, not the person himself.

When you see a martial arts master wave his hand at someone across the room and he staggers back from a blow—this is spiritualism. And no one can tell just where the physical development leaves off and the spirit power takes over— it is all too blended together.

Many are taken in by the claims to high ideals and noble purpose made by Martial Arts propagandists. But the sentiments are all spiritist ones. They claim to teach respect and self control, but the fruits that come from such training are selfishness and pride. There is 'respect' of a kind, you 'respect' those more skilled than you are, if you know what is good for you! It is all just another flavor of demon trap bait. Someone who wouldn't dream of studying witchcraft will swallow the same theories in Martial Arts.

ACTUAL INCIDENTS —

ANCIENT 'SECRET' OF THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK

Satan and his nasty angels have the power to cause people to see things, and hear things and feel things that are not really there. Sometimes they do it by appearing in a form of an animal or a human. This is how people are led to believe that they can talk to their dead friends— the fallen angels appear in the form of the dead person, and sound and act just like that dead person.

But sometimes they use a power to affect human minds that are not guarded by staying close to Jesus. This power is called hypnotism and takes many forms.

Pagan worship and hypnotism have always been closely connected. Priests of ancient Egypt would induce a state known as "temple sleep;" during which time they would perform operations. Most of us have read about the trance-like ritual dances that pagan worshipers perform.

In Africa, men will run through hot coals and their feet will not be burned. Kata Ragasu and Sasa Rora, native Adventist pastors in the Solomon's, told of how men would swim from island to island across the open ocean. They would do so by calling upon the spirit gods to send a shark. Grabbing hold of its fin, they would be pulled along to the next island. Elsewhere in the South Pacific, workers of magic would wave their hands at storms and they would cease.

Incantations and peculiar trances occur. Men in India lay on beds of spikes for years without injury. A woman in India will sit before cobra snakes; both darting back and forth, until the woman her apron flecked with cobra venom, suddenly darts forward and kisses the cobra on the mouth.

Several years ago, I related a story I found in a book about 1980. The author, a tourist, was walking on a street in India, when a nearby man, with a boy beside him, hollered to the crowd that he was going to do something very special. The people gathered near, and this tourist decided he would film the entire procedure! Setting up his camera, he shot the entire sequence.

What he saw was this: The man took a coil of rope from his shoulder and threw it down on the ground. Then he reached down and grabbed the end of the rope and threw it up into the air. Up and up it went, and then hung there suspended from nothing.

Then, turning to the boy, the man told him to climb the rope. As the people craned their necks, watching in awe, the boy climbed to the top of the rope. Then, the man took a long, sharp knife and climbed up the rope after the boy. Reaching him, he cut off the boy's head, and the boy fell to the ground! The tourist was horrified. All the while, his camera was faithfully recording it all.

Then the man climbed down the rope, and reaching down to the dead boy, pulled him up-and instantly he was made whole, fully alive and unharmed. Everyone in the crowd around cheered, and money was thrown to this "holy man." Then the crowd dispersed.

The author of the book was eager to return home to America so that he could develop the film. He had recorded the miracle-working power of India on 16 mm film. When the film came back, he projected it onto a screen. And this is what he saw:

The man called to the people, with the boy alongside him. Then he reached down and threw the rope up in the air, and it went up a short distance-and then fell to the ground. After this, as the man and the boy stood there quietly by the fallen coil of rope, everyone around them in the crowd stared at things not there. Intently, they looked up Quickly, and then twice slowly stared at something not there moving upward. Comments and gasps could be heard; then a cry of horror. Finally, all eyes turned toward the man and boy, unharmed, standing there together and everyone shouted. They smiled in return, received the money thrown to them, picked the rope off the ground and walked away.

DANGEROUS 'FUN'!

Stay away from all things about magic and witches – it is not funny but dangerous! God will protect from the devils if you will yield your life to Him and trust and obey the Bible. But if you go seeking for the devils, you will be caught and captured.

A young Fijian woman living in Winembuka, about sixty miles from Suva, whose

grandfather had been a devil priest, decided she would try to contact the power with whom he communed. This was to be just a bit of fun, or so she thought.

Unknown to her parents, she went to the edge of the village and tried to summon the spirits. Soon the villagers realized the woman was regularly doing it. Her parents, which were Christian, tried to dissuade her, but she would not listen to them. She said the being she spoke with appeared in the form of a great green snake. But it spoke as a person would.

Eventually, the meetings became so gruesome that she realized she would be destroyed if she continued. She was face to face with a terrible power.

