

CHAPTER TEN
A Mother's Spiritual Battle - Demonic Oppression
by Judith Ingram

There was a sigh of relief, a brief moment we were able to regain our life back, though Dani's nightmares continued to come and go. They weren't really terrible enough to cause serious concern, and I would say they didn't seem highly disturbing to her, at this point. I prayed every night with her when I tucked her in. She was nearly five years old and was starting to laugh again. We were all aware of her nightmares and decided not to make a big deal about it. We thought in time the nightmares would cease. I thought my over protection of her - the fear I continued to feel about Ben - might have been the cause of them, though I tried not show it. I thought if I was happy, she would be happy too.

One day we received disappointing news from the lender on the purchase of the house. After having been told there was no problem, and after the sellers let us move in early, and after nearly 2 months of paperwork dragging on, the whole deal fell apart. The sellers let us stay in the house and pay rent. They had first taken the house off the market, but a year later the sellers told us they sold the house and we had to start looking for another home. To our surprise, we were finally approved for a loan and we found a bigger, better house just a couple of blocks away. It was perfect, and still within walking distance to the girl's school.

The house was an older home with a lot of character. It was a two-story with two bedrooms downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. The large bay window in the dining area had a sitting bench, and the kitchen reminded me of my grandma's house. The older girls had the downstairs bedrooms with Dani's and our bedroom upstairs. Dani's room had a dormer window that looked out the front, whereas mine and John's bedroom looked out the back. Our bedrooms were right across the hall from each other. The huge fenced in backyard allowed us to put in a swing set for Dani and build a deck for a jacuzzi.

With all the changes going on with moving, the excitement and distractions, just getting settled into our new surroundings, life began to feel normal, for a while. Our routine was back on schedule. John would go off to work around 4:00am, and the older girls would head to school around 7:30am, leaving Dani and myself at home all day. In time, I began to notice something odd going on with her ... sadly, normal didn't last long.

When she turned six the nightmares returned ... and they returned with a vengeance. I continued to try and keep things calm with Dani, and on the most part I did ... until her nightmares would wake me up with loud screams and crying out "Mommy" over and over. At first it was a few nights a week, and I would jump out of bed and dash to her room. She would be shaking and crying as I held and comforted her. After getting her back to sleep I would return to bed. The nightmares didn't affect the girls' downstairs, as they couldn't hear the screams, and at first they didn't effect John as he was a deep sleeper. Then, things escalated putting a strain on John when she started jumping in bed with me every night shaking and crying, holding me tightly in absolute terror. The situation was to the point that I had to seek help.

I felt very strong that what was going on had to be spiritual. The things she told me about her nightmares were very gruesome. They felt very real to her and they became so bad that she would tremble while telling me the horrid images of tiny little people flying all around her, slashing her with their knives, seeing blood gushing from her tummy, and stabbing her feet. I knew I had to do something because prayers were not helping at all ... and I knew the situation was getting more serious than I could deal with. I found a therapist who was a former Pastor that helped children with emotional issues with ordeals like she had gone through, but after taking Dani a few times to see him, he admitted that what she was experiencing was something beyond his ability. He gave me the name of another Pastor who he felt could help.

When the therapist insinuated was going on, I was both shocked and scared and I knew I had to come to that realization myself before I went down that path. This is when I began my research on the subject of dark matters. I went to the library and checked out dozens of books on demonism, ghosts, entities, satanism, witchcraft, spells and symbols, and all that evil and scary stuff. I had to know the enemy in order to fight the battle to set her free. I felt the most urgency that I had to save my daughter's life. I became a mother ready to battle demonic hauntings that seemed to be getting worse. I constantly read my Bible praying for the full armor of courage, strength and protection. I tried to share with John what was going on, but he wanted nothing to do with it. I tried to tell friends, but they too thought I was getting into something I shouldn't, telling me I was inviting evil in by reading all those books. There wasn't anyone who understood what we were going through.

