

How to  
Be a  
Religious  
Democrat

*By Craig B. Cooper*

*As the demons walked to the front door of the Graduate School they stood in awe. Not one of them had been inside before. Only students, alumni, and the professors were allowed. Outside of Lord Baal's headquarters this was the most elegant building in the organization.*

*"Welcome, I am The Master and my job is to train you into the most elite demons on the planet, religious Masters. There is only one goal of your training. Eliminate passion for Jesus from the hearts of humans."*



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# Welcome to Graduate School

*A*s the four students walked up to Lord Baal University their pride intensified. They had made it. Undergraduate school was behind them and their future was in front of them.

The new class of undergraduate students entering the University had received their Bachelors in Torment degrees one month ago. The last month had been spent getting ready for the Graduate School of Religion. It was the most prestigious school at Lord Baal University. Very few students had been accepted, only 30 in all, so they all felt grateful.

The four students were Kersen, Battal, Velka, and Innocence. They had been friends since high school. Of course the word friend does not mean the same as it does to humans. Demons are notorious for backstabbing and betrayal. It is a part of who they are ever since Lord Baal betrayed God as worship leader in heaven.

Demons also have no internal peace which makes them hard to be around even for other demons. When a human experiences the absence of peace it drives them to depths of despair and even suicide. Since demons cannot die they never escape these depths.

The despair is even worse for demons because they remember the peace they experienced in God's presence and know they will never experience it again. The dual emotions of despair and remembered tranquility create an internal torment that drives them to torment humans and each other in a vain attempt to find relief. They especially love to try to torment Christians who live in the presence of God. When they see a Christian resting in the presence of God they are driven into a jealous fury because they realize that one day Christians will live there permanently. If it wasn't for the restraining of the Holy Spirit they would have already killed the entire human race.

They were called friends because they had made a vow to not backstab and betray each other unless it was absolutely necessary. The reality of what was necessary was vague and constantly shifting but they stuck together because it was better than being alone.

As they walked across the front lawn, Kersen, Battal, Velka, and Innocence shared stories of their last 4 years in undergraduate school. They each had picked a specialty within their Torment major and that was the source of many of their stories.

Kersen had majored in perversion. He knew how to create perverse thoughts in people's heads to get them to engage in perverse behavior. These thoughts could be in the areas of money, philosophy, sexual behaviors, and many others. He was good at getting people to pervert God's way of thinking in just about any area. That is why he was accepted to the Graduate school.

Everyone familiar with demons knows they look like their area of specialty. So, when you saw Kersen you knew he was a perversion demon just by looking at him. He was all black and nothing was correctly aligned in his body. His eyes were not level, he had only one ear, his mouth was crooked and none of his limbs were proportional. One arm was short while the other was long. He walked with a limp and his torso was twisted so that his chest pointed off at a 30 degree angle from where his face was pointing when he looked straight ahead. When he walked it was never in a straight line and everyone had noticed that his body had gotten worse during his college years. What was interesting was that Kersen hadn't noticed any changes. He had grown more sure of himself the more perverted his body became. It was a perfect picture of how perversion works in humans. The further humans get away from God the surer they become of themselves; self delusion at it's finest.

Battal had majored in fear. He lived to make humans afraid because he gained strength off of their fear. It didn't matter how they became fearful just as long as they did. He would study a person and find the area they were predisposed to worry about. Worry was usually the door that fear used to crawl into a person's soul. The worry could be over - running out of money, their spouse finding someone else, their children dying early, etc. Worry revealed the insecurity they had in an area and Battal would turn it into full blown fear.

He was good at what he did. That is why he had been accepted into the Graduate program. He was known for the highest success rate at turning worry into fear in Christians. He was good at convincing them to take their security back into their hands and away from God.

Battal looked older than he actually was. It was noticeable to all demons when they saw him. It was a strange phenomenon because

all demons are the same age since they had been created at one time millenniums ago by God. Often the worry and fear he produced in others brought many large wrinkles in his own body. He was fat, grey, covered with thousands of warts, slow, and it seemed like every time he created fear in someone he grew another wart.

Anger was Velka's specialty. He could get humans to turn something little and insignificant into a major event. He alone was responsible for more broken lives caused by his prodding of irritation into anger than any other undergraduate student. Depending on the human's disposition he would either turn the anger into depression or explosive actions that broke lives around him. He had prodded humans into breaking up marriages, destroying children's lives, and ruining friendships by allowing something trivial to become an excuse for venting anger on others.

Velka was an unusual looking demon because of his coloring. A demon that specializes in anger doesn't have just one color but two. If he was depressed or creating depression he was a black tint. If he was angry or initiating anger he had a red tint.

He was also a dangerous demon to be around. Velka often had outbursts of anger that when combined with the razor sharp fins on his body could be deadly. Even when he wasn't angry, anybody that got too close to Velka would get cut just being around him. To the degree that Battal was fat and slow Velka was thin, agile, and quick. While Kersen, Battal, and Innocence were friends with Velka they knew to keep their distance from him.

As the four demons walked to the front door of the Graduate School they stood in awe. Not one of them had been inside before. Only students, alumni, and the professors were allowed. This was the most elegant building in the organization after Lord Baal's headquarters.

Innocence, the fourth student, was a strange name for a demon since no demon is innocent, but it fit this demon's perversion perfectly. He was a demon who majored in gossip. He got humans to stick their noses into other people's business and when they were caught they would plead innocence and say they were just trying to help.

Innocence was extremely short, only 2 feet tall. Gossip demons have to be short in order to wiggle their way into other's business. He had 2 arms and 2 legs but they were almost non-existent because they were so short. What Innocence did have was one large head that made up

most of his 2 feet in height. The one outstanding characteristic on his head was a mouth that was almost the same size as his head. When he smiled his small eyes were almost completely covered by his huge mouth. In his mouth was a triple row of jagged sharp teeth. On the side of his head were two enormous ears. Innocence's form was perfect for listening to lies and spreading them around.

The four friends were enrolled in the most prestigious graduate degree available, a Masters Degree in Religion. This degree would get them to the top rungs of Lord Baal's organization because religion was their greatest achievement in the earth.

Lord Baal lived to steal passionate love between Christians and God. Nothing drove him more than the desire to extinguish God's love on earth. Wherever intimate and emotional love occurs between a new Christian and Jesus Lord Baal attacks it with great jealousy.

Ever since the creation of mankind Lord Baal has sought to extinguish the expression of God's love in the earth. He knows the basic drive of God is to pour out His love on man and receive it back from them. He now made it his mission to turn humans attention away from God to something else, preferably to him, but if not him, anything but God.

The building was made entirely of glass. There were no visible supports and the walls were clear. The floors were also glass but were a dark smoky color that you couldn't see through so that you wouldn't get vertigo when you walked on them. It was a building that showed the genius of Lord Baal. He had built it along with his headquarters after he left God's realm. He designed it to show that he too could build a place like God's throne. If you had never seen God's realm you would have thought this was the height of architectural achievement.

It was lit up from one end to the other with light. It wasn't artificial light because that was not needed in the spiritual realm. It was light from Lord Baal and since the building was glass his light shined everywhere you walked. Everyone knew it was not as brilliant as God's light but this was never mentioned and if one ever made that mistake they didn't live long. Lord Baal was still bright and that was why the enemy called him an angel of light.

Lord Baal had learned long ago that a frontal attack against a Christian's love by trying to talk them into loving something else besides God rarely worked. He had learned that to cause a human's

love for God to wane he must change the picture of God that the humans had. His goal was to change their picture of God to something they wouldn't want to love. He had to change the picture slowly and in such a matter that it sounded like God but in actuality was not. This meant planting a set of lies into their minds that perverted the true nature of God. It was an ingenious plan that had been sharpened and honed over the many millenniums since mankind had been created. These set of lies were called religion. Religion was once a word to describe relationships between humans and God that was a good word that was used by Christians everywhere. This is why Lord Baal had chosen the word. It was all a part of his plan to take what looked like God, pervert it slightly, and tell Christians that this is who God really is. Religion now means the set of lies that replaces the truth about God with a false picture.

As they entered the building they were amazed at the spiritual power. They had never felt such a strong concentration before. The enemy would call it evil but it saturated the walls, floors, and roof.

They were glad to be here, as much as demons can feel gladness. They had been hand selected to attend the graduate school. No one applied; you were asked based on how good you were in your undergraduate studies. The lab work out in the field was the main criteria of success. The number one acceptance criteria looked for was how many people you could put into demonic bondage.

As they walked through the halls they found their class room and entered. Sitting in their seats they heard from some unseen speaker, "Stand up and give honor to The Master!" All students rose and came to attention.

The smell of The Master arrived in the room before he did. It came in like a fog filling a valley in the early morning. It crept across the room and swirled around the student's feet as it worked its way up to their nostrils. Many were choking as the smell of death filled the air. They had smelled this odor many times, especially in church, but they had never before been in such a strong concentration. It was the smell of death that religion brings and it was hard for the students to believe that one day they would carry this same smell themselves.

The Master of Religion entered the room and the students stared in awe. They had seen the results of the work of The Master but had never seen him. The description that they had heard from other demons did not prepare them for who was now coming into the room.

He was the smoothest looking demon they had ever seen. His skin was like highly polished granite. He was deep black, 11 feet tall, muscular, and just as hard as granite.

Most demons are full of warts, open wounds, strange growths, and other imperfections. These are things that started appearing after they left God's heaven but The Master had none of these. He was smooth and polished. His looks matched his message of religion. His eyes exuded a harsh coldness that in one way was attractive, just like a highly polished rock is fascinating to look at, but in another way made you concerned about what was hidden below the surface. He not only looked like religion he was religion.