One day, she totally turned her back on it —and refused to go out and talk to the snake. A few days later, she fell to the ground, possessed by demons. In desperation, her family sent for their minister. By the time he and two other ministers had arrived, the girl had been laying on the ground for three days without eating or drinking.

When they tried to speak to her, she would scream at them, as though she were a wild animal. The men prayed earnestly. Then they ordered the evil spirits to come out of her.

Immediately, she turned toward them and glared like a cornered animal. Then she dropped to the floor; and, stretching out full length with staring eyes and frothing mouth, she crawled across the room toward them, slithering like a snake. Then she stopped and went limp.

They bathed her face with water, and she sat up. "Where am I, and why are you here?" she asked. Then they told her what had happened. Turning to her parents, she asked forgiveness for her defiance of their counsel. Then, all together, they thanked God for casting out the evil spirits.

Never, never have anything to do with any form of spiritualism, even for 'fun'!



THE MAN AND HIS SNAKE

Spiritism writers use story-telling to help you exchange your beliefs and standards for theirs. Let me recount an Incident that occurred about 65 years ago,

In the hope that it will help you fear to abandon Christ Jesus—for any Immediate emotional benefits offered by the Spiritist hypnotists.

Once there was a man who had a pet snake. For our purposes here, the superhuman strength of the snake will represent that supernatural power which so fascinates men that they keep playing with it, until they are lured on to disaster.

What would the man represent? The spiritist-hypnotist himself, who in working with the snake is inevitably under the control of forces which he imagines he is controlling. The man would also be other people that he brings under his control. All of these people were at first curious, but later fascinated by the exhibition of what is obviously a more-than-human power at work.

This is a true story. I read a brief mention of it over twenty years ago. Back in the 1920s, there was a man who had a pet snake. It was a little python. People warned him against snakes, but he was intrigued by those slithery creatures.

"No," he said, "if you feed a snake and care for it well, it will respond with gratitude and appreciation. It will be your friend, and will grow to be your servant. not your master." . The man played with his snake, fed it carefully, and, as snakes will, gradually it grew larger.

Because people were amazed to see a man playing with such a large snake. the man decided to give exhibitions of what his snake could do. While the people watched, the man would enter the cage of his servant, this powerful creature which obeyed his command.

At the call of its master, the snake would crawl over to him. Then, gradually, the snake would slowly coil itself about the man. First his legs, then his trunk and arms. People were astounded as they watched such a powerful force under the control of a human being.

At a word from the master, the snake would coil about the man; at another word, and the snake would slowly uncoil again. The man was delighted at the great power that he lived with, a power, which was subservient to him. The more he fed it, the more he cared for it, the larger it grew. Until it was immense.

After several years of giving these exhibitions, one day, as the people watched, the man entered the cage and called to the snake.

At the sound of his voice, slowly the mighty creature began moving. Unwinding its massive coils. it gradually slid toward the man, and one by one, began wrapping them about the man.

Higher and higher it wound itself about the man as he stood there, until this great

force enveloped the man and only his head could be seen.

The people were awed at this exhibition. This man was in control of more-than-human power. Some of the onlookers probably wished they could control an outside power of such massive proportions.

But then, as the onlookers watched in horror, the snake suddenly tightened its coils. Amid the sound of breaking bones, the people screamed, and strong men rushed forward in an attempt to hack in pieces the hulking form of the snake.

But it was too late. Between its coils was its friend; the broken and crushed body of its master.

The man had been right. There is no doubt but that superhuman strength was to be found here. This was what at first fascinated him,—an ever growing, ever more-thanhuman strength. But, ere long, an even greater fascination gripped him: the possibility of his controlling that power!

But the man had also made several serious mistakes, mistakes that cost him his life:

1 - The power did not belong to him, but to the snake. It was the snake that made the decisions, not the man. Whatever the man was able to do with the snake's strength, was only because the snake for a time let him do it."

2 - The snake was no friend. Snakes never are. They have no affection nor loyalty toward mankind. They have no sense of morality, honesty, or justice. They never will.

3 – Yes, here was immense power. But it was power under the control of another mind, not the mind of man. The man could use that power for his own purposes, only as long as the other mind permitted it.

4 - That mind belonged to an enemy, one who hated mankind. An enemy, who, whenever it wished, could use that power to destroy those who came near it.

5 - The more the man learned how to use that immense force for his own advantage, the more subservient he became to it. As the snake grew stronger, he in comparison became weaker, and less able to "resist it.

6 - The man could only use that power by unconsciously submitting his own body to it. He thought he was controlling that massive power, but in reality, it was controlling him.