When she started to tell me she was afraid to go to bed at night because of the images she saw and the nightmares that haunted her, I could feel fear. The torment went on every night when I put her to bed. I would sit with her and read a book until she fell asleep, hoping that would help, yet, it didn't help at all. And whatever it was she was seeing at night with little men flying around, began to follow her wherever she went. She didn't tell me they were around her, and it wasn't until I began to notice there was something strange going on. That's when I learned it was no more just a nightly occurrence. When I asked her what she was looking at, that's when she told me, but she said she just ignores them because they couldn't hurt her. When I ask her why she didn't tell me, she thought I knew and when I told her I couldn't see them, she couldn't understand why I didn't see them too. The only time she was fearful of them, however, was at night when she was in bed because that is when they would attack her.

Between the nightmares and the demons, this was enough for me to finally take action. No longer in denial, I knew dark forces were at play and I had no choice but to admit to myself that she was under demonic attack. It wasn't just the little men flying around, I also noticed at times she seemed to be in a trance with eyes wide open, yet, not there. I would wave my hand in front of her face with no reaction. When I would gently shake her, she would wake up, confused, not knowing was going on. Having been a strong spiritual soul all my life, and having dealt with other dark situations, I knew I had to do something. My awareness gave me the courage to finally reach out for help when I realized I had not the power to help her myself.

John never was much for religion, or spiritual things, but knew something disturbing was going on. He just wanted the nightmares to stop, not only for her but for himself. His lack sleep was

wearing on him to the point he told me he had to sleep in the logging crummy on the way to the job site. Logging was already a dangerous and strenuous position and I worried for him everyday out there in the woods. I decided to start sleeping with Dani just so he could sleep at night.

When I finally contacted the Pastor, we made an appointment for me to come see him at his church. I left Dani with Lea at home and went alone. After chatting a bit explaining to him all the things we had gone through, and the things currently going on, he then shared with me his experiences with such matters, telling me he had been to third world countries with his ministry where he had dealt with such cases with good results. He also shared other experiences he had and seemed very confident of his gift. By the end of our meeting, I felt he could help us.

Before I left, I thought to ask him something that had always bothered me since it happened when I was much younger. I was eighteen then, married with my first daughter, Lea Ann. While Lea Ann was staying the weekend at grandma's, my husband, John and I went with some of his former high school friends to an Indian burial ground in the Eldorado Hills of Placer County, California. We all hiked in along a path above a raging river. When we reached the site, we began to dig around the graves in search of Indian beads. After a while, without success, I decided to walk around and I discovered a rock wall about three feet high, very aged and mostly crumbled. As we were leaving, a couple of the guys said they found a handful beads and were showing them to me. One of the guys said they were made from animal bones. I was disappointed that I didn't get any, so one of them gave me a bunch of them. I thought they were pretty cool. Some of the beads were dyed red from berries but they were pretty faded, some were just naturally aged, and then there were some made of blue glass which I was told the Indians traded for. He seemed to know such things while taking an archeology class in collage ... which is why he also knew where the site was. I liked them so much that I strung them together and made a choker necklace. I wore it for a while before placing it in a keepsake box to save and preserve them.

During the next couple of years, I had my second daughter, Karey. At that point, things began to get very bad with John ... worse than ever. After our divorce I was on my own with my two little girls. We moved into a townhouse apartment, and while unpacking our things I came across that keepsake box and decided to put the choker necklace back on. Once I put it on, I wore it constantly, until one day – several months later - I was attacked in the middle of the night. It felt like a knife had stabbed me in the back. It wasn't a dream, although it happened sudden and fast, and it was so painful that I woke up. After I was able to fall back to sleep, I didn't realize how bad it was until the next morning when I was paralyzed. I couldn't move my body. I wasn't in any pain, but I was scared to death. I yelled for Lea to bring me the phone and had her call 911. She held the phone to my ear so I could call for an ambulance. Lea went to the neighbor to have her call their grandparents and watch the girls until they came to get them. I was put on a gurney and taken to the hospital where they removed all my clothes and the necklace. They ran all kinds of test on me but could find nothing wrong. They kept me there for several hours on muscle relaxers before releasing me. My friend came to pick me up and helped into me into bed, and for a few days she helped me until whatever it was had suddenly disappeared. It didn't dawn on me

at that point what could have caused it, but I had an eerie feeling about the necklace and I never put it on again. It went back into the keepsake box and stored away in a closet.