The students knew better than to be fascinated. His ruthlessness was legendary. He would smile on the outside but his heart was callous, sadistic, and barbaric. His only joy was killing the passionate love in Christians for the enemy.

The Master spoke with a calm voice and the words were simple but carried coldness with every syllable. "Welcome to the Graduate School of Religion." A perfect smile broke out on his face that belied what was underneath and made you wonder if he was going to stab you as soon as you turned your back. Their pride vanished as it was replaced with fear.

"My job is to train you into the most elite demons on the planet, religious Masters. There is only one goal of your training. Eliminate passion for Jesus from the hearts of humans. This is also the number one goal of our organization. If you succeed the planet stays ours and you advance within the organization. If you fail it means you have let down the organization."

"If you let us down there will be no mercy shown. Your past achievements are of no consequence to us. Even after your greatest success your future will depend on what you do for us next. This is a performance based organization because you left grace when you were kicked out of heaven. You are to be used and abused as we see fit. We get away with this because we have the power and you do not."

"Religion is telling lies about God. There are many lies to tell but our purpose is to bring our culture of fear, abuse, and performance into the life of Christians and convince them it is God's culture."

The Master's smile turned cruel and the smell of sulfur exited from his mouth. His mouth looked like a black hole that had no bottom. There were rumors that if you were ever bitten and eaten by him his throat led straight to hell. It was hard to see his teeth and long tongue because they were as black as his skin.

"There are four rules in my class."

"First rule, you are ignorant. You think you know something about what religion is but you don't. Your bachelor's degree only means you are one level above the grunt demon. Your work so far is nothing compared to what I teach and any arrogance from you will initiate a severe humiliation from me."

Sulfur from his breath was collecting on Kersen who was sitting in the front row. It was a funny site to see such a dark demon covered in yellow powder. You could tell Kersen was getting aggravated by it but there was absolutely nothing he could do.

"Second rule, no comments are allowed, questions yes, comments no. You don't have anything to offer so don't invite mutilation by showing your ignorance. I don't take kindly to anybody adding to or modifying what I am saying. What I have to say is all any one need to hear."

"Third rule, I am your Master in this class and I will continue to be your Master if you graduate. If you don't graduate that means I have personally sent you to Hell early. You never go back to living the life you had before you came in here. You will address me as 'The Master'. If you graduate you will be known as just Masters."

Every bit of heat in the room was sucked out by The Master's coldness. His eyes roamed the room and resembled icicles. The demons could discern no emotional passion in The Master and it sent cold shivers down their grotesque bodies.

"Listen up!"

"Undergraduates control individual humans, Master graduates control territories. You will be expected to capture, hold, and then control a geographical area with our lies of religion. What you have learned in the past was about tormenting and controlling individuals but here you will learn what really advances our kingdom forward – territorial control. Territorial control is when the majority of individuals in a

geographical region believe the way we want them to believe and our lies become the region's culture.”

“My job, as impossible as it seems, is to turn you into religious Masters that are our rulers over an area. I teach religious territorial control which means we have eliminated from a majority of the people passion for Jesus.”

“Your bachelor's degree taught you how to put a human into bondage with *sin*. What I teach is how to put geographical regions into bondage with *deception*.”

“You have been trained on how to bind up individuals which is a lower skill level. If you are allowed to graduate from this class it is because you know how to deceive an entire territory with a set of lies and make them agree with you that those lies are the truth! That is deception and religion is the greatest deception we have.”

“You will learn that Christians are deceived easily. Your Bachelor's degree in lust, greed, gossip, or other sin, taught you how to bring temptations to a human. The Christian usually knows that the temptation is wrong, but your job as an undergraduate demon is to make the temptation so alluring and exciting that they override their conscience and give into the temptation anyway. Guilt and shame may follow later but we don't care. The more guilt and shame the individual later walks in are just extra points for us.”

“For example, if you are tempting a human with sexual lust, you don't try to convince the Christian that lust is good. What you do is make another human more exciting than they have self-control to resist. It is a classic direct confrontation. Yes, they know it is wrong, but who can resist if you set the temptation up right?”

“Our enemy's book tries to warn their troops with passages like, *'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure ...think on these things'*. We all know that most Christians think they are stronger than they really are and never partner with the enemy Holy Spirit to gain victory. When humans attempt to live life on their own, which they almost always do, they can be deceived easily.”

“But to enslave a whole region with a different way of thinking that they not only call normal but Godly requires that your tactics be

different. Your weapon is not direct confrontation but with indirect confrontation we call deception.”

“Deception is getting a Christian to do what we want in the name of God. They then live in a defeated state because they think it is God’s way they are following and don’t try to change their ways.”

Yellow dust from the breath of The Master now covered Kersen and the other students on the front row. The walls which were once clear were now getting a dark film on them from the stench of death from his nostrils. Velka wondered who cleaned the room every night.

The Master went on, “Do your diminutive brains understand?”

No student would look The Master in the eyes. They couldn’t, they weren’t strong enough, his stare sliced through them.

“I will teach you how to get a Christian to commit the grievous but wonderful behavior of abandoning a relationship with God for a set of lies called religion. I repeat, these lies are *our* lies that they call *God’s* truths.”

The Master smiled a sadistic grin from ear to ear. He was thinking of the many victories he had won and was reveling in his accomplishments.

“You will be a great Master when you get the Church leaders to teach our lies to their people using the Bible as their foundation. When this happens your job becomes much easier. You can then just sit back, watch, and take it easy, as the pastors and theologians spread your lies for you. When religion is done well it’s a self propagating bondage. You have become the spirit in their lives instead of the Holy Spirit.”

“Fifth rule, do not be late for your first class where we will give you the first lie to share with your victims.”

The Master asked, “Do you understand!?”

All voices responded in unison, “Sir, Yes Sir!”

“Dismissed.”

Outside in the hallway Battal, Velka, and Innocence unmercifully teased Kersen calling him the yellow polka dotted demon.



# Lie 1 *Perform for Approval*

The students noisily made their way into the room. They were hitting one another, calling each other names, and telling exaggerated stories about their exploits against humans the night before.

“How dare you come into my classroom like this,” yelled The Master. He grabbed a claw full of hair from the closest student which happened to be Velka and jerked his head skyward till he was looking squarely in his eyes. He hit him across the face spattering dark blood all around the room. The pain of the blow sent Velka into the edge of unconsciousness and he was turning red because of his rising anger.

The Master made animal sounds as he brought Velka’s face close to his. Velka could see his razor edged fangs just before The Master shoved His face downward bouncing his head off the glass floor leaving a large spot of black blood.

The Master screamed, “You do not come into my presence showing such dishonor. Every one of you hit the floor and crawl to your desk. If you ever disrespect me again I will kill you. You forget who you are. Your presence disgusts me. Stay on the floor for the rest of the class and don’t move or you will be graduating early - to hell.”

Velka couldn’t get off the floor if he had wanted too. He tried to count how many body parts were broken but couldn’t. His color was now turning a dark black as he spiraled down into depression. His head throbbed with pain and he felt like he had been hit by a boulder.

Battal, Kersen, Innocence and the others hit the floor and crawled to their desks where they remained on the floor as Velka moaned.

“For the entire lesson remain on the floor as a reminder that groveling is the proper way to act around me.”

As his anger subsided and satisfied enough fear had been induced The Master continued, “Today’s lie is about using performance to ruin a relationship. As you should know, the unconditional love of God grows in a Christian when they are in intimate relationship with Him.

So your assignment is to ruin this relationship so that Christians do not experience His love.”

“Remember the moment of mankind’s creation in the Garden of Eden? We were all there. Creatures made out of dirt? What a disgusting sight. Why would God choose to associate with such weak creatures is beyond my understanding.”

The Master made noises under his breath that sounded something like laughing.

“It was a stupid move and has proved to be the undoing of God. Look at the mess that His perfect world has become. He believes too much in them. What He sees in these water logged creatures is beyond me.”

A smile spread across his face, “Of course, our presence hasn’t helped the way this world was supposed to work.”

“As religious Masters you ruin this relationship by bringing into it performance requirements. Christians do not understand how much God loves and enjoys them and that Jesus’ death has already fulfilled all of the requirements necessary for relationship with Him. We lie to Christians by telling them if they will do certain things God will like them more.”

Battal eagerly raised his hand and asked, “What are the performance requirements we give them?”

The Master chuckled, “this is the beauty of your job; it doesn’t matter! *Any* performance requirements will do. We don’t care as long as they do something to try to earn God’s approval. Because of the work done by other religion Masters before you Churches already have a list ready for new Christians. Matter of fact, we bring much confusion into Christianity by getting every church to have a different set of requirements. So get your Christian involved in Church and our deception takes care of itself.”

“Our lie of performance is so strong that Churches have split over which requirements are necessary to get God’s approval! This feeds the sins of pride and competition as they argue over who has the right list.”

“The reality is that all of them believe the same core lie we have given them, that *doing* brings God’s love, approval, and acceptance. It would devastate our influence if they realized that they have those things now.”

Battal followed up with, “I can’t wait to make Christians worry over if they are doing the right things!”

The Master looked at the demon trying to decide if he wanted to discipline him for making a random comment but decided to ignore it.

“I am good aren’t I? It’s amazing how I have complicated such a simple thing as relationship.”