7 - Each day as he played with it, that power grew in size and strength, until it

became an overmastering force.

8 - The man was not playing with the snake; the snake was playing with him. Whenever it wanted to, it could turn on him and destroy him.

Eventually it did just that. The only real power in spiritism is Satan- 'that old serpent, the devil', and anyone who thinks he can play with that power or control it— is mistaken and will find out too late—when it destroys him!



ONLY LIES AND TRICKS

There are so many things in our world today that are spiritualism, that we could never name them all. I don't think there is one single person today who is not being influenced or affected in some way by it. It is even in our schools and churches. Like the nasty frogs of Egypt, it is swarming everywhere.

I want to tell you what is the foundation that Satan uses to trick people and snare them in all these spiritualism forms. It is the same 2 lies he told mother Eve way back in Eden— 'Ye shall not surely die' and 'Ye shall be as Gods'. It's nothing new— it's been with us since the fall.

The first one lets him pretend to be dead people and fool us, and lets him tell us we are going to live forever or have many new lives and things like that. This causes us to be careless and let our short life slip away without getting our hearts ready for the judgment.

The second one lets him tell us that we have some special powers in our minds that we can learn to use, that let us do wonderful magic. He tells us we can make things float through the air; or leave our bodies and go traveling through time, the world or universe; or cause something to happen just because we want it to happen; or see and hear things that are happening a long way away and send messages to other minds (telepathy); or to be able to cast spells that help or hurt other people.

Most people who get into these things fool themselves by thinking that they can learn these 'powers' and then use them to 'help people'. There are no real powers to learn, it's all just the power of devils, and Satan never helps anyone; unless it is just so he can use them to destroy others.

It is all a lot of garbage! You need to know the truth right now! There are no special, hidden powers in any of our minds. If it seems that some person can do amazing things, it is only because Satan and his angels are doing it for them.

Then Satan likes us to think that idols, and crystals, and stones, and candles, and good luck charms and so on have special powers for us to use. Nonsense! Again these 'special powers' only happen if devils cause them to happen, the things have no power at all. Spiritists also make long journeys to go to special places for power - no places have special power – it is only a trick.

The same with special words, or 'magic spells' certain positions or exercises, 'secret' numbers, cards or shapes; people can spend years and piles of money, taking lessons, courses and studying and learning all kinds of stuff thinking that they are going to have real power through it; but all that happens is that they end up being a slave to Satan and they don't find out the truth until too late. It is only Satan's games that they have been playing, he doesn't play fair; and he plays 'keepsies'.

So dear readers, I want to tell you the secret that few in this world now know—you don't have to be afraid of all this stuff; it has no power to harm even a little child who stays close to Jesus.

Don't waste time, money or effort on any kind of magic or supernatural powers. The Bible makes it clear not to seek them or be interested in them; they are really only the cheese on Satan's rat-trap. There's only 2 powers- God and Satan; and you know Who is stronger, don't you?

SOLUTIONS

HOW TO AVOID —

Learn to recognize when a strong, unbiblical idea, impulse grips your mind. It may be a thought or lust. You are attracted to, begin craving to see, read, do something you should avoid. Watch out for the idea that there is some 'good' reason why you need to seek instruction or information from spiritists. Make no compromise; if there is anything good that you need, God can give it to you and it won't have strings attached that bind you to Satan!

HOW TO RESIST —

Avoid entirely

Ignore it

Pray for help

Repeat Bible promises

Leave

Call on the name of Jesus

Get your friends out of there

Promise God to have nothing more to do with it

HOW TO CONFRONT —

Prayer alone, or with several Christian believers

Confront in the name of Jesus

Move forward in opposing its spread, while praying for protection

Lesson in both: willing to consider, captured and think actually see it (also Faker and rope trick in India)

Demon possession and oppression is a reality. We have many accounts in the Bible of this:

Acts -16: Demon possession

Acts -19: Books of magic - had to burn them!

Demon-possessed people - Throughout the Gospels and Acts.

OUR ONLY SAFETY —

Prayer

Studying the Bible

Obedying the Ten Commandments

Study Bible and pray for protection, guidance

HOW TO GET RID OF IT—

Genuine conversion experience

Earnest prayer

Search every room, cleanse house of Satanic objects, cast them out of the house, smash or burn them.

Find every fairy tale book and burn it

Promise God to have nothing more to do with it

Destroy Satanic games . . videos, oija boards . .