Over the course of time, I would get those sudden attacks. It didn't matter what I was doing, they always came out of nowhere when suddenly I felt a knife thrust into my back and I felt my body being squeezed tightly. At those times I couldn't breathe for a moment, frozen, then I'd be in excruciating pain that nearly crippled me, to where sometimes I could get to a bed or a sofa and lie down, but sometimes I was just forced to lay right on the floor right where I stood. Whenever it hit me, it would last for 3 days. During those times I had to have someone help me, though as the girls grew older, they helped me many times. This strange pattern went on for nearly 15 years off and on - the first few years it was every six months and then it just started happening sporadically, at least once a year. I had been to numerous chiropractors, doctors, physical therapists, with no explanation of what it was or any way to help, other than medication. It felt like a kind of straight jacket I had around me, a slight tightness that never left that I had become used to it, always aware the attack could happen at any time. It was the strangest thing.

After I shared my experience with him, he immediately told me I had a curse, saying he could help me as well. Then he wanted me to come back that next week and bring Danielle so he could meet her outside of the home. When I brought Danielle to meet him, everything went well, saying she was a sweet little girl but could tell she was under a spiritual oppression. He talked openly to her and explained that he wanted to help her with the nightmares, taking notice of the dark circles under her eyes. She told him about the little men with knives but said they weren't there then. She seemed to understand what was going on. He then wanted to come to the house next, so we set the day and time that he would come to our home for another meeting. When he came, it was during the time when John would be at work and the older girls would be in school.

The visit was casual. He sat awhile in the living room making small talk, then had me walk with him around the house. Dani stayed right by side, and when he went into her bedroom he looked around and only said that she had a nice room. When he left, I stepped outside with him for a moment to talk privately. He said he definitely felt a dark presence in the house, but it was very strong in her bedroom. We made an appointment for him to come back with his assistant to perform a cleansing. He assured me that my daughter was not possessed, but confirmed again that she was under a powerful demonic oppression. Before he had returned, I went back to the library to check out books on demonic oppression. After learning about what that is and how it effects people, I came to understand the seriousness of it.

I knew I had to let Lea and Karey know that I made arrangements for someone to come and help Dani. They weren't totally blind to the situation, just left out of the whole ordeal as much as possible. I asked them to stay at friends until I called them. With John at work, the house would be available for whatever they needed to do. A few days later the Pastor showed up with his assistant. They didn't waste any time and went straight upstairs to Dani's room. The first thing he did was have Dani and myself sit on her bed, with Dani between us. He told us his assistant would be doing an anointing, and I saw him holding a small vial with oil. The Pastor and myself took her hand as he began to pray. As he was praying, I opened my eyes to see his assistant walking around the bedroom touching the walls and window, mumbling something I could not

hear. As the Pastor's prayer went on and on, I saw his assistant looking in her closet, going through her toybox.

Dani had opened her eyes about then when she started squeezing my hand and getting upset while gazing in all direction around the room fearfully uttering over and over, "Mommy, they can't get out." Her nervousness was most obvious by the way she scooted closer to me until she was almost in my lap. When I looked at her, I could see her face was red, with fright in her eyes. She then focused on the closet watching his assistant with great terror, as she shouted out again, "They can't get out ... they can't get out .. they can't get out." Her eyes began to dart around the room again as the Pastor continued to pray, holding her hand. My heart was beating mighty fast as everything got really intense, when she blurted out, "Mommy mommy they're bouncing off the wall." Just then I asked what was going on. The Pastor then told us it was okay, assuring us that the reason they can't get out is because of the anointing, saying that the only way they can leave is through the front door, which he had left cracked open. But they weren't going anywhere as she continued to dart her eyes around the room.