“For a relationship to prosper people must spend time together in each other’s presence. It is only in the presence of God that Christians receive the unconditional acceptance God has for them. So we must keep them out of God’s presence at all costs. After they believe our lie that they must earn their way to God we then never let them think they have done enough to get there.”

“This is when the good stuff happens. When we cut them off from the presence of God it gives us the opportunity to tell more lies that produce additional bondage. It is really fun to watch the torment Christians go through at this point, because as the bondage increases the more they try to *do* in order to get free from the bondage we placed on them. This only starts the process of deception and bondage all over again. I have seen Christians spend decades in this cycle of torment. It truly makes me happy. I love it when Christians experience some of the torment we go through.”

Battal chuckled at the thought of doing this to Christians.

“But our destruction is not yet complete. As the realization comes upon Christians that they are failing at their *doing* we call on one of the demons of shame to slime them in order to finish the job. When the Christians in your area are covered in deception, bondage, and shame you have fulfilled your job as a religious Master.”

“Never forget, when they turn from the *simplicity* of believing they are accepted by God to the need for *requirements* they become spiritually deaf, mute, and bound!”

The Master’s black fangs were now showing clearly.

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“Remember how I said humans are deceived easily? It is especially true with this first lie. Their pride creates a strong desire in them to perform for God. Use this truth to your advantage.”

“Performance produces two types of Christians. One type tries harder and harder to meet the requirements. This Christian in the end becomes cold, hard, and distant doing whatever it takes to make the grade. He is a mirror image of me – cold, hard, and distant.”

“The other type gives up. He realizes he will never make the grade so stops trying. He becomes depressed, hopeless, and distant. No matter the type, relationship with God becomes distant. Always keep Christians performing for God’s approval, if they ever call out His name for help you are in trouble.”

Sulfur now filled the room and the smell got worse as his pores secreted the stench of death.

“When a large percentage of people believe our lies in an area it is virtually impossible to overcome us. We have created a demonic stronghold.”

“The rewards of our deception are great. We enslave Christians to a behavior that produces a heavy load of performance on them *and* we deny God the thing that He wants – relationship with His most cherished possessions. It is a two for one plan, one that makes Lord Baal pleased.”

A student in the first row named Actidan interrupted the stillness. Actidan was a demon of lying. This was easy to tell because he had two faces. One face pointed forward and the other pointed backwards. Both faces would often talk at the same time and would say the exact opposite of each other. Other times only one face was talking. In the end everyone knew that no matter which face was talking what was being said was a lie.

“Master, that is brilliant. Are the other Masters as good as you?”

“Growlllllllllll!,” said The Master, “I told you on the first day, no comments allowed. When I want your opinion I will ask for it, which will be never, and I don’t like flattery.”

The Master continued making animal sounds that sent fear into every part of the room. Long blades extended from his fingertips and in one motion The Master sent the claws deep into the center of Actidan's chest. He was instantly dead and gone from the earth forever. Hell was now his home.

With yellow drool dripping from his mouth The Master growled, "I really enjoyed that. Is there anyone else that wants to make a comment?"

As if nothing had happened he continued. "You begin the lie by redefining the three gifts God has given to Christians to create intimacy with Him. These are the Bible, the Church, and prayer. These gifts are designed to reveal God's nature to Christians and to make the conversation between them easier. Your job is to turn those *gifts* into *tasks* to be performed, not things to be enjoyed. When the germ filled humans take these gifts and turn them into tasks to be done you have won."

The Master laughed, his eyes grew darker, and ice crystals formed from the ceiling.

"I am brilliant," he said as his voice echoed out of the glass building into the church that was nearby.

"Even now in the Church a service is going on but few Christians are enjoying it. They are enduring it wishing it would hurry up and get over. God's life is gone because the Church no longer represents ways to get to know God but tasks that have to be checked off!"

"Christianity is no fun to them! The concept of having a relationship with God is boring at best. My lies are working!"

The Master barked out, "Do you understand!?"

29 voices responded, "Sir, Yes Sir!"

"Dismissed."

The students squirmed across the floor past The Master and out the door. Velka just lay on the floor in pain wondering how he was going to get to the door. In his heart he made a vow to kill The Master.

## **Lie 2 *Let The Pros Handle It***

Everyone was nervous because they were used to their every move being controlled. Now they didn't know what to do.

It was 5 minutes past the hour and The Master hadn't arrived to class. "Where was he," Velka thought? "He has never been late to class before."

Each student sat quietly. They didn't dare look at each other and misbehaving was out of the question. As far as they knew this was some kind of test and they were being observed right now by The Master.

Each of them decided they would sit here quietly until the next class and not say a word even if the teacher never showed up. They weren't going to presume anything. Too many students had already died doing that and they didn't want to be the next one.

15 minutes after the hour there was a scuffling noise outside the classroom door accompanied by a soft moan. Fear swept through the classroom. Velka thought, "what unimaginable pain is about to be released upon us?"

The door slowly opened and a giant demon entered the classroom dragging one leg behind him. He was stooped over and had trouble walking. The students were now quite agitated. "What deception is being played out on us," thought Velka?

As the demon closed the door he looked up at the class.

Everyone's heart stopped. The shock of what they saw brought waves of fear across their souls. It was The Master! No one moved, breathed, or even thought. A large black singe mark went diagonally from his left shoulder down to his right hip.

"What could cause that much damage to The Master? No one in the organization could cause that except for Lord Baal," thought Kersen.

The Master limped to the center of the room. He was obviously in pain and had been through some kind of terrible fight. Instead of being mad he was expressing great pride and a spiteful look was in his eyes.

“I won,” said The Master. “They thought they had me and they almost did but I won.”

“This is why Lord Baal made me The Master of Religion. I have just left his presence where I received another commendation.”

There was a long pause. They wondered if The Master was insane.

“Last night in the southern sector of earth the enemy – that Holy \*&^%\$ Spirit – showed up on a group of people who had been praying every night for the last 11 nights. I had a large contingent of demons stationed around them because we knew it was a potential for an outbreak. They couldn’t get close because the power of the enemy was growing. Finally, about midday on the twelfth day the enemy came upon them with great power. They began prophesying over each other, casting out what few demons remained, and the gift of healing was manifesting on people in the room.”

“It was an ugly sight with all these people full of the Holy Spirit. Since this type of enemy attack has been happening more frequently the sergeant knew what to do. He executed the standard anti-power maneuver.

“He moved his squad as close to the group as possible in order to plant seeds of division. As he was moving in to plant divisive thoughts there was an unexpected surge of the presence of the Holy Spirit. People started crying and some even fell down under His power. It caught our squad totally unexpected and one third of them were instantly annihilated by His presence and sent to Hell.”

“It was such a waste of demonic troops. As you know we don’t get any more demons and while I hate each of your guts I also need you to do my bidding and not die unless I choose to kill you myself.”

“The Sergeant immediately called for reinforcements but the power of the enemy kept growing to the point that they didn’t have enough demons to handle the people. They were now in survival mode.”

“The group was meeting in a small room at the shopping mall. They were behind closed doors praying for their city to be full of God and free from us. Can you believe their audacity? We’ve held that city for centuries. I am the spirit over that territory and I will not give it up.”

“Then it happened, our worst nightmare. The presence of the enemy overflowed into the shopping mall. People were being drawn to that part of the mall and they began feeling the presence of the enemy themselves. They weren’t sure what it was but they liked it. Then the #^&\*\$ Christians realized what was going on and left the room. They were looking for people who were sick and praying for them! The enemy’s healing power was manifesting in the food court!”

“They followed up the healings of people with prophecies and asking them if they wanted to know about the enemy! Multitudes were moving over to the other side. The Sergeant signaled a full scale red alert.”

“Our squad of demons was pushed out of the shopping mall to the outer edges of the parking lot. The Sergeant notified command that the situation was out of control and that they needed my help.”

“Within seconds I was at the mall and it was a bad outbreak. I saw the greatest presence of the enemy we have ever had in that sector. I realized that the group of people had become quite unified over the last 12 days. Our standard attack mode of divide and conquer was going to take too long to implement. I just didn’t have enough time to get them offended at each other. At the rate that this enemy attack was growing we couldn’t wait any longer or it would affect the whole city.”

“I devised a plan to whisper a specific lie into their minds. I knew that I couldn’t plant obvious demonic thoughts like lust because they would be realized for the temptations they were. So my lies had to sound Biblical.”

“As I moved in towards the group my arrogance got the best of me. I didn’t realize how important this was to the enemy and didn’t do the proper reconnaissance. As I flew towards one young man a baton hit me from behind in my right leg with such force that it spun me out of control and I hit the parking lot. As I lay on my back looking up at the sky I saw a flaming sword held by a Cherubim angel heading straight towards my throat.”

“In spite of my now broken leg I was able to roll over in time to avoid the sword as it plunged into the parking lot asphalt. As the angel was removing his sword to finish me off I called for all graduate religious Masters to assemble from the entire southern sector to the mall.”

“In the next moment the angel’s flaming sword was swinging towards me. I don’t know how he missed but it nearly got me. This burnt mark across my chest is my latest war medal. I realized I was not going to win this battle so I backed off from the mall in order to save my life. This worked and caused the angels to again take up position around the group of people.”

“Remember direct frontal assault is not always the best course of action. Master demons work best through deception. By the time I had backed off there were hundreds of graduate religious Masters assembled. I had forgotten how many we had trained and assigned to this sector.”

“I told them to fight their way to the group of Christians and plant my lie in their mind. I warned them to fight the enemy angels only enough to plant the lie. I wanted to lose as little religious Masters as possible because it takes too long to train new ones. I thought our large numbers would allow a few of us to get through and change the course of the battle. The outcome did not depend on the angels or us but on the Christians.”