Rededicate life to God

Plead for divine guidance, protection

EARLIER FORMS —

All the spiritualist things that we are deluged with these days were found before in the ancient pagan religions of sun worship and nature worship. 'Speaking in tongues', a condition where a person pours forth a flood of strange gibberish and thinks it is some kind of unknown language, was first seen in the worshippers of heathen 'oracles'. It is a form of hypnotic trance and has no place in true Christianity. The 'speaking in tongues' that was given by the Holy Spirit to the disciples was the ability to speak and understand languages they had not previously learned. We have seen this true gift occur in modern days in the mission fields of heathen countries.

DEMONS APPEAR AND INSTRUCT —

There are many people who were instructed by demon spirits to 'discover' the things they brought to public notice. Here are a few examples: Charles Darwin, it is known that on his famous voyage, he was initiated into South-American native witchcraft. His 'theories' followed this, and he was a depressed and tormented man the rest of his life.

Mesmer, Freud, Jung, Adler, Erickson and many who have brought to us 'psychiatric' theories and methods, were all spiritists of one form or other.

Adolph Hitler, and many other tyrannical leaders received instruction from spiritist mediums whose guidance led to horrible happenings in this world.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM —

Story of the Fox Sisters March 31, 1848. . . Although it was initially a fake, people's interest in it let the devils enter

The first great lie was spoken by Satan, the father of lies, to Eve in the Garden of Eden: "Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof,

then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil." (Genesis 3:4.5) Beware of those two lies: You shall be God; you shall not die. These are two basic beliefs and operating principles of all spiritualists, clairvoyants and psychics. Beware of them.

In the spring of 1848 in a little cabin in Hydesville, New York, strange "rappings" were heard, but always where Margaretta (fifteen, also called "Margaret") and Katie (twelve, also called "Kate") happened to be. And it generally occurred only in a darkened room. On the evening of March 31, the two girls reported loud "rappings" in their room. Katie would laughingly cry out, "Mr. Splitfoot [Satan], do as I do," and then clap her hands several times. The "rappings" would reply the same number of times. When their frightened mother came, in, she asked the ages of each of her six children (including one who had earlier died), and the rappings counted off their ages correctly. In a matter of days the house became thronged with curious people who were convinced that "the departed dead " were communicating with the girls. People were willing to believe that they could communicate with "dead spirits,"—and through this belief they opened a door for devils to enter,—for within several weeks rappings were heard by hopeful communicants all over New England. By the early 1850s more than a million people in the United States and England had accepted the strange sounds as proof that the spirits of the dead are floating around, waiting to speak with them.

When the Fox sisters, Margaretta and Katie, were sent away to live with relatives, the rappings followed them when they were in darkened rooms. They thoroughly enjoyed the publicity of it all and in 1849 the first of many public demonstrations in darkened rooms was arranged in Rochester, New York. From then on the phenomena was known as the "Rochester rappings."

Still later, Katie and Margaretta held spiritualist seances, and something would appear which said it was "'departed friends:" Spiritualist organizations and "churches" were formed as a result of their efforts. And with them, a strong interest in astrology and so-called "psychic predictions." The Fox sisters are today considered to be the founders of modern Spiritualism—an occult communicating with demons.

Something deeply bothered Margaretta, and in 1858 she stopped her work as a Spiritualist medium and joined the Roman Catholic Church. As the years passed, both sisters gradually became confirmed alcoholics, and kept sinking deeper in loss of self-control, immorality, poverty, and alcoholism. "Pressed by, the spirits," Margaretta again became a spirit medium in 1867, again with full "powers" to bring spirits out of the air to appear as "departed loved ones from the presence of God." And this, in spite of her gross immorality in both standards and practice. Of this time in her life, the English Spiritualist, James Bums" editor of "The Medium?", wrote after her tragic death:

"We have [here] a woman giving spiritual manifestations to others, while within herself she is spiritually lost and misdirected. All moral sense, and control of mind and desire were gone. . But when the medium makes a trade of it and puffs the thing up as a commodity for sale, then farewell to all that might elevate or instruct in the subject."-James Burns, "The Medium and Daybreak," April 28, 1893, p. 258.

Her husband, Dr. Elisha Kane, an Arctic explorer, saw more clearly the causes behind her moral collapse: It was the deception of the "rappings" that she had kept hidden in her heart all those years, for only to a few intimates did she disclose their origin.

" 'Oh, Maggie, are you never tired of this weary, weary sameness of continual deceit? Are you doomed thus to spend your days, doomed never to rise to better things?' "

" 'Do avoid "spirits," I cannot bear to think of you as engaged in a course of wickedness and deception. Maggie, you have no friend but me whose interest in you is disconnected from this cursed rapping. Pardon my saying so; but is it not deceit even to listen [silently] when others are deceived?' " Letter from Dr. Elisha Kane to his wife Margaretta, quoted in C.E. Bechhofer Roberts, *The Truth About Spiritualism*, pp. 47,48.