The assistant had brought a black plastic bag into room and at this point he started putting some of her toys in it. I saw Dani suddenly fixate on her sock monkey that was dangling from the clothing rod. It was something my mother and step father had given Karey when we were living with Ben in Vail, Colorado before Dani was born. It was one of those sock monkeys with long legs and arms that kids could wrap around themselves, and Karey had given it to Dani when she outgrew it.

As I watched her get more intense, and I felt her body getting apprehensive, she broke away from the Pastor and me and jumped to her feet, then quickly went to the closet grabbing hold of the sock monkey and yanking it from the rod and threw it to the floor. I was stunned. The assistant immediately took ahold of it and as soon as he laid hands on it, Dani began yelling, "They're going in the monkey mommy, they're all going into the monkey," and by the way her eyes were moving about was like watching her watch them all flying in. The Pastor quickly rose from the bed and went over to the monkey and grabbed ahold it, and in a deep powerful voice he began to bind the demon. Just then there was loud a scream, a horrifying eerie shrill that startled me and sent chills through my body. I immediately asked if they heard it too, and everyone, including Dani, said yes.

The Pastor stuffed the monkey in the black plastic bag with the other toys and his assistant took it out of the house. When his assistant returned, he had another black bag in his hand. The Pastor asked if it would be alright if they walked around the house and continued to do their anointing. Of course, I said yes, telling them to take anything they felt needed removal. After they went through mine and John's bedroom, we all went downstairs. As Dani and I sat in the living room we watched them wander around the house going through room by room. Some things they just anointed, while other things they put in the bag. I noticed the things they were putting in the bag were items I either purchased at secondhand stores, or garage sales.

As his assistant stood in the foyer he mentioned that he felt a very strong presence from the framed ancestral photos I had hanging on the wall. They were family heirlooms on both mine

and John's side of both our great, great grandparents. It wasn't something I wanted to give up until the Pastor checked it out and said he thought he could anoint them, but the presence was too strong. He asked if I wanted them removed and I said yes. After that he thought everything had either been removed or anointed, and felt the job was done.

Then he asked if I wanted to be prayed over for the curse I told him about, and I said yes. Danielle sat down on the sofa while the three of us held hands in a circle. I closed my eyes as the Pastor began to pray. I listened very intensely to every word he spoke and suddenly I felt my body lifting off the floor, as if I were floating in the air. Then I felt the tightness around me loosen up, and like something had just been released inside of me I felt the strangest sensation. I felt something moving upward and out of my body as it went straight up and out of my head. When the Pastor said amen, I felt my body lower and I could feel my feet touching the floor. I was quite surprised and told him what happened. He knew then he had done his job. We shook hands and they left. After that, I never had those attacks again.

At first, Danielle and I just stood there looking at each other strangely. We hugged each other in relief. Then I started to lead her up the stairs to show her that everything was gone now, that everything will be ok now. As we started up the stairs, she grabbed hold my leg and squeezed, yanking my arm to stop. With a trembling low voice she said, "Mommy, I don't think they're all gone." I stopped and told her it's okay, they got everything. But as I tried to get her to take another step, she refused to go any further. Then with a little more coaching I got her to move a few more steps when she began to almost shake the closer we got to the top. Just then I picked up her fear and felt a rush of it myself as we turned around and quickly headed back down. As we were rushing down the stairs, there was a knock on the door. When I flung the door open, there stood the Pastor. I gasped, "Oh thank God you came back, there's still something here," and he said, "I know, that's why I came back."