The Master stopped talking and paused, leaving us in suspense. He continued, “The plan was brilliant. It took about 30 minutes of severe fighting before we were able to place enough thoughts in their minds to win. You should have seen it, it was glorious! We lost some of your comrades but in the end we were able to plant the lie in enough minds so that it took hold. The outbreak was not only contained to the mall it died completely. Absolutely glorious!”

The Master stopped speaking and stood there basking in the glory. He was obviously finished and was expecting some kind of response.

The students were not sure what to do next, they were excited but confused.

Finally, Velka raised his hand with trepidation.

The Master acknowledged him, “yes?”

“What was the lie?”

The Master realized in the midst of his celebrating he hadn't finished the story. He immediately acted like this was his plan all along and didn't tell a crucial detail on purpose.

“Well, I'm glad you were paying attention. There may be a future for you yet.”

“I used one of the oldest lies in our arsenal. I knew the lie had worked when one of the leaders said to another, ‘Go get the Pastor, he needs to take over. We are not qualified to do this. We are only laymen.’”

The class bell rang.

The Master questioned, “Do you understand!?”

“Sir, Yes Sir!”

“Dismissed.”

Everyone left as fast as they could politely go. They were glad they didn't have to admit they didn't understand.



## Lie 3 *We Aren't Here*

The class roared with laughter. Of course, it wasn't what humans would call laughter. If you had heard the sounds it would have given you chills but it was the closest thing to joy that demons ever come too. They are so far from the source of true joy that their fun is just achieving less misery than the previous moment.

"Did you see their response," bellowed Innocence? "They thought it was normal!"

"Students, sit down! The field trip is over," said The Master.

As everyone settled into their seats, The Master asked, "What did you learn from our lab at Church today?"

Kersen answered, "When we entered the service no one noticed we had come in except for the angels and a few children!"

The sounds of gurgling that passed as laughter filled the room.

"They have no discernment," said another.

"Yea, it was great! When one little girl started to give us away by telling her mother what she saw her mother told her to be quiet and pay attention!"

Gurgling filled the room. The students hadn't felt this much relief from their pain since the beginning of the course.

"What else," asked The Master? The gurgling stopped. The Master leaned over the smallest demon in the class and picked up Innocence by the neck and held him dangling over his seat.

"What else did you learn?"

"Uh, Uh, they thought it was normal," squeaked Innocence as sound barely escaped from his throat.

“Wrong,” yelled The Master as he dropped Innocence back into his seat upside down!

All laughter stopped as normal business returned.

“You did not get the most important point of today’s lesson big mouth.” The Master returned to the steady cadence of speech he used when he wanted to make a point. “Does anyone remember what the man said when I touched his back and caused a muscle spasm in the middle of worship?”

The demons looked down to avoid being called on. They felt they knew what would happen if they were and didn’t know the answer.

“You pathetic creatures you say they have no discernment and yet you miss the major point of the lab.” Drool dripped from The Master’s mouth onto Innocence’s head. Innocence dared not wipe it off. Instead, he tried to ignore the foul smell. “That is why you are students and not good ones at that.”

Kersen spoke a half formed idea hoping to curry favor, “he thought the pain was from all of the work he did yesterday?”

The Master just glared. “No you ugly thing. That was a really ignorant answer.”

Innocence tried again, “you have convinced them that we aren’t here!”

The Master smiled and the drool stopped, “Finally, a sensible answer. We have spent centuries teaching that once they become a Christian we have no affect on their lives anymore. We have succeeded brilliantly if I say so myself. What else is there to learn?”

Everyone continued looking down to avoid all eye contact.

The Master then laughed. It echoed off the walls and filled the valley around the school. He then said with glee, “Don’t you remember what the man said?”

For the third time, everyone looked down.

He said, ‘God, what are you trying to teach me?’”

Innocence didn't understand and couldn't keep from talking, "he thought the muscle spasm was from God?"

"Got it. Because they think we can't affect them, we can do bad things to them and they think it is God. We have convinced Christians that when bad things happen to them they come from God. It is a very powerful lie!"

"This lie really harms a Christian's relationship with God, that's why we do it. Think about it, would you want to get close to someone who will hurt you with the reason of teaching you something?"

Innocence asked, "Isn't the Holy Spirit their teacher?"

"Right again. He was sent to guide them into all truth, not all sickness but we don't want Christians to realize this."

"We have convinced Christians to not believe their Bible where it says *every good and perfect gift is from above*. They reinterpret the verse to say *everything* is from God, even the bad things that come from *below* where we live."

The Master stood up straight and yelled, "Do you understand!?"

"Sir, Yes Sir!"

"Dismissed."

Innocence was as happy as a demon can be as he exited the room, "The Master liked my answers!"

Velka responded, "he should not have dropped you."



## Lie 4 *Hide to be Holy*

“Let’s begin,” The Master said with no emotion. He rarely showed emotions unless it was anger.

His lack of emotion was a hallmark of his style of religion. He hated any displays of passion and made sure that wherever religion was established emotions were few. It was discovered centuries ago that passion was dangerous to religion so passionate Christians were neutralized as quickly as possible. The Master learned that if he could keep Christianity on the intellectual level it had little power to transform people.

“Your parasite filled heads will have to pay attention today. I am going to talk about a lie that has a wonderful effect. I expect many questions and if I don’t get any it tells me you do not understand.”

“Your annual performance reviews are very important in determining what happens to you in our organization. You will hear all about this wonderful time if you become a religious Master. Performance reviews are actually my favorite time of the year. I just love spending quality one on one time with you and I am sure that it will become the favorite time of year for you too.”

“As you will find out, a big part of your review is what has happened to the Christian count in your region.”

“If the number of Christians has increased since your last review then you are in for a very – let’s say – interesting grade. If the number has decreased then you will get a nice promotion. The percentage change in Christians is a measurement I look at carefully.”

The Master looked around the room looking for a reaction. Not getting any he continued, “Today’s lesson is about a lie that will help keep the growth of Christians down.”

“What if I told you that we had found a way to keep Christians from witnessing? That would be brilliant wouldn’t it? Well, we have and it is a subtle but effective lie.”

“We cannot tell Christians not to witness. That would never work because it is too obvious. So we do it in indirectly.”

“The lie is simple. We tell Christians to not hang around ‘bad’ influences or people. When Christians stop hanging around others that need Jesus then the love of Jesus is not spread.”

Kersen tentatively raised his hand, “that works?”

“Well, you have to add a bit more to the lie than that for it to actually work,” replied the Master.

Kersen replied, “Oh.”

“I can see you are clueless Kersen, as usual.”

“Look, you have to understand how Christians are made if you are going to defeat them. They have a built in desire to please God. They really do want to please Him. So we pervert this desire for our purposes. This perversion part ought to be easy for you Kersen.”

“God asks for them to be Holy. So Christians have a natural instinct to immediately do whatever they can to become holy in order to please God.”

“There is only one problem. Christians can never *do* anything to be holy but they forget this so easily because they love *doing*. Doing is actually a God given characteristic but they have to learn how to do it in God’s power and timing and not in their own.”

“So we pervert these desires to please God and to do by convincing them that they become holy by what they avoid. Some of the greatest bondages we have put on Christianity is the thought that it is what you *avoid* that makes you holy. We have even had churches compete with each other on who has the best list of things to avoid to be holy.”

Kersen raised his hand again and asked, “I don’t understand. How does this affect evangelism again?”

“Let me repeat it for the simpletons in the class. We convince Christians that they must avoid all sinful things in order to become holy to please God. When they avoid sinful things that means they pull themselves away from sinful people that need God. When sinful

people are not around Christians they do not become saved by their influence.”

“We have convinced entire groups of Christians that they must avoid the very people that need them. We call this lie *Hide to be Holy*.”

Kersen raised his hand and asked, “Isn’t the absence of sin holiness?”

The Master chuckled, “That’s what we want them to think. Christians have already been affected by sin so they can never become holy that way. The avoidance of sin will not make them holy. You become holy when you hang around the One who is holy and let His holiness rub off on you.”

Kersen continued, “I don’t understand, shouldn’t they be afraid of sin? We are tempting them.”

The students chuckled.

The Master gave a strange look towards Kersen. Kersen was starting to get worried when The Master finally said, “I understand your confusion. That is why I am here. Your question shows that you are at least thinking for once. Sure they are to avoid sin, but the lie’s power is getting Christians more focused on sin rather than on God. Sin does have power but the Holy Spirit inside of them has more. Christians cannot overcome sin by avoiding it. They overcome sin by walking with Jesus in intimacy because what they focus on they will become. So we want to fill their every thought with being sure they don’t sin. This causes them to think about sin all of the time which causes them to sin more. It is a self perpetuating cycle that can only be broken by changing your focus.”

The Master continued, “I don’t like mentioning this but who has the greatest influence, Christians or unbelievers? This question is at the heart of the lie.”

Several silent seconds went by as the students pondered the question.

Kersen spoke slowly as if thinking carefully over every word, “Christians do ... but few of them know it.”

The Master smiled. It was rare for him to give affirmation but He was

obviously pleased. “Exactly, but for the lie to work we have to convince Christians that the sin in unbelievers is more powerful than they are.”

“Why do Christians think they have such little influence on the world,” asked Kersen?

“Because they believe the Cross gives them enough power to be saved from sin but not enough power to overcome sin.”