Finally, in 1888, Margaretta Fox Kane could no longer withstand the accusings of her conscience. Millions looked to her, in sincerity, as one of the cofounders of a great new psychic movement that was supposed to lead humanity to a great new age of better living,-yet which was only demon worship. She called in newspaper reporters and told them that the satanic guidance called "Modern Spiritualism" and "psychic research"—had really sprung out of her and Katie's childhood deceptions. She said that she had tried to drown it all in drink, but to, no avail. She said that to those who, over the years, had been urging her to conduct séances with departed spirits, she replied, "You are driving me to hell!" Within a few days, her sister Katie Fox Jencken returned from a trip to Europe and told reporters that she would join her sister in the exposure.

"I regard Spiritualism as one of the greatest curses that the world has ever known."-Katie Fox Jencken, "New York Herald," October 9,1888.

Then, on October 21, before a large assembly gathered in the New York Academy of Music for this purpose, after a Dr. 'Richmond had, by sleight of hand, successfully imitated the slate writing and thought reading of the séance room, Margaretta arose and, in her sister's presence, read a statement repudiating their "powers" as a fake.

"That I have been chiefly instrumental in perpetrating the fraud of Spiritualism upon a too-confiding public, most of you doubtless know. The greatest sorrow in my

life has been that this is true, and though it has come late in my day, I am now prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God! . . . I am here tonight as one of the founders of Spiritualism to denounce it as an absolute falsehood from beginning to end, as the flimsiest of superstitions, the most wicked blasphemy known to the world' "- Margaretta Fox Kane, quoted in A.B. Davenport, *The Deathblow to Spiritualism*, p. 76. (Also see "New York World," for October 21, 1888; and "New York Herald" and "New York Daily Tribune," for October 22, 1888.)

That evening, Margaretta revealed that it all began because she had a big toe that was unusually double-jointed. At will, she could bend it and make surprisingly loud clicks, or "rappings." She and her sister Katie had decided to play a joke on their mother and pretend they were talking to the devil or a spirit. But they had no idea that what they had started would turn into such a gargantuan monster that denied basic principles of morality and Christianity-and brought people under satanic control.

"By throwing life, and enthusiasm into her big toe Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane produced loud spirit-rapping in the Academy of Music last night which dealt a death-blow to Spiritualism, that huge and world-wide fraud which she and her sister Katie founded in 1848. Both sisters were present and both denounced Spiritualism as a monstrous imposition and a cheat.

"The great building was crowded and the wildest excitement prevailed at times. Hundreds of spiritualists had come to see the originators of their faith destroy it at one stroke. They were greatly agitated at times and hissed fiercely. Take it all in all, it was a most remarkable and dramatic spectacle."-New York Herald, October 22, 1888.

Under great pressure from spiritualists, both sisters later signed statements repudiating their earlier repudiation. With this agreement to return to deception, both gradually sunk into deeper gloom, and eventually died as alcoholics. Katie in June 1892, and Margaretta in March 1893.

Here is Margaretta's final outcome, as recorded by one of New York City's largest daily newspapers: "The tenement house of No. 456 West 57th Street, New York, is deserted now, except one room, from cellar to roof. The room is occupied by a woman nearly 60 years of age, an object of charity, a mental and physical wreck, whose appetite is only for intoxicating liquors. The face, though marked by age and dissipation, shows unmistakably that the woman was once beautiful. This wreck of womankind has been a guest in palaces and courts. The powers of mind, now almost imbecile, were the wonder and study of scientific men in America, Europe, and Australia. Her name was eulogized, sung, and ridiculed in a dozen languages. The lips that utter little else now than profanity once promulgated the doctrine of a new religion which still numbers its tens of thousands of enthusiastic

believers."-Washington Daily Star, March 7, 1893.

It is generally recognized that both modern Spiritualism and the astrologers and psychics that ply their trade in private audiences and through the major newspapers of the world today-trace their modern reappearance to the strange "rappings" in the children's bedroom of John Fox's home in Hydesville, New York, on the night of March 31, 1848.

Here is what God has told his people in regard to spiritism: "Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them, after that they be destroyed from before thee; and that thou enquire not after their gods, saying, How did these nations serve their gods? even so will I do likewise.... What thing soever I command you, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it." Deuteronomy 12:30, 32