

## Sancho's Story

It's in his eyes... fire and lightning flashes from his eyes as he looks at the woman kneeling in front of him. He beams of magnificence and power and his arrogant air forces the eyes of the woman to the ground. "Lord Chango" she breathes "blessed be you St. Barbara, who can create and destroy whatever you wish". She slowly lifts her eyes as the demonic spirit of Chango tilts her head upwards with the tip of his sword beneath her chin. "I'll have your worship woman" he said in scorn as he looked around the room. His eyes lingered on the swarm of demons under his command. "Take them" he commanded, as his hordes mounted the people closest to them, forcing them into submission and slavery.

In the corner of the room a little boy is watching the familiar scene. All the festivities have come to an abrupt halt and most of the people are drunk and in a trance-like state. At the same time being sexually abused by the demonic entities. The rhythmic beat of the drum seems to beat in Sancho's head as he watches his grandmother. She is lying prostrate in front of the demonic entity, Chango, mumbling unintelligible words of worship to him. Sancho hated these festivals, fear filled his eyes as he searched the crowds for his mother. His eyes settled on a tear stained face across the room. His mother was being held by the demons, forced to watch her husband being seduced by yet another woman. Overwhelmed by the scene the little boy tucks himself deeper into the corner, covered his head with a blanket and fell asleep.

Sancho had one sure friend in life – loneliness. Where ever he went he felt alone and apart. He had grown out of his fears and as a teen of 16 years old the fear of the supernatural had turned into curiosity. He was irresistibly drawn to the occult, having witnessed its power since childhood. The confusion in him elevated the demonic to the godly and he found it difficult to distinguish between that which was from God and that which was from Satan. Yet, deep within himself he kept on hoping to find a God that cared and was filled with life and not death and destruction. Sancho visited several churches in his quest to find THE source of power. Each time turning away in disappointment, still knowing only one friend – loneliness.

The need in Sancho to be fully accepted grew within him to such a measure that the rejection he experienced around him became too much to bear. In his mind he found only one way out and that was through suicide. Yet, deep within him there was still a flicker of hope that there was a God that cared and would love him unconditionally. He tried to commit suicide half-heartedly, still yearning to find that love and attention that would pull him out of a pit of depression.

It was at this time that Sancho joined a Christian Church. In his words "[Again I encountered a form of godliness but found that people were not fully dedicated to it. The youth was into drugs and sexual](#)

immorality. All of this was under the surface and never addressed in the open. Some nights I would cry out to God for help but never received any direct response. Eventually the youth started to shun me and I left." Sancho's hope and faith in Christianity was severely shaken and for a long time he avoided any form of church attendance.

The rest of his testimony follows in his own words: "I met my wife through my sister but we didn't start dating until 2002. Before that time I started to feel that strong pull toward the occult, the need for power over my situation was incredible. I felt like I needed some control over my life. I started reading many books and eventually around that same year or maybe later I joined a Coven. I made it through a full year of study under their instruction and after that first initiation which just initiated me as a member of the extended family (not a true coven member) I decided it was not for me. I kept the items that I had during that time and used them to cast spells whenever I was in financial trouble. After a while I started consulting mediums and purchasing spells and amulets for luck, money, etc...

During this time my wife fell pregnant with our first son and I felt a strong obligation to get married so my son wouldn't grow up without a family. The marriage was tumultuous throughout this time and the need to escape into pornography (that I had been into since I was 13-14 but was introduced to when I was just a child by an uncle). My marriage started deteriorating and as a person that went to church all her life my wife started to go to church. Eventually, though reluctantly I started to go with her, we went to a couple of different churches until we landed in the one where we are members to this day.

I enjoyed the pastor's direct and to the point, no nonsense preaching and found him interesting but praise and worship was beyond me. After about a year attending on and off my wife started praying and fasting for me with the pastor's wife. Throughout this time and maybe earlier I started to want to play guitar and started to pick up and learn. After a while I was invited by the praise and worship group to play with them for what seemed to be a one time event. I ended up enjoying it very much and soon I was part of the praise and worship team even though I was A) not a Christian and B) not a member of the church.

The turn around happened when we were called to fast for a month (month of February 2009). The first three days were just water and the first day was the super bowl which I wanted to watch with my friends but instead ended up with it along keeled over the couch. During this time I started praying piously to the Lord to help me make it through. I was able to make it through the three day water fast and the 25 day Daniel fast with no problems due to God's incredible mercy. Here I was a child who had strayed so far from his path but he was still there to welcome me.

On the 13<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup> of that month during a Christian concert I accepted Christ into my life as sincerely and as honestly as I knew how. Immediately there was a change in my attitude towards church and the things of God. I started to pray every day and took to reading the whole bible from cover to cover (which I finished in early April). I had a thirst for the Lord like no other, so much so that I prayed for a closer relationship with him. God's answer came in the form of a person from work giving me a book called Pigs in the Parlor. After reading it I knew deep down I had to be delivered. I searched the internet for deliverance ministries in Georgia and was drawn to Elqana web site. After reading the material and deciding that this was the correct choice I decided to send them an email. My wife and I made an appointment for deliverance.

Sancho sent me (Madelene Eayrs) the following summary of his feelings and perceptions before, during, and after deliverance.

I felt uneasy not knowing what to expect. Meeting you and your wonderful family put me at ease. What helped me greatly through the deliverance process were two things that you said to me “you have such a pure spirit” and “God is so proud of you”. Those two messages laid the ground work in me to know that this was worth it and that I’m ready to fight for my freedom. During the deliverance I sat back and watched as my body was shaking and doing all sorts of weird things and how my mouth was spewing blasphemies in some unheard of language that I could not understand. All the while I was listening intently to how you were going about the deliverance and paying attention to what everyone was doing as much as I was allowed to by the entities inside me. When they became stubborn I would break through and call them out in Jesus’ name which helped.

After the deliverance God speaking through you and your family told me the words I was so longing to hear for so very long... “I love you”. It makes me well up inside just thinking about it and I knew deep down that it was true. My first experience speaking in tongues was so pure and beautiful to me that I have no words to describe it. My adoration for my Lord was so sincere. It’s true what the Lord says in his Word that those that are forgiven much love much because that love has come through me so strong after my deliverance that I thought I wouldn’t be able to control myself. When I got home I would pray in the spirit and then go to sleep just to wake up again and pray some more and read His Word, His presence was ever consuming. It was beautiful and I give all the glory to God for what he has done in my life.

Sorry if this was too long, I hope that you can gather some good information from this and place it in your dramatization. The lord needs to be glorified for this Act. I pray that this testimony reaching many souls and that many lives are healed and restored in Christ Jesus.