Innocence jumped in for the first time, “How did you convince them of this?” It was obvious from his tone of voice that he was trying to flatter and get some favor. He was jealous of Kersen getting all the attention. The Master saw his intention and scowled.

“I don’t want your flattery! In answer to your question I have convinced Christians that they still live under the Old Testament way of relating to God. The Old Testament believers did not have the Holy Spirit. They were told to avoid sin because they could not overcome much of anything on their own. Je\*!^%sus’ death on the cross changed that because God Himself now lives inside of them.”

“Oh how I hate that word – Je\*!^%sus. If it wasn’t for Him we would once again own the entire world.”

The students noticed that The Master visibly shook as he spoke the name. The students had never seen fear in The Master before and it did not go unnoticed.

None of the students in the class had ever seen Jesus personally since His ascension to His Father. They knew that if they did they wouldn’t be on the earth for long. They all knew the story of Jesus casting out a legion of them into a herd of pigs when He was on the earth. The demons that were cast into the pigs still get an audience when they tell the story.

Kersen asked again, “I still don’t understand.”

“I guess your brain is more damaged than I gave you credit. Under the Old Testament the rules were all about what they could or could not do. Their path was about what they avoided. All of the temple offerings and washings symbolized the external things that were necessary to please God. When Jesus came He showed it is not what you do on the outside that makes you holy but who you walk with on

the inside.”

The Master looked around the room. It was obvious that everyone was getting tired and having a hard time understanding the lie.

“I know this is a hard lesson but you can’t become a Master with simple proverbs you use on Christians. You have to know the Bible better than they do if you are going to defeat them. It is not enough to understand it, you have to use it against them without them knowing you have perverted its message. Generally, this is not hard to do because they don’t study the Bible themselves; instead they rely on their leaders to explain it to them. So you don’t have to deceive all of the Christians just the leaders.”

“But back to the difference between an Old and New Testament believer. Let me use an example to show the difference. The Israelites had to avoid being around anyone with the disease of leprosy. If they were, they could catch the disease and be infected for the rest of their lives. It was a powerful disease that eventually ate away their body till they died. Leprosy is a symbol of sin that is in the world that would contaminate them if they stayed around it. If they were accidentally around someone with leprosy they had to present themselves to the priest and go through a procedure to verify that they didn’t get it. This was because the disease, the representation of sin, was more powerful than anything they had to counter its effects. Sin could overcome them.”

“Under the New Covenant Jesus showed that a man filled with the Holy Spirit could overcome sin. He had the audacity to walk right up to a man with leprosy and touch him. The Holy Spirit healed the man of leprosy instead of the leprosy contaminating Jesus. It was one of the most powerful demonstrations of His ministry and shows what can be done when a person walks with the Holy Spirit.”

“Jesus showed that holiness comes from the inside by walking with the *Holy Spirit* not by what you avoid walking with on the *outside*.”

“Nevertheless, we have convinced a large part of Christianity to live like the Old Testament Israelites. They teach each other to avoid hanging around sinful people or else they may become sinful. So unbelievers rarely see a demonstration of the power of the Holy Spirit in action because Christians avoid them.”

The Master looked around making sure he had everyone’s attention.

“Their Bible clearly says, *‘You, dear children, are from God and have overcome them, because the one who is in you is greater than the one who is in the world.’* “

The Master continued, “We must never let them think this is actually true for *today*. If they ever realize that the Holy Spirit inside of them is more powerful than us in the world Christianity will spread. Understand!”

“Sir, Yes Sir!”

“Dismissed.”



## Lie 5 *He Really Hates You*

The Master came strolling into the classroom singing! The students were stunned. They didn't know he could sing or why would he? Demons never sang. They didn't have anything happy to sing about.

*O How He Hates You and Me  
O How He Hates You and Me  
He Gave His Life, What More Could He Give?*

*O How He Hates You  
O How He Hates Me  
O How He Hates You and Me*

The Master stopped singing mid-song as he reached his desk and turned towards the students.

“Good song, eh?”

With a wicked grin he continued, “You know it's one of the most popular songs sung in churches today. All Christian children learn it from an early age.”

Everyone was wondering if The Master had lost his sanity.

“I wish I could take credit for writing the song but that honor goes to Lord Baal. He originally wrote a version of it in the Garden of Eden for Eve.”

“Don't believe me?”

“Don't you remember how Lord Baal made Eve doubt that God really had her good in mind when God told her not to eat from the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil? Ever since that day we learned how easy it is to convince humans that God is really mad at them and withholding all the good stuff. It was the first lesson in deception we learned.”

The Master turned to one shy demon named Braiton, “how many

times have you seen that song?”

Shy demons are a rarity in the demonic horde. Because everyone is so cruel you either learn to be aggressive or you are bullied into annihilation. Even though demons can't do miracles it was nothing short of one that Braiton had made it this far in his education.

Braiton shook in fear, looked down, and stuttered badly as he tried to answer the question. As much as he knew he was in trouble nothing intelligent came out of his mouth.

The Master strode to Braiton's desk. He leaned over him and yelled, “you imbecile! You can't even talk. You will never graduate from this class so why take the time to train you. Don't you know that a religious Master has to be the smoothest talking demon in the organization?” The Master then kicked the desk over with Braiton in it and said, “Answer me!”

Braiton now intertwined with the desk on top of him couldn't move.

The Master continued berating Braiton, “you have now failed this class! Your days under me are done. You are not good enough to become a Master.”

With the last sentence fire exited his mouth and consumed the student. The burning was so complete there were not even ashes left on the floor, just a black scorch mark.

The students had noticed from the first day of class two other identical scorch marks on the classroom floor and had wondered why they were there. They now knew why.

The Master starting singing again as he walked back to the front of the room.

*O How He Hates You  
O How He Hates Me  
O How He Hates You and Me*

The Master asked Haccus who only had one arm, “How many times have you seen that song?”

Haccus only had one arm because the other one had been chewed off at the shoulder. The teeth marks were still visible. Haccus was a

demon who had majored in stealing. The problem with a stealing demon is he has a hard time confining himself to just encouraging humans to steal. Stealing is their nature so they steal from other demons too. Self control is a fruit of the Holy Spirit which no demon has so a demon whose nature is stealing is not a good thing to be around. Haccus made the mistake one day of stealing from a vicious high ranking demon of anger. As a result the demon he stole from chewed off Haccus arm as a consequence of taking his stuff saying he would never steal with that arm again.

Haccus answered, "Sir, I have never heard that song sung before." He answered with an outward display of bravado but on the inside he had no idea if it was the right answer. He was just trying to avoid looking weak to The Master and getting scorched.

"Wrong!" Out of The Master's mouth came a wave of heat that burnt the hair off the face of Haccus.

After the heat wave passed Haccus realized he was still alive. The hair on his head and eyebrows were gone but he was still breathing.

"In addition to your stupidity you must be hard of hearing. I will correct that!"

The Master's arm swung through the air with a speed that defied his size and hit Haccus on his left ear. The student went skidding across the floor hitting the opposite wall. As Haccus regained his bearings he realized that he was now deaf in his left ear.

"That's not the question I asked you."

The Master turned to Battal. "How many times have you seen that song?"

Battal, who was still in pain from the beating he took before, tried to learn from the last two student's answers and spoke with an outward confidence and said as little as possible to avoid showing his lack of knowledge, "none Sir"

The Master showed a slight smile at the corners of his mouth. "Smart answer Battal, it kept you out of physical danger but it's not the right answer. I am not stupid enough to think that you even understand what the question is let alone how to answer."

Battal was extremely glad as The Master began again walking back and forth across the room singing.

*O How He Hates You and Me  
O How He Hates You and Me  
He Gave His Life, What More Could He Give?*

Half way across the room he stopped singing and said to the whole class, “you have never *heard* this song but that is not what I asked you. I asked you if you had *seen* this song.”

The students knew that they were hopelessly lost but they dared not show it.

“The answer is yes, millions of times.”

The students looked like kindergarten students attending a graduate level math class. Their gazes were blank and clueless.

“Christians all across this planet sing this song with the words *love* substituted for the word *hate*.” The Master looked around the room and sarcastically asked, “do you understand so far?”

All the students shook their heads yes but still did not understand.

“But as soon as they finish singing the song they act like God hates them or is at mad at them. They sing one thing but their actions tell another. They don’t realize God is glad over them.”

A student asked, “how do you know this?”

The Master snickered, “because they act like the older brother.”

Silence again filled the classroom.

“We all know that God the Father loves these frail organic creatures with all of His heart. He sacrificed His only Son to bring them back into relationship. He gave them the best He had, His own Son, and sent the Holy Spirit to live inside of them. We have convinced them that God only wants them as servants at best and not sons with an inheritance.”

“Do you remember the story of the Prodigal Son told by Je\*!^%sus? This is a parable illustrating how much God the Father loves His

sons.”

“It is a story of the younger son leaving the house with half the father’s fortune and wasting it on wrong things. When he was totally ruined he then came back and was unconditionally received back by the Father and experienced his intimate fellowship. The whole story is about God’s love and desire to have fellowship with His ugly little offspring.”

“You have all learned this story well in elementary school as an example of the nature of the enemy. How many of you remember though the older brother’s reaction?”

“The older brother is like most Christians who never understand the Father wants fellowship with His family and not sons acting like workers. He believed all the Father cared about was a perfectly running farm. He acted the whole time like the Father was holding out on him the best he had to offer. He could never relax in the Father’s presence. He never knew the friendship that was possible with him. The older brother could have had a feast anytime he wanted but he never did. He was too busy working and trying to do right that he missed the whole point of family! He never understood the desires of His Father. His father even rebuked him at the end for this.”

“He couldn’t understand how much his Father loved him and kept trying to earn his approval. He missed out on the concept of family and instead lived like it was a Master-Slave relationship. He didn’t realize you don’t work to get approval. You are approved because you are a member of the family.”

“Christians are the same way. They sing of God’s goodness but rarely experience it. They think they have to wait till they have done something to enter into intimacy with their Father. They act like He is mad and demanding of them. It’s an extension of the performance lie we have already talked about.”

“The older brother did not understand the unconditional love of his father and got mad when the younger brother got his father’s fellowship dinner when he hadn’t done everything right.”

“The Father was glad to see the youngest son because this is his nature. He was also glad to see the older brother but the older brother couldn’t see it because of his performance mentality. He thought when he didn’t perform correctly the Father would be sad or even mad.”

The Master snickered, "There will be a test on this lesson tomorrow. It is important to know how to deceive Christians into thinking God is mad at them."

"Do you understand!?"

"Sir, Yes Sir!"

"Dismissed."

The students exited the room as clueless as when they came in wondering how many would die tomorrow when the test was graded.

As they left they heard him singing.

*He Gave His Life, What More Could He Give?*



## Lie 6 *Redefine Church*

“*J*essie, I can’t believe you haven’t cleaned your room! You are such a lazy good for nothing son. Don’t you ever obey what I say?” yelled Chad.

“But Dad, I didn’t hear you say to clean my room,” Jessie replied in utter fear. He had seen the look in his dad’s eyes many times and knew that his dad was out of control with rage. He also knew that nothing he could do would stop what was coming next.

Slaap! The dad’s hand went across Jessie’s mouth sending him to the floor. “Don’t you sass me son! Get your room cleaned up in the next five minutes. We are going to be late for church and we have to get going.”

Just then Jessie’s mom came into the room and asked, “Chad, what is all the noise?” As she entered Jessie’s room she immediately saw the rage of her husband and backed out of his way.

“Car. Five minutes,” he said rushing out of the room.

No one said a word as they drove to church and parked the car in the reserved parking space.

As he got out and walked into the lobby Chad smiled broadly. Two elders rushed up to him and said, “Pastor Chad it’s good that you are here we need to ask you a question about who is going to take up the offering. The associate pastor hasn’t showed up yet and you know how much we need to take up a good offering today for the debt payment this week.”

Pastor Chad loved the attention. His body language signaled that he was calm and in control. His reassuring words calmed the elders, “don’t worry. The Lord will provide the solution. We will do what is necessary so that the show goes on.”

Innocence and Kersen who had followed Chad into the lobby were rolling across the ceiling in laughter. Innocence said, “We are assured of a good grade on this project now! It couldn’t have worked out any

better.”

As they left the church building – lab accomplished – they rapidly talked to each other sharing the juicy parts of what happened.

Innocence said, “I can’t wait for The Master to see how well we did on manipulating *Pastooooor* Chad.” They made fun of the title Pastor by drawing it out.

Kersen replied, “Yea, did you see how he went into *Pastooooor* mode when he left the car. He put on his church face and became ready for his circus, I mean church, ringleader role. It was great.”

“Did you see how his wife and son didn’t exit the car right away? They stayed behind hoping no one would notice how distraught they were.”

“It worked too! Everyone swarmed around the *maaan of God*.” Kersen howled with laughter as Innocence lowered his voice when saying the last three words.

“I can’t wait for The Master to grade how well we did on redefining the word Church today!”

“Yea! It’s going to be awesome. We will graduate for sure now! Church to those Christians were all about the building, the man, and the show. They can’t have church if the *Pastooooor* doesn’t show up!”

The two demons laughed so hard they had to stop flying.

Kersen after getting his breath replied, “You did a great job in choosing that church to do our project on. It is so heavily in debt that if the show doesn’t go on they will lose their church – I mean their building!”

The two demons roared with laughter again.

Innocence began again, “I don’t think we have to worry about any Christians in that building learning what the true meaning of Church is.”

“Yea, did you see what was going on in the corner by the coffee bar when Chad came in”, asked Kersen? “One of the members got mad because they didn’t have the right kind of coffee. I heard him mumble under his breath that if they couldn’t be any more excellent than this

he wasn't coming back."

Roaring with sarcasm Kersen continued, "yea, I don't think we have to worry about him prophesying or healing the sick today, he didn't get his espresso!"

Innocence piled on with, "For real, we don't have to worry about him sharing his burdens with anyone for prayer because all he would ask for is a new attendant at the coffee counter!"

The two demons tumbled over each other with merriment as they entered The Master's classroom.

The Master looked up from his desk. Not knowing whether to smile or beat them. He quietly said, "Give me your project report on redefining Church for Christians."



# Lie 7 *The Busy Bee Gets the Honey*

“*A*ttention!”

The whole class turned in their chairs to face the front of the room. Somehow The Master entered the room without the students realizing he was there. The chatter immediately stopped. Terror gripped each student wondering what repercussions were going to be dealt out for their lack of honor.

The Master glared at each student. The few seconds that it took for this to happen seemed like minutes to the students.

“Who wants the first question?”

He looked around for volunteers. No one raised their hand.

“I expect everyone’s hand to go up when I ask a question.”

He now looked around the room at all the raised hands. He was enjoying the fear he had induced. He wanted to laugh but knew that would ruin the moment.

“You can lower your hands now. What is the number one thing a Christian can do to break our power of religion over them?”

No one raised their hand. It’s not that they didn’t want to, they didn’t know what to answer if they were called on.

“I will not repeat my question or demands again. I want all hands up eager to answer the question or I will cut off the arms of those that don’t go up.”

Again the room was filled with raised hands.

“Nice. I am so glad to have such an eager responsive class of students. I have not seen such desire to participate in a long time.”

The Master laughed as he spoke, "Too bad, actually, I was looking forward to a little 'encouragement'."

"Kersen, what's your answer," asked The Master?

"Apathy," replied Kersen terrified.

"Hmmm. Not a bad guess. Apathy does keep one from *being* religious because it causes you to not care about us. In some ways, it does neutralize our power but it does not *break* our power."

"Battal, you stupid grunt what is your guess? I say guess because I know you don't have a clue as to what the answer is."

Battal froze up and couldn't speak. The Master immediately noticed this and a smile of anticipation came across his face as he moved towards the student.

Right before The Master got to the student's desk he found his vocal cords and eked out, "Sin!"

The Master stopped his predatory advance. He looked disappointed that Battal the fat demon had managed to answer.

"Well, well, well, maybe you will live the day out. Too bad. I am getting a reputation among the other schools of becoming too soft. I was hoping to rectify that today."

"Sin? Interesting answer, shows some insight, although not a Master's level insight. I guess that is why you are still a student and I am The Master."

"Sin does get the haughty pride of religion off of a person. They realize they are not pleasing God and stop trying to perform. It's hard to be prideful of your efforts when you are breaking the enemy's Ten Commandments but it is still a wrong answer because sin obviously does not break our power."

"Next person."

Every hand shot up except for the two that had already answered.

"Velka, what do you say will break the power of religion over a person?"

"I...I...I...Busyness," he blurted out!

"Busyness? This may be my lucky day. My reputation will be restored after all. How have you made it this far in my course and come out with such an insane answer?"

The Master continued, "You have given the exact opposite answer you should have to the question. I will use your idiot response to teach you. It's obvious that no one here is ready to graduate."

Very few people noticed Velka turning red with anger because their attention had turned back to The Master. Velka mumbled under his breath, "nobody calls me an idiot."

"Busyness IS one of the main goals of religion. It does not break our power but reinforces it! We want them to be as busy as bees. When real bees are busy they get the honey but Christians don't get honey by being busy. God *gives* them a land already filled with honey and they eat of the honey only as they walk with Him."

"This is crucial to understand if you are to master the art of religion. All good gifts come down from above; they are not generated by a calendar full of activities. When a person is busy he usually does not focus on the important but the urgent. Busyness is what we try to get every Christian and Church to be. The busier a person is the less communication they have with one another and with the enemy. Less communication with the enemy is *the* goal of religion and keeps you from entering the country of honey because you don't know where it is! They become too busy to partner with God to find it."

"Don't you remember your lab from two months ago? You were to talk Churches and Christians into creating as many things to do as possible. Is your memory that short?"

The Master jutted out his finger at Innocence and said, "You got the highest score because you convinced a group of Christians to work till they were burned out in all the events their church was doing."

"Yes, yes, I remember," Innocence spoke quietly under his breath.

"Do you also remember how later those same Christians came under the shame we put on them because they hadn't done anything lately for the Lord?"

A student raised his hand.

The Master acted surprised that there was a volunteer, “Yes”?

At that moment, The Master was facing the student with the question and had his back to Velka. For those that noticed, Velka was a bright red color and all of his sharp fins were erect. Faster than a human eye could see Velka pulled out a dagger and hurled himself at The Master. He jumped on his back digging his sharp fins in. At the same time he brought the dagger around to the front of The Master and drew his blade across his neck.

The Master didn't even move. He just stood there behaving as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. He acted like Velka was no more than a bug resting on his shoulder. Velka with all his strength was trying to cut The Master's neck but the blade did no damage. After about 5 seconds the blade broke.

Velka's fins didn't do any damage either. These had as much effect as paper does against a rock.

The Master slowly reached up with one arm and pushed Velka off his back like he was wiping off a bead of sweat. Velka fell to the floor knowing he was defeated. His color turned from a bright red to a deep black. He hoped his death would be quick.