In his hand was another black bag, and without telling him another word he immediately went upstairs, and when he returned, he handed the bag to his assistant standing on the front porch, then told us what happened. He said as they were driving away, his assistant and him were talking things over. They were half way across town when his assistant told him about a wall hanging that was in the upstairs hallway, directly facing Dani's room. He told the Pastor while we were sitting on the bed praying, he saw a large dragon come out of it and swooped into the room, rising up in front of us for a few seconds before it retreated back to the wall hanging. He told the Pastor that he anointed it several times, binding it, and thought that would do it. But the Pastor knew that wouldn't have done it and immediately turned around.

The wall hanging was something I'd had for over twenty years. It was given to me by a friend who handmade it. It was made out of burlap with threads pulled out in some kind of design, and he had placed some feathers in it. Over the years I collected more feathers from various birds, from eagles to doves. I had even collected a pink flamingo feather from the San Diego Zoo. To me, it was a treasure piece, but as hard as it was to let it go, after hearing the story, I was glad to have it gone.

After they had left Danielle and I walked around the house holding hands. I kept asking her if she felt anything else, since she was the one who could sense such things. When she said everything downstairs felt ok, we then went upstairs where she also said she didn't feel anything. We went in her room and sat down and talked about what happened. As we sat there talking, she put her arms around me and said, "Mommy, I think it's all gone now." And I said "Yes, honey, I think it is too."

Shortly after that John had arrived home and I privately told him what happened, but as soon as he realized his ancestor framed pictures were taken, he became very upset. He thought I should have just given them back to his folks, and perhaps I should have, but at the time I just wanted everything out of the house, everything just gone. After telling him what Dani and I just experienced, his reaction was he thought the whole thing was BS.

It made me sad that he couldn't understand what we had gone through, the intensity of such an experience. Had he been there I know he would have felt everything we did, and he most likely would have made the same decision. If he had heard the scream of that monkey like we all did, he would have realized how serious it was. But he wanted nothing to do with it. Our conversation ended. I called the girls and told them they could come home but when they arrived, I didn't talk to them about it. It seemed it was best that way since nothing was taken from their bedrooms.

The good news was, that night, and every night thereafter, Dani didn't have any more nightmares, and the little men with knives were all gone, never returning. She became like a new person after that, except there was one thing that still disturbed me. I still found her at times in some kind of trance, and I didn't connect that to something I later realized was on our front porch. When I was researching symbols of witchcraft and demonism, I noticed one day the heart-shaped bells that were hanging on the front porch, windchimes I had picked up somewhere along the path of life. I realized it was identical to the one I saw in a book but I couldn't remember what it said about it. One day I took Dani with me to the library to check it out while she was in the children's section. I was stunned to find out how that particular chime was a way of calling, or summoning demons. As I looked at the picture in the book, I knew I had to get rid of it. Immediately I went home and I put it in a paper bag and placed it in the trunk. I told Dani we were going for a ride and I drove far away to dispose of it behind Albertsons in their garbage bin behind the building. I didn't tell Dani what I was doing, and she didn't ask.

The trance like state she was having had ceased after that. Apparently, the Pastor and his assistant didn't notice it. It was such a relief to know everything had stopped and it wasn't long thereafter when she started kindergarten. She was very scared at first when I would leave her at the school, and it was very hard to drive away watching the teacher lead away as she cried for me. In time she began to enjoy going and it was a joy to finally see her smiling and laughing. It was a long, long journey, but we survived and she went on to live a normal life.

When everything was back to normal, we never talked about it for a very long time. Over the years when I brought it up, she would tell me she wasn't ready. It wasn't until she was in her forties that she finally came to me and said she was ready to hear the whole story. I had wanted

to write about it for so long, but I respected her wishes. Now, I am able to reveal the entire ordeal in great detail, from the sex abuse to the oppression to the freedom of my little girl.

What I learned from this, and what I was given thereafter, led me to other such experiences. Though I never sought these experiences, they just seemed to always come my way ... and what came next was more frightening, desperate, and near death, more than I, or anyone else could ever imagine.