The Master looked down at him totally relaxed and said, “thank you for giving me the opportunity to correct all of the malicious rumors about me becoming too soft.”

The Master grabbed the ankle of Velka and hung him upside down for the whole class to see and laughed demonically and said, “you will definitely reinforce my reputation.”

Holding Velka upside down he walked over to the window and opened it. Everyone thought that he would throw Velka to his death but he didn't. Instead, he hung Velka upside down on a pole that was mounted horizontally outside of the window 110 feet above the ground. The Master wrote on Velka in large white letters, “The Master is Great.”

The Master then calmly closed the window and said to the class, “this has been a good day. Now where was I? Yes, a question. He turned to the volunteer, please continue.”

The student hesitated having a hard time remembering what his question was, finally he said, “I don’t understand. The disciples of Jesus were extremely busy at times. Even Jesus Himself was busy doing ministry. Are you saying God wants Christians to do nothing?”

The Master smiled, “Good question. You might graduate after all. We are getting to the reason for this lesson.”

“Let me tell you what will break the power of religion. Rest. Rest is one action we fear.”

The Master continued, “I am not talking about laziness or sleeping. Jesus did many things but only after spending time with the Father. During His talks with the Father He understood who He was and from this it produced an internal rest of contentment. He was contented because in His Father’s presence He got all of the validation and approval He needed. He realized He was created to be with His Father and this was *enough*. It is from this rest – God’s rest - that He did the things He did. Because Jesus first began with talking to His Father He did not need to do things to find out His identity. He already had that.”

“In His conversations the Father sometimes would give Jesus assignments as to what He would like for Him to do, but not always. Jesus then did these assignments under the Father’s direction. This meant He did them with the Father’s strength and with an energy that came from an overflow of His relationship with Him.”

“It’s important to understand that Jesus did these things because they were important to the Father and not to get the Father’s approval. He did no more or no less than the Father asked Him to do and then Jesus went back to enjoying time with His Father. This was why His ministry was so productive and full of the supernatural. This is called rest because most of the responsibility for getting something done was the Father’s job because it was His idea to begin with.”

“When Christians do ministry from relationship first it produces a rest because the Christian is no longer the lead minister responsible for the outcome. Christians were created to walk with the Father first and then *do second*.”

“In the garden of Eden it was a place of rest for Adam and Eve to enjoy each other and God. Sure, they were to expand the Garden but it was not the main reason they were created.”

“Students, you must keep Christians so busy they never take time for relationship with their Father. The following two lies work well on Christians.”

“First, tell them they are more valuable the more they do. Keep them busy trying to earn their way into a favored spot with God. The busier they are, the less opportunities they will have to hear the Father speak. If they never speak to Him they won't realize they are already His favorite. Make them believe that it is their work for God that will give them the approval they need. Close their ears to the message that their identity comes from being a son or daughter who hears their Father's voice. Get them to think the primary reason to spend time with the Father is to get their next assignment and then go off to do it by themselves only to return for the next assignment after they are finished.”

“Don't let them ever realize that the Father enjoys them! Tell them God will like them better the more chores they do for Him. It is a disaster for religion when Christians realize He enjoys them just because they are His children.”

“Second, tell them their lack of contentment will go away if they work harder. Keep them busy to drown out the pain in their souls. This way they will never stop to ask the deadly question, ‘Why am I doing what I am doing?’ This kind of question will kill your deception.”

“Rest is when a Christian *does* with God as their Senior Partner and they are the junior partner. Rest is when a Christian refuses to take up an action that he has not received in intimacy with the Father. When Christians rest we are doomed because a restful Christian works *with* the Father and we have no lasting power against that combination.”

“Yes, there is an action that will break the power of religion in a Christian's life. That action is rest – God's rest. Your assignment this week is to keep your churches busy, busy doing ‘Christian’ things. Busy, busy, busy as bees. Do you understand!?”

“Sir, Yes Sir!”

“Dismissed.”



## Lie 8 *Fly Away*

*T*he music leader raised his arms in time to the music as the choir sang out.

*Some glad morning when this life is o'er,  
I'll fly away;  
To a home on God's celestial shore,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).*

"Everyone in the congregation sing along on the chorus," encouraged the music leader.

*I'll fly away, Oh Glory  
I'll fly away; (in the morning)  
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).*

The auditorium was filled with a thousand saints singing away!

As the song closed out, the music leader motioned for everyone to sit down. Battal and Innocence were in the back of the auditorium already sitting down.

Battal spoke up to Innocence, "this is the most boring assignment I have ever had. I don't understand why The Master gave us this project, there is nothing to do."

The pastor began his sermon and interrupted the demon's conversation, "Saints, you have a great place to look forward to. Your destiny is a mansion in heaven."

Innocence spoke up as if the Pastor said nothing, "when will they learn that their location after they die is heaven but their destiny is bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to the earth?"

Battal ignored the last comment and continued, "It makes me wonder if The Master gave us such an easy assignment because he is wanting to play some trick on us."

The pastor continued, “just hang on against the darkness. I know it is tough and powerful. Your struggle will end soon enough. Avoid sin and eventually you will be rewarded with a crown in heaven.”

“Why would he give us a project that isn’t needed anymore,” Innocence asked?

“I don’t know, maybe we are doing something wrong?”

The voice of the Pastor echoed through the sound system around the building, “you know how powerful sin is and how weak you are. So just mind yourself and one day Jesus will come back with all authority and restore the whole world for us.”

Innocence thought out loud, “when was it that Christians were convinced that they didn’t have any authority over darkness? I don’t remember my history well.”

“I don’t know. Who cares? It’s done now. It sure makes our job easier because they don’t cast us out anymore and they don’t think they can affect the darkness we bring.”

“But don’t they know that light chases away darkness?” asked Innocence.

“I guess not. It’s strange that they don’t. The Holy Spirit lives inside of them and somehow they forget that Jesus gave them all authority.”

The pastor droned on in his message and many had fallen asleep just like the demons were doing, “it’s going to be a grand and glorious day when Jesus parts the sky and we get to go to heaven. Be always looking up because your salvation is drawing near.”

Innocence wouldn’t let Battal go to sleep because of his questions, “in some ways it was more fun in the first century when they believed they had the authority to bring heaven to earth.”

“Fun? Are you nuts? We lost how many of our comrades during the first two centuries? I stayed in hiding for most of the time.”

“Yea, but at least we had something to do besides sleeping on the back row of a church,” replied Innocence.

“Well, you go tell those Christians that greater is He that is in them than us that is on the back row and find out how much fun that would be,” Battal sarcastically replied.

After a few silent minutes Innocence wondered out loud not really caring if anyone heard him, “why have they given up on the earth?”

The Pastor ended with a rousing, “Amen!”

Battal with an air of annoyance said, “Innocence, why didn’t you enroll in the Philosophical Graduate School? You ask too many questions.”

Innocence said to himself, “I know why we were sent out on this field trip now. This is the status quo and it’s our job to maintain it.”

Battal replied, “It doesn’t look like that will be hard to do.”



## Lie 9 *Half of You Must Stop*

“It’s time for a history lesson,” began The Master. His eyes were as black as his skin and fully dilated with eagerness.

“It was late 1<sup>st</sup> century on earth and Christianity was spreading everywhere and we couldn’t stop it. Passion for Jesus had spread to all of the Roman Empire. Everything that Lord Baal did to stop Christianity failed and we were desperate.”

“We first tried introducing false doctrines to dilute the power of the gospel. This only worked a little.”

“We then tried persecuting the Christians. Lord Baal got the Roman Empire to outlaw Christianity. He then instituted Emperor worship and put to death anyone that would not call him Lord. We thought for sure that this would solve the problem of our diminishing kingdom.”

“But, we were wrong. Persecution only made it worse. Sure, there were some Christians that denied their faith. Unfortunately, the rest of them became tougher, more determined, and more strategic in spreading their faith. The more we persecuted them the more they spread. Lord Baal had a top level demon possess Emperor Nero. Even with the wisdom of Lord Baal and the cruelty of the entire demonic organization behind him we couldn’t stop the lovers of Jesus. It was a frustrating time.”

The Master’s eyes surveyed the room making sure every eye was on him.

“All through the second century we continued our attacks of false doctrine and open persecution of Christianity but it continued to grow. In 312 AD we thought we were dealt the death blow when Emperor Constantine converted to Christianity right before a major battle. To our amazement it ended up being the event that saved us. Because of his pagan background Constantine immediately brought all the trappings of his past pagan religions into Christianity. It was what we needed to remove the simplicity of following Jesus. Constantine began erecting the first church buildings, instituting formal methods of worship, establishing a professional priest hood, etc. This took

people's eyes off of following Jesus onto external expressions of Christianity. Out of his ignorance we established over 1000 years of what is now called the Dark Ages by human historians. Of course our historians call it the Age of Blessed Darkness."

The Master's eyes fell on Battal who was sitting on the back row. The fat grey demon's eyelids were growing heavy. A flicker of fire was seen in The Master's eyes.

The Master continued, "I want to tell you my part in our battle with the early Christians."

A prideful smile spread across his face.

"I was able to convince a large part of Christianity to reduce their ministry forces by half. Think about it, we talked the Christians into voluntarily reducing their army by half. The lie was a long shot and nobody thought it would work including me but it did! Do you realize how long it would take to either kill or deceive half the Christians into inaction? Think how much work was saved by not having to do that. They did it for us!"

"Who here knows what the lie was?"

Several students thought they knew but there was no way they were going to volunteer to answer.

"It was a simple lie. We learned that it is often the simple lies that cause the easiest deception. I convinced them women aren't allowed by God to be ministers just because they are women."

The Master let his words sink into his students. He knew that they realized many Christians believe only men can be priests or ministers but he was letting them know that it was his idea. Pride secreted from every pore.

At that moment, Battal's head dropped to his desk sound asleep.

The students saw fire raging behind The Master's pupils. In one stride he moved to Battal. Innocence wanted to open her large mouth to warn Battal to wake up but knew better. For once he exercised self control.

In one movement too swift for human eyes, The Master jammed his claw like fingers through the back of Battal and wrapped them around his ribs. He pulled him backward and threw him against the back wall. Battal screamed in agony. He didn't realize until he slammed against the wall that he had fallen asleep.

Black bile leaked out of his wounds as he lay crumpled against the back wall. As life was leaving his body he screamed for help that would never come.

“You witless dishonoring fool stop your screaming. Be glad I didn't kill you. No major organs were destroyed. I wanted to leave you alive with maximum pain to remind you to never dishonor me with falling asleep again. Stop your screaming and you will remain alive. You should be back to normal in a few weeks. Be glad you are so fat, it probably saved your life when you hit the back wall.”

The stench of Battal's black bile running out of his wounds filled the room.

The Master went back to the front and continued as if nothing had happened.

“We immediately took out half of the Christians in a large part of Christianity by convincing them that women are not qualified to minister. I introduced the teaching that there is a hierarchy in their Christian kingdom like there is in ours and that some could do more than others with men at the top. With all of the changes in Christianity in the third century it provided the soil for this lie to grow in. Who would have ever thought that the Christians would have believed that women were not equal ministers? It was unthinkable at the time. We cut the size of the enemy's offensive army in half with this one lie.”

“This lie has become one of the greatest weapons we have in maintaining a religious stronghold. It has become a foundation in the church's teachings. We have rarely had to fight a fully manned army since. If you become a religious Master your assignment is to perpetuate this lie in your region.”

“I know you want to ask how do we keep perpetuating this simple lie.”

“It's simple actually; we appeal to the egotism and insecurity of males. They use the Bible in their justification but it is not a good argument. They are stronger physically and in control of the Church hierarchy so

they see that the status quo remains the same. No more justification is needed. They will pass this false teaching of male superiority on to their sons, who will pass it on to their sons, who will pass it on to their sons, etc. Tradition becomes stronger than the Bible.”

The Master seemed to grow in height as his pride swelled.

“That is when I was promoted to my current position as The Religious Master by Lord Baal.”

“Think about it, the first evangelists were Mary Magdalene and Mary the Mother of Jesus, who told the other disciples that Jesus rose from the dead. If these two ladies were alive today they wouldn’t be allowed to speak from many pulpits in the Church.”

An even greater irony is that the *male* Christians who will one day be the *feminine* Bride of Jesus do not allow women to minister. HeHeHeHeHe.”

“Your job is to continue to perpetuate this lie. Do you understand!?”

“Sir, Yes Sir!”

“Dismissed.”

When the students left the room Innocence said to Velka and Kersen, “should we go back and help Battal?”

Velka responded, “Are you insane? The Master is still in the room. There is no way I am going back in there. We can come and get him later after school.” Velka mumbled under his breath so low that no one could hear, “The Master is out of control, he needs to die.”



## Lie 10 *Don't Be a Fanatic*

*A*s the worship music played the new Christian felt such gratitude to God that tears ran down his cheeks.

He had never felt such freedom in all of his life. His mind reviewed all of the hopelessness that had been a part of his life over the last year. He remembered how it was just three weeks ago when he had tried to take his life but failed.

It failed because as he was about to pull the trigger to end his life a bright light appeared in his room and out of that light a man walked forward and said, "I love you and I have given you a purpose!"

Joshua's tears flowed harder as he relived the weights being taken off his soul by Jesus that day.

The last three weeks had been an exhilarating time as he learned what it meant to be a follower of Jesus. His life was being radically changed.

Kersen moved quickly around the church auditorium agitating one of the well known community leaders in the church. He hissed in his ear, "do you seeee what that young man is doing over there? How embarrasssssssing he is. Why can't he control his emotionssssss? What will your boss think if he knew you went to a church where people cried?"

His wife told him yesterday that she was reconsidering the divorce and that she might move back in with him again. It was his greatest desire to have his family back. The thought of Jesus being able to restore him back to his 4 and 8 year old daughters caused gratitude to rise up that was overwhelming. The tears increased stronger and Joshua fell to his knees as the music continued.

The community leader whispered under his breath, "Oh my goodness, I can't believe it, is he actually on his knees crying? I don't want to look beside me to see. I can't believe he is doing this. Out of all the people in this auditorium I could have sat by how did I end up next to this guy?"

Kersen laughed in the man's ears, "gooooood, goooooood, you are doing goooooood. Religion should never show emotions."

When Joshua landed on his knees the presence of God filled to overflowing his soul. Shame and guilt for all of the years of how he had treated his family came to the surface and flowed over the top being washed away forever. He started quietly sobbing as his past was being graciously forgiven and forgotten.

Kersen realized that a critical juncture was occurring. This open display of love for God was causing God to increase. He had to do something before it started affecting other people.

Kersen whispered to the respected leader who said to himself, "Why can't this man control his emotions? Is he weak? I have never lost control of myself like that and he needs to be taught not to. I will let the elders know about this. He is crying so loud now I can't concentrate on worshipping."

Joshua sat on his knees and let the love of Jesus wash over him. He had never felt acceptance by a man like this before. His own father had beat him as a child and told him how unworthy he was. He didn't quite know how to act as Jesus told him he unconditionally loved him but he knew it was what his emotions longed for.

Joshua raised his hands in response to Jesus' love with both palms lifted up. He couldn't believe that people could actually know the Creator and the Creator to know them. He was speechless as the unconditional acceptance of Jesus washed away the emotional pains in his wounded soul.

Several other people in the church had noticed Joshua by now and how the Holy Spirit was moving on him. This caused them to start entering into an intimate prayer time with Jesus.

Kersen started to panic. This assignment was his final lab project and he had to pass it in order to graduate from the class. He cursed, "&\*^&%\$^&. Why did he have to come into this church of all days? This was supposed to be a dead church and an easy assignment!"

Kersen surveyed the scene and figured that the man that was standing next to Kersen was still his best bet for shutting down the move of God. So he continued whispering in his ear, "Do you know

how thissss looks? You are a ressspected leader in the church and this service is being broadcast on TV. What if your coworkers see you ssssstanding beside this guy on TV and think you are like this?"

The man turned to his wife and whispered, "This is intolerable! I can't stand for this!"

His wife simply looked at him quizzically and whispered back, "what are you talking about?"

The young man was now whispering reverently under his breath, "Praise you Jesus. I love you. I love you. Thank you!"

The respected man's anxiety grew as the presence of God in Joshua stirred up the religious demons in him. He said, "I will not allow this in my church. I have been going here for all of my life and it is exactly the way I like it! We will have none of these emotional outbursts. It is not becoming."

Kersen whispered urgently, "Gooood, good, that's right, ressspected religion has no expressions of passion. They are dangeroussss and well educated people don't show their love openly like this."

As the man moved behind his wife in order to exit the pew she asked, "Honey, where are you going?"

"To get a deacon, someone has to tell this young man his behavior is not allowed,"

His wife simply said, "What behavior?" She then for the first time saw Joshua on his knees with tears running down his cheeks. As she looked at him the power of God hit her and she outstretched her palms to God.

Kersen went into full blown panic mode and yelled at the man, "Hurry! Get the deacon over here to stop this!"



# Welcome to the Religious Army

The demons all stood at attention in a straight line. Battal, Innocence, and Kersen stood together. The Master walked back and forth inspecting them.

“Oh, you all look so good,” He said sarcastically, “you look like you are ready to go to church.”

Innocence whispered to Kersen, “I wish Velka was here.”

Kersen agreed, “yea, me too. How many days has he been hanging upside down from that pole with the message, ‘The Master is Great’ on him”?

Innocence whispered, “Weeks now. The rumor is that The Master is going to leave him up there till the end of the age as a reminder to always give him honor.”

The Master barked out to everyone bringing the two demon’s side conversation to a close, “If you think those pretty suits you are wearing will hide your hideous frames you are only kidding yourself.”

He continued, “I guess as long as the Christians don’t recognize you that is all that counts.”

“You have now graduated from my school, all 1/3 of you that made it. What a terrible class. Matter of fact, you have been one of the worst classes I have ever had. We’ll see if you last a year in my religious army.”

The Master backed away from the line and looked from one end to the other.

“Well, you are in. You are now religious Masters. You will have to earn your way to stay in. You have your assignments. Go and continue the tradition of blending with the Saints and looking like angels of light and making religion the Master of Christians.”

“Do you understand!?”

“Sir, Yes Sir!”

“Dismissed!”



# About the Author



The author was Craig B. Cooper, but in reality he was just a ghost writer for The Master since he was too busy to tell his story. Craig is probably the first true ghost writer.

Craig is married to Susan Luhrman Cooper; a proud Father to Abigail, Grace, and Israel; a Software Developer; and Founder/Pastor of Relationship Church.

You can get more information about the author, his family, blogs, church, books, articles, etc. at [www.craigbcooper.com](http://www.craigbcooper.com).

## Other Books by Craig

*How to Walk with the Holy Spirit*

*Can Women Minister to Men and other Dangerous Questions?*

*Breaking the Darkness Over Control, Rejection, and Poverty